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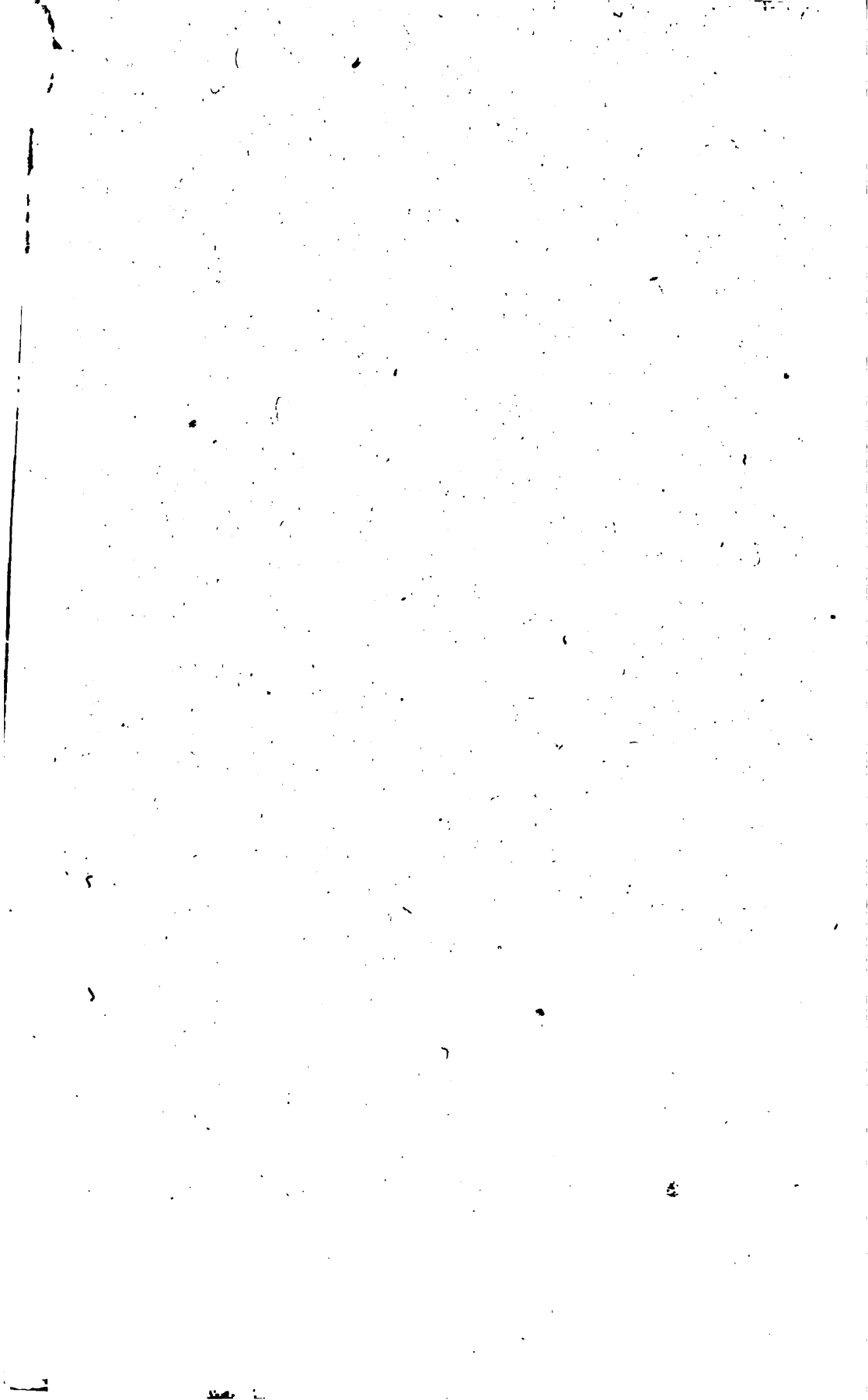
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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crebillon's Electra.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XVIII.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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VOL. XVIII.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1852.

NO. 1.

J. J. Little HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER VI.

RESOLUTIONS OF '98. BURN'S TRIAL.

During the summer of 1798, Virginia and the whole Union were agitated, from one end to the other, by the passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws. The power assumed, and directed to be carried out by these laws, struck with astonishment the republican party, and excited the most strenuous efforts to combat them. Far more excitement prevailed than during the momentous times of '88, and a stormy session of the Legislature was looked for. There was amazement, but no terror in Virginia; the attention of the whole State was directed to Richmond; men assembled to see what was to be done in the emergency, and many prepared to visit the Capital during the winter session to attend the deliberations of the Legislature. Every court-green, and every place of public meeting, had been a battle-ground between the friends and enemies of these measures, until the public mind was thoroughly wrought up on the subject; and the great contest was referred to the Assembly, where a decisive battle was expected. Soon after the opening of the Legislature, John Taylor, of Caroline, offered the celebrated Resolutions well known as the Virginia Resolutions of '98. They were written by Madison, and like every thing emanating from his pen, were clear in diction, lucid and forcible in argument, and temperate in manner. They have been subjected to the most thorough and fierce ordeal that the rancour of party spirit, aided by strong and well informed intellects, can devise; and they have stood the test. No point in politics is now better understood and believed in than that these laws were unconstitutional and unjust; no man now defends them, and no party would ever adopt them. These Resolutions, after declaring the warm attachment of Virginia to the Union, its value and its origin, and her determination to maintain the constitution of the United States, and of the State, against aggression; after declaring that the powers of the government are limited to the clear construction of the Constitution, and that if exercised wrongfully, the States have the right to interpose; then go on to speak of the improper extension of this power, evidently tend-

ing to consolidation, and finally to monarchy; they then assail the Alien and Sedition Laws as the abuse of powers delegated, and as grasping power not delegated; and finally declare that Virginia has ratified the Constitution as a safeguard to liberty, and that this being impaired by unconstitutional laws, she calls on her sister States to concur with her in this declaration, and in endeavoring to form measures by which to retain unimpaired the rights and liberties reserved to the States or to the people.

Parties were warmly divided on the passage of these Resolutions, and a very animated debate ensued. John Taylor, who brought in the Resolutions, was their most powerful advocate, and the most bitter and unrelenting opponent of the laws. He was a man well known for his attachment to republican principles; for the vigor and energy with which he enforced them; and for the ability and eloquence with which his views were uttered. Possessing a mind at once strong, keen, and discriminating; a spirit daring and resolute, he was well fitted to begin such a contest, and to bear its chief brunt. Beside his influence and efforts as a politician, he was an able lawyer, and one of the first scientific and practical farmers in Virginia. He wrote well both on politics and agriculture. Clear and concise, yet containing a spice of wit and a dash of sarcasm that rendered him an agreeable penman, his work on agriculture, called "Taylor's Arator," is the first work on the subject ever written in Virginia, and one of the first in the United States. So well written, and so practical has it been considered, that it is matter of regret that he did not divert his mind sufficiently from politics, after the passage of these resolutions, to have written out more fully his opinions and practices in agriculture. The work is a racy mixture of agricultural experiments and modes of procedure, with a defence of the institution of slavery in answer to the assault on it in Jefferson's Notes; amusing complaints of the poor system of farming generally pursued, and sarcastic political dissertations. He defended the resolutions, and proved the laws to be unconstitutional. Other able men were on the same side and spoke with great effect in favor of resolutions condemning such obnoxious laws. Wilson Cary Nicholas, William B. Giles, Mr. Mercer and Mr. Daniel were among these; men whose reputation is well known in Virginia for sound judgment and firm integrity,

as well as for the power of speech, that enabled them to defend with the tongue whatever their hearts or heads might dictate. William Pope and James Barbour were among the most ardent advocates of the resolutions; the first a man of wit and humor, and so imbued with it that he could not speak even on a subject that interested him as this one did, without giving full scope to his peculiar faculty. Although the youngest man in the House, James Barbour was one of the foremost in denouncing the laws, and his speech was considered the most effective that was delivered.

The three most able opposers of the resolutions were George Keith Taylor, the brother-in-law and friend of Marshall, General Lee and Edmund Brooke. To the first we owe our penitentiary system, and many other improvements in our criminal code; he was the most thoroughly informed man in the house on questions of law; an acute, profound and eloquent lawyer and politician. He defended the laws as necessary and proper under the state of affairs then existing; asserting that Congress had the right to punish offences against the law of nations, and to ensure domestic tranquillity, by preventing foreigners from interfering with our affairs of State; and that this the alien law provided for; that the common law did not punish sufficiently the licentiousness of the press, and that to prevent false and scandalous libels from being issued was not to abridge its freedom; and this, the sedition law prevented. General Lee, Edmund Brooke and others, men of great reputation for high-toned character and ability, followed in a similar strain.

The resolutions passed, were transmitted to the States composing the union, and excited discussion and called forth opinions wherever they went. In the ensuing session a great display of talent was looked for, as Patrick Henry had left his retreat, been elected to the Legislature, and intended to advocate a repeal of the resolutions; the friends and opponents of the laws were very active, and the best men of both parties were elected to the House; Madison, the author of the resolutions, was among them. Patrick Henry died; what his influence would have been it is impossible to say; had he entered the Legislature we should have seen another battle of the giants; had he been overmatched and overcome by his numerous and able opponents, he would have fallen Sampson-like dragging down his enemies with him. Richmond was again filled with a crowd anxious to see and hear; the resolutions had caused men to think on the powers of the Federal Government, and the public mind was stirred up. Kentucky was the only State that had responded to the resolutions, accepting them; every other one had either

passed them by, or condemned them. These replies called forth the celebrated Report of Madison, explaining and illustrating these resolutions. It settled the question in the minds of most men; and gave to our people the first clear and well-understood character of the Constitution. The opinions thus expressed and explained serve as a standard by which to measure the powers of the Constitution, and will ever be regarded as the most useful and lasting emanation from the mind and pen of Madison.

Richmond has then the honor that within it the first organized system of resistance was proposed; again, that in it the Federal Constitution was adopted after strict trial and thorough examination; and now again she has the honor almost alone, and in the face of opposition enough to have shaken a less determined people, of having shown how that Constitution is to be explained and carried out.

It was the custom of the ancients in granting honors and rewards to give crowns, arms, and tripods of precious metal to the most worthy. No city in this country possesses so bright a crown of civil honors, or can boast of such a tripod of fame as Richmond. In no other place have such men ever assembled, or such great and important public measures been adopted.

The trial of Callender, under these very laws which had been pronounced unjust, soon after agitated Richmond. It would seem as though the Federal judges desired to strike a blow to intimidate where most opposition had been made. Yet no opposition to law, no mob, nothing like nullification disgraced the Capital of Virginia. The law had its course, although believed unjust; yet by the ballot-box the people overturned the law, and impeached the judge whose arbitrary conduct had given offence. The noble stand taken by Virginia was rendered more imposing by the patience with which she bore a legal injury, and by the means of legal redress which she adopted.

During this time James Monroe was Governor. William Wirt, who knew him well and was then in Richmond, thus describes him. "In his stature he is about the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing farther remarkable in his person except his muscular compactness and apparent ability to endure labor. His countenance, when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility; a smile however, (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle) lights it up to very great advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. Judging merely from his countenance, he is between the ages of forty-five and fifty years. His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite and even assiduous atten-

tions; but these, although they are always well-timed, judicious, and evidently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough, or a Belingbroke. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an awkward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion, that the Governor is a man of a most sincere and artless soul.

"Nature has given him a mind neither rapid nor rich; and therefore he cannot shine on a subject which is entirely new to him. But to compensate him for this, he is endued with a spirit of generous and restless emulation, a judgment solid, strong and clear, and a habit of application which no difficulties can shake; nor labors tire. His emulation has urged him to perpetual and unremitting inquiry; his patient and unwearied industry has concentrated before him all the lights that others have thrown on the subjects of his consideration, together with all those which his own mind, by repeated efforts, is able to strike; while his sober, steady and faithful judgment has saved him from the common error of more quick and brilliant geniuses, the too hasty adoption of specious but false conclusions. These qualities render him a safe and an able councillor.

"As the elevated ground, which he already holds, has been gained merely by the dint of application, as every new step which he mounts becomes a means of increasing his powers still farther by opening a wider horizon to his view, and thus stimulating his enterprise afresh, reinvigorating his habits, multiplying the materials and extending the range of his knowledge, it would be matter of no surprise to me if before his death, the world should see him at the head of the American administration. So much for the Governor of the commonwealth of Virginia, a living, an honorable, an illustrious monument of self-created eminence, worth, and greatness!"

On a night late in the month of August 1800, intelligence was suddenly brought to the city of Richmond, that an insurrection of slaves in the neighborhood had broken out, and that the insurgents were marching on the town. One thousand slaves had organized a rebellion under the command of two intelligent leaders, and in secrecy had perfected their plans. They were to attack the city by night, kill all who resisted, and all the males, divide the women and the spoil, seize on arms and munitions of war, and free all the negro race throughout the State. On this night they had assembled six miles above the city, armed rudely with axes and scythe blades, and the massacre and burning of Richmond was planned; but for a direct interposition of Providence, it would have succeeded. The police

was feeble, the town small and scattered, the militia and citizens totally unprepared, and the attack would have been terribly disastrous. A violent storm came on, with heavy rains that swelled the streams and impeded their assembling and their progress. A young negro, attached to his master, swam the stream and gave warning; consternation at first spread through the city, but the storm which checked the progress of the insurgents, gave time for preparation. The militia and the citizens were called out and armed, and the leading column of the slaves finding that their purpose was discovered, and that resistance was prepared, scattered and fled. The ring-leaders were caught and hung, and the attempted insurrection quenched in the blood of those who had set it in motion. It seems to have been a solitary attempt; the limited ideas and scanty information of the parties prevented them from knowing that their enterprise would fail and be avenged; they did not know the extent of our land and the population of it. The severity, and the justice too, with which this insurrection was put down, (for all the chiefs were hung who were concerned in it, and no one was hung who was not proved to have taken part,) intimidated and instructed the race, and no more slave rebellions arose near our cities or in populous parts of the country.

Religious fanaticism, that frequent instrument used by designing men, may have been one cause, the recollection of the freedom and license given by the British in their invasion another cause of this rebellion.

It is more probable, however, that the notions and discussions of freedom, engendered by the French revolution, had been heard by some of the city slaves during this time of high political excitement; and the success of the efforts of the same race in Hispaniola in overcoming and slaughtering the whites was fresh in the minds of all men. These discussions and this successful insurrection no doubt prompted the abortive attempt on Richmond. The result of this attempt was the formation of the Public Guard in Richmond; a regularly drilled, paid and commanded corps of men, organized for the protection of the arms and other munitions of war in the armory, to serve on duty near the Capitol, and to guard the penitentiary. It consists now of eighty-six men; they wear the uniform of the United States troops, and are commanded by Captain Charles Dimmock, an officer of the regular army. In every respect they are equal to the best troops any where found, and this is owing to the peculiar good qualities of the commanding officer in selecting and training the material of his corps. It is both an ornament and protection to the city.

In 1800 Richmond had but 5,735 inhabitants.

Its chief taverns were, beside those already mentioned, the Eagle Hotel on the south side of Main street between twelfth and thirteenth; and Boler's Ordinary on Main street, where the City Hotel now stands. The old Eagle was built in 1798; it was a large building forming the four sides of a square, its entrance being under a large arch way; for a long time it was the chief hotel in the city, being much frequented by members of the Legislature. The Ordinary was a plain one story wooden building; a place of much resort. The Union was afterwards built; the old Swan Tavern, on Broad street, was a place famous for political dinners; and the Washington, facing the public square, afforded thirsty members of the Legislature an opportunity of imbibing toddies and juleps to help off the tedium of a dry speaker, or to assist them in their patriotic endeavors to serve the public!

The whole city was very rough and very much needed improvement, especially in the upper part; Main street, above where the American Hotel now stands, was so rugged that carriages could not pass, and it formed even a disagreeable path for pedestrians. The Capitol stood alone on its square; and this square was an unenclosed common, marked by two deep ravines, with the hill-side covered with galled places, and bare of trees or shrubs, with only a few stunted pine bushes scattered here and there. A wagon road ran through it, between the Governor's house and the Capitol, and passed down eleventh street to Main; over which much country produce was brought into the city. Some of the Trans-Alleghany members were still accustomed to come down to the Legislature on horseback; and the five gallon bowl of toddy was daily made in the Governor's house for their refreshment, after they had closed the day's labors in the capitol. Houses extended stragglingly up Broad street; and a large pond of water, fed by rains, stood in what is now the most thickly built part of Shockoe hill; it afforded skating-ground for the boys, and was only drained when the streets were properly graded and paved.

The basin had been dug in a large grove of trees; woods surrounded and encroached on the town, and city and forest were intermingled. Most of the business was carried on in the lower part of the city; professional men had their offices, and business men assembled much lower down than at present. The position of the basin, in the upper part, gradually drew the chief business higher up town. The old United States Bank was kept on Main street between thirteenth and fourteenth, in a large three story house, the former residence of the first Mayor of the city, Dr. William Foushee; the store of Hubbard, Gardner & Carlton stands now in its place.

The first office of the Virginia Bank stood on the corner of tenth and Bank streets; the adjoining house was the residence of Dr. McClurg, who was for a long time president of the Common Council of the city; it was then esteemed one of the very handsomest houses in Richmond. These now form the Madison House.

The Farmers' Bank was in the corner house below the Eagle Hotel, now occupied by London's store. There was no church then in Richmond; one Episcopal minister, Mr. Buchanan, and one Presbyterian, Mr. Blair, preached on alternate Sundays in the hall of the House of Delegates, to the same congregation; St. John's church on Richmond hill being too high and distant, to be visited on Sundays over the rough streets. The hall presented a different appearance from its present arrangement. The entrance was by a side door in the south-east corner of the room; there were no galleries; the eastern part of the hall was cut off by a partition of wood and glass; the speaker's chair occupied the place of the present door of entrance, and instead of chairs for the members arranged in a semi-circle, there were benches running circularly round the room and leaving a clear oval space in the centre. In this place Henry spoke in the British Debt Case, and here Burr stood upon his trial.

Mr. Buchanan was a Scotchman, a man of wealth and of great simplicity of life and character; jovial in disposition and fond of fun and joking, he made a delightful companion. He was a bachelor, either from necessity or because he thought the joys of matrimony very much overrated; of middle size, and broadly built; dressed in the large loose coat, the long vest with its flap pockets reaching to the thighs, stockings and small clothes with silver knee and shoe buckles; lively and genial in manners, and so fond of fun that he did not always bear himself with sufficient seriousness in his religious services. These were days of fun and sport; neither parson objected to a quiet game of whist, and Buchanan was often accustomed to collect a party, and keep up the game for hours together. His habits were studious, and he built himself a small frame house as a study near Mayo's bridge, and there spent most of his time during the day. He also owned a farm near the city, including in it the spring bearing his name and the famous quoit-ground still frequented by the club; of this club he was one of the originators, and was a very regular and excellent player. Often when in his study he would be waited on by couples from the country, wishing to have the marriage ceremony performed.

On one occasion a countryman of his own came in, and the ceremony proceeded until the

parson came to that part of it, where the bridegroom takes his bride for better or for worse, &c. "Stap. Johnny Buchanan, stap," said Sawny. "I'll take her for better and noo for warse." Sawny seemed to have derived his ideas of matrimony from the business of horse-trading, where an unsound bargain was returned, or if unwarranted not taken. It is not related how Sawny was pacified, or what explanation was made. Buchanan belonged to a class now extinct, that of jovial, merry parsons, who bore lightly their ministerial duties, and enjoyed life as it passed.

Parson Blair was a married man, more sedate and dignified, and whose gravity often exposed him to the jokes of his brother parson; he possessed an abundance of dry wit and humor, and was fully a match for his friendly antagonist. He had a fair talent for versification, and wrote many fugitive pieces of merit; he was an excellent man in all the relations of life, and useful in his office. Richmond seems to have been a lively place, more famous for its amusements in racing, drinking and frolicking generally among the mass of the people, than for those of a higher intellectual character. Its citizens had abundant leisure, and spent their time in seeking amusement. The higher circle consisted of the families of the neighboring planters, who left their estates to the management of overseers, and spent the larger part of the year in Richmond, because of its social advantages. To these were added the better class of merchants and resident citizens, and the State officers with their families. In those days no man was considered "ex officio" a gentleman; he was a gentleman in office. These made up a fine, pleasant society, unsurpassed by any on earth for educated intelligence, dignity and courtesy of manner, urbanity and hospitality. They were men of leisure, who spent life in enjoyment; they were not money makers, nor did they feel the cares and anxieties of men of trade; their leisure and their natural disposition led them to cultivate those occupations and amusements, which rather refine the manners and add to our happiness, than those which increase the wealth and prosperity of a community.

The old-fashioned dress was now getting out of date; the stockings and small clothes were displaced by the pantaloons, and the changes made in dress and appearance leaned toward the French style. The mass of the people sympathized with the French in their struggle for liberty, and adopted many of their customs and much of their manners. French wines were more drunk, and the English drinks of ale and beer were less used. The most marked change, however, was in the laying aside the old-fashioned cocked hat, the breeches and stockings with top boots, and the substitution of the pan-

taloons and shoes. This sans culottes custom was of French origin, and did not make its appearance in this country to any extent, until after the expulsion of the French from St. Domingo; they came in large numbers to this country, and introduced their manners and customs. The adoption of republican principles in France, and sympathy in this country with them, led to the introduction of sans culottism, or pantaloon-wearing among us. This change of dress, with that of its corresponding political principles, is the greatest and most important revolution of modern times!

The bar of Richmond had always been of the highest calibre; it contained at this time some of the most talented men in the country, and many young men were rising through it to fame and extended reputation. John Marshall, one of its most prominent men, had just been appointed Chief Justice of the United States. His peculiar talents and very great ability were no where better displayed than in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. It is proper to speak of this trial, of the men engaged in it, and give some account of the state of affairs at this time. Burr had been apprehended on the Mississippi and brought to Richmond for trial in 1807. The whole State had contributed towards other displays of eloquence; in this one the Richmond bar seemed to have been alone engaged, and well sustained their reputation as an able, eloquent, and talented body of men. The following is Wirt's description of Marshall. "The Chief Justice of the United States is in person tall, meagre and emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him apparently for any vigorous exertion of body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanor, dress, attitudes, gesture, sitting, standing, or walking, he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Lord Chesterfield as any gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait; his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face, being relaxed, give him the appearance of a man of fifty years of age, nor can he be much younger; his countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity; while his black eyes—that unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within. This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never

permitting it to elude the grasp until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends. As to his person, it has already been described. His voice is dry and hard; his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward; as it was not unusual for him to stand with his left foot in advance, while all his gesture proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a vehement, perpendicular swing of it, from about the elevation of his head, to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand. As to fancy, if she hold a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic genius tramples with disdain, on all her flower-decked plats and blooming parterres. How, then, you will ask, how is it possible that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained through a speech of even ordinary length? I will tell you. He possesses one original and almost supernatural faculty; the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter what the question; though ten times more knotty than 'the gnarled oak,' the lightning of heaven is not more rapid, nor more resistless, than his astonishing penetration. All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction, and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity, and energy of his style; the close and logical connexion of his thoughts, and the easy gradations by which he opened his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers."

In the court over which this eminent man presided, Burr was to be tried for his life; and to aid the Attorney General, George Hay, in his struggle with the talent accumulated on the side of the accused, stood William Wirt and Alexander McRae.

Hay is described as a man of acquirement, rather than talent; he was a well read lawyer and a fair speaker. Patient, assiduous and courteous, he commanded respect; and the office which he had attained showed the estimation in which he was held. Without those brilliant qualities which flash out and dazzle an audience, he was a pertinacious, warm and determined champion of any cause that he took part in.

Wirt was a bright star in the galaxy of Richmond's most brilliant men. Although born in another part of the country, his education as a lawyer, and the honor acquired by him, belongs to Virginia. His faculties were in the embryo state when he came among us, and it was here determined in what manner they should be developed; and a noble intellect, and powers brilliantly beautiful, resulted from so genial a climate, and such goodly association. His personal appearance was remarkably prepossessing, and like a con-

tinual letter of recommendation caused a favorable notice to be taken of him. Tall and well formed, graceful in every movement, with combined dignity and playfulness of manner, he possessed that power which fascination of manner gives. His fine person, and graceful demeanor, were well set off by a handsome face, and a full, sonorous, well modulated voice. His taste was elegant, his knowledge abundant, his skill in debate of the first order, his good humor and self-possession not to be overcome by the ill nature, or the adroitness of an opponent. With these advantages of person, mind and manner, he possessed rare powers of description, raciness of wit and humor, and an elocution at once graceful and powerful; he could charm and persuade an audience, touch their hearts by his pathos, delight them by beauties of style and sentiment, and bear them on with him in the rapid flow of his eloquence. His mental qualities, however, corresponded with his personal ones; he was rather a showy man in both respects, than a solid or profound one.

Wickham, his frequent opponent, with far less eloquence and wit, possessed far more vigor and native strength of intellect.

Yet the amiability of Wirt, his conscientiousness, his laboriousness, his wit and elegance, combined with great versatility and adroitness, and his real power of eloquence, gave him a high rank as a man and an orator, and rendered him worthy of the office of Attorney General of the United States. Virginia owes him a debt of gratitude for his well written life of Patrick Henry. Without his carefully recording pen, the great and eloquent man of Virginia would have been gradually forgotten; or only remembered as one who, by some wonderful eloquence, put in motion the American Revolution. Wirt has deserved the praise that Sallust claims, when he says, "many have been applauded for performing heroic actions, many for relating them; and although the character of the historian is not considered so glorious as that of the hero; yet it appears to me a very arduous task to write history well, since the style must be suited to the subject." It is unfortunate for us that Wirt did not illustrate the lives of other great men of our State; we, as Virginians, would have been far better pleased, had he borne the title of the Virginia Plutarch, than that of Attorney General of the United States.

McRae was a young lawyer of talent, who had a reputation to make—and made it.

On the other side stood the accused himself, Aaron Burr, who took part in his own defence, and did not verify the old adage, that whoever pleads his own cause, has a fool for his client. His small stature, graceful figure, handsome, in-

tellectual countenance, the frank, military air, which he possessed; and above all, the keen, black eye, whose glance, when he was angry, so few could bear, and which has been compared in vindictiveness to the eye of a snake, rendered him, apart from the interest of the trial, an object of marked observation. His tact and talent completely directed his own able counsel, and very much contributed to the result of the trial. His speeches were short, but marked by great ability; and his whole bearing that of a man unjustly accused, and checked in the commencement of a great enterprise.

Luther Martiu, of Maryland, volunteered in the defence; his reputation was wide-spread; a bold, confident speaker, possessing eloquence, yet chiefly excelling in the power of positive assertion; he was so learned in his profession, that he bore the name of the law-ledger.

Benjamin Botte, another of the counsel for the defence, was a young advocate of great talents, whose abilities the discerning eye of Burr marked out, and who rendered his cause essential service. He possessed all those talents that render a man eminent, and would have risen high in his profession, and in public life, had not his existence been cut short, in the burning of the Richmond Theatre soon after.

Jack Baker was also among the lawyers employed by Burr to aid in his defence. He possessed wit and power of invective, talent to speak, and general ability; yet wanted the application that industry gives, and lacked solidity and comprehensiveness of mind. Burr employed him rather to keep him quiet; as he was one who exercised the power of saying what he pleased, and employed his wit and sarcasm on all around: to prevent his influence with the public, in thus rendering Burr's cause an unpopular one, as well as to obtain the aid of his wit against that of Wirt, was he retained.

The strong man in the defence was Wickham, at that time the first man at the Richmond bar. Wirt thus describes him: "He is, I am told, upwards of forty years of age; but his look, I think, is more juvenile. As to stature, he is about the ordinary height of men; his form genteel, his person agile. He is distinguished by a quickness of look, a sprightly step, and that peculiar jaunty air, which I have mentioned as characterizing the people of New York. The qualities, by which he strikes the multitude, are his ingenuity and his wit. But those who look more closely into the anatomy of his mind, discover many properties of much higher dignity and importance. This gentleman, in my opinion, unites in himself a greater diversity of talents and acquirements than any other at the bar of Virginia. He has the reputation, and deserves it, of

possessing much legal science. He has an exquisite and a highly cultivated taste for polite literature; a genius quick and fertile; a style pure and classic; a stream of perspicuous and beautiful elocution; an ingenuity which no difficulties can entangle and embarrass; and a wit, whose vivid and brilliant coruscations can gild and decorate the darkest subject. His statements, his narrations, his arguments are all as transparent as the light of day. He reasons logically, and declaims very handsomely. His popularity is still in its flood; and he is justly considered as an honour, and an ornament to his profession." This praise is too faint for the man, who possessed more jury-power than any other man of his day in Richmond; with all the adroitness and ingenuity granted him, there was besides, a degree of native pith and power unequalled either in extent or cultivation by any man at that bar. He was like a strong mau, well trained in the art of self-defence, and practiced on an hundred battle-fields.

Among the witnesses were General Wilkinson of the Army, and Andrew Jackson, afterwards President. The importance and the novelty of the trial, the imposing talents of the judge and the lawyers, the previous dignity and extended reputation of the prisoner, with the magnitude of the attempt and the obscurity in which it was involved, the witnesses, and the high political excitement of the times, all combined to bring crowds into Richmond to see and hear the progress of the trial and its result. The lawyers themselves entered into the case with far more spirit and animosity than is usual at the bar. And so ably was the discussion conducted, that it drew from Judge Marshall this praise, "The question has been argued in a manner worthy of its importance. A degree of eloquence seldom displayed on any occasion, has embellished solidity of argument and depth of research."

The result of the trial is well known; Burr was acquitted, yet lost all influence; Judge Marshall gained honor for his masterly opinion in the case, and the Bar of Richmond became more highly esteemed than ever.

It is probable, from all that can be gathered since, that many men of influence in the West were more or less implicated with Burr; and that he was guilty in their opinion of failing in an unbegun enterprise. Had he, instead of using so much caution as to conceal his plans, (a caution which it is true saved him in the trial for want of evidence,) made them known to the people, he might have set the government at defiance, and carried an army of adventurous Western men into the heart of Mexico. He would have been only in advance of his age in so doing; and had he lived, in this time, would have

precipitated a war with Mexico, or led an army into Cuba. Had his plan succeeded then, we should have been inevitably divided into Eastern and Western nations over one of which he would have ruled; the Valley of the Mississippi would have been the seat of empire; and the Atlantic States would have been merely the barrier frontier against foreign invasion.

It would be interesting to speculate on the course of empire which this trial in Richmond checked. What might have been the influence of Burr in that Western empire, of which he must have been chief, we cannot say; he possessed every faculty of command, and every quality of a great man, except sincerity. Had he been a truly brave man, impressed with the importance of his undertaking, he would have again attempted, what needed only the attempt to have succeeded. The trial developed the insincere character of the man; his very accomplishments knew nothing definite of his plans, and all men shrunk back from associating with one whom they could not trust, and in whom candor had no place. He sunk into deserved obscurity; no longer flattered and esteemed, the man who had stood high in the opinions of his countrymen, and held the office of Vice-President, became politically dead, and was shunned as a corpse would be. Like a serpent whose fangs are drawn, he was treated with contempt and disgust, yet avoided from the remembrance of his past malignity.

Among others at the Richmond bar was an old Scotchman, named Warden, remarkable for his strong tory prejudices, and his boldness in avowing them. Short and thick in person, of decidedly rough countenance, and an indifferent speaker, he possessed strong sense and much legal acuteness. Being often employed in collecting British claims, and having occasion to allude to the Revolution, he would always speak of it as "that great rebellion which you call your Revolution." By some contemptuous remarks, he excited the anger of the Assembly; who compelled him to make apology to their honorable body on his knees. Warden did so, and in a manner so satisfactory that he was never again required to make apology, although the offence was often repeated. It was done thus; on his knees at the bar of the House, he said, "I humbly ask pardon of this honorable house, and," rising quickly and brushing his knees, "a damned dirty house it is too." Daniel Call was another lawyer of much eminence; and there were many others of reputation in their day, whose names, from not being connected with any striking event, are not written in history. The memory of very few Virginians has come down to us, unless they were engaged in public life.

Among the chief physicians of the city, at this time, were Dr. William Foushee, the first Mayor of Richmond, and Drs. McCaw, Adams, McClurg and Cringan. They left no record of their talents and their labours; it was not an age when men wrote much, however much they may have thought, spoken or acted.

James Ogilvie, an eccentric and talented Scotchman, who taught school in Richmond at this time, may be mentioned among the men of Richmond. He educated many of the chief citizens of the town, General Scott, Leigh, Duval, Heath and others; and was famous for his fondness for and ability in teaching elocution. With his pupils, he attended Burr's trial; and often himself gave, in public, specimens of his own, and of his best scholars' powers, in recitation. He deserves some credit for improving the taste for public speaking throughout Virginia. His history is an interesting one; although a teacher and a wanderer in this country, he was heir to the earldom of Finlater in his own land; and after many trying vicissitudes of fortune, attained his honors, and died, by his own hand, soon after, a fate which was the result of mortified pride on some public failure in his favorite practice of elocution.*

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

BURNING OF THE THEATRE. WAR OF 1812.

The exciteable population of Richmond was thoroughly roused, by the insult offered to our Navy, in the affair of the Chesapeake, and they felt it the more keenly because it happened off the Virginia coast. Meetings were held, and speeches made of a decided war tone; so much were the people excited, that after offering their services to the General Government for war with Great Britain, they would probably have declared hostilities themselves, if Thomas Jefferson had not, by letters to the chief inhabitants, urged the pacification of the town and neighborhood, and advised that they should wait for the action of the government. Among the foremost of the hot spirits who urged measures of retaliation and called for war, was Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a young lawyer of the city. In one of his addresses, he likened the two countries to men who had quarrelled: "We have received a blow and we must strike one in return, or be forever disgraced," a sentiment that met a decided response among his auditors.

All the volunteer companies in the neighboring counties offered themselves to the government;

* For an interesting sketch of the intellectual character of Ogilvie, by one of his pupils, see the Southern Literary Messenger for September 1848.

and one or two troops of cavalry marched to the coast, as the British ship that executed the insult, was still off the harbor of Norfolk.

On this occasion, the distinguished General Scott was first brought out into military and public life. He marched as officer in one of these troops and although nothing was effected in the way of military exploit, still the march was of service to the country, by inspiring in that great man a taste for military life. This led him into the army, and by effort and talent he has attained the highest station in it; and won for himself, through service to the country, an extensive and honorable reputation. He belongs to the men of Richmond, inasmuch as he was born in its neighborhood, and lived, studied law, and married in it. As his earlier life was thus spent among its scenes, we may fairly conclude that the germs of his genius were here developed, and that character formed which has made him eminent as a man and as a General.

The excitement extended throughout the State; the papers of that day show a succession of spicy resolutions entered into by meetings of the people every where, and offers of service from volunteer companies, as well as the formation of new companies under the emergency. Had war been then declared, Virginia would have rushed into it with eagerness, and have brought a large force into the field. This period passed over with no other effect than to prepare the public mind for a future war, and to hasten its approach.

In 1811, James Munroe was again chosen Governor; being appointed, however, Secretary of State by President Madison, he resigned, and George W. Smith was elected to fill his place on December 5th, of the same year. He occupied the office for a short period only; as on the 26th of December he, with many others of the best citizens of Richmond, perished in the burning of the theatre; a short term of office being thus most sadly and prematurely brought to a close.

The old Theatre was a large, plain, wooden house, and was built in such a manner as to be a complete trap; there was but one entrance and that led through a narrow passage to the pit; from this entrance a flight of stairs ascended to the first tier of boxes, and from this tier another flight to the second. Thus it was impossible to empty the upper tiers of boxes until the pit was empty, and then only a tier at a time; the doors, too, all opened inwards, so that any pressure from within would prevent their opening, and thus hinder egress from the building. Among a people as fond of sport as our ancestors were, and who sought out all kinds of enjoyment, the theatre might be supposed to offer strong claims for support. We accordingly find it attended by the

chief persons of the city; and this attendance was frequent and constant.

On this night it was peculiarly crowded; a favorite actor and a fashionable piece had drawn about 600 persons to the house.

The pantomime of the Bleeding Nun was to follow the regular play; the thrilling interest of this piece had caused it to be repeated night after night, and crowds were drawn with unabated curiosity to see it performed.

The regular play had been finished and the pantomime commenced, when the scenery took fire from raising a chandelier; the lad to whose charge it was committed, on being ordered to raise it, reported that if it were done it would fire the scenes; the order was repeated peremptorily, the chandelier was raised, and fire spread rapidly over the inflammable substances of which the scenery was made. By that foolish, hasty order, the lives of 72 persons were lost, and gloom and bitter sadness spread over the city and the State.

A little presence of mind on the part of any of the performers could even then have saved the house, by tearing down the scenery or cutting the cords that suspended it. Those who saw the danger, had no coolness or presence of mind to aid others, but fled in dismay, and left the audience and the actors to their fate. As most of the performers were playing near the orchestra, the greater part of the danger was obscured from them and from the audience by a curtain; and the first notice of the danger was by the fire falling upon some of the performers. The flames spread rapidly over the combustible materials; and the audience, at first deterred by a cry from the stage that there was no danger, had remained quiet, thinking it perhaps a part of the performance.

As the fire flashed out in every part of the house, filling it with smoke and flame, the awful truth of their imminent danger burst suddenly upon them; and the voice of Mr. Robinson, one of the actors, exclaiming, as the curtain was torn down and the flames poured forth, "the house is on fire," was to many their sentence of death, and to all a sound of horror and dismay.

The people had rushed precipitately towards the door, and those in the pit, being nearest, had escaped; it was among the educated, the refined, the young and the lovely, that death came in all its horrors; their helplessness and innocence availed not against such an enemy; crowded in the narrow passages, struggling with one another, some trampled under foot, the door closed against them and kept so by their own weight and the pressure from behind, they stood waiting death, and that death the most awful one that imagination can conceive or fancy picture. Many clamored over the heads of the dense masses, gained

the windows and leaped forth at the risk of life and limb to escape the fire; springing from one death to another, many lost life in the fall, while others were maimed or crippled; some leaped out with their clothes on fire, and suffered from the fall and from the burning; others were pushed out by the multitude behind, who were writhing in the agonies of the flames, and began to fall from the highest windows one upon another in heaps; some with their clothes on fire and some half-roasted. As it was during the session of the Legislature, and many had come from all parts of the State to attend the gayeties of the season, there were some of the most beautiful and excellent of Virginia's citizens in that building. And they died! the young, the beautiful and the brave, cooped up like vermin, they died in the midst of enjoyments and in the heyday of youth and pleasure; and of the gay and lovely who assembled over night in this place of mirth, joyous in health and with eyes bright with pleasure, next morning the scorched and blackened corpses, shorn of beauty or comeliness, and awful in the pangs of this terrible death, were all that remained. How fit the description of the ball of Brussels, followed by the carnage of Waterloo, to this scene of joyous mirth, and the sad catastrophe following so quickly on it!

Noble examples were shown of self-devotion, and of courage more than human, in saving the sufferers from the flames. Husbands sought out their wives, parents their children, lovers and friends either found out safety or perished together. Governor Smith had brought his wife to a place of safety, and turned back for a young lady who had accompanied his party; his wife was carried on by the crowd and passed out safely; he, on returning, found her gone, and supposing her to have followed him, plunged into the house again and perished.

Benjamin Botts, who, as a lawyer, had distinguished himself in the trial of Aaron Burr, and was among the most eminent men at the bar, had gained a place of safety, and turned back to seek his wife, who had not been able to follow him; they perished together.

Lieut. Gibbon, in his death, illustrated one of those singular instances we have of the presentiment of danger; he had promised to accompany some young ladies this evening to the theatre, yet in a dream the night previous, had been so fully impressed with danger, of some unknown character, in going, that he endeavored to relieve himself from the engagement. The ladies, however, made light of his fears, and so rallied him, that he consented to go; yet, during the whole play, so firmly was the impression made on him, that he was observed to be restless and uneasy, like a man expecting danger from an unknown

source, or by ambuscade. When the cry of fire rose, and the flames rushed out, he became perfectly cool and composed, and prepared to meet, and escape from, the danger, which, in uncertain expectation, had disturbed him. Leading one young lady, and followed by another, he had gained the door before the crowd rendered the passage impassable, and then returning to save Miss Conyers, perished with her in the crowd of sufferers. He was a young, gallant, and accomplished officer of the Navy; the son of a father who led the forlorn hope when Stoney Point was stormed, and who had served with distinction throughout the Revolution. The son inherited the father's excellencies, and had he not been thus early cut off, would probably have distinguished himself in the ensuing war with England. He had lost an arm in the war with Tripoli, and being thus crippled, was unable to render proper assistance to his charge.

Alexander Marshall, of Wythe county, broke his neck leaping from a window, and many others received serious injury. Dr. McCaw, of Richmond, who was very active in directing others how to escape from the window, was among the last to leap down himself. In the fall he received an injury that crippled him for life; and he thus bore about him a mark of honor, for services rendered the State in saving its citizens, more honorable than the civic crown with which the Romans honored the man who had saved the life of a single citizen. Most of the dead were females of the higher walks of life; their position in the boxes, their helplessness and terror, their inflammable dresses, all combined to render them peculiar objects of injury. Had any one presence of mind enough to attempt it, the way of escape would have been easy, by springing on the stage, or into the pit, and thence through the door; some few escaped in this manner; the crowd, however, pressed on down the narrow stairs, impeding one another, until they choked up the passageway.

Imagination cannot picture such a scene in all its horrors. The screams and groans of the scorched and burning sufferers, the tears and exclamations of terror, the agonized cries for aid, the shrieks of despair, the frantic search for friends and relatives, the wailings over the dead and dying, the mournful sympathy of the spectators, the loud lamentations that rent the air, and the tumult that arose in the city when the news spread and the people collected around the scene of disaster; the burnt bodies, piled in heaps, offending the senses, by emitting the odor of scorched human flesh, the mangled corpses disgusting the eye, and over all the shrieks of those, who had lost friend, and parent, and child, borne on the midnight air, form a picture of most revolting inter-

est. And in the midst of this awful sight, the burning house stood out, at once the cause of all this agony, and the torch to light up the scene of misery and death.

What a place of woe has that spot been; how many bursting hearts have gathered on this awful place; the ground is literally watered with tears, the air filled with groans and lamentations, and lighted up by the funeral pile of the wise, the beautiful, and the excellent of our State.

It was the most awful stroke that ever afflicted Richmond; worse than pestilence, and more unsparing than war, the flames carried off in one red burial, those who made the delights of many homes; and by the suddenness and awful horror of the calamity, made grief more loud and sorrow more bitter, than if another and milder form of death had been sent.

Richmond became, like Ramah of old, a place of comfortless mourning.

The day after this fire, the Common Council of the city passed an ordinance forbidding any public show or spectacle, or any open dancing assembly for four months. Universal gloom spread over the town and throughout the State, for in every part of it there were some who had lost friend or relative in this great calamity. When intelligence was communicated to the Senate and House of Representatives, assembled in Washington, resolutions were adopted expressive of sorrow and sympathy, and it was determined by both houses to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days as a badge of this sorrow.

On the morning after this fearful conflagration, groups of citizens might be seen inspecting the burnt remains, engaged in the fruitless search for the bodies of those they had loved. Nothing, save ashes and burnt bones in heaps, showed where death had been; the mournful satisfaction of the battle-field, that although slain and mangled, its victims can still be recognized and buried by friends, was denied here; in one undistinguishable mass they lay, and were buried in one common tomb; alike and together in death, in burial, and in the lamentation that followed them. The bones were placed under that spot where the monument rises to their memory, as it was there that they were found most thickly collected.

I have conversed with one, an aged and intelligent man, who escaped from this building; his recollections of the horrors of the night were vivid and interesting. He rushed with others into the lobby, until it was filled with some two hundred persons; and they had begun to descend the steep, narrow, winding stairway, so narrow that two could with difficulty go abreast, and many were already falling over the handrail to the floor below, when a cloud of smoke, charged with oil from the burning scenes, suffocated the

whole mass of people, and he, with all around him, sunk down unconscious on the floor; the lower air being more pure, revived some, and they crawled and slid headforemost down this narrow stair, and were piled in a heap at the bottom. Many were crushed to death; this cloud of smoke rendered so many unconscious that they sunk in the boxes, and remained so until the fire roused them from this lethargy to a death far more awful. Many were drawn from this living, yet unconscious heap, and borne out into fresh air, and these recovered. Then began the awful scene of suffering from fire, and the struggle of those roused to their danger by the flames.

From this time a change was wrought in Richmond; the theatre had ceased to exist, and a horror of such exhibitions, based on the memories of the fire, prevented for a long time another from being built. The type and centre of gayety and frolic had disappeared, and on its foundation rose the first Episcopal church in the city. Men became more serious, other churches were erected, ministers employed, and the character of the people changed from a love of sport and frolic, to a more serious, sober state of mind. Nothing else could have roused up so gay and frolicsome a community.

The Monumental Church was built where the burnt theatre stood; it belongs to the Episcopalians, and is their metropolitan church. It was first built by a number of gentlemen who proposed to make it a joint stock affair, drawing revenue from the rent of the pews. This plan was changed, and the pews were sold; the majority of the purchasers were Episcopalians, and the church became the property of that denomination.

The war of 1812 did not much affect Richmond; no enemy approached her; although the citizens were mustered under arms when an alarm was spread that their ships were far up the river. During the attack on Crany Island and Norfolk, there was intense excitement in Richmond! volunteers were mustering, and citizens arming themselves and removing their families. Notice had been given that if the enemy approached with evident design to make an attack, three cannon should be fired, that the forces might collect and march down the river bank to meet them.

The Governor received information that the hostile fleet was at Sandy Point, some forty miles from Richmond, and was sailing up; he ordered the cannon to be fired; it was midday, and the scene of confusion and tumult that ensued beggars description. Men were arming, the military assembling, women shrieking; school boys released to a sudden holiday rejoicing in the confusion; staid and sober citizens rushing on the square, pistol in hand, and

old revolutionary ranger on thigh, shouting "where are they?" brimful of valor and patriotism; rusty fire-locks, and weapons of all kinds, were in demand; and as, in answer to the question "where are the enemy?" some wag made answer "off Sandy Bar," just below Richmond, instead of Sandy Point, some forty miles off, consternation became extreme among the feminine and the timid portion of the community, and a rapid system of depopulation commenced; shown in the emigration of horses, plate, furniture, women, children, and other valuables. Walter Scott's description of the arming of Monkbarrow would give an idea of the state of things that prevailed.

The alarm soon ceased when the state of affairs became known; the enemy sailed down the river, and the valour of the citizens had no opportunity of exhibiting itself. An attack by pirates could not have excited more alarm; and the fear was just, because Great Britain having employed the merciless Indians in her armies, on our frontiers, and having no similar race of savage allies in her sea service, had picked out and brought together all that was debased, all that was violent and blood thirsty, all that was lawless on land and piratical at sea; the vile of her own soil, the renegades of all nations; the deserters from the service of France, allured by the hope of plunder and license; the scum and offscouring of the whole earth, collected in a time when the license of long wars had increased, and cultivated all kinds of depravity; buccaneers, without a spark of that generosity and chivalrous courage which redeemed somewhat the reputation of those of old; men more merciless than the Indians, for they, if they took the lives of all ages and sexes, spared the honor of women; this horde of sea savages, fitly commanded, constituted that arm of service acting on our coasts. I appeal to the excesses committed at Hampton, under the eye of Admiral Cockburn, as proof that this character of the men and their leader is not overdrawn.

James Barbour, of Orange county, was Governor during this troublous time; he was a rare instance of the success that talent and energy can accomplish in our country. Born of a good family, poverty, intellect of a fine order and a persevering energy that carried him through all obstacles, were his only patrimony. Before he attained manhood he rode as Deputy Sheriff of his county, at nineteen was admitted to the bar, became distinguished early as a fluent and able speaker, and was elected at the age of twenty-one to the Virginia Legislature.

The passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws had roused the people of Virginia, and public feeling ran very high on this and all other ques-

tions of federal policy; among the first and foremost of the young and talented men who rushed into the discussion, was James Barbour. So much did he distinguish himself, that he was one of the six appointed to discuss the laws before the House, and his speech is reported to have been one of the most powerful of all that were delivered on that exciting occasion. He possessed, indeed, a pleasing flow of eloquence, and an energy and force of expression, accompanied by a gracefulness of gesture and dignity of manner, that made him one of our most impressive speakers.

He has the honor of having originated the anti-duelling law; by which some check was put to that barbarous practice, derived from our semi-savage ancestors, against which moralists have argued and divines preached, and over whose results grief-stricken families have mourned. He has the honor, too, of having sat in the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, in a time of trial and of difficulty; of having great and important duties to perform, and of having so well performed these duties that nothing but praise could attach to himself, and nothing but good have resulted to the commonwealth.

His integrity, knowledge of business, decision of character, and flowing courtesy of manner toward all men, made him friends and paved the way for future honors.

It had been feared that the disastrous scenes of the Revolution would be re-enacted; he visited in person our seaboard, arming and organizing militia; choosing the best men for command, regarding talent and ability rather than age and reputation. There can be no doubt that his energy and activity saved Richmond from the enemy. His appeals to the people, his addresses to the army, and his messages to the Legislature, show the ardour, the love of country, and the talents too of the man. Besides using all the powers that his office gave him, he pledged his private fortune for the defence of the commonwealth. With such a spirit to direct them, the people of Virginia could not be overcome; the defence of Craney Island, and the various battles and skirmishes, taught the enemy to dread our coasts.

Had such a man filled the chair during Arnold's invasion, the British would not have triumphed, or at least would have suffered in their triumph, and the disgrace would not have fallen on our chief city of surrendering to a handful of men without a blow. The storm and devastation of war passed from Virginia, because of the devotion of her rulers, and the well-directed valor of her sons.

HOME BLESSINGS.

I've lately set a gem within
My home so dear before—
But deariness can never come
To haunt the threshold more :
The sombre, shivering fend hath lost
The power he claimed of yore.

I walked along a darksome way
With dark imagining,
When suddenly beside the path,
I heard a wild bird sing ;
Careless, and gay it poured its notes,
The glad notes of the spring.

I caught it fluttering to my breast,
I soothed its trembling fear,
And now, that little warbler trills
Sweet ditties in my ear,
By day, or night my heart's at rest,
The gentle bird is here.

I have a fairy by my hearth,
Her voice is sweet and low—
And whispers of a Dream I loved
In childhood—long ago,
An Ideal, Fancy's pet ; 'tis strange
Its memory haunts me so !

I think it was a vision sent
By this same, gleeful sprite,
To warn me of two fates, the stars
Predestined to unite—
To pray my waiting, and foretell
My spirit's noonday light.

I have these precious gifts in charge,
A gem, a sprite, a bird—
All perfect images of one
I've wooed to trust my word—
The word that bound us—that sweet word
The angels gladly heard.

P. H. H.

A PAIR OF POETS.*

Here are two pleasant and fair-spoken young gentlemen, walking arm-in-arm down the temple of the muses, exceedingly well-dressed in the singing robes appropriate to the fraternity of bards, and wearing on their ample foreheads freshly cut sprays of the laurel. The excellent terms on which they appear to be with each other make them worthy of something more than a passing nod of recognition, for your young votary of song, for the most part, stalks moodily along by himself, and not unfrequently betrays a jealousy of other aspirants. They are the

Orestes and Pylades of verse-making. Let us therefore most respectfully salute them, and proceed to consider their claims in turn to the honours of their noble calling.

The rise of Mr. Bayard Taylor in the literary world has been exceedingly rapid. Five years ago, he was altogether unknown ; now he figures in the common-place books of selected poetry, and disputes with Halleck and Willis the first place in lyrical composition on this side of the Atlantic. He became first known to the public, we believe, in a very readable Book of European travels, with the affected title of "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," and a letter of introduction from Mr. N. P. Willis as preface. The sketches were spirited and graphic enough to have been put forth entirely on their own merits, without a puff *d'avance* from any body. Their success was in accordance with these merits, and from that day to the present time. Mr. Bayard Taylor has been uniformly lucky in his literary enterprises. We say lucky, because while we are ready to accord him all rightful praise (and that warmly) we are yet of the opinion that his rise has not been altogether legitimate, and that there has been an uncommon degree of humbug in the manner of achieving it. Directly after the publication of "Views Afoot" there seemed to be a band of *claqueurs* systematically engaged in applauding his performances. Thanks, we suppose, to the Home Journal, Mr. Taylor was the fashion. All that he wrote was unsatintedly praised. His poetry was copied into the daily papers. His handsome features went the run of all the daguerreotype galleries on Broadway from Brady's up, and were even hung out to the admiring gaze of Chatham street, with the autograph underneath them. It was, in a very small way, another exhibition of the early triumph of Lord Byron when he "woke up one morning and found himself famous." In a little time, Mr. Taylor connected himself with Graham's Magazine in the capacity of editor, and it is somewhat curious, that the very next number contained a full-length steel-engraving of the fascinating man, "with knapsack and staff;" and a complimentary allusion to him in the *Editor's Table*. We do not, of course, suspect Mr. Taylor of blowing his own trumpet in this way ; it was done by one of the *clique* to which we have already referred. And as an additional presumption of the operation of such a fame-manufacturing piece of machinery, we might recall the award to him for the Jenny Lind Prize Song when Mr. P. T. Barnum appeared in the character of Mæcenas. Every body thought and every body said that Mr. Taylor's verses were ridiculous, and we only wonder that he should have accepted the money awarded when there

* A BOOK OF ROMANCES, LYRICS AND SONGS. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston : Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1852.

POEMS. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston : Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

were other songs in competition which his native good taste in poetry must have assured him were every way superior to his own. It would have been a graceful and proper manifestation of friendship to defer publicly in favor of his fellow-poet, Mr. Stoddard, who had offered a song to the committee, of higher poetic merit and of sweeter cadence of expression.

Before the advent of the Swedish Nightingale, Mr. Taylor's connection with Graham had ceased. Another little circumstance, however, may be mentioned as occurring about that time. Mr. Taylor curtailed the name which had been given him by his sponsors in baptism. "Views Afoot" had appeared with the full name of "J. Bayard Taylor." What the "J." stood for, we never learned, whether mythological Jason or scriptural Joseph; but we suspected it was for James, and that the worthy poet was named after the distinguished James Bayard of senatorial renown. But 'Bayard Taylor' he thought would sound more like the name of a poet, and so the "J" was dropped. Very soon after this, Mr. Taylor fell under the patronage of the famous Horace Greeley, and became part and parcel of that infamous anti-slavery organ—the Tribune newspaper. Greeley sent him to California, and he came back to give us, in "Eldorado," by far the best and most entertaining account of the Gold Country that has been published. At this time, under Greeley's auspices, he is journeying in Europe, *en route*, we believe, for the interior of Africa, where he proposes to find out the sources of the Niger. Whether this expedition has originated in Mr. Greeley's exceeding affection for the negro and for every thing African, we are not informed.

We have gone into this rapid sketch of the rapid rise of Mr. Taylor for two reasons—first, because it is interesting as a literary history, and second, because, as we shall have occasion to bestow warm praise upon his poetry, we wish to have it understood that we do not belong to the band of *claqueurs*, whose business it is to exalt him.

One of the most observable traits of Mr. Taylor as a writer, is his *manliness*. In all that he has written appears the sincere and earnest purpose of expressing exactly what he feels, and a genuine self-reliance sustains him throughout and informs his poetry, which is yet as far as possible removed from the egotism of many of his class. In taking him for a companion in excursions to the domains of song, one feels that he is communing with a frank and enthusiastic spirit, and that wherever this spirit may lead the way, there will be found a bracing and healthful atmosphere. The respect and sympathy of the reader being secured beforehand by this straight-

forwardness (if we may so express it) and becoming individuality, the poet's verses commend themselves the more readily to his appreciation and admiration.

Coming to consider more nearly the poems, in an exclusively critical point of view, we are at once struck with the vigor and majesty of the language employed. It is not merely that Mr. Taylor uses the very best words in the vocabulary, *but that he rarely uses 'anything else.'* It is to be remarked, too, that these words are made up into phrases with exceeding felicity, and these phrases arranged with a rhetorical skill that few writers in the country have yet attained. Nor does the process seem to be, by any means, a laborious one. If it has cost the author much pains to round off and adjust his sentences and epithets, he has certainly acquired the *artem celare artem* to a degree very high perfection. At least, there is no sound of hammer heard in the putting together of his poetical materials. As at the building of Solomon's Temple, each stone falls readily into its proper position, and when the edifice is at length fully revealed to view, we marvel as much at the dexterity with which it has been erected, as at the exquisite proportions of its architecture.

In common with all those who have achieved great triumphs in song, Mr. Taylor possesses the imaginative faculty in large measure, and a love of the visible world around him akin to nature-worship. He does not allow his imagination to run riot, at any time, nor does he throw over his landscapes any more exaggerated tint than that warm flush of summer twilight which hangs above the garden of Boccaccio like a diviner atmosphere. In dealing with nature, his object seems less to reproduce in the minds of others the emotions excited in his own by wood and waterfall, or, indeed, fully to express those emotions than to paint with clearness and fidelity the real loveliness of each particular scene. There is, it is true, a tendency in him to impersonate the material universe, as if the rivulet were an individual existence whose murmurings were not only music to his ear, but the intelligible communications of a friend, and the pines were human companions whose "innumerable whisper" he comprehended more entirely than ever did Theocritus. In this way he seeks not unfrequently to explain the phenomena of nature by a reference to the laws of his own being. Poets of Mr. Taylor's particular stamp have done this before him, but none that we recollect combines, as he does, this passionate idealization of physical objects with the strictest observance of rhetorical rule. And Mr. Taylor himself, though seldom indulging in misty expressions, does sometimes push his similitudes into the haze of doubt-

ful meaning; in which respect he is not unlike Shelley in the regions of the ideal, or Coleridge at the dinner-table.

And, in this place, it may be well to say that such readers as make their first acquaintance with Mr. Taylor, through the medium of the "Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs," will not, by any means, apprehend his capabilities as an artist. It is in "Lyrics" we think that our author appears to greatest advantage, though he would seem to think his "Romances" better entitled to our admiration. There is a reason for the superiority of his lyrical effusions, arising out of the fact that when he writes poetry, he dashes it off at a heat, (however inconsistent this may appear with the nicety and finish of the composition.) in intervals of leisure from the daily routine of the Tribune Building, whereby fancy rather than philosophy, images rather than thoughts, make up the staple of his discourse. His argument, for the most part, has no continuity, which mars a *Romance*, while a *Lyric*, having no argument, is generally better for the haste with which it is composed. In the volume before us, the Romances occupy the prominent place, and while the reader may see in them the defects to which we have adverted, he will find few of the excellences we have so much approved. We meet with nothing in the book so majestic as "The Continents," or so vigorous as the "The Fight of the Paso Del Mar." Yet are there passages well worth the quoting, for their intrinsic beauty, and as illustrating the poet's peculiarities. In the following extract from what is unquestionably the finest of the Romances,—"*Love and Solitude*"—the tendency to individualize inanimate things is beautifully manifested in the lines italicised. The poet describes a valley—

I see the close defiles unfold
Upon a sloping mead that lies below
A mountain black with pines,
O'er which the barren ridges heave their lines;
And high beyond, the snowy ranges old!
Fed by the pleteous mountain rain,
Southward, a blue lake sparkles, whence outflows
A rivulet's silver vein,
Awhile meandering in fair repose,
Then caught by riven cliffs that guard our home
And flung upon the outer world in foam!
The sky above that still retreat,
Through all the year serene and sweet,
Drops dew that finds the daisy's heart,
And keeps the violet's tender lips apart.
All winds that whistle drearily
Around the naked granite, die
With many a long, melodious sigh
Among the pines; and if a tempest seek
The summits cold and bleak,
He does but shift the snow from shining peak to peak.

In the same '*Romance*' is a tropical picture

of the most gorgeous coloring and wonderful accessories, fully sustaining all we have said of the vivid imagination of the author. It is the *Isle of Beauty* that has been set before us by many poets, in epic and in ballad, but never with such richness and glow—

Then wandering through the inland dells
Where sun and dew have built their gorgeous bowers,
The golden, blue, and crimson flowers
Will drain in joy their spicy wells;
The lily toll her alabaster bells;
And some fine influence, unknown and sweet,
Precede our happy feet
Around the Isle, till all the life that dwells
In leaf and stem shall feel it, and awake;
And even the pearly-blossomed shells
Wet with the foamy kiss of lingering swells,
Shall rosier beauty at our coming take,
For Love's dear sake!
There when, like Aphrodite, Morn
From the ecstatic waves is born,
The chieftain Palm, that tops each mountain-crest,
Shall feel her glory gild his scaly greaves,
And lift his glittering leaves,
Like arms outspread, to take her to his breast.
Then shall we watch her slowly bend, and fold
The Island in her arms of gold,
Breathing away the heavy balms which crept
All night around the bowers, and lifting up
Each flower's enamelled cup,
To drink the sweetness gathered while it slept.
Yet on our souls a joy more tender
Shall gently sink, when sunset makes the sky
One burning sheet of opalescent splendour,
And on the deep dissolving rainbows lie.
No whisper shall disturb
That alchemy superb,
Whereto our beings every sense surrender.
O, long and sweet, while sitting side by side,
Looking across the western sea,
That dream of Death, that morn of Heaven, shall be;
And when the shadows hide
Each dying flush, upon the quiet tide,—
Quiet as is our love,—
We first shall see the stars come out above,
And after them, the slanting beams that run,
Based on the sea, far up the shining track
Of the emblazoned Zodiac,
A pyramid of light, above the buried sun!

"Serapion," in our judgment one of the best things in the present volume, we quote entire. Mr. Young, the accomplished Editor of the *Albion*, has pronounced it "worthy of being read after Wordsworth's '*Lines to a Highland Girl*'—which," he justly says, "is the highest praise that we can bestow upon it."

SERAPION.

Come hither, Child! thou silent, shy
Young creature of the glorious eye!
Though never yet by ruder air
Than father's kiss or mother's prayer
Were stirred the tendrils of thy hair,
The sadness of a soul that stands
Withdrawn from Childhood's frolic bands,
A stranger in the land, I trace

Upon thy brow's cherubic grace,
The tender pleading of thy face,
Where other stars than Joy and Hope
Have cast thy being's horoscope.

For thee, the threshold of the world
Is yet with morning dews impearly;
The nameless radiance of Birth
Embathes thy atmosphere of Earth,
And, like a finer sunshine, swims
Round every motion of thy limbs:
The sweet, sad wonder and surprise
Of waking, glimmers in thine eyes,
And wiser instinct, purer sense,
And gleams of rare intelligence
Betray the converse held by thee
In the angelic family.

Come hither, Boy! For while I press
Thy lip's confiding tenderness,
Less broad and dark the spaces be
Which Life has set 'twixt thee and me.
Thy soul's white feet shall soon depart
On paths I walked with eager heart;
God give thee, in His kindly grace,
A brighter road, a loftier place!
I see thy generous nature flow
In boundless trust, to friend and foe,
And leap, despite of shocks and harms,
To clasp the world in loving arms.
I see that glorious circle shrink
Back to thy feet, at Manhood's brink,
Narrowed to one, one image fair,
And all its splendor gathered there.
The shackles of experience then
Sit lightly as on meaner men:
In flinty paths thy feet may bleed,
Thorns pierce thy flesh, thou shalt not heed,
Till when, all panting from the task,
Thine arms outspread their right shall ask,
Thine arms outspread that right shall fly,
The star shall burst, the splendor die!
Go, with thy happier brothers play,
As heedless and as wild as they;
Seek not so soon thy separate way,
Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray!

Whence camest thou? what angel bore
Thee past so many a fairer shore
Of guarding love and guidance mild,
To drop thee on this barren wild?
Thy soul is lonely as a star
When all its fellows muffled are,—
A single star, whose light appears
To glimmer through subduing tears.
The father who begat thee sees
In thee no deeper mysteries
Than load his heavy leger's page,
And swell for him thy heritage.
A hard, cold man, of punctual face,
Renowned in Credit's holy-place,
Whose very wrinkles seem arrayed
In cunning hieroglyphs of trade,—
Whose gravest thought but just unlocks
The problems of uncertain stocks,—
Whose farthest flights of hope extend
From dividend to dividend.
Thy mother,—but a mother's name
Too sacred is, too sweet for blame.
No doubt she loves thee,—loves the shy,
Strange beauty of thy glorious eye;

Loves the soft mouth, whose drooping line
Is silent music; loves to twine
Thy silky hair in ringlets trim;
To watch thy lightsome play of limb;
But, God forgive me! I, who find
The soul within that beauty shrined,
I love thee more, I know thy worth
Better, than she who gave thee birth.

Are they thy keepers? They would thrust
The priceless jewel in the dust;
Would tarnish in their careless hold
The vessel of celestial gold.
Who gave them thee? What fortune lent
Their hands the delicate instrument,
Which finer hands might teach to hymn
The harmonies of Seraphim,
Which they shall make discordant soon,
The sweet bells jangled, out of tune?
Mine eyes are dim: I cannot see
The purposes of Destiny,
But than my love Heaven could not shine
More lovingly, if thou wert mine!
Yes, Child! even now, there cannot be
Such boundless tenderness for thee.
Rest thou securely on my heart:
Give me thy trust: my child thou art,
And I shall lead thee through the years
To Hopes and Passions, Loves and Fears,
Till, following up Life's endless plan,
A strong and self-dependent Man,
I see thee stand and strive with men:
Thy Father now, thy Brother then.

After Mr. Bayard Taylor, we come to our contributor, Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, some of whose most graceful productions have appeared in this Magazine. Of this young and gifted writer, it is difficult for us to speak without doing injustice to our sentiments, or violence to our inclinations, for while we admire him as a poet and esteem him as a man, we are yet of opinion that the greater part of his writings is based upon a false philosophy.

The first and by far the most important consideration in estimating the *poetic status* of a follower of the Muses, is to determine on his poetic theory. We do not mean his inclination toward the epic, or toward the lyric, his predilections for the diffuse or the brief and concentrated—but his understanding, as carried out in his poems, of the true end of this the most exalted of all Arts. Chaucer's aim, as his works make evident, was to dramatise the wondrously picturesque life of that old England which was around him. Carried away by the spirit of his age, it is true that he translated that interminable anti-popery epic, the "Romaunt of the Rose," but in his "Canterbury Tales," the author is most at home, and finds the most agreeable and congenial field for his powers. Of Shakspeare we say nothing, because he was a microcosm in himself, with no theory but human life, and power to paint it in all things, but coming down to modern times, we

are arrested by two names, Byron and Keats, to whom we may add another name—the name of Shelley. Shelley united to an imagination as transcendent as ever man possessed, a mastery of the art of verse, which is manifested but by very few of that long line of poets who have “enriched the earth forevermore.” Byron could and did write the best poem of its class, since the “Vanity of Human Wishes,” the finest reflective Epic—Child Harold—in existence, and the greatest cynical poem in the language. Keats has never been surpassed in the gorgeous magnificence of his imagination and his diction—or if surpassed by any one,—only by Shakespeare.

Now, why is Shelley read only by scholars and infidels, Byron studied only by romantic minds, Keats enjoyed only by the Epicurean *taster of Books*? We answer, without hesitation, *because their philosophy is false*—in other words, their poetic theory.

One of these writers is evidently high in favor with Mr. Stoddard—we mean Keats. In the selection of his subjects, he is thoroughly a follower of Keats. Witness his “Arcadian Hymn to Flora,” his “Hymn to the Beautiful,” his “Arcadian Idyl”—though this last has a smack about it of Tennyson—another favorite of Mr. Stoddard. Has Mr. Stoddard only adopted the diction of Keats, and, in himself, supplied the higher and more exalted philosophy in which his model was deficient? We are compelled to answer that in our humble opinion he has not.

In that striking poem, “The Castle in the Air,” this is most painfully evident.

“Oh what a life is mine!
A life of light and mirth,
The sensuous life of earth,
Forever fresh and fine.

A heavenly worldliness, mortality divine!”

Here is Mr. Stoddard's philosophy in a nutshell—the “sensuous life of earth,” is the main-spring of all he gives forth—no religion, no high feeling—no delineation of the sublimated joy of suffering in a holy cause, of dying for a beloved object—no *spirituality*, but all, to “speak by the book,” *sensuousness*. Then witness the choice of subjects for his “Pictures.” All is for the eye or the sense of the mere picturesque. Again, read his lines commencing, “Along the grassy slope I sit”—and mark how he only sees his Alice “moulder in the dust”—with nothing more.

We repeat, that Mr. Stoddard's theory, *philosophy of poetry*, if the reader prefers the term, is a false, because it is not a high one—and the poems of such writers have the very disagreeable effect of outraging all our convictions of what poetry should be. It is as though some light and sparkling aria, and never aught but such arias

were played upon an organ—the instrument made to give forth the grandest, most heart-subduing symphonies.

With all our objections, however, to the spirit of Mr. Stoddard's poems, we cannot—do not pretend to—deny his very great beauty and richness of diction: in his command of the rich, sensuous words of the English language, he is certainly the most notable of our young American poets; and we might with equal justice say, we believe, of *all* our poetical writers. The “Castle in the Air” is the nearest approach to the full, overflowing imagery of Keats' “Endymion” that we can recall to mind. Here is a passage which will display very adequately Mr. Stoddard's luxuriant and profuse imagination:

“When Eastern skies, the sea, and misty plain
Illumined slowly doff their mighty shrouds
And Heaven's bright archer, Morn, begins to rain
His golden arrows thro' the banded clouds,
I rise and tramp away the jocund hours,
Knee-deep in dewy grass, and beds of flowers:
I race my eager grey-hounds on the hills
And climb with bounding feet the craggy steeps,
Peak-listed, gazing down the clover deeps
Where mighty rivers shrink to threaded rills:
The ramparts of the mountains loom around,
Like splintered fragments of a ruined world,
The cliff-bound dashing cataracts, downward hurled
In thunderous volumes shake the chasms profound.”

This is Morning, and the reader will not fail to mark the freshness and buoyancy of the diction, equally with the thought. Here is its counterpart, however, Evening, which is superior in every point:—

“When Evening comes I lie in dreamy rest
Where lifted casements front the glowing West,
And watch the clouds, like banners wide unfurled,
Hung o'er the flaming threshold of the world:
Its mission done, the holy Day recedes,
Borne Heavenward in its car, with fiery steeds,
Leaving behind a lingering flush of light,
Its mantle fallen, at the feet of Night:
The flocks are penned, the earth is growing dim,
The moon comes rounding up the welkin's rim,
Glowing thro' thinnest mist, an argent shell
Washed from the caves of darkness on a swell:
One after one the stars begin to shine,
In drifted bed, like pearls through shallow brine;
And, lo! through clouds that part before the chase
Of silent winds—a belt of milky white
The galaxy a crested surge of light,
A reef of worlds along the sea of space.”

We have not troubled ourselves to italicise the notable lines in these two somewhat extended quotations;—the beauties of thought and imagery are unmistakable. The last eight lines are elaborated with a care which the author has succeeded in wholly concealing from the cursory reader, and the images are carved with the sharp outline of sculpture.

It is not, however, in this poem—"The Castle in the Air"—alone that Mr. Stoddard revels in the splendors of rhetoric and sensuous decoration. This intellectual revelry is not the exception, but the rule. Witness those rhapsodies, "Triumphant Music," "Hymn to the Beautiful," "The South," "Autumn" and "The Broken Goblet"—to which we might add, as a still further illustration of our remark, a poem which formerly appeared in the pages of the *Messenger*—we refer to "The Salver of Grapes." This last production is the flowing over of a cup, full to excess of the richest vintage—what our author calls "the wine of poesy." The rhapsodical, the luxuriant, the languid, the joyous meet and mingle in its winding periods and involved sentences, like the notes of rich, full music. The ardor of the writer is positively infectious, and while his verses are ringing in our ears, we are convinced with Mr. Stoddard, (alas! that such an Arcadian reveller should be *Mistered*.) that there is nought on earth "like brave and noble wine."

Why should we fill our pages with quotations or selections, when the tapestry of the verse is all of one pattern? Mr. Stoddard scarcely ever gets out of his sensuous, beautiful cloudland, instinct with all divine loveliness, and far above the cold earth where the abhorred "Sombre Real" meets and checks his day-dreams of romance. If he does stop dreaming, however, for a space, it is to give us some little song like the following, which we quote to exhibit another of his phases of style. It is entitled simply "Song."

"You know the old Hidalgo,
(His box is next to ours.)
Who threw the Prima Donna
The Wreath of orange-flowers:
He owns the half of Aragon,
With mines beyond the main;
A very ancient nobleman,
A gentleman of Spain.

They swear that I must wed him,
In spite of yea or nay,
Though uglier than the Scaramouch,
The spectre in the play;
But I will sooner die a maid
Than wear a gilded chain,
For all the ancient noblemen
And gentlemen of Spain!"

This runs very trippingly off the lips, and is characterized by an exceedingly graceful *manierism*. Another little song, commencing "The walls of Cadiz front the shore," is equally graceful.

In the following most graceful effusion, supposed to be sung by one of those interesting young gentlemen who linger beneath lattices by moonlight with guitars, the best spirit of amatory poetry is most happily caught:

A SERENADE.

The moon is muffled in a cloud,
That folds the lover's star,
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my soft guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wreath'd lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not; her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep;—
*But Music turns the golden key
Within the gate of Sleep!*

Then let her sleep, and if I fail
To set her spirit free,
My song will mingle in her dream,
And she will dream of me!

We confess, however, that of all Mr. Stoddard's poems, there is, in our opinion, no one comparable to a little piece of six verses, called "A Household Dirge." The author has, in this edition, stuck it just before his "Songs and Sonnets," just after those trifling verses to "Lu Lu" and "Kam Pou"—when he assuredly should have placed it on the very threshold of his work—always provided there is any truth in the old precept of bringing on the good wine first. This little "Household Dirge" is a most touching, and tender lament; and far exceeds in beauty any thing in the volume. We quote it entire.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

I've lost my little May at last!
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
A green and soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb!
I know that she is gone away,
I know that she is fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet
I cannot think her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair apart,
A little pinafore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
As Time will—nevermore!

I sit within my quiet room,
Alone, and write for hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers,
And miss her with her toys beside

My deak in silent play;
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen, and hark,
And catch the faintest sound;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er;
I hear a stifled laugh,—but no,
She cometh nevermore!

I waited only yester-night,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss
Before she went to bed;
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet.

Mr. Stoddard has altered certain lines of the poem since its first publication, and, as usual, he has injured it. We have seen many of his poems, as altered, and we record here our conviction that Mr. Stoddard invariably mars their beauty.

With this very hasty notice of two of our most prominent and promising young poets, we must for the present content ourselves. We have endeavored to state frankly our opinion of their poetical powers and deficiencies, beauties and faults. On a future occasion we may recur to their works; meantime we leave them to "guard the Holy Land of Song"* with their best powers.

*Mr. Stoddard's Sonnet to Bayard Taylor.

CHRISTMAS, 1851.

Hurrah! for the brave old Christmas time,
When cares were all forgot,
When man could live, right merrily,
Contented with his lot.
Man's nature, when worn with care and woe,
With life disgusted feels,
And needs some fun, when the year is done,
If but to grease the wheels?
Then Hurrah! for the brave old Christmas time,
The day without a tear,
The day of rest, forever blest,
As the Sabbath of the year!

There was a time, when Christmas came
Like Israel's Jubilee,
And freedom gave to the weary slave
Of care and misery.
With a cheerful smile he prepared for toil,

As the weary year began,
And he almost blest, with a grateful breast,
The primeval curse of man—
For he looked for the merry Christmas time, &c.

Brightly the blazing fule log burned,
And merry was the laugh,
When the jovial host gave the Christmas toast,
And the wassail they'd freely quaff.
And the pointed jest, and the riddle guessed,
Or the joyful Christmas lays!
It was this to live in the good old time,
When Christmas was best of days!
Then a loud hurrah for the Christmas time, &c.

And then the stocking beneath the head
Of the innocent little child,
As it dreamed of St. Nicholas' fairy gifts,
And, dreaming, sweetly smiled—
And the jolly spree, and the heart of glee,
And the laughter, loud and long,
And the merry voice of the spirit free
In the chorused Christmas song!
It was this to live in the Christmas time, &c.

Our fathers, who lived in a former day,
Saw more in life to love,
And they praised, with a purer piety,
The Father of light above;
And they worked as hard, and they worked as well,
Though free from an engine's soot,
And were happier men, and better then,
And had a day to boot—
For they kept the brave old Christmas time, &c.

And the maidens, too, of a former day
Were just as bright and fair,
And as pure of heart, though devoid of art,
As the modern damsels are—
With love's first glow, (oh blush not now,
My pretty simpering miss)
They stood below the misletoe bough
And received the proffered kiss.
For they loved the brave old Christmas time, &c.

But now, in this age of progressive steam,
They cannot spare the time
To rest awhile from labour and toil,
From vices and from crime.
For they now destroy the mirth and joy
Of the merry Christmas scene,
And society's plan is to make of man
An *endless labour-machine*.
They forget the brave old Christmas time, &c.

The pious grace of a bigoted face
Frowns down the bright Christmas day,
And the war that men wage, in this "popular age,"
Has dethroned the fair Queen of the May!
As thus I behold each feast of old
Just standing on ruin's verge,
My joyous lay is dying away
In the fitful notes of a dirge.
Then farewell to the brave old Christmas time,
O'er its memory fall the sad tear,
'Twas a season of rest, but no longer is blest
As the Sabbath of the year!

• CARRIL.

CUPID'S SPORTS.

"Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad-heart can prove:
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see,
If he can fly, oh! bid him fly from me!"

My good friend, we were conversing cosily together about Mr. Timothy Wilberforce and his love scrapes; we left him, if not on a bed of roses, at least in that half-dreamy, pleasant state of hope, which lures on innocent young gentlemen into entangling difficulties, from which few escape with sound hearts. We left him just peeping into that beautiful kaleidoscope of love which maketh all things fond and fair "one rainbow of the air." But yet he was in a state of uncertainty—a sort of betwixity and betweenity, which to say the least of it, was not altogether pleasant. He felt as if there was a connecting link just forged between himself and another, which "bound like steel about his heart forever;" and we happen to know that at this interesting period of his life, he could have been led and turned by a single hair, if the end of that hair had been held between the forefinger and thumb of our fascinating little Fanny. He had reached the sighing state, when one sighs and feels no pain,

"And oft he deeply sigh'd
And wished to travel on."

Little Fan on this eventful morning was up with the lark; she bestowed unusual care at her toilet, and yet her dress was simplicity itself: it was plain to see she was in a killing mood—not exactly designing to perpetrate premeditated murder, but every arrow was assigned its proper place in her dangerous quiver. A white robe with a pink ribband around the waist, its unwrinkled ends streaming towards her feet, was her simple attire. Upon her hair was loosely laid a pure white silken net, which left her tresses free to wave and swell. And oh, she had a beaming, joyous face, "an' lips o' drapping hinnie;"

"She was fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day good morrow."

And—

"Love midst her locks did play,
And wantoned in her e'en."

Now, what chance would a susceptible young gentleman have to escape from a battery like this? Talk of batteries to mow down serried ranks. Here was one which picked off single men with unerring aim.

Tim had on his "tothers" too, but what are "tothers" on a man, compared with "the might—the majesty of loveliness?" He had early left his downy pillow and was strolling among the flowers, seeking an offering meet for her whom his fancy began to paint as altogether fascinating. He thought the speaking rose "a token fit to tell of things that words can ne'er disclose," so he pulled a half blown blush, a bud that seemed instinct with life, for love in its bosom sported and ruffled up the leaves. As he plucked it from the bush, he heard a little bell tingle, (it was the first breakfast bell,) and even this caused his heart to flutter, for he had once more to face that "laughing mou." As soon as he entered the door, our Fan came running to him bearing a silver tankard, frosted on the outside as white as snow, and crowned with fresh and fragrant mint. "Good morning—I've been waiting for you," she said, "I was afraid my julep would all be spoiled. You see I know how to brew a julep. Ain't it nice? Some of my friends tell me this is the way I make my arrows tell, but you know, Mr. Tim, I don't keep arrows for friends."

"Ah!" said Tim, "how bright you look this morning; arrows, or darts, or what not, you make one love you whether he will or no." (She curtsied to the floor.) He sipped, and then he took a deeper pull, and it seemed to him that the sparks flew around her like those that Vulcan sports when he strikes his heavy hammer on the whitened metal from his heated forge. Ah, Tim, thou art gone. I would not give a solitary fig for such as you—

"The courteous Red breast he
With leaves will cover thee,
And sing thy elegy
With doleful voice."

"Ah," she said, "you've pulled a rose, I see. I knew you'd bring me one; 'twas all I wanted to set my cap. Somebody will be coming by-and-by. You know there is 'no goose so grey,'" and then she laughed and placed the bud—not in her cap, but next her heart. Now, my gentle young lass, this thing of catching a bird is a science—not to be learned at Universities. No. It is not written in books. 'Tis a gift. All birds are not caught with the same bait, nor with the same kind of snare.

"Mr. Wilberforce, do you know any thing about Flora's language?"

"I only know," he said, "that bud is like you, Miss Fan."

"Take care how you give young ladies rose-buds: couleur de rose, half blown, means love. I'm not taking it to myself; I'm only warning you. A friend of mine, (she rattled away so fast

Tim had no chance to edge in a soft word,) once had a beau, who had gotten to the desperate point—ready to take the leap, but he was afraid to jump, you know, and he would sit for hours and never say a word, but look books, and as she didn't care much for shut up books, she gave him a plate of crackers and told him to amuse himself while she went about her business. Now if it had been me, I would have brought a bouquet of flowers and laid down Flora's dictionary by his side, and would have taught him the 'science,' like these boxers, (and she rolled her arms and fists one over the other.) I would have been dumb too, and we two dumb people would have opened our hearts, and he could have said yes, and I could have said no, and there the matter would have ended without half the time and trouble. Would'nt it have been funny?"

"Indeed," said Tim, "there would be no occasion for language, for,

'Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.'

Thus matters were proceeding very naturally. "wery," when the door opened, and old uncle Tom, the house-servant, with his best bow, said, "Missis—breakfast, ma'am." Some how or other, it always happens so. Just in the very niche of time—when the blood is mounting up, and Cupid has his arrow's notch upon the tightened string. What did Tim care for breakfast?

Now, good sir, I have nothing to do with the eatables that were served on that table. Every thing was as nice as nice could be, sumptuous, abundant, elegant. But here was a situation that was "uncomfortable." A good sized table, with one seat at the head, and another at the foot, and nobody but two young people to occupy them, and this too for the first time; and there standing off, with a waiter under his arm, and looking respectful and distant, old uncle Tom, with eyes open—ears cocked. It looked odd and felt awkward. All you young married people, who, when the bustle of the honey moon is over, go quietly to your own homes, and sit down calmly "all aloney" at a breakfast table, know how it feels. What must it have been with a young lady and a young gentleman, where something more than a julep is brewing. It looks "unnatural," and would make any body feel "uneasy." Talk about roses and Flora's soft whispers before uncle Tom? Cupid, under such circumstances would place his finger on his mouth, and between his teeth hiss "She-e-e-e."

"Love's bondage is strong, but 'tis delicate too,
And hearts that are fondest are soonest afraid,
Love shrinks from the gaze like a bird from our view,
That sings the night long in the depths of the shade."

Tim tried to be easy, and he thought he would throw uncle Tom at least off the track; so he said gayly—"What has become of your cousin Bella, Miss Fan? You promised her, you know, to me."

"Yes, and I promised you to her, and you will be bound to ratify my promises."

"No doubt," said Tim, I shall have to say,

'Oh how Bella is my puella,
I'll kiss her *secula seculorum*;
If I have luck, sir,—she's my uxor,
Oh *dies benedictorum*.'

And as he said this, he gave her a glance of the eye, which said "You know I don't care for anybody but you," and which glance knowing little lassies comprehend full as well as the most choice expressions of the tongue.

"What bids the soul the emotion declare
By the glance of an eye when the lips do not dare,
'Tis love—'tis love in the heart."

My good friend, we have dwelt long enough upon this breakfast,—we must hurry on. We were forced to look in upon this scene, simply to ascertain how matters progressed. Cupid, you know, is no gourmand, the little God is contented with sipping the honey-dew, enjoying the dainties of soft looks, gentle sighs and whispers, and occasionally relieving the soft pains of his breast, "by stealing an ambrosial kiss." And all his devotees follow closely his example; indeed, we have known it not unfrequently to happen, that young gentlemen who were desperately smitten would feel qualmy at the very sight of provisions; as for young ladies, between fifteen and eighteen years of age, they were never known to eat at all. These are strange disclosures, but they are nevertheless true.

My friend, in this little drama enacting before you, there is no necessity to introduce a scene-shifter to pull aside any of the illusions which assist the fancy in theatrical representations; with the aid of your imagination, we pass at once to other scenes which occurred in that beautiful retreat, into which Cupid managed to inveigle our luckless Tim. Sterne in his inimitable character of uncle Toby, when he wished to depict the dangerous position in which my uncle was placed in his love affair with the widow Wadman, induces the widow to request uncle Toby to look into her eye for a moat that she professed had unfortunately afforded her pain. Each one of us feels at once the criticality of the situation. And auld Rabbie Burns, old Scotia's sweetest bard, describes his own feelings towards his sweetheart with a pen of light, when he says—"Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so

much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles." We find our friend Tim occupied precisely in a similar way.

"Oh, Mr. Wilberforce, do pick this briar from my finger," and so they were seated close together, with her right hand in Tim's left, and he was most delicately endeavoring to remove a very small thorn from her middle finger with a fine cambric needle. Tim would have given—not the world, that's too much—but he would have said, "I'd give the world just to press her little finger between my finger and thumb;" and he had been racking his brain for all manner of excuses to obtain that little finger in that improper position. But all at once, in the most friendly, kind way imaginable, without the least effort, the whole hand was laid most confidently in his. "Pulse beat such a furious ratan!" "Heart strings thrill like an Æolian harp!" I tell you, madam, if you never felt any thing of this kind, you have never been on an anxious bench, and have no right to give in your experience. And when she would wince as the needle would touch the briar, don't every body know that Tim felt the imagined pain keener than she the actual pang? And when at last the briar was removed, how did it happen that the hand was still retained in Tim's? These are questions which the disciples of Mesmer may answer. All we know about the matter is, that while that hand lay with its open palm upon the open palm of Tim and his right hand gently retained it with a soft kind of a mild pressure, and it was not withdrawn, "the minutes winged their way" with pleasure."

"Miss Fan," he began, "do you know I had no business to come here?"

"Not come here!—not come to see a friend! Why not come here? A little while ago I was talking to papa: you don't know what a friend he is of yours. He said he didn't know you, but your father and he were old cronies, and if you were half as good as the old fellow, you were welcome here. Tell him, he said, I'll try to hobble down by-and-by and see if he's like the old man. Do you know," she added, "that papa has been lecturing me this morning? He says he has but one fault to find of me, and that is, I'm a coquette. Coquette, because my heart is not frozen cold. Coquette, because I treat people as kind as I know how; as if it would be right for me to imagine gentlemen came a courting me before they told me so."

"Ah, but, Miss Fan, you can tell what a gen-

tleman means by his looks. Cupid is painted blind, but *you* know he has eyes—

'In one soft look, what language lies,
Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.'

Why does the poet say—(poets know something about love)—

'Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.'

"Oh, yes, I know you men; you can quote poetry about love, and look very die-away, when there is not a particle of love in your composition. I can quote poetry, too," she said,

"Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And where'er a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue."

You all profess to be caught by every new beam, but you are as changeable as the breeze."

Tim was in the act of making a full declaration; he had it on the tip of his tongue; his heart was full; his hand was full too—he was playing with that little finger;—but he checked himself in mid volley; he thought he was too precipitate, and yet the opportunity kept coming. He only said, "You, Miss Fan, have learned how to catch and fix the beams."

"Oh," she said, "it's been my lot always to make discord."

"Then," said Tim,

"Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again."

"Ah, but Mr. Tim, I must first have somebody to love. 'Twont do for little lassies like me to set sail by myself. I must have a pilot," and she laughed, and then she looked sad, and said, "I don't think I shall ever have a chance. We friends can talk it all over, but I'm doomed."

"Suppose," said Tim, "I was to say you have a chance now."

At this interesting point, as the tellers of nursery tales would say, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp! they both heard most distinctly that peculiar sound which indicates the approach of one hobbling with great difficulty upon crutches, coming closer and closer; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp! Tim had concentrated into his eye-balls every particle of a heart that he had this side the grave, but as the last tramp was evidently at the knob of the door, that little hand gently withdrew itself from the effort that had been made to extract a briar, and the eye-ball of our friend sunk fifty degrees in the scale of the thermometer of love in an instant. The peacock looked down upon

the ground, and seeing his feet, that beautiful fan was speedily closed.

"Oh, my papa!" she said, running towards him as the door opened, "here is Mr. Wilberforce." And so the old gentleman hobbled up to Tim and welcomed him to his country home, told him how long he had been confined with the gout, the very mention of which almost gave him a twinge, asked him how he and his little Fan had got along together, said she was a little vixen of a coquette, and abused her most roundly, but shewed beneath all the abuse that she was the very apple of his eye. And when she would rattle on as she did before him, of the agreeable time she had spent, and how delighted she was to see somebody in that secluded gloomy spot, how thankful she was when an old friend, like Mr. Wilberforce, came to see them, and begged that he would cheer up her father by giving him an account of what was going on in the world, while she attended to her household arrangements, the old man's eyes would sparkle and he abused her but the more.

It was an uphill conversation with Tim, he had not recovered from the revulsion of feeling which had sent the blood which was boiling in his veins back to the heart with too sudden a gash. He tried to rally but in vain. The old man talked of country life, of crops, of corn, of wheat, of tobacco, of hay, of oats, and cracked "of horses, ploughs and kye;" talked of dogs, and guns, and birds, and longed to be able to enjoy these things as once he had done. Talked of the friends of his boyhood, and the good old times, when Tim's father and he were at college together, said "old times were gone, old manners changed"—that the men were different, the women were not half as handsome, nothing like his Jenny, when he first went a courting. Ah, she was the lass with the raven locks!—and he seemed almost to be getting young again, and until he touched this last string, he found no sympathy in Tim, but he wakened up and argued manfully for the lassies of the present day.

How different wears the day, when young hearts throbbing with love, and emotion, and feelings refined by purest thoughts, are breathing in each other's ears "the tender tale," and are mutually giving and receiving "looks and tones that dart, an instant sunshine through the heart." Old Burns says:

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Now, my good madam, you know from ex-

perience how provoking are these interruptions to the progress of love. I have recorded this one unconsciously interposed by the good father of little Fan merely to warn young people against impatience under the infliction;—these *contre temps* will happen. If you bolt and doubly lock the door, just at the critical moment when you have said enough to commit you irrevocably, and before you have obtained an answer affirmatively or negatively, somebody will rattle at the knob, and though they find it locked and barred, entry will be demanded with a pertinacity that will not be denied. The best plan is to leave the door wide open. If ever you try to get rid even of a child under such circumstances, martyrdom would be suffered before it would evacuate the premises. I have seen young ladies try it, and I have found even their inventive faculties, that scarcely ever are at fault to remove obstacles unnecessarily interposed in such matters, wholly baffled. The only animal I ever heard of, whose presence advanced a courtship, was that of the cat when the gentleman said 'Pussy, may I have your mistress?' and when the lady answered, 'Pussy, say yes.'

Again we must imagine the old gentleman fatigued with the effort he had made; fatigued with talking, seeking his chamber, lolling listlessly in his cushioned chair, with his foot upon a pillow, satisfied with the reconnaissance, and composing himself to rest. Imagine a young lady, anxious to appear a good manager, superintending in private the making of cake, of ices and blanc mange for her desert, and giving directions for a neat and abundant dinner; imagine a young gentleman upon the tenter hooks of love, no longer doubting, but walking to and fro, conning over a set speech,—how he should bring about a full developement of his heart and secure a favourable result.

Now, according to our limited experience in courtship, we never knew a conned and planned speech to be of the least use, it wont fit, cut it and turn it as you may, it will not come in. We advise young gentlemen, therefore, to extemporize it, and trust to chance. It will not answer in love matters to commence at a subsequent meeting precisely where you left off at a previous one. When Tim was interrupted, he had just said, "Suppose I was to say you have a chance now." It would never do to begin there. The foundation must be laid anew,—it is like little Doves in building their nests—every time new straws are picked up, and carefully brought together. One brings the straws you know, and the other fixes them. There is nothing solid in what Cupid or his votaries say—all are flimsy straws. But they answer the purpose.

The candles were lit, the little round table at

which they sat the first evening, was again the centre of attraction, and we find our two friends sitting again close together, looking over a beautiful annual, "The Flowers of Loveliness." The engravings were most delicate, and the flowers were represented by female figures beautifully and tastefully arranged. They read the poetry together;—who cares a fig for prose when love has wakened a new life in his soul? And as they read, they

"Took in sounds that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

When two young people are examining pictures together, how close their heads approach, you not only hear the breathing, but you feel the breath. "Mr. Wilberforce," she said, "do you know I always loved to have somebody to read to me? And if that somebody is a friend, how pleasant it is."

"And," said Tim, "if the somebody is a lover, it would no doubt be more pleasant still?"

"That depends on circumstances; I've seen lovers, Mr. Wilberforce, that were not very loveable, but a friend who reads well almost makes a body love him."

"Do you know, Miss Fan, I love to have somebody to sing to me? A little song you sang, just before we parted the last time we were together, rang in my ears a long time."

"Oh," she said, "you were singing it in the road yesterday when I met you, I thought you had forgotten it."

"Can't you sing another little song, just to revive old recollections?"

"I promised you," she said, "to sing for you when you came to see me," and she ran to the piano, and played a soft symphony that crept along Tim's fibres, and then she sang with a touching pathos,

"Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee,
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me."

And she looked round at Tim, and said again, "Strains I used to sing thee; Oh! then remember me." "But," said she, "friends always do that; I heard you singing, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' and I took it for granted some mountain lassie had it."

"Mountain lassie," said Tim, "you know who has it."

She took no notice of his remark, but sang the next verse until she reached the last three

lines, and then she turned to Tim again and repeated as before,

"Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh, then remember me!"

"Ah," said Tim, "It is useless to tell me that

'For thy impression on my mind,
No time nor power can move,
And vain, alas! the task I find,
To look and not to love.'"

And as he said it, he caught her eye, and she saw his heart.

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spake in her cheeks."

"Miss Fan," he said, "will you love me back again?"

"Now," she said, "Didn't I tell you, you must not fall in love with me?"

"I couldn't help it, wont you?" and he took her hand, "cant you?"

She shook her head.

My good reader, if we keep you sitting here looking on at this scene, you will forget your ordinary avocations—they sat a long time, and little Fanny still shook her head—sometimes she would turn round and smile, sometimes she would look as if she was in the act of relenting, but the last we saw of her that night, she was still shaking her head.

THE SYCAMORES.

A SONNET FOR AUTUMN.

BY ALTON.

Ye dear old Trees—it seems but yesterday
Your noble forms, in green luxuriance twined,
Waved fondly graceful to the wooing wind,
Beneath the smile of Summer's genial ray:
But Winter scowls—and, oh, what sad decay!—
Bestrewing wide the frosty ground, we find,
To shrivelled scrolls, your beauteous leaves consigned,
And, with them—all your glory passed away.
Perhaps ye are a lesson unto me
That, though, unconscious of a single care,
The sanguine heart may beat with rapture free,
Yet should it for that gloomy day prepare
When, ah, deserted by Prosperity,
And thankless friends, it will shed the lonely tear!

STORY OF GOOD MR. BEAR.

HOW BY ACTING HONESTLY AND FORGIVING HIS ENEMIES
HE PROSPERED IN THE WORLD; AND RISING FROM
THE HUMBLEST STATION IN LIFE, CAME TO
REPRESENT FINALLY THE KENNAQUAHAI
DISTRICT IN CONGRESS.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY FOR GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS
OF ALL AGES.

DEDICATED

TO "FLOWER" AND "FEATHER."

My Dear Little Ladies—The story you are just about to read, was related to me by Mr. Bear himself, and he assures me that every word of it is true. Of course it is true: and Mr. Bear's history shows so well the policy of always acting honestly and kindly towards all men, even our worst enemies, that I determined to write it down and send it to my friend Mr. Thompson, in whose Messenger it might be printed, and read by you and all little ones at Christmas.

With the hope that it may please you, and all good little boys and girls who read it, I remain, my dear little ladies, (cap in hand,)

With the highest consideration,
Respectfully yours, ———.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE CHILDREN SPENT CHRISTMAS EVE AT GRANDPA JOLLYSON'S, AND OF THE VISITOR WHO INTERRUPTED THEM.

Once upon a time, on a fine, clear, cold evening in December, a happy party of boys and girls were gathered round the broad fire-place of a pleasant, large room, in a fine, large house on the Blue Ridge, which afforded a fair view from the front door of the beautiful river Shenandoah and the "Fort Mountain" far off in the valley, blue against a bluer sky. There was Julia and Harry Gaston, and Nancy Carrayway, and many more boys and girls, and also little Charles Jollyson, his sister Fanny, and cousin Helen, a sweet girl of eighteen. Besides, there was grandpa Jollyson, a fine, hale old man, with gray hair and a clear, twinkling eye—the very soul of good humor in it—and grandma Jollyson, an excellent old lady who sat, knitting away, in the rocking-chair at the chimney corner.

First the children played all sorts of games, and it was all the merrier that they heard the wind coming from the mountains, through the branches of the leafless trees, and crying and complaining at the keyhole and around the gables of the house, to be let in out of the chill, frosty air, to the comfortable, roaring hickory fire which made every one's eyes glisten and sparkle with its radiance. But they only laughed at the

wind and drew nearer to the hearth and the crackling sticks, and betook themselves with new life to their games—which were "Thimble," the "Chair of Criticism," "William o' Trimety," and 'Tis oh sweet beans and barley grow, and you and I and all must know!"

They were very merry with these for a time, laughing, romping, and falling over the crickets, but at last they got weary and all settled down a little discontented on the stools and cushions. One little boy sat on a cricket, and another ran at him, and with a vigorous but threw him down; another wandering about blindfold tumbled over him, and this made a great noise; but they were not enlivened. One little boy yawned and said he was so sleepy, and another cried because his shoe had become unfastened. They were getting remarkably dull, when suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the door, and all were at once aroused.

Nobody stirred, however, and in a moment the knocking was repeated. At this grandpa Jollyson rose, and taking a light, with a look at the children, as much as to say, "you must behave now," went to the door and took down the bar. No sooner had he done so, than the children heard a voice say in a deep tone—

"Respected and excellent sir, a belated traveller, just arrived on horseback, requests of you a small portion of supper, and a little fire to warm his hands."

To which grandpa Jollyson's voice was heard to say courteously,

"Certainly, sir—with pleasure."

And the next moment he entered the parlor, followed by the traveller, who was a stout gentleman, dressed in a heavy suit of fur, with a heaver hat, an enormous shirt collar which covered half of his hairy cheeks, and a bushy black beard and moustache.

"Welcome, sir," said grandma Jollyson, with a twinkle of her bright eyes.

"Madam," said the stout gentleman, with a bow so low that the crown of his hat touched the carpet, "Madam, I am your very humble and obliged, obedient servant."

"Take a seat, sir, by the fire and warm yourself—you must be very cold."

"Madam," replied the stout gentleman, with another bow, "I am cold in truth, and I embrace with pleasure your kind offer and obliging invitation."

At this all the children scattered like a flock of birds, and made way for the hairy gentleman, who sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, with his hat between his knees. He did this so funnily, and his thick limbs fixed themselves so queerly on the carpet, that some of the girls could not refrain from tittering.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MR. BEAR DECLINED TAKING OFF HIS OVERCOAT,
AND WHAT WAS THE REASON.

At the sound of the tittering, the stout gentleman suddenly turned round; whereat all the children became suddenly quiet.

"Take off your gloves and overcoat, sir," said grandma Jollyson, smiling, "you are now at home."

"No, madam," said the hairy gentleman, sighing and snuffing the wind which came through the keyhole, with his long nose, "no, most excellent madam, pardon me for observing that I am not at home."

"At least then, sir, make yourself so, and take off your overcoat."

At this word "overcoat," the hairy gentleman clasped his hands piteously, and his knees shook so that his hat fell from between them, on the floor.

"I cannot, most worthy and comely matron, I cannot take off my overcoat," said he.

"Cannot!"

"Cannot is the word, most excellent lady—for nature has made me so. Yes, madam," continued the stout gentleman, wiping away two large tears which trickled down his long nose, "I cannot. This coat which you naturally deem a fur overcoat, is a *part of me*; these gloves which you suppose are riding gloves, are the natural growth of that portion of my unfortunate person; these fur boots which you wonder at—you and the dear little ones around me—are not fur boots, but natural hair; and this nose," placing his trembling finger on it, "is not the nose of a man!—no, excellent and praiseworthy matron! and you, most worthy Justice of the Peace and honorable ex-member of Congress Jollyson, no! it is the nose of—a bear!"

And Mr. Bear, in uttering his own name, burst into a convulsive sob and looked around him piteously, his large hairy legs all the time trembling under him, and his hairy hands clasped tight together.

"A bear, sir!" said grandpa Jollyson, "is it possible that a *bear* could speak so well as I perceive you are able to do, sir?"

"And so chastely and elegantly discourse," said grandma Jollyson.

"And wear his hat so fashionably," said grandpa.

"And bow so very elegantly," said grandma.

At these words Mr. Bear unclasped his hands and rose from his seat. Then backing almost on the children, who stood or sat, laughing or wondering, he made a bow far lower than before to grandma. "Madam," said he, "it is true I am

a bear—nothing less, and my lot in life has been hard to endure on that account. You have seen me overcome with emotion—pardon me, obliging and most charming lady."

"I could pardon anything in so elegant a—bear."

"Madam, he is the happiest of men—I—I—should say, alas! of bears."

—"One too whose sense is evidently so excellent."

"Madam, praise from so exalted a lady is indeed a balm to the wounded soul;" and Mr. Bear bowed.

"Sit down then, Mr. Bear, and we will have supper immediately," said grandma, smiling.

Mr. Bear sat down and after pondering for a moment, raised his head and thus spoke—

"Madam, and you most honorable ex-member Jollyson, the thought has occurred to me, that some portions of my eventful life might amuse my young friends here. I have passed through many vicissitudes as you may imagine, and these are not uninteresting. Should they desire it, I will relate for their amusement some part of that strange life. Say, my dear children, do you wish it?"

"Oh, yes! yes! Mr. Bear—please, Mr. Bear!"

And sitting down near him, they listened attentively to Mr. Bear, who looked round him cheerfully, and rubbing his nose, commenced as follows.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BEAR RELATES THE ADVENTURES OF HIS BOYHOOD,
AND TELLS HOW HE FORGAVE HIS ENEMIES.

"I was born," said Mr. Bear, "not so very far from this place, my dear children, that is to say, in the thick woods which extend just above Winchester, along that winding little stream called 'Redbud,' which gurgles over its mossy rocks and under the tall stems of water-flags to the Opequon.

"Unlike the good and excellent Jean Paul, who first saw the light, as he tells us, when the meadows were gay, and the early wagtails were flapping their wings, I was born, I am informed, in the dead of winter; and from the first, I say it with pride, was considered a child—hum!—a young bear I should say, of uncommon promise.

"My first distinct recollection is of my brother Tom, who was born nearly at the same time with myself—both my parents having died in my infancy. Often would that excellent and moral brother inculcate into my youthful mind the principles of rectitude and honesty, and though he acknowledged the necessity of levying contribution on the alien race of man, he always lamented

that necessity. Alas! I lost him early, my dear children,"—here Mr. Bear took out his handkerchief and blew his large nose,—“Alas! I was not long to enjoy my dear brother's teachings.

“Near us there dwelt a handsome young bear called the ‘Major,’ who endeavored in every way to provoke and thwart my brother, whose unconquerable spirit was the admiration of the neighborhood. But my brother was not as strong as the Major, and one day they had a desperate encounter, which I arrived just in time to behold. Before I could run up, however, my dear brother had been throttled by his antagonist, and his dying lips gave forth their last sigh. Alas! he was dead, and I threw myself on his corpse and burst into a flood of tears!”

Here Mr. Bear wiped his eyes, as though overcome with deep emotion, and paused some moments.

“But after my grief,” he continued, “came the desire of revenge. Dropping the body of my poor brother, I rushed with fury on the Major, who was slinking off, and catching him up, for I was much stronger than he, dashed him violently to the ground.

“‘Now villain!’ I exclaimed in the Bear language, ‘thou shalt reap the reward of thy blood-thirsty crime. Wretch, I will throttle thee—death for death!’

“And my hand tightened upon his throat, and nearly suffocated this wretched criminal. But suddenly I paused. This was not because I was moved with pity by his broken sobs and petitions for mercy, but because I remembered the words my dear brother had uttered in his lifetime:—

‘Forgive your enemies, brother, and never revenge for revenge’s sake. Rather let the culprit depart in peace.’

“Therefore I loosed my hold upon his throat and hurling him from me:

“‘Go wretch!’ I exclaimed, ‘take from my sight your abhorred image, which holds nothing but the basest stuff, unworthy of my anger; go in peace and repent.’

“And turning from him I threw myself again upon my poor dead brother, strained him in my arms, and shed upon his lifeless bosom a flood of bitter tears.”

Again Mr. Bear paused, overcome. But soon resuming his cheerful tone:

“After this melancholy passage of my life,” said he, “I became cheerful again, and soon, my dear children, found myself carried away by that tender and watchful sentiment which mankind call *love*.”

Here Mr. Bear glanced with a smile at cousin Helen, who suddenly stooped down to arrange a log of the fire, which had fallen.

“I became fond of moonlight nights,” con-

tinued Mr. Bear, smiling, “I often found myself unconsciously rhyming, (in the Bear language, my dear children, of course,) and these rhymes, which were tender and complimentary, I would repeat to Miss Wilhelmina Bear, who smiled kindly on my suit. Once, however, I found her in a very bad humor, and her pink eyes, at sight of me, took an expression of aversion.

“I questioned her as to the meaning of this unhappy change, and after much trouble ascertained that Mistress Molly Hare, a mutual acquaintance, had informed her that I had most disrespectfully spoken of her. On the next day I met Mistress Hare, and catching her in my hand—hem!—paw I should say—I reproved her harshly, and would certainly have crushed her with one squeeze had not my brother's words occurred to me.

“‘No,’ said I, ‘no, I will not harm thee, poor thing; thou art garrulous; and talk without meaning harm. It is my right to punish thee, but I will not. There.’

“And I set her carefully down on the grass. She disappeared, with three bounds, from my eyes and I returned home.

“I do not know whether to bless or lament that night, for near morning I was attacked by three hunters, and, after a desperate resistance, captured, with the loss, however, of my unfortunate tail. It was considered an uncommonly handsome tail, and my feelings under this affliction may be better imagined than described.

“On the same day I was sold for a dozen bottles of brandy to the keeper of a menagerie then in that region; and I passed away from my early life, as the sun, which rises clear and fair, goes forward into the clouds of a stormy noon—ahem!”

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BEAR REAPS THE REWARD OF HIS GOOD DEEDS AND OBTAINS ENTRANCE INTO HUMAN SOCIETY.

“Now comes the most interesting portion of my life, my dear children, and most excellent Mistress, and Mr. Jollyson,” continued Mr. Bear, “the period when first I began to speak the human tongue, wear human costume, and mingle with society.

“The faculty of speech,” continued Mr. Bear, raising his tone, looking round him pompously and sawing the air with his hand, while his shaggy cheeks settled themselves in his large shirt collar, “the faculty of speech is one of those wonderful things, which arising in the earliest and most obscure ages of the world, even in the time of Adam, and stretching through all the following ages of the old classic world, to the

bright and refulgent days which throw their shadow on the dial of the hour in which—but no! most respected Matron, and ex-member Jollyson, and especially *no*, to you, my dear children, I will not digress from the plain narrative of my life. I am not now delivering a lecture; I will continue my adventures.

"Thrown into collision with tens of thousands of people in my wanderings through America, I unconsciously began to listen to the words they were ever uttering, and often endeavored to repeat them. At first I found much difficulty, and to tell you the truth, the first language I acquired was Low Dutch, which came to me more easily, from its guttural tones, than those languages, English, French, Italian, Spanish and German, which I have since acquired in my travels.

"By dint of hammering away, however, at the consonants and vowels, and by constant practice, I attained, in five years, quite a commendable knowledge of our—hum, *your* language. I spoke too without much motion of the jaws or countenance, and one day, (to try my proficiency,) while my keeper was praising my sagacity, I said aloud,

"Friend, your bear is not so wonderful a bear—though I admit his countenance is intellectual."

"I was much pleased with the effect of this speech, for my master looking into the crowd, asked angrily who spoke, at the same time repeating my words. I was never suspected, owing to the very great command I had over my features, and my contempt of the habit of blushing. With my hand on my waistcoat—heart, my dear children, I should say, I can say I have seldom blushed.

"Having thus discovered my attainments to be considerable, I resolved to take the first convenient opportunity to escape, as my detention I regarded in no other light than unlawful. I accordingly embraced the first occasion, and owing to my great sagacity and the excellence of my sight and hearing, made good my flight, but without money, or anything whatsoever to eat. The caravan was in the part of the country I have mentioned as my birthplace—in fact, was exhibiting in Winchester, and I betook myself to the woods wherein my childhood had been passed.

"When daylight broke I found myself in a wide forest without food and no habitation near. But if there had been, how could I have offered myself in my then costume? I was not a man but a bear! Suddenly while pondering where I should betake myself, I heard the baying of hounds on my track, coming from Winchester. What was I to do? My legs, cramped by long inactivity, were but poor aids, and I must soon

be overtaken; nevertheless, I fled, and arriving at the top of a hill looked back and saw my Master pursuing me with half a dozen hounds. I fled faster, but the baying sounded closer, and all at once a living object jumped up in my path. It was Mistress Hare, who, without saying a word, flirted by me with a wag of the tail, and flew toward the dogs. In ten minutes they were off my track and pursuing Mistress Hare, who had thus generously thrown herself into danger, from affection for me, on account of my kind conduct to her formerly.

"I could not stop to think of her fate, but fled still onward. Soon, however, I heard the hounds again on my track, drawing nearer and nearer. I gave myself up for lost, and was about to drop down from weariness, when a hoarse growl attracted my attention, and my old enemy the Major, who had slain my brother, rushed up to me and questioned me as to my fright. I raised my paw and told him in the bear language to listen.

"After you?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

The Major growled savagely.

"Who?" said he.

"The Menagerie keeper."

At this the Major growled furiously and turned toward the sound which was close upon us.

"Where are you going?" said I.

"To tear him in pieces," said he.

"Why?"

"He is after you—eh?"

"Well."

"Well, you spared my life when it was your right to take it; and I ought to have lost it. If any body is taken, it shall be me."

I turned back by his side, shaking my head.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"With you."

"No,—then both will meet death,—try to escape like me."

And he rushed into the forest. I again fled, but soon I heard a great growling, behind me, and coming to the top of a second hill, which overlooked the spot where I had encountered the Major, I perceived my Master following close on his dogs who had grappled with the Major himself. That unfortunate and irascible, but brave and good-hearted animal contended like a hero. I could not bear to see him thus surrounded, and with a bound was rushing to his rescue when he fell dead, pierced by the knife of my Keeper, who also fell upon the ground crushed by the Major's hug.

"All, I knew, was over with the Major, whose brave heart thus carried him to his death, in requital of my former forgiveness. He was, taken altogether, a rude and violent character—was the

Major—and this led him into mortal combat very often, but he had his better traits and magnanimously he preserved my life at the expense of his own. Honor to his heart!

"Faint and weary I reached, late at night, a farm house—where I hoped to find refreshment and a refuge. I was not disappointed, and Mr. Vinci no sooner heard my story than he most kindly offered me an asylum and introduced me the same evening to his wife and only son, who formed the entire household.

"I cannot, my dear children, dwell upon this portion of my life, and can only say that I here acquired the art of reading and writing, and would also have learned the Latin language, which was taught here by a private tutor, had not Charles Vinci, a fretful youth of sixteen, thrown every obstacle in my way. He ridiculed my unfortunate accent, scoffed at the idea of a *learned bear*, and so disgusted me with the tongue that I only applied myself again to its mysteries many years after. At last Charles' persecutions became so intolerable, that one morning, with much sorrow, I was forced to leave the home of my kind protector, and again seek my fortune.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BEAR BECOMES AN AUTHOR.

"I turned over in my aching head," continued Mr. Bear, "many schemes to follow, and could determine on nothing for a long time. But at last one day, while smoking my pipe in the thick branches of a large oak to which I had betaken myself for meditation, I suddenly bethought myself of the circumstances of my early life, and made up my mind to turn them to account.

"So descending from my tree, and knocking the ashes out of my pipe I stopped at the first road-side inn, and calling for a quire of paper, pens and ink I sat down in a quiet retired chamber and commenced the work which I believe you, my dear children, and especially you, honorable ex-member Jollyson have often heard of—I refer to the volume entitled "*Habits and Feelings of the Bear Species*, by Johannes Ursulius, Esq."

"I had no sooner finished this work than I wrapped up the MS., and setting off for the North, betook myself to the task of finding a publisher.

"This I found uncommonly difficult, my dear children, for so many bad books, or worthless books are written for one useful book like my own, that the honorable, the publishers, must use discrimination. At last, however, I found a gentleman who willingly undertook the publication, and even solicited a portrait of myself, to place opposite the title page. I believe you have

seen the picture in question of the humble individual who now addresses you, most magnanimous ex-member Jollyson—large beard, high collar, gold spectacles—"

"Yes sir—oh yes sir," nodded grandpa Jollyson.

"And," continued Mr. Bear, "it was 'very like' I was told. Well, my work met with great success, and another edition was called for. '*The Independent Puff Journal*' assured the public that 'a work so remarkable, and evidencing such finished scholarship united to the broadest erudition and the most extraordinary learning, had not appeared since the year 1800, it might even be said from the beginning of the century.'" (You will pardon my egotism.) The '*National*' said it was 'valuable and striking.' The '*Stylus*' characterized it as 'uncommonly uncommon.'

"When these criticisms were published I knew my fortune was made; and indeed money soon flowed in upon me in a stream. I was happy—for though only eighteen and a bear, my dear children, I was already a celebrated author: now you know it is almost impossible for celebrated authors to be bears. Still there were two things in which I was deficient and these were a graceful carriage of the person, and a knowledge of the exact sciences. To acquire these I knew a seminary or college was the best place, and so ere long I had made up my mind where I would go."

Here Mr. Bear paused, and bowing low rose from his seat and offered his arm to grandma Jollyson. The reason was that the supper-bell had just rung and Mr. Bear showed thus his great politeness.

The supper be sure was full and excellent and many jests and witticisms were passed from side to side. The way Mr. Bear eat his bread and drank his coffee was the strangest in the world, and his singular manner of lapping the rich beverage from his saucer and chewing his food with a loud obstreperous sound much amused the little children.

But their mirth changed into grief when Mr. Bear having finished his supper thanked grandpa Jollyson for his hospitality, and in spite of every entreaty took his leave. He promised, however, to return on the next (Christmas) evening and all were obliged to be satisfied. Only little Charles was heard to say anything, and he only said "What a pity Uncle John is out on a visit."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BEAR GOES TO THE MILITARY INSTITUTE AT ——— FOR HIS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT: AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE.

On the next evening the children were gather-

ed as before round the blaze while the snow pattered at the windows; and all wished that Mr. Bear would come and finish his story. A large pipe was got ready for him, as he had mentioned his love for smoking, and every one was on tip-toe to hear the end of his adventures: only one of the party seemed to feel no anxiety, and that was Uncle John, a young gentleman of "twenty and more," as he was accustomed to say when his age was asked. "As to staying to hear all that folly of Mr. Bear's," he said "he wouldn't and that was just it, give him a candle and he would go to his room, and write a business letter to go soon in the morning. Mr. Bear! folly!" And so Uncle John took his candle and retired.

Precisely at seven o'clock a loud knocking was heard, and grandpa Jollyson going to the door. Mr. Bear soon appeared shaking from his shoulders the snow which had began to fall and dusting carefully his bushy whiskers and mustache.

"Most commendable madam, and you, honorable ex-Jollyson; I should say—hem!—ex-member of Congress Jollyson, I hope I have the honor of seeing you well and in the best possible spirits," said the stout gentleman bowing.

"Very well, Mr Bear," replied grandpa Jollyson, "and you come just in time for supper. After supper we hope to hear the rest of your interesting adventures."

"Oh yes, Mr. Bear," cried little Charley;—and then stopped suddenly abashed at his own vehemence.

"Madam," said Mr. Bear, just as the supper-bell rang, "I see before me the most excellent and charming of matrons," and (going into the dining-room with the rest) "and also," continued Mr. Bear, "the most excellent and charming of suppers."

All sat down and Mr. Bear eat and drank as funnily as ever to the great merriment of the children, who could hardly retain their laughter.

Supper was soon over, and then subsiding quietly into their seats, the children evidently expected the conclusion of Mr. Bear's adventures. Therefore a full pipe was handed to him and after the logs were arranged and the blaze had shot up cheerfully, Mr. Bear, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, thus continued his narrative:

"I told you, my dear children, that I had realized much money from my work on the 'Habits of the Bear Species,' and had determined to still further perfect myself in human sciences. Therefore I determined to enter myself at the Military School at —."

"I arrived there on a fine morning in July, and immediately entered myself as a cadet.

"You may imagine, my dear children, that my figure which though highly elegant as I have been told, is yet also a *little* queer, did not escape

unremarked. They are a wicked set, these young gentlemen, and they determined that I should not be exempt from the usual torments. I laughed, however, at their hints of what was going to take place, and had made up my mind, as in all situations I endeavor to do, quickly. Unless these trials were painful or outrageous I should submit; otherwise I should rebel.... The night came at last, and being removed from my bed in (I say it without delicacy) a state of nature, I was bound under the arms with a rope and dragged hither and thither through the waters of a neighboring pond. I made no resistance, for I was rather pleased than otherwise with this nocturnal bath, the weather being warm.

"I soon found, however, that my tame and unsoldiery submission had much lowered me in the opinion of my fellow-cadets. They called me behind my back, mean-spirited and so things went on till one morning I was surprised to see arrive no less a person than my former acquaintance Charles Vinci. He was very green, was Charley Vinci, my dear children," said Mr. Bear, "and it was soon understood that his trial and probation would be more than usually severe.

"Accordingly I was waked up late in the night from my small mattress, whereon we slept, my children, with a pillow under the back to make us straight, elegant and imposing in carriage;" here Mr. Bear straightened himself unconsciously, "I was waked by a loud shouting outside my door. I rose, hastened out and found Charles Vinci who was very delicate, in the hands of some dozen young gentlemen who, without pity for the chill which the night-air, in his half-unclothed condition had given him, or fear of his furious struggling, were putting him through a discipline to which an ordinary 'beating' would have been nothing. Meantime another youth stood by with a large pail of cold water ready to throw it on the child—for I may almost call him such. Now I knew this would cause him an illness, so I interfered. I was insulted and told to mind my own business.

"You know, my dear children, I am not irascible, but on the present occasion I was right. So catching in my two strong arms—hem—fore legs, the youth who was about to discharge on Charles the shower of water;—

"Unhappy young man!" I exclaimed, "what would you do? This is a mere child and frail. Would you kill him?"

"I was assaulted immediately by all:—I have often regretted the effects of my violence on that night, my dear little ones, and I carefully tended the youths with bruises and broken arms—the result of my great rage. It was wrong, my dear children, but Charles was thus, possibly, preserved

from death—and it had the further good effect of leaving us both unmolested in future.

"Charles and myself grew to love each other much—but alas! No—no—not yet!" And Mr. Bear sorrowfully sighed.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BEAR GOES TO THE ——— UNIVERSITY TO PERFECT HIS MENTAL TRAINING; AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE.

"After those hard but happy days at the Military School," continued Mr. Bear, "I passed on to that celebrated institution, the ——— University. I was informed that the gentlemen who were turned out from that college were all, more or less, Jeffersons or Madisons in intellect and very remarkable for their high morality and devotion. I was somewhat mistaken, I am sorry to say, my dear children.

"I found many remiss in their duties of attending lectures, etc.—and the tendency to dissipation I observed to be very great throughout the whole establishment. This, however, I imagine is a consequence of all large assemblages of young men, and I do not from this draw the conclusion that the ——— University is greatly objectionable.

"Still there were a class of young gentlemen there who were a drawback and injury to all the rest. They came from one State, (nearly all,) and were ever arousing some evil passion or prompting to some folly the other and better students. From these I cautioned Charles (who had left the ——— Institute at the same time with myself and for the same destination, the University) to keep himself apart: and in the warmth of discourse and advice on several occasions, I was led to use somewhat harsh expressions concerning these youths.

"It seems they heard of my 'abuse of them,' as they called it—for one night I was awakened by a terrible clatter just at my door, which seemed to me a mixture of thunder, rattling and singing. I dressed and went out when I saw a crowd of the gentlemen I have mentioned armed with tin-pans, old fenders, a cracked drum and other instruments still more uncouth, on which they kept up a hideous beating and blowing. No sooner had I opened the door than I was at once assailed with a profusion of most opprobrious epithets; and here let me pause a moment to say, my dear children, that worthless or timid characters almost always choose this mode of showing their hostility; and though many of my opponents on this occasion were neither, they much disgraced themselves by their unworthy conduct.

"I had no sooner stepped outside my door, as I said, when this flood of insults and reproaches began to be poured on my devoted head. I was calm and unagitated, and scarcely felt anything but pity for these violent youths who thus persecuted me for expressing privately an opinion of them much above their deserts. As I stepped forward, however, I felt a hand on my shoulder and turning round saw Charles, who was pale with agitation and rage.

"Come Charles," said I, and I was going on, when a young man stepped forward and reeling with drunkenness, presented a pistol to my breast and fired. The ball passed through my arm, and felt to me like a red-hot iron. At that moment, my dear children, the spirit, or rather demon of revenge and hatred, seized upon me. I hurled the young man beneath me, and would certainly have put an end to his life, but that my brother Tom's words occurred to me. 'No,' I said, 'I will not,' and then addressing the youth,

"Go home, young man," I said solemnly; 'go, and thank God that you have just escaped committing a great crime.'

"No sooner had I uttered these words than I fainted in Charles' arms. The students, I afterwards heard, at once dispersed, and in two weeks I was again going about. We were no longer molested.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BEAR IS EXAMINED FOR HIS DEGREE; WHY IT WAS REFUSED HIM; AND THE LOSS HE SUFFERED.

"Charles Vinci, on the occasion to which I have just alluded, my dear children, showed himself a kind and excellent friend, though once he had been the torment of my life. My forbearance from revenge on the young man who had wounded me, still further increased Charles' love for me—for he was naturally a true-hearted boy; and I also became very popular with the students. It is true they often laughed at my somewhat uncouth movements, and the guttural nature of my pronunciation, but as I had now acquired perfectly most of the ancient and modern languages, and often rendered assistance to my companions, when they would have suffered pain without it, I was not much disturbed or teased. It was wrong, I know, to give this assistance, but my natural amiability led me to aid my less studious young friends.

"I spent thus two years at this institution, and determined to stay another year and take the degree of Master of Arts. I accordingly continued my studies, and by the end of the third year, considered myself sufficiently prepared to undergo an examination.

"A great crowd on the appointed day assembled, and I was glad to see, Miss Helen," continued Mr. Bear gallantly, "a large number of that sex from whom all our—hum!—all *human* happiness proceeds. There they were—the fairest of the fair,—one mass of colors and outlines, the most beautiful imaginable; and I prepared to acquit myself to the best of my ability.

"I went through the examination with great eclat, and was about to receive the degree of A. M., when the young gentleman who had wounded me on that unhappy night, stepped forward and 'protested against an animal such as myself being decorated with the highest degree in the gift of the — University.' At this speech all eyes were turned upon me, and my head sunk down upon my breast. I felt, my dear children, that false shame which the most worthy are sometimes not exempt from. You have heard that the most excellent characters often feel ashamed of their humble origin, forgetting that 'honor and shame from no condition rise,' and that you have only to act honestly to have the whole world on your side:—and like those celebrated men, I felt contempt for my lowly origin, among that unenlightened species—the Bears. To the great joy of my enemy, therefore, my spirit seemed broken.

"An animal, sir!" said the Professor frowning.

"Yes, sir—I assert that Mr. Ursulinus is neither more nor less than a bear!"

"At this, a great uproar arose, and a din of voices echoed through the hall. All eyes were turned on my face, or on the pale countenance of my opponent, who trembled with hatred and excitement.

"Mr. Ursulinus," said the Professor, "I request you at once to repel this calumny which has been so—"

"It is useless, sir," I interrupted, raising my unhappy and aching head, which seemed at that moment as though it would split, 'it is useless to make the attempt. I cannot, unfortunate individual that I am! repel it, for it is no calumny. The humble individual who now addresses you is—a bear! The boots whose elegance he has so often been complimented on, with many inquiries as to the maker of so 'fine a fit,' are not human-boots, but the natural covering of the feet of the unhappy and persecuted race of bears! the gloves which many thought him eccentric in never removing are the usual and habitual appendages, I should rather say integuments of the ursine paw!—the ears with which he often brushed away the flies which settled on his Greek Lexicon, or his Horatius, are not deformities as many imagine, but real well formed bearish auriculars, most excellent and respected Professor!

"Born in the woods and early snatched by an

inhuman menagerie-keeper from my native, un-aspiring life, I have sought to enter human society, and make of myself something more than what nature intended me for—an honorable, peaceful and respectable bear! This hope has been defeated by the rancor of the young man who, to-day, has exposed my humble origin—a rancor so great that although he has once wounded me severely, he could not rest content until I was sent ignominiously back to that low station from whence I thought it no impropriety to attempt to rise.

"Nevertheless, he is right most respectable and friendly Professor, and his end will be accomplished without harm to himself, since I will not revenge the wrong he has done me. It would not do for this august Institution to pronounce an unfortunate bear Master of Arts of the — University. I do not ask it now, I do not even desire it. Farewell."

"And, with a heavy heart, I left the hall. But, alas! my dear children, this mere disappointment was nothing to the heart-rending grief which affected me next day. Charles Vinci, burning with rage, challenged the young man who had exposed me, and both fell mortally wounded. He was dead!—my dear, my noble-hearted Charles: dead! I should never see him more! He died as he lived, my noble, my only friend! I shall never recover his loss!"

Here two large tears rolled down the cheeks of Mr. Bear.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BEAR COMMENCES THE PRACTICE OF LAW IN KENNAQUHAIR, AND RUNS AGAINST MR. LEONIDAS DINGY FOR CONGRESS.

"After the loss of my dear and excellent Charles," continued Mr. Bear, sighing deeply while he wiped away his tears with a blue silk pocket-handkerchief, "I was almost alone in the world. Charles was dead—my stay, my consolation, the friend of my unhappy heart:—dead! that is to say, I was never to see him more, never to press his hand again, never to rejoice at the exhibition of his rare and wonderful genius! Henceforth I knew I was alone, and ambition only could fill the void his death had left in my heart.

"I went far, studied much;—and finally commenced the practice of the law in the charming town of Kennaquhair. You know all about Kennaquhair, my dear children—that fine old town whose streets are so straight or crooked; whose houses are so fair or lead-colored; from whence you look up to see the mountains, and whose beautiful stream flows from the uplands to the more level country below. I regret that

I cannot dwell upon this portion of my life and tell you of the many interesting causes which were committed to the care of your humble servant "Johannes Bruinus, Counsellor at Law, practising in the Superior and Inferior Courts of the Kennaquhair district." (You see I had been compelled to change my name.) These details would only weary you, and but one case is closely connected with my life at this period. A spectator in one of the exhibitions of a travelling menagerie, had in a fit of rage at the close resemblance which one of the bears bore to himself, struck the poor animal so violently as nearly to destroy his reason. The effect on his brain, too, was such that he was thrown into low spirits, and at last became so sad and melancholy that his master, fearing he would die, brought an action for "damages." *Damages*, my dear children, means a sum of money paid to a person for any loss sustained at the hands of another; as when a young lady claims damages from a gentleman who has promised to marry her, and then failed. In such a case she should have the exact sum the gentleman would sell for, were he put up to the highest bidder.—But then legal matters cannot interest you.

"The menagerie-keeper came to me to defend his cause, and what was my surprise to find in him my old Keeper. I felt an emotion of disquiet at first, but finding he had not recognized me, I accepted his case; and the next day came on the trial. My opponent was the celebrated Leonidas Dingy, Esq., and we had a violent contest. Nevertheless, so great was my excitement and eloquence in defence of one of my own species, and so deep my indignation at the cruel treatment the unoffending animal had received, that my speech carried all before it, and a round of applause followed my winding up. I would accept nothing from my old Master who gained his cause,—but I was also much the gainer by the case, and so great was my reputation after the effort, that ere long I was nominated for Congress; and had the honor to be opposed to Mr. Leonidas Dingy. That gentleman attacked me personally on many occasions, having nothing to say to my "political course" heretofore, and I am sorry to say was guilty of many unworthy manoeuvres to defeat me and secure his own election. He characterized me as "an upstart," "a Dutchman," (when, as you know my dear children, I was neither *Dutch* nor a *man*), and stated that my election would seal the fate of the district; whose honor, dignity and happiness could indeed only be secured, he said, by the choice of a sound, unterrified, no-humbbug man, who "knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain;"—by which my dear children, many thought that he referred to himself.

"The election came on, and though I had not attacked my adversary and had used no unworthy means, I was elected, and represented the Kennaquhair district. How I represented it, honorable ex-member Jollyson, you know; as the "*National Intelligencer*" has reported in full the "Remarks of Mr. Bruinus on the Encroachments of the Russian Bear."

Here Mr. Bear raised his head with dignity.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BEAR FINISHES HIS HISTORY, AND WHAT ENSUED.

"I now draw near the end of my life, up to this time most friendly Jollyson," continued Mr. Bear, stroking his beard and crossing one leg over the other. "After serving my time in Congress, I set out on my travels, and spent three years in Europe, perfecting my education and forming acquaintances. I did not neglect my own species and now correspond regularly (in the Bear language of course) with those public-spirited and republican bears of Italy, "Iron-Muzzle" and "Ronzi;" the Hungarian bears "Dinsky," "Koth," and "Reckzil;" and the English bears, "Bruin," "Rough Coat" and others. They are all more or less American, and republican in their ideas, I am happy to say, and though "Rough Coat" once supported Sir Robert Peel, I have reason to think he is now of the Opposition.

"All this time, my dear children, I had never really felt the tender sentiment, which raises man so much above his lowly humble sphere—ahem! I mean the passion of love. I was soon, however to experience that feeling, and in travelling to the metropolis of our State, last fall, I was taken captive by a young lady's mental and personal worth, so completely, that since then I have been wandering about in a state of utter and overwhelming stupor. We met on the banks of the James and often elsewhere, and on one occasion I threw myself in the way of a horse which was running away with—"

"Why, that's cousin Helen!" said sister Fanny, clapping her hands, "I saw her, I was with her!"

Cousin Helen was blushing very deeply, as indeed she had been during the concluding portion of Mr. Bear's history, throughout.

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Bear, clasping his hands and sobbing while his knees trembled, and his eyes filled with tears, "yes it was that charming young lady herself, and I here reiterate the assertion of my love!—the love of an unfortunate bear!"

Cousin Helen blushed and smiled, and finally, said laughing, "that she would not marry—a bear! No! never—never—never!"

At these words, the children fixed their eyes

on her countenance and running to her cried, "No! no! cousin Helen—please don't marry Mr. Bear!"

"Take me then, cousin Helen," said a clear, pleasant, laughing voice behind them, and turning round, the children saw uncle John, with his youthful face and bright eyes, looking at them.

"Why, where's Mr. Bear?" they cried.

"Good Mr. Bear!"

"Poor, Mr. Bear!"

"Kind-hearted, dear Mr. Bear!"

"Sorrowful, sad Mr. Bear!"

"Pitiful, good-looking Mr. Bear."

Uncle John laid his hand on his heart, and bowed low.

"And you, cousin Helen?" said he.

"Oh, hopeful, sensible Mr. Bear!" cried cousin Helen, laughing:—and uncle John catching her in his arms, waltzed her round the room,—while a large Christmas Box was dragged from under the table, (the covering of which was lowered again quickly)—and sister Fauny ran to the piano, and struck up a waltz, from which she diverged into "A Bear he would a wooing go"—and the children clapped their hands—and the snow and wind without, looking in on the blazing fire, said as plainly as snow and wind could say "A merry Christmas to you, my dear little children and a happy New Year!"

K—, Va., Dec. 1851.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

1.

The days are gone, the days are gone,
When my young heart went Maying;
I sit alone to sigh and moan
O'er my life's spring decaying;
A weary time from chime to chime,
A weary time is mine, love,
While with the gay in mirth and play,
A blissful lot is thine, love.

2.

A mocking gleam, an idle dream,
As brief as summer lightning,
Thy love for me, in radiance
A fleeting moment brightening,
To sink in gloom, and ne'er resume
The light it once has given
To this sad breast it lull'd to rest
With melodies from heaven.

3.

I look afar, but no bright star
Illumes the unknown distance,
With promise bright of coming light
To cheer my lone existence;
The darksome day without a ray
Of hope to cheer, is mine, love;
The sunny beam, the happy dream,
The life of bliss is thine, love.

THE REVENGE.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF ALOYS SCHREIBER.

I.

In the old feudal times of Germany, Conrad—familiarily called Curd—of Dachau, was spending the autumn at a monastery, the abbot of which was his uncle. His father and his two elder brothers had perished in a military expedition, led by the emperor, and he was the only remnant of the family. His uncle, the abbot, therefore pressed him frequently to seek for himself a wife among the daughters of Speiergau, or district of Spire, in which his castle stood; an enterprise by no means difficult, for besides the nobility of his birth and the extent of his possessions, he was commendable as a wooer by the agreeableness of his person and manners, and, since the death of his father and brothers, by that sober seriousness of countenance which makes a young man generally more acceptable to the fair sex.

The heart of the baron appeared to be in no wise insensible to the beauty and grace of woman; but whenever his eye rested on some attractive person of the amiable sex, and the star of his love seemed to be rising propitiously, then a sad foreboding would start up in his soul, as if some demon had interposed to obstruct the accomplishment of his newly awakened hope that he had found a suitable partner for life.

The monastery in which he had spent some weeks, was beautifully situated in a meadow-dale, on the one side of which was a line of hills clothed with vineyards, and on the other side a range of heights overgrown with oaks and hedges of beech. Curd was accustomed to wander about the vicinity, lost in dreams of the future. One day he followed a path through a forest which he had never penetrated before. He had walked on for the space of an hour, and now thought of returning, when he heard the murmur of a brook in the woods. He was attracted by the sound and followed the brook into a valley, where he found a forest-stream of considerable breadth, which, at this place, made a large horse-shoe curve among the gently sloping hills. At some distance on the opposite side stood a small, handsome, newly-built castle. He was contemplating this pleasant sight when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young woman, who emerged from the thicket of bushes that surrounded the clear space about the house. She came to the river bank, stepped into a small boat that lay there, unfastened it, and laid hold on the oar, which seemed to be rather heavy for her feeble hands, so that she

had some difficulty in pushing the boat from the shore and getting it under way. She turned up the stream and gradually neared the right bank, on which the baron stood. The guidance of the boat kept her so busy that she had not time to look about; she therefore did not see Card. But when the maid came near him he hid himself behind a thornbush, that he might not frighten her and turn her out of her course. The beautiful young girl, blooming like a fresh-blown rose, was now but a few steps from him. As he looked, heaven and earth faded from his view, so completely was he fascinated by this lovely apparition. So gentle, so graceful a specimen of young maidenhood had never before met his eyes; and in her look was an expression of cheerfulness and peace, which, as it seemed, no storm of misfortune could ever disturb.

A few yards from the knight the stream had hollowed out a small sandy bay. Into this the maiden turned her boat that she might rest a little from her labor. Leaning on her oar, she now stood like a heavenly vision, and looked upon the objects around her. Then she sang the following song in a manner both sweet and artless:

A boy sits by the smooth green sea
In joyful mood;
He sees the sheep beneath the flood,
That pasture on the mountain lea.

The boy a little rose breaks off
In sportive glee;
He casts it on the smooth green sea,
And drives it from him with his staff.

Then looks from out the water there
A little monster maid,
Fair as the snow, her head arrayed
With wreaths of coral in her hair.

"This white rose givest thou me," said she,
"My pretty boy!
Come down with me and share my joy,
The earth blooms also 'neath the sea.

"Thou wilt escape much bitter woe
Down in the deep,
Where thou wilt ever peaceful sleep."
—The boy cannot refuse to go.

He to the sea-maid plunges in;
Yet from the deep,
Sees on the mountain tops the sheep,—
Sees on the shore the meadows green.

The notes of the song swept away with the breeze through the leaves of the oaks; but in the soul of the young knight they still resounded whilst the little boat glided down the stream again, and the lovely form of the songstress threatened to vanish, "like a dream when one awaketh."

He stepped out from his covert to the shore, that

he might still hold her in view with all his power of vision: but by the aid of the current, she soon reached the landing-place, sprang out of the boat and disappeared in the thicket on the other side.

First love is often like a fire kindled by lighting. It was so with the young baron; his breast was suddenly inflamed as by a flash from heaven. Long did he continue to stand by the forest stream, looking one while at the boat and another while at the castle on the height beyond. The sun had sunk behind the mountains, before he remembered that he could not stay there, and turned his slow lagging steps towards the monastery. He looked around on all sides as he went for some person who might give him information about this white castle in the woods, where doubtless this fair young stranger was at home. When he arrived at the monastery, he made inquiry of some of the servants. "That," said one, "is the White Castle: it is so called because it is painted white: and in the castle lives the dumb lady. She lost the use of speech from fright at the sudden death of her lord." This is all that the servant knew of the matter, and the baron avoided touching on the point about which he most particularly desired to be informed.

II.

Early on the following morning, Conrad was already on the bank of the forest stream, looking over intently upon the White Castle. People went in, and people went out; but the sweet vision of yesterday did not bless his eyes. Hour after hour did the knight linger and look in vain, sadly disappointed, but hoping still; but when it was midday and the star of his hopes had not risen yet, he despaired and returned disconsolately to the monastery. But there he could not rest. In the afternoon he found himself again on the same spot. This time fortune changed her frown into a smile, for the young lady came as on yesterday, launched the boat and steered up stream to the place where the knight stood. He hid himself behind a cluster of bushes, but he opened a passage for his eyes through the branches and watched every movement of the beloved object. The maid again turned the boat into the little bay, and after looking timidly around, she stepped out upon the land. Just then came a gipsy woman out of the forest, leading a pretty girl about six years old by the hand, and carrying a smaller one on her back. The young girl could not help being afraid; but still she plucked up courage, when she observed

that it was only a mother with her children, who seemed to be objects of charity.

"Pretty young lady," said the gipsy, "if you will allow me to sit in your boat and cross the river with you, I will tell you your fortune. Let me see your hand."

The nymph was somewhat embarrassed by this singular request for a sight of her hand; but whilst she hesitated to offer it, she permitted it to be taken by the gipsy, who merely glanced at the palm, and then said with a smile, "The marks are good; first thorns, then roses; one star rises, another sets; but they will finally meet again. Doubt not, fair maid, this is a lucky day for you: perhaps he will meet you this very day."

"Who?" asked the girl, with some curiosity.

"Oh I cannot say who he is," answered the gipsy, "but I can tell you to a certainty that he is no longer in his cradle, and that he already wears a sword."

The young girl blushed. In her modest confusion she took a piece of money out of her purse and put it into the gipsy's hand.

"God bless you," said the old woman, "I owe you the ferriage, yet you pay me a fee besides."

Now the young girl looked at her boat. "My good woman," said she, after a little silent reflection, "I would gladly ferry you over, but the boat will be too heavy for me to manage, as I am not skilful with the oar."

The gipsy thought that no serious accident could happen, as the water was not deep.

"At the worst," said she, "I can wade over."

"No, no," said the girl, "there are deep places on the other side where you cannot wade."

Now the knight could hold back no longer. He came out from behind the bushes, saluted the young girl in a friendly manner, but with a beating heart, and said:

"Noble young lady, permit me to take the oar, I have some knowledge of the art of rowing; there is little difficulty in it; with my stout arm I can easily manage the boat."

The sudden appearance of the young knight threw the young girl into confusion. She spoke some unintelligible words in a scarcely audible voice and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"You may trust me, fair lady," resumed the knight, "I am of the family of Dachau, and the abbot of the neighboring monastery is my uncle."

During this short dialogue the gipsy took a good look at the knight, and then drew some mysterious figures in the sand.

"Children," she exclaimed with a solemn voice, "you must not think meanly of the like of me, because we have no home, since our people had to leave the graves of their ancestors. They penetrated into the secrets of the spirit world; therefore their children wander without

a home, and must continue to wander until their race becomes extinct. But take my word for it, this is a propitious day for both of you."

"To me it certainly is," cried Curd in the overflowing of his heart, while his eyes met those of the beautiful maid, who blushed scarlet, and stood there hanging down her head like a rose that has been bent by a shower of rain.

"If you will be so good, baron Dachau," said she, and cast a look upon the boat. Conrad offered her his hand to assist her in getting into the boat; but she sprang in quickly by herself; the gipsy followed, and Conrad soon brought the craft to the other side. The young lady thanked him very kindly.

"Grant me only one request," said Conrad; "since I have your picture in my mind, I would fain know what name to write under it."

"I am called Irmengard," said she with downcast eyes; then bowing to him politely, she walked slowly up the hill. Conrad looked after her until she entered the castle. Now he reflected that he could not ferry himself over the river again without leaving the boat on the other side. He was just going to wade over, although the water was rather inconveniently deep, when a servant man came running from the castle, almost out of breath. Thoughtful Irmengard had sent him in haste to set the stranger knight over the river. This attention on her part was very grateful to the feelings of Conrad, and his loving heart construed it to his advantage.

Some dark rainy days followed and constrained the knight to stay in the abbey, though sorely against his inclination. He wished himself winged like his thoughts, which flew over forest and river to the White Castle, where dwelt the fair maid whose image excited continual longings in his heart. Late in the evening of the third day, the sky began to brighten with the promise of fair weather. "The weather changes at the right time," said the abbot at supper.

"What mean you by that, dear uncle," said Conrad.

"To-morrow we celebrate in the church the anniversary day of the deceased Wolf Von Thurm, and his widow of the White Castle is wont to come over and attend the mass for the repose of his soul," replied the abbot.

"To Conrad this was a joyful announcement on two accounts. He might hope to see the beautiful Irmengard on this occasion, and besides, it afforded him a good opportunity to make some inquiries.

"That must be the dumb lady," said he, "who lost her speech from fright at her husband's death."

"What, have you also heard that story?" said the abbot. "No, she did not lose the power of

speech, but at the death of her lord, she made a vow never more to utter a word."

"And why?" asked Conrad.

"Because," continued the abbot, "her husband, the deceased knight Von Thurm, being somewhat given to drink, she used to grieve him with her reproachful speeches; and she did so on the very day of his death. With this exception she was a very prudent and honorable lady."

"Has she children?" asked Conrad, with a face glowing like a coal of fire.

"No, the marriage was unfruitful, and hence arose alienation in the family. Between man and wife there is no stronger bond of union than children."

This answer did not determine the point at which Conrad was aiming, for it did not inform him of Irmengard's parentage and relations. He could only conjecture that she must be a niece of the lady Von Thurm, since she resided at the castle.

The next morning he waited impatiently for day to break and the hour of divine service to arrive. When about nine o'clock the bell sounded the first signal for the dead-mass, he stepped to a window that overlooked the road leading from the White Castle. When presently the bell tolled a second time, he saw a procession coming up the valley: two ladies in deep mourning led the way, and a number of servants followed them. They dismounted in the court-yard of the cloister and repaired immediately to the church. The knight of Dachau recognized immediately the beautiful Irmengard, on whose shoulder the noble lady leaned as they came in. He also hastened into the church and took a seat from which he could conveniently see Irmengard, without being observed by her. After high-mass was over, and the requiem was sung, the abbot came down and had the vault opened in which the body lay. The mourning lady and Irmengard rose from the stools on which they kneeled at prayer and descended into the vault. Before them went an old monk-priest clothed in a surplice and stole, with some other monks who carried lighted candles, a censer and holy water. An anxious foreboding prompted the young knight to follow the lady. He stopped however on the lowest step in descending to the vault, whilst the rest proceeded to the recess hewn out of a rock at the farther end of the vault, where the knight's dead body was deposited. The monk sprinkled holy water, burnt incense, and repeated the form of prayer for the eternal peace of the dead. Just then the mourning lady fell with a cry and swooned away; Irmengard staggered, as pale as a corpse, upon her, and seemed scarcely able to sustain herself any longer. Conrad, without a moment's hesitation, sprang to the

grave, caught the sinking girl in his arms, and carried her out of the vault into the church, where she soon opened her eyes again. She looked with wonder at the knight, considered a little what the matter might be, and then came fully to her recollection of what had occurred.

"Where is my aunt?" she asked. "Alas," said she again, "the horrible death-scent in the vault, and the sad remembrances of the occasion, have had a worse effect on her than on me."

"The lady of Thurm is in good hands," answered the knight. "Father Bruno and the brethren have certainly brought her to herself. Permit me, lady Irmengard, to take you now into the open air, in which you will sooner recover than you can here."

Irmengard went, supported by the young man's arm, into the beautiful court-yard, where two fountains of fresh mountain water gushed forth. Irmengard went to one of these and washed her face and temples, which refreshed her in some degree. Still she looked pale and languid; but the knight thought her only the more charming on this account. His look was that of a modest sympathizing lover. When the young lady observed this, her heart was penetrated and a lovely red diffused itself over her cheeks. Conrad took her hand and pressed it to his lips. She drew it softly back. Now the abbot came and had the lady of Thurm carried to a guest-chamber, where she gave a sign that she desired the presence of Irmengard. The young lady was still so weak, and so agitated with her feelings, that in going up stairs she had to hold by Conrad's arm.

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III.

The abbot observed what an impression the young lady had made upon his nephew; and when after some hours the two ladies had set off on their return, he thus addressed him:—

"Conrad, tell me candidly, what do you think of the young lady?"

Conrad was a good deal agitated by this question, but as he was not accustomed to practice evasion, he answered candidly, as he was requested to do.

"My worthy uncle, if I could have my wish, that young lady should be my wife."

"And I," said the abbot, would cheerfully give my blessing thereto; but there is a heavy stone to be put out of the way before you can have your wish."

This suggestion made Conrad very uneasy, and he looked inquiringly for an explanation.

"The case is this," said the abbot, "you are not acquainted with the facts, because you were

quite young when your father died; and as I had brought you up, and you afterwards went to the court of your liege lord, the baron Von Sponheim, you know little of what occurred in your father's house during his life-time. Your father and old Fust of Hoheneck were long at enmity, and for some years made war upon each other. The strife was at last brought to a close; but their reconciliation was not a hearty one, for nothing is more frail than a patched-up friendship between old enemies. Once while they were sitting at wine, the old grudge broke out afresh; they quarreled, and your father deeply wounded his adversary with sharp words. The consequence was a challenge to fight a duel, which was to take place in eight days. But on the sixth day your father died from a sudden attack of illness, and Hoheneck cannot forgive him even in his grave, for having left the world without giving him satisfaction. Now I fear that his hatred may transfer itself from the father to the son."

"But perhaps he may be softened," said Conrad, "if I sue for the hand of his daughter."

The abbot shook his head. "Ah," said he, "I know there are some men whose hatred is a burden to them, and they are glad to cast it off; but then there are other men who cannot cease from hating, for the reason that they are incapable of loving."

The knight did not fully comprehend these words; but as the abbot did not take away all hope and promised him his aid, he did not consider this to be an insurmountable difficulty. The main point, he thought, was Irmengard's affection; could he be assured of this, the removal of hindrances from other quarters would in his estimation be mere child's play.

Full of the desire and hope which love inspired, he hastened the same afternoon to the bank of the forest-stream. He had not been there long before he saw the beautiful Irmengard coming down the hill from the castle. When she drew near to the bank she stopped and cast her eyes first over the river and then upon the boat, and seemed to hesitate whether or not she should take her usual pleasure excursion upon the water. She could not see the knight, hidden as he was behind the bushes; but she seemed to have an instinctive suspicion that he was not far off. After a while, however, she stepped into the boat and rowed a little way up and down without going far from the shore. Conrad stood anxiously waiting for her to cross the river as usual. But she soon landed again, and stepping up the bank she cast searching looks around,—but whether from the fear or from the hope of discovering some one's approach, is a point which could not be determined from her behaviour,—unless some-

thing might be inferred from the fact that she did not this time, when she moved away from the bank, take the direct path up the hill towards the castle,—which path, by the by, led through a thicket of bushes, but turning to the left, she ascended the hill by a circuitous route over ground that was bare of trees and shrubs and therefore allowed her to look around as she slowly walked away.

Now the knight stepped out from his hiding place in a sad and discontented mood. Ah! had she but seen me, sighed he to himself. The next moment the lovely girl paused, and turned her face, half shaded by her locks of blond hair, towards the river. Her searching glance no doubt revealed the presence of Conrad; for instead of resuming her walk, she turned about and betook herself to gathering some of the wild flowers that grew around her; and as if allured by these late children of the autumn, she gradually drew towards the river again. The knight saluted her across the water by a motion of his hand. For a moment or two she seemed not to have observed him, but then she returned the salutation and moved slowly up the hill towards the castle.

So matters went on for some days. The lovers saw one another from the opposite banks; but Irmengard no more navigated the forest stream, and Conrad came at last to think that a small river betwixt him and Irmengard was almost equivalent to an ocean. Hope had already lent her wings to his love, and therefore his spirit rose, and he resolved to surprise the young lady upon the other side. At a quarter of an hour's distance up stream was a mill belonging to the abbey. The miller had a boat in which Conrad crossed the river several afternoons in succession. He had already seen the young lady with no river to separate them; but the nigher he approached her, the more dilatory were his steps. She observed him, and felt a shrinking timidity. She wished to retire, but could not leave the spot. The knight approached her respectfully; but when he saw how confused she was, he was seized with a feeling of pain. "Gentle lady," said he, in a penitential tone of voice, "give me only the assurance that you are not offended at my boldness, and I will immediately withdraw."

"How can I be offended?" answered she, with downcast eyes.

Conrad eagerly took her hand, and with his habitual seriousness exclaimed,—*"Irmengard, there is no truer heart than the one which beats in my breast for you."*

With these words he pressed her hand to his breast; then turning away, he slowly retraced his steps.

IV.

Between the convent of St. Martin and its advowee, (or the lord of the manor to which the abbey was attached,) there arose a violent feud. The knight of Dachau did not hesitate a moment to draw his sword in favor of the house of God, whose chief officer was his uncle. He called out his vassals, armed his servants, and had in a short time a considerable force ready for action. But he could not possibly leave the neighborhood, where all the good fortune of his life was blooming, without seeing her to whom his heart clove with an inexpressible attachment. He took the way towards the mill, with the view of crossing the river at that place. In the forest the path was already covered with the sere leaves that had fallen from the oaks and the beech trees. Here and there a solitary bird was singing a melancholy adieu to the joys of the year. A deep sadness overcame the knight. Almost incapable of thought, and busied only with his sorrow and his love, he reached the farther bank of the river; but seeing no person where he so anxiously desired to see one, he loitered heedlessly and abstractedly along the way that led towards the castle. A short distance from the castle stood by an old lime tree an image of the Virgin Mary. Irmengard was standing before the image with her hands piously folded as he neared the spot. She noticed him first because the fallen leaves rustled under his tread, and he was looking fixedly before him. This time she appeared not to be confused at the sight of him, and was the first to speak.

"So deep in thought, my lord of Dachau?" said she with a sad smile, for she had already heard the news of his intended expedition.

"Noble lady," answered Conrad, "hereafter think of me also when you pay your devotions here; for I am going to meet many dangers and I am come to bid you adieu."

Irmengard turned pale. "Is it certain then?" she asked, with a trembling voice.

"It is certain," said he: "we march to-morrow."

"Then will I pray for you every day, at this hour, before this sacred image,"—whispered the maiden, and her beautiful head bent down before her breast, as the lily bends when the rain storm has broken its frail stem.

"Now shall I go in comfort," cried Conrad—"for if I should even fall in battle, I shall not be quite forgotten. Is it not true, Irmengard, that you pray also for the dead?"

The young lady grew paler than before. She could no longer restrain her tears, and she held out her right hand to the knight, while with the left she dried her eyes.

"I hope that you will return again," said she, and suffered the knight to retain her hand, whilst he kissed it and shed his tears upon it.

"Irmengard," he cried, with deep emotion—"Irmengard, this hand!"—

"Shall be kept for you," said she, under a sudden impulse and with a firm tone of voice, and retreated towards the castle with hasty steps.

The knight returned to the monastery with the happiness of accepted love in his heart. Full of exhilarating anticipations himself, his animation was communicated to his comrades. They marched with cheerfulness and fought valiantly under their young leader. Two bloody battles broke the strength of the enemy and decided the contest. The lord of the manor was completely vanquished and some of his people were taken prisoners, whilst the remainder were scattered in wild disorder, and he himself, with a mere handful of followers, was driven for refuge within the strong walls of his castle. But alas! the knight of Dachau, pursuing the fugitives too closely and too far ahead of his men, was surrounded and forced to enter with them into the impregnable castle of Felsenburg, where he was confined a close prisoner in one of the lofty towers.

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V.

A gloomy winter of storm and snow-showers now passed tediously away. Irmengard secretly mourned the sad misfortune of her captive lover. The knight on his part complained and fretted every day about his adverse fate, which deprived him of more than his liberty in separating him from her who was now dearer to his heart than all the world besides. His uncle, the abbot of St. Martin's cloister, used every means in his power to obtain his release. But the lord of the manor made all sorts of difficulties; until at length the Baron Von Sponheim succeeded in mediating a reconciliation between the parties.

It was in the last days of April that Conrad left his prison and hastened back to the monastery. Already soft vernal breezes blew; the clear soft green of the beech tree leaves looked out from among the brown trunks and dusky foliage of the fir trees; and here and there on sunny declivities the orchards shone with the full beauty of their vernal bloom. An eager and impatient longing filled the breast of the young man. He could not fix his thoughts upon any particular object. When at last some well known faces and the towers of the abbey met his view, he began to feel himself at home again, and now the image of his beloved began to rise distinctly to his fancy's eye. The abbot received him as a son, and he felt the pleasure of being a free man among

his friends. But still he could not rest contented even for half a day in the abbey. The impulse of his feelings soon drove him forth to the sweet banks of the forest river on his way to the White Castle. He crossed the stream by the mill as formerly, and wandered in great emotion down the valley towards the castle. A shriek startled him out of his dreamy abstractions. Irmengard stood before him. Involuntarily she stretched out her arms to meet him, but with a maidenly blush she suddenly dropped them again.

"Irmengard!" he exclaimed, and offering her his right hand, he gently drew her to his bosom with the other. Both were almost speechless with emotion; they looked one another in the eyes, and all the sorrowful past was banished from their memories. The evening shades gathered around them before they were aware of it. Reluctantly they parted, but with the promise of seeing each other again on the morrow.

Several weeks passed away with the lovers like a pleasant dream, and no thought of a change disturbed the joy of their souls. But their meetings did not escape the notice of prying eyes, and rumors began to circulate privately through the neighborhood. Among others the lord of St. Martin's manor heard of the affair; and as he hated the abbot and his nephew, so he gave private notice to the Baron Fust of Hoheneck of what the people were whispering about his daughter and the Baron Dachau. In Hoheneck the old hatred still burnt as fiercely as ever. He hastened to the White Castle with dark thoughts of vengeance in his heart. But on his arrival he gave no sign of his dark feelings and intentions. He said that he had come on a visit of a few days, desiring to see his beloved daughter once more. But in spite of his dissimulation, his bitter grudge broke now and then through the hypocritical covering of friendliness, and Irmengard began to feel uneasy.

Among the attendants of the knight was an old servant, blunt, honest, and an enemy of all deceit. He warned the young lady of some evil design; for he had conceived a strong suspicion from the inquiries which his master made of the watchmen of the castle. Irmengard was filled with inexpressible anxiety. She *must* speak with the knight of Dachau;—she *must* warn him of his danger. With this view she sent the gardener of the castle, on whose fidelity she could rely, as messenger to the convent, and appointed a meeting with Dachau at midnight, on the bank of the river where the boat lay. Tremblingly she awaited the messenger's return, and as he brought the answer that Dachau would meet her according to appointment, she could but feebly conceal the emotions that agitated her.

The night came—the clock struck eleven, and in the castle every thing seemed to be buried in profound sleep. Irmengard's chamber joined a hall in which were sundry clothes-presses. In one of these was kept a suit of boy's clothes which had been worn by a relation of the Lady Von Thurm, who died at fourteen years of age, and the suit fitted as if it had been made for Irmengard. That she might not be recognized on going out, she put on this suit of clothes and slipped out of the castle through the garden and went to the place of meeting. Dachau was already there, waiting for her, and filled with vague and gloomy apprehensions. She imparted to him what she knew and what she feared. Conrad fell into despair, when he heard of the hatred and the probable design of Irmengard's father; but Irmengard consoled him in some degree with words of encouragement and grounds of hope that all might yet be well.

"Up yonder," said she, pointing to the skies, "are the fates of men ordained; if heaven has destined us for each other, no human power can long part us."

In such a strain she continued to address him on this trying occasion, until she again kindled in his breast some light of hope. But now they must separate for the present. The young lady promised that on the next day she would again send him a message through the gardener. He accompanied her to the outside of the thicket in which they had met, and there he stood looking after her as she approached the garden wall. She had almost reached it, when he heard the whizzing of an arrow through the air, and Irmengard fell with a cry to the ground. Curd sprang up to her and found her lying insensible, with the blood gushing from her wound.

"Oh, Irmengard! Irmengard!" he exclaimed, with the voice of despair, "you are murdered!"

"Who? Who?" cried a fearful voice, and a dark, tall form issued from the shadow of the neighboring trees and came to the fallen body.

Curd recognized the Baron Hoheneck. "What, is it you?" he exclaimed. "Have you shed the blood of your own child?"

"Man!" muttered the old knight, "say not again this is my daughter."

"But I do say that this is Irmengard of Hoheneck," answered Conrad in a tone of bitterness.

"Woe! woe! woe is me! I have murdered my own child," cried Hoheneck, and rushed down the hill as if the avenger of blood were pursuing him.

Conrad's call for help soon brought the gardener and some other people to the spot from the castle. Torches were brought, and the bystanders shuddered at the sight which now presented

itself to their eyes. The young lady was lying on the ground, pale as a sheet and perfectly motionless. The arrow had struck her right shoulder, and the blood was still gushing forth. After a while she again opened her eyes and uttered a cry of pain.

"God be praised, she lives!" exclaimed Curd, and kneeling down he took her cold hand in his.

Now they prepared to carry her into the castle. The young man never quit her side, until the chaplain of the castle, who also exercised the healing art, had drawn the arrow from the wound, and declared that no mortal injury had been done. Hardly yet, however, could Conrad be persuaded to return to the convent, though they could not well refuse to invite him to come daily to the castle, that he might inquire after the young lady's condition.

No one thought of the Baron Hoheneck, until Irmengard, the next day, having recovered her vital powers, inquired for her father. She seemed to have no suspicion that the deadly arrow came from his hand, and her heart yearned for his forgiveness. Conrad came over at an early hour and inquired for Irmengard. The chaplain gave him a favorable report of her condition. Then the young knight suggested, that he might well consider her as murdered by his hand, and he might, in a paroxysm of despair, have committed some violence on himself.

Servants were sent out immediately in search of him, and Curd devoted himself to the same object. But all their efforts to find the old knight were fruitless. They all returned, one after another, with the report that they could not find a trace of him. Now the conjecture was that he had either plunged into some river, or buried himself in a monastery. Before Irmengard, however, not a word was said of the matter. They quieted her mind by accounting for her father's absence in a way that would not alarm her for his safety. Her wound soon began to heal, and in a few weeks she was able to walk about in her room. Curd received the intelligence of her recovery with inexpressible delight. Never had he experienced a purer joy. Yet from this time he had not the heart to visit the castle; for he felt that the uncertainty which hung over the fate of Irmengard's father, must interpose itself like some threatening ghost between his wishes and his hopes.

About this time there came to the abbey of St. Martin a monk from Lorraine, who was by his prior's order making a journey to the Danube. He gave an account, among other things, of a strange sort of man who had lately sought a refuge in their monastery; and although apparently of noble birth, had applied for the office of herdsman to the monastery. The abbot and

Conrad had their attention roused by this story. They inquired about the personal appearance of this man, his age, and the time of his appearance in Lorraine. All that the travelling monk told them in answer to these inquiries, seemed to point out the Baron Hoheneck; and Conrad resolved immediately to undertake a journey to Lorraine.

VI.

After a laborious journey of several days, Curd reached the neighborhood of the monastery, where he hoped to find Irmengard's father. Already he beheld the two towers of the elegant church rising behind a wood of oaks, and had a mind to turn into a footpath that led from the highway through the wood, when he observed at the entrance of an old chapel a meanly dressed man who appeared to be devoutly engaged in prayer. Curd instantly recognized in him the Baron Von Hoheneck. He quickly dismounted, gave his horse's bridle reins to his servant, and waited until Fust, who would not be disturbed by the sound of his arrival, had ended his devotions. When after awhile he rose to his feet and reached for his staff, which lay on the ground, Curd walked up to him. The old man started at the sight of him, as if he were an accusing spirit.

"Be not alarmed," said Conrad, "I bring you glad tidings: your daughter Irmengard lives, and has recovered from her wound."

At this annunciation a crushing burden seemed to be taken from the knight's soul. He stood for a few moments without moving: then he fell upon his knees, and lifted his trembling hands towards heaven. Curd expected that now the old man would gladly return home with him: but Hoheneck adhered firmly to his purpose of spending the remainder of his days in solitude. "Why," said he, "why should I again take up a burden that I had not strength to bear? Happiness on earth I renounce as unattainable, and peace I shall find only here, where I have learned to direct all my hopes and wishes to the other side of the grave. Here, Knight of Dachau, take my seal-ring as a sure token that you have found me, and that I acknowledge you as my son-in-law. Be true and affectionate to my Irmengard, and my prayers will bring down blessings upon your union."

In vain did Conrad employ all his art of persuasion to change Hoheneck's purpose: with this view he staid day after day in the monastery; but all in vain; he had at last to return alone to the castle of Hoheneck.

Irmengard was sorely grieved at the intelligence that she was never to see her father again.

"Then I must mourn for him as for the dead," she exclaimed; and she put on mourning weeds and wore them a whole year. Then at the expiration of this period she gave her hand to the Knight of Dachau. As they stood before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the blessing upon their union, Irmenegard thought that she saw the form of her father by the priest's side, looking kindly upon her and waving his hand in token of approbation. She was so agitated by this vision, that she could scarcely avoid crying out and disturbing the marriage ceremony. When the newly married pair left the chapel and returned to the castle, there came a messenger from Lorraine with intelligence of Baron Von Hohe-neck's decease. He had a peaceful end, and his last words were a blessing upon his children.

I love them, for they come on pinions strong
Fresh from thy presence—morn and night I long
 That with their freedom I might fly to thee,
 And round thy form forever lingering be
In life and death.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

In the chances of the little travel that I have made, I have never seen a spot which to me seemed more remarkable than the *Place de la Concorde*. When I first saw it, my mind had been thrown into a somewhat excited state, and possibly, therefore, the impression made upon me was more vivid than otherwise it would have been. We crossed from London to Paris in one day. The distance is considerable for one day's travel, well nigh three hundred miles, and the excitement was to me out of proportion to the distance.

It was not without emotion that I left old London, after a brief visit of some weeks, though I purposed to return—the ride through the luxuriant hop-grounds of Kent was as delightful as it was new, and the white cliffs of Dover awakened historical associations enough to have afforded material for many days' thinking and feeling. But we tarried not at Dover. What a time we had of it crossing the Channel? It diverts me even now to think of the appearance of the deck of the dirty little steamer, strewed with fine gentlemen and ladies, lying about, here and there, amid the debris of sea-sickness, some on rough overcoats and blankets, and some without anything to defend their fine garments from the defilement of the deck. It is strange how reckless are the sufferers by sea-sickness, and it is not unworthy of note, that those who do not suffer, have a most unmannerly propensity to laugh at those that do. And then across to Calais, the geographical opposite and the historical pendant, to Dover. It is an exciting thing, however familiar one may be with book French, to be for the first time in a country, where men, women and children talk French in an easy, unconscious way, as if it was nothing to them. And what wonderful French it is that they talk at the Custom House? Very different from that of Fenelon, or Voltaire, or Racine, or even of Le Sage. I flatter myself that I can speak French passably, and my stock, such as it was, served my purposes very well for some months afterwards, but at Calais I was more than content to pay a franc or two, to a most active, gallant, effective, *savoir-faire* sort of a commissionaire, who spoke a little English and a vast deal of French, and who took charge of us and our trunks, and put us most skilfully and

POETRY OF THE WINDS.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Some love the stars, that peer, like angels' eyes
 Through the blue veil of curtained Paradise;
 Some love the flowers, and watch each opening hue,
 With beating hearts and worship pure and true,—
I love the winds.

Some love the trees, the tall and verdant trees,
 That rock like cradled sylphids in the breeze,
 Or greet the clouds and whisper loving things,
 While on their boughs the wild dove echoing sings.
I love the winds.

Some love the day, the bright, bold, busy day,
 That wakes the dreamer with its sun-touched ray;
 Or greet the moon that, as its glories rise,
 Shows the sweet light in tender lovers' eyes—
I love the winds.

Not with the cold, calm worship of the soul
 Love I the changeful winds, but with the whole
 Wild and impassioned fervour of my heart,
 That of my very being forms a part.
I love the winds!

Bright clouds in western skies are tinged with gold,
 And rock-lined caves their countless wealth unfold,
 Unconquered waves in grandeur meet the gale,
 And beauty lies on mount, and plain and vale.
Why love the winds?

Why does the zephyr's pure and trembling kiss
 Bring to my heart a feeling fraught with bliss?
 Why do my lips half meet its dear caress?
 Why does my voice its magic power confess?
Why love the winds?

Why do the winds for others bring alarms?
 For me a thousand never-ending charms?
 While poets sing the flowers, the sun, the trees,
 Why do I sing the wild Æolian breeze,
Why love the winds?

even artistically, through the bars and barriers, forms and fees of the douane, (giving us a dinner by the way,) and landed us all safe in the cars. Ah, excellent commissionaire! I shall not soon forget you, though at this moment your name has escaped my memory. Away then we sped to Paris, through scenery altogether different from that which we had seen on the other side of the Channel, and into Paris! Paris! really into Paris! Did any one ever enter Paris for the first time without emotion? We arrived about midnight, yet not too late to form the opinion that the Rue Rivoli was one of the handsomest streets we had ever seen. The Hotel Meurice is a very good Hotel to those who have never been at the Astor House, the Irving House, *et idem* genus of first rate comforts in the United States, and the beds were unexceptionable; but if I have conveyed to my readers any tolerable idea of the nervous stimulation I had experienced during the day, they will not be surprised that I slept little and rose the next morning with a fever upon me. The Hotel Meurice is separated just by a street, and the tall, slim, iron railing, with gilt spear-heads, on the other side of the street, from the Tuilleries. The trees of the Tuilleries are planted so thick that their branches interlock, and their shade is so impervious to the sun that not a blade of grass grows beneath them. It was a hot day in the last of June, and my fevered blood was parching my skin. Should I send for a physician? How alarming, even to a stout-hearted man, the prospect of being sick away from home! I looked out of my window. The trees waved so refreshingly—the earth, dark and cool with the shade, looked so tempting, that I felt like baring my breast, and throwing myself upon the ground. It seemed to me that nature was saying, trust me! And I resolved to trust her, and instead of sending for a leech, I put on my hat, walked across the street, and entering the Tuilleries, paid my two sous for a chair, and took my seat to cool off my fever there. It was a complete success, and I shall never forget how delicious were my sensations, as the balm of the fragrant shade entered my veins, and expelled gradually, but entirely that pestiferous heat. It was too early in the day for the appearance of the diurnal crowd that throngs this place of delight, but a great number of children had come to take their morning romp there, and many nurses were sitting about with infants in their arms or asleep upon their knees, in the open air. A species of wood-pigeon twice as large as any in this country, frequents the grove, and mingled its notes with the French child's talk and laugh, that was ringing around me. A tranquil lassitude took the place of the excitement I had felt before, and I sat for some hours, now dreaming,

and now attending faintly to what was going on around me, and feeling as one does sometimes at the climax of enjoyment in a warm bath. It seems strange to me now, that I could exercise such control over myself, as to sit down thus in the midst of that grove, with the palace of the Tuilleries just before me, parted, not separated, from the grove, by a frontage of ground occupied by parterres, jets d'eau, and quite a quantity of statuary of much pretension—the Seine, that I had never seen, flowing by so near that I could almost hear its gentle dash against the masonry that confines its current—the Vendôme column within two minutes' walk, and, in short, Paris, with its glories and its mysteries all around me, and this my first morning there—and yet for hours I sat cooling off my fever, and actually dozing.

Presently, however, I roused myself and began to take in the scene before me, and I opened a Guide book, to gather up the historical associations of the place. Being in some perplexity to identify certain localities mentioned in the book, I approached an old soldier, (one of the pensioners of the Hotel des Invalides as he afterwards informed me,) who was enjoying the morning upon a seat near by, and begged him to aid me. Having obtained this courtesy from him, in order to engage him in conversation, I said, "I suppose, Monsieur, that you have yourself witnessed some of the revolutions which have had part of their movement about that palace there?"

"Assurément, Monsieur—assurément." And after mentioning the massacre there of the Swiss guards in 1792, and the attack of the people upon it in 1830, he proceeded to give me a minute and graphic account of the revolution of 1848, as connected with the palace of the Tuilleries, and the escape from it of Louis Philippe. "What born narrators," said I to myself, "if not real orators, these French are." My old soldier having finished his account of 1848, and having found out that I was not an Englishman, as he had at first supposed, but an American, began to speak most eloquently about revolutions, and the necessity for them, adding with that sort of fatalism which seems to cling to a people after they have discarded every other form of religion, "Revolutions, Monsieur, are not of man, but from God. Man thinks he achieves them and so he does, but it is because he cannot help it. God has something to be done, and he calls upon a man or a nation to do it,—they hear and they obey. Sometimes the man feels, or the nation feels, that they are doing God's work—oftener they do not, but what matter? Whether or not they must obey. Now God wills revolutions, because nations need them, and cannot be re-

generated without them, and to work these revolutions, not so much for themselves as for the world. he has chosen the French, because," tapping his forehead with his forefinger, "*they have ideas!* Yes, Monsieur, without doubt, other nations are great—the Spaniards, the Italians, the Germans, and also the English have their excellences, and above all, America, your country, is a very great country, *mais*," (and here the gesture was one which belongs exclusively to the French as the city of Paris does—the forefinger laid along the whole length of the nose,) "*mais, Monsieur, c'est les Français, qu'ont des idées.*" The old soldier was right in his metaphysics at least, if wrong in his theology. The French certainly have more ideas than other people. Ever thinking, talking, scheming, and acting too, yet never accomplishing any thing except in the sciences, and in these successful only because in them there is no opportunity for practical folly to negative the results of intellectual ability—the French are the admiration, the laughing stock, and the puzzle of the world. My old soldier turned readily from the past to the present, and in significant, though mysterious phrases, assured me that another revolution was advancing, and that its fiery disk was even now just beneath the horizon, and might momentarily be expected to burst up into view, and that all preceding revolutions would be cast into forgetfulness by the magnitude and terribleness of this one. "And Monsieur," (the finger again on the nose,) "the man who is to accomplish all this, *is now in Paris!*" I knew that Monsieur Cabet, a notorious socialist, who had crossed the ocean with us, had arrived but the evening before in Paris, and thinking that he might possibly be the expected regenerator, I mentioned his name. The old soldier spoke of his doctrines approvingly, and of himself in a patronizing tone, but shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at the idea that Mons. Cabet could be the hero of a revolution, such as he was foreshadowing. After much declamation, which was not the less impressive because my ear had not become sufficiently familiar with the French accent to prevent me from losing enough of his discourse, to give it that fragmentary tone which heightens so much the sublimity of Ossian, he paused, and in the most dramatic manner, asked me what day of the month it was. I replied, that according to my best chronology, it was the 25th of June, and he then pointed to a large clock on the front of the palace, and with equal emphasis, demanded the hour of the day, which I announced as one o'clock less fifteen minutes. "Remember then, Monsieur, that in the Tuilleries, June 25, at a quarter to one o'clock, I, a soldier of the Grand Army, foretold to you the approach of the most terrific revolution that the world has ever seen.

When it comes, Monsieur, remember—when it comes, I say, for you will live to see it, remember what I have this morning said, and then"—(the egotism of the French is certainly equal to their talents,) "remember me." I assured him that I would not forget him, and saluting him respectfully, took my leave. I will not say that I was affected by this conspirator-like harangue, but if I was, I could plead as my apology, that my nerves were still twitching from the effects of fever, and surely the conversation was a singular one to greet me on my arrival in Paris. However this may be, as I walked slowly along the terrace, to the farther end of the Tuilleries, my mind ran over the principal events of the various revolutions that had so rapidly succeeded each other in Paris, and the scenes of unparalleled ferocity that had marked some of them, and I felt that Voltaire had not miscalled his countrymen, when he said that they were half monkey and half tiger. And so when I came to the Place de la Concorde, that wonderful *place*, the finest, perhaps in Europe, with surroundings of unparalleled magnificence, profusely adorned with works of art, and signalized by its historical associations, one thought possessed me almost to the exclusion of all others—that there had been erected the guillotine, by which had perished the unfortunate Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, and Elizabeth, the king's sister, and Charlotte Corday, with many of the purest and noblest spirits then in France—there too suffered justly, many monsters of crime, as Danton and Robespierre and Clootz, and the *infleta inhumataque turba*, that history takes no note of. The precise spot is indicated where the guillotine stood, and I could not withdraw my eyes from it:—by a kind of fascination I gazed on it till I could almost fancy that I could see on the asphaltum pavement, the blood-stain which the two large fountains playing there in vain essayed to efface. My fever, the talk of the old soldier, and my realising sense of the horrors of the first revolution as I stood here in the focus of its fury, all forced my rushing thoughts into one channel from which it was in vain to attempt to divert them, and I left the Place de la Concorde that morning with but one idea about it. But I returned to it often enough to learn that its being the spot upon which the guillotine was erected, is only one of the many things that make it one of the most note-worthy places in the world. I visited it again and again, sometimes in the early morn, sometimes just at nightfall, and often just before I was retiring to bed at midnight, and never without emotion, and as I was leaving Paris, it was one of the spots of which I took a mental adieu with the most regret.

I will briefly describe it, though I know full

well that I cannot by words convey any tolerable idea of its beauty. I have attempted this again and again in conversation, but have never succeeded in kindling the admiration that I expected, and I have seen others fail in the same way, while never yet have I mentioned its name to one who had seen it, without perceiving that it had made itself felt.

The Place de la Concorde, is between the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées, but instead of interrupting the continuity of the two, it seems to make it more obvious. It is at the intersection of two vistas—one extending from the palace of the Tuilleries, down through its forest, and the whole length of the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, a distance of nearly two miles—the other, shorter and like the transverse of a cross, is the Rue de la Concorde, terminated at the North by the Madeleine, and at the South across the Seine, by the palace of the Legislative Assembly, behind which is seen towering the dome of the Invalides. The buildings in view are chiefly public edifices, and nothing trivial, or even common-place meets the eye of the entranced spectator. In the centre of the Place are situated two large fountains, dedicated the one to Maritime and the other to Fluvial Navigation. They consist each of a circular basin fifty feet in diameter, out of which rise two other smaller basins. These fountains are amply upheld and professedly surrounded by a multitude of figures, some of them colossal, representing Tritons, and Nereids, and the genii of astronomy, commerce and navigation—also the genii of agriculture, manufactures, flowers and fruits, not forgetting the *genii of the common and the pearl fisheries!* All this allegorical intent I took upon the faith of Galignani's Guide Book, which I found remarkably trustworthy upon subjects that I could understand, and I was willing to trust it in matters to me incomprehensible. Allegorical paintings are for the most part unintelligible, but when these riddles are cut out of solid stone, they seemed ridiculous in the extreme. As ornaments, however, they are graceful and appropriate enough, and altogether the fountains merit the praise always bestowed upon them. Surmounting the pavilions of the Octagon, are other allegorical figures representing the principal provincial cities, Strasburg, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, and some others. These allegories are a little more substantial than those that shadow forth Maritime and Fluvial Navigation, and please the eye, even if they are lost upon the understanding. On lofty pedestals next the Champs Elysées are two excellent groups in marble, each representing a reative horse checked by his attendant. In mentioning the decorations of the Place, must not be forgotten twenty handsome

rostral columns bearing lamps, and surmounted by gilt globes, and forty ornamental lamp-posts bordering the carriage roads. But I have purposely postponed until the last, the mention of the most prominent and attractive ornament of the Place—the Luxor Obelisk. This is a monolith or single stone, 72 feet high and weighing 500,000 pounds. It is raised 27 feet by a plinth and pedestal, the pedestal being a single block of grey granite, 15 feet high by 9 square, and weighing 240,000 pounds. The obelisk is of the finest red syenite, and covered on each face with three lines of hieroglyphics commemorative of Sesostrius. This magnificent relic of ancient Egypt, is one of two obelisks that stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor, where they were erected, it is supposed 1550 years before Christ, by Rhamses III. of the 18th Egyptian dynasty, better known in history as the great Sesostrius. These two monoliths, together with Cleopatra's needle near Alexandria, were given by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, to the French government, in consideration of the advantages conferred by France on Egypt in aiding to form the modern arsenal and naval establishment of Alexandria. The difficulty of conveying such a mass was exceedingly great. A road to the Nile had to be made, the obelisk to be encased in wood, carefully lowered, and drawn to the river by Arabs amidst the ravages of the cholera, with scanty means of transport, and under a scorching sun. These operations occupied 800 men for three months. When the vessel was reached it was necessary to saw off a portion of it, that it might receive the stone. With great difficulty it was brought to Paris. An inclined plane was built of solid masonry to a level with the top of the pedestal, and the obelisk was drawn up on this, and then by means of very powerful and ingenious machinery skilfully managed, it was gradually made to assume its perpendicular position. The entire cost of removing the obelisk from Thebes and erecting it where it now stands, was about two millions of francs.

I have mentioned the principal things that belong to the Place de la Concorde, but I am too well aware of the insufficiency of description in general, and the special feebleness of my own in particular, to entertain the hope that I have conveyed any tolerable idea of the spot to those of my readers who have never seen it. But the historical suggestions of the Place are more easily apprehended. You look for a mile and a quarter along the vista of the famous Champs Elysées and your eye rests upon the Arc de Triomphe, the grandest and most costly memorial arch in Europe, commenced in 1806 by Napoleon, in honor of the great army, and finished thirty years

after by Louis Philippe, and consecrated to the glory of the French arms. How stirring it is to be brought into immediate contact, as you are every where in Paris and indeed every where in France, with the realities of the life of Bonaparte! We need to tread the ground he trod, to see the structures he built, the streets he named, the Champs de Mars where he reviewed his troops, and here and there the survivors of those troops, to dispossess us of our idea that he was a half mythic personage, and to make us feel that though "a fierce comet of tremendous size," he was likewise engaged in doing a great many other things beside gaining such victories as no man ever gained before.

In the opposite direction you see, nearly half a mile distant, through the grove of the Tuilleries, the palace which has been connected with the regal history of France from the time of Louis Quatorze to the flight of Louis Philippe. And then those noble grounds the Champs Elysées and the Tuilleries, they have in history, and that serious history too, a place as real as that which belongs to any of the monarchs that ever trod them. The Madeleine brings to our mind the image of the Parthenon and the palace of the Legislative Assembly, at the opposite extremity has its historical associations harmonizing well with those belonging to the Hotel des Invalides, whose dome raises itself in the distance behind. To the blood-stained remembrances that cover the spot where stood the Guillotine from 1793 to 1795, I have already alluded. And then the obelisk again! How have I sat at its base, in the shadow made by the intercepting of the rays of a bright moon, and as a ceaseless tide of hurrying feet swept by me, endeavored, now by complete abstraction, and now by the contrast of what surrounded me, to get my thoughts into that distant past, of the existence of which, this tall symmetrical stone, covered with solemn looking hieroglyphics, was the indubitable evidence. Built by Sesostris! 1550 years before Christ!—of all that my eye rested upon there was nothing that 1500 years ago was the same as now, save that tall column, and that bright moon shining on it. The Louises, the Napoleons, the actors of the revolution, long since mouldered into dust—nay even the heroes of ancient Greece, whose memories are connected with the thought of the Parthenon, what are they? How modern and how transient they seem! How perishable all things seem when one thinks of them, sitting in the shadow of a stone that cast its shadow more than 1500 years before the Saviour appeared on earth! When I first visited the Place de la Concorde, by a sort of fascination, I was forced to allow my mind to dwell on the Guillotine scenes once enacted

there; but in the last visits I paid to it I found myself always seated at the base of the obelisk, and my thoughts ascending the old Nile and wandering among the ruins of buried Luxor, or the glories of living Thebes. How different the reality of that column as a memorial work of Sesostris, from its seeming as an ornament, set up here in the centre of Christendom? And how different is the reality from the seeming of all the principal objects that signalize this remarkable place? The Arc de Triomphe away yonder—whose triumph does it celebrate? Bonaparte in pride laid its foundations, and before the Arch had reached its spring, he was a rock-bound captive, and it was used for his entrance into Paris but once—when his mouldering remains were transported from St. Helena to the Hotel des Invalides. And that spacious palace at the other end, shaded by the trees of the Tuilleries, built for the delight of kings—there it stands, a sharp satire now upon royalty, as it calls to mind the beheading of Louis XVI., the deposition of Charles X., and the flight of Louis Philippe! And the Madeleine, the beautiful copy of the matchless Parthenon. It is dedicated to the service of the true God, and yet a stranger may go into it, as I did, and see a multitude of priests and others performing their ceremonies, and he shall not, as I did not, hear one word from Priest, or see one ceremony which would certainly inform him that he was in a church of Jesus Christ, and not in a temple of Minerva. And there stands fronting us at the other end of the transverse vista, the legislative assembly of a republic, and it is guarded by a heavy corps of soldiery, and from its halls issue edicts against the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people, and within its walls are men who inwardly laugh to scorn the doctrine of the capability of the people to govern themselves. And this name, Place de la Concorde, how peaceful and innocent it is? And these two magnificent fountains, whence clear water gushes profusely, what emblems of purity they are? And yet whose ear is so dull as not to hear the voice of blood crying up from that spot? Have those playing fountains washed away, or can they ever wash away the dark stain? That asphaltum pavement, does it conceal from any eye the ground upon which fell quivering so many human heads? Every thing here,—Obelisk, Temple, Hall, Fountains, name and all, is in antithesis to what it once was, or was intended to be, or ought to be, and we took our last adieu of the Place de la Concorde, equally impressed with its wonderful Beauty, its wonderful History, and its wonderful Deceit.

A CATARACT.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

My senses are one echoing thunder-peak!
 It seemeth this Titanic war of waves,
 The sound, and symbol of eternal wail,
 Rolls from some vein of mighty Nature's heart.
 The vein outburst in the gigantic shock
 Of earthquake tumult, when the world convulsed,
 Shook to its centre 'neath the frown of God,
 And from her thousand pores, the universe
 Bled, till she sunk within the whirlpool depths—
 The weaker fountains, and mild cataracts
 Lessened their flow, the green worlds bloomed again,
 But unrestrained this ocean of wild tides,
 With awful organ symphony, and power,
 Speaks to us of what *hath been*, and *may be*—

And ever, with malignant, bitter strife,
 Dark as the passionate throes of human guilt,
 (Engendering hate, and wo, and wrath to come)
 The raging, ruthless waters roll and rave.

From the fierce Hell of curling, struggling foam,
 An incense riseth to the Heaven of Heavens,
 And the great sun drinks up the ethereal notes,
 That mount, like ransomed souls, to Paradise,
 Scorning the black, tumultuous gulf of sin,
 And lost in everlasting lights of love.

Lo! the fair moon! a hush like sleep is thrown,
 Soft as an angel's mantle o'er the earth—
 The deathless oratorio slumbereth not!
 And yet methinks the impetuous surge sounds meek,
 Awed by the effluence of the rainbow span,
 That forms the Imperial Thunderer's diadem.

The heavenly beams, so eloquently still,
 Shine on the frenzied, maddening mass beneath,
 Like the eternal beauty of our Lord,
 When from the Ruler's Porch he sadly looked
 On the blaspheming crew that cursed his love
 In the thronged streets of doomed Jerusalem.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

October 7.—If I can write with gloves, here goes!—for the sun has risen only high enough to illumine the crystals of frost with which the grass is studded, and here and there a glassy pool.

Yesterday I left the road—which we will not strike for several days—to follow more closely the bend of the river: I had to leave the “bottom” but once; when, with a direct course of several miles over the hills, I struck it again at the extremity of a beautiful, level and smooth savannah three miles by two in extent; the hills forming the chord of a graceful sweep of the

river,—its whole course marked by its sky-reflecting waters, or an irregular fringe of cotton-woods; what a glorious spot, we exclaimed, for a chase! And we *had* one, worthy of the scene.

Far in the bend of the river, we soon saw a large herd of Elks. Several officers made a wide detour to get between them and the water: I had just run my horse over broken ground in the hills after four does, which seemed to glide away from me like spectres, encumbered as I was with great-coat and sabre; but the previous night—singularly enough—I had read in the Spirit of the Times an account of the habits and peculiarities, and best manner of chasing the immense herds of these animals, found far to the North;—so, I saved my horse, edging down quietly, expecting a part of them at least, in their confusion, to run toward me.

The noble creatures, with a whole forest of antlers, taking the alarm, first began to trot round loftily with heads tossed high in air—the men swore they were wild horses; now we see the officers, putting spurs, suddenly dash among them; we see two, three, four little blue puffs of smoke, and hear the explosions, but no elk falls! Now there is a rush for the river,—they have turned again!—*some* are in the water;—see! a hunter is following there that immense buck, the patriarch of the herd! Bravo! I was not deceived; the herd dispersed in confusion;—one gang has taken the wind, and quarters on our coast;—one hunter follows at a goodly distance!—he is firing into their rear, but does not appear to gain on them; these elks, without much show of motion, scud along at a telling rate, and keep a long while at it. Now, I tighten my belt, and lightly costumed, brace myself in high excitement; yet cool enough still to manœuvre on their flank at a sweeping trot:—*Now, to work!*—And somewhat late; for I soon find myself in their rear. Exquisite the excitement of race-horse speed and the near approach to these grand animals, straining every muscle,—in *powerful* motion, their cloven hoofs sharply rattling!—and for the first time! What novelty of sensation!—what astonished curiosity!—my horse snorts, and shares my joy! Thunder we on! now, my noble Brown, take the spur. Wildly excited he dashes into the herd, and I am rushing in ecstasy in their very midst, their large eyes flashing fire, their antlers sweeping the air above my head. But Brown reminds me he brought me not there for fun alone; and so I fire my pistol into the nearest buck, and take a pull on the willing horse. My elk—poor fellow—seconds my intent, and soon we are motionless on a profoundly silent plain.

Now, my fierce excitement subsides. I observe curiously—almost timidly—a magnificent

animal, large as my horse, but of a loftier crest. Ah! what beauty, and what suffering! With majesty in all his bearing, he violently grits his teeth in pain or defiance; but in his beautiful eyes I imagine that rage is yielding to a mournful reproach.

And now, I suffer a reaction. We are alone with death, which my hand has summoned to this peaceful solitude. The still erect but dying animal faces me at six feet and painfully heaves. I stare dreamily into those fascinating eyes: his dignity of suffering seems to demand of me an explanation, or, a conclusion to the fatal scene.

At length, with a sigh, I finish my work; and with another ball end his pains forever!

After supper.—The Hunter in the mouth of his tent reclines, with a pipe, upon a glossy bear-skin;—before him, a desert expanse of grass and river;—his attention is apparently divided between the moon, suspended over the western hills; the flickering blaze of a small fire, and the curling smoke which he deliberately exhales. His friend stirs a toddy, reading with difficulty a crabbed manuscript. *Loquitur.* "When I saw you yesterday, beside your usual duties, acting as guide, surgeon,—(for you have effectually cured the snake-bitten horse)—as hunter, or as butcher"—

"Say commissary!"

"I conceived hopes of you, that the poetic spirit was *laid*; and when at supper to-night you ate so heartily of the elk-steak, I little thought you had been indulging again in such pathetic"—

"Pshaw! it serves for a gilding to Life's bitter pill! The delicious supper should have mended your humour: for I stake my reputation on it—as 'guide, surgeon and hunter'"—

Imaginary Friend. "And butcher"—

"—That the flesh, cooked, as it was, with a little pork, cannot be distinguished from that of the fattest buffalo cow that ever surrendered tongue and marrow-bones to hungry hunter.

I. F. Bravo! I have hopes of you! Kill your meat with a good conscience, and daily labour and excitement over, solid indeed is the hunter's comfort! With grass and bear-skin bed, his toddy, and his soothing pipe—the musical ripple of the river sparkling in the moonbeams—I mean"—

"Fairly caught! I little thought when I heard you abuse my pathos over the noble beast that had yielded his life to my sport, that mere creature comforts would thus inspire you! Dear critic, and lover of bathos! hast thou found poetry in a full stomach?"

I. F. "The devil's in the moon.—And there goes another wolf 'concert'"—

"With the thorough bass of a thousand bulls."

I. F.—"All as thoroughly musical as the donkey braying in the caravan camps. I wish you a very good evening, 'and a little better taste.'"

The hunter, gazing apparently upon his ascending smoke—as if of incense—indulges in soliloquy.

"My Friend leaves me to the silent Night—and solitude as profound as when 'the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'"

"Incomprehensible scheme! Oh! thou beautiful and wonderful Nature!—mother and moulder of the forms, and minds as well, of our wayward race. Now, she smiles in brilliant moonbeams on the grassy meadows, which wave with answering gladness to the whispering air. And the strong river flows as gently as an infant playing on the young mother's breast;—its murmurs as softly musical as that infant's voice! The air, methinks, is fanned by seraphic spirits on their winged errands of Peace! My heart swells in adoration, and beats in harmony with the holy eloquence of the hour.

"—But strike another chord.

"Lo! Floods burst their bonds with cruel wreck,—Darkness appals, and Storm howls o'er its victims! Passion, vengeance and black crime rear their crests—Dismay and Chaos rule the hour."

Oct. 7.—Mark this day with a white stone! After travelling 60 or 70 miles off the road—encamping each night on the river in comparatively good grass, and with drift-wood fuel too, I this morning, as guide, took a course for the crossing of the Pawnee Fork, and struck it to a degree! Then, in the beaten dry road, the mules were much relieved. As we passed over the hills we saw to our left countless buffaloes:—last night we heard them crossing the river incessantly, in single file—which indicates their migration; with a constant utterance of their very peculiar sounds which may not be better described, than as something between the grunt of a great hog and the low bellowing of a bull. This afternoon, as we approached a beautiful camp-ground, on Ash creek, a large herd came rushing by our front. Five of us dashed after, and each killed a cow, or young bull; and all within a mile, and as near to our camp ground! Mine, I shot with a pistol at six paces, at full speed:—it fell as if struck by lightning, and never moved. *Very rarely does that happen!* Glorious sport it is! To rush along in the very midst of herds that blacken the earth with numbers, and shake it with momentum, and richly

too, it rewards the skilful hunter's hungry toil!

This has been a true October day—delightful and magnificent October!—and with but little of the high wind, which here so generally prevails. But this was all too sweet, and must have its bitter. A luckless wretch of the guard allowed his horse to escape—"all accounted as he was," and he has not been recovered, or traced.

Diamond Spring, Oct. 17, '43.—Ours is a true retreat!—a retreat from frost and starvation,—the starvation of horses and mules. Water has frozen a half-inch thick almost every night; and sometimes there was no fuel:—horses have begun to drop by the roadside.

At Cow Creek I made my last buffalo chase, which had a singular incident. Just as I was closing on eight large bulls, on the level bottom, they utterly disappeared, without my seeing or conceiving whither! Nothing could equal my astonishment whilst I ran twenty yards;—then my horse, by a powerful effort, which very nearly precipitated me over his head, stopped on the square brink of a deep slough, where my phantoms re-appeared,—and in great bodily power, were making desperate struggles to clear the mire, and the opposite bank, equally vertical, and set to the edge with tall grass. This narrow chasm could not be seen till right over it; and the bulls had pitched in, whilst—I suppose, without knowing it—my eyes were for an instant averted.

We encamped on the Little Arkaneas, in a high wind: the grass was tall; and I gave a very special warning to all to beware of fire. Nevertheless, about the time we were fairly settled, I heard a sharp alarm! All rushed to the spot with blankets and whatever they could lay hands upon; a hundred men fought it desperately—exposing themselves without stint—for provisions, baggage, every thing depended on success; but it was a doubtful struggle, until happily, a barrel was found, to roll over it. And this fire had not spread thirty yards! Such is our sole forage.

I. F.—"Very interesting, this dry grass and frost! Has the idea of home banished me from your thoughts?"

—"Ah, no! I am a bit of a philosopher; and take this October marching very kindly—particularly, after thawing of a morning and riding ahead, I kill a grouse occasionally with my pistol."

I. F.—"What would you give to see a late paper?"

—"You have me there! I have a weakness for a damp newspaper;—let me see—it is now eight weeks since we have had news. But I discovered a copy of James' False Heir with my baggage; that, in my mental famine, has been quite a feast."

I. F.—"Do you like it?"

—"I think he has exhausted his best powers: the plot turns solely on a worn out incident; the real or pretended substitution of infants. James has at last committed the folly, which, first or last, all the British authors seem to fall into—I mean a sneer, or slander, on us Americans. Strange, indeed, that a writer who has made friends of the readers of a great nation, should without any good object turn their finer feelings into contempt or anger, by a few motions of his pen. Ah! deliver us from the temptation of a sneer! But *this* is coolly and deliberately done."

I. F.—"And what is it?"

—"I say *Americanism* advisedly; for republicanism is a very different thing, and does not imply a rejection of refinement in the higher classes of society."

I. F.—"He pins his faith then upon the mercenary class of tourists; for he has never visited us. Did you ever remark that his valets are often the most intelligent and quickwitted of his characters?"

—"It is the case in this very work. The hero is a lad of seventeen; old enough to fall in love, and but little else. St. Medard is a mere abstraction, De Langy a cypher, Artonne a riddle, Monsieur L—, a man in a mask who puts himself in the way sufficiently to give some interesting trouble and help out the plot. In the most common-place manner, he has thrown the hero and favorite characters into difficulties for the transparent object of a final triumph; he disinherits the hero, shipwrecks his best friend, St. Medard; confines Artonne in prison for murder, and last, not least, sends his best drawn character, Mairois, to the galleys!"

I. F.—"James has an extraordinary habit of making his spokesmen repeat the first sentence of their speeches, thus—'I don't know, sir; I don't know, sir,'—'That's a pity—that's a pity!' Since I have noticed it, it always makes me nervous!"

—"One of the last announcements I read before I left home, was, that he had engaged to write a 'serial' for the Dublin University Magazine; sorry I am, but such is the accustomed drivel of exhausted minds."

I. F.—"After all, James has been a most effective moralist; and we owe him much."

—"It is excessively cold! And if I sleep to-night, I shall say 'blessed be the man that invented'—wool!"

"110 *Mile Creek.*"—Welcome as palm groves to the desert traveller,—as the bearer of glad tidings to the anxious soul,—welcome as home to the troubled and weary spirit,—so welcome thy forest, thy waters and grassy glades, oh! "Hundred-and-ten!"

Thus far safely, over the desolate and bleak prairies; but with what pains! How pleasant to regain, one by one, the summer camps, homeward bound! But how mournful the blackened plains, and the freezing winds to which the solitary trees bend with shrill complaint.

I have risen after midnight where there were none—and with a few broken barrel staves kindled a little fire in a hole, where some one had managed to heat a coffee-pot; and with a blanket over all sought a renewal of vital heat!

With what extreme care have we nursed our horses and mules! sharing our blankets with them and giving them flour mixed with the dead grass chopped with our knives. At the hospitable shelter of Council Grove, a few of the most broken down horses and teams were left to rest and await the succor I had long written for; the first of which—a wagon load of corn—we have met here—45 miles on.

Leaving the Grove, as we passed over the lofty prairie hills, all the world seemed a-fire! The unresisted winds seemed to riot with fire, which they drove to madness! Black clouds and columns of smoke were wildly tossed in the tempestuous air; whilst the flames, now darted with lightning speed and glare—now flickered with baleful illumination and stifling effect over our hurried path. Thus desperately, I pushed on for two days—regarding nothing—with a will fixed upon this haven of shelter and relief.

And now, our horses browse at will throughout the forest; our log fires crackle under the noble arches of boughs and foliage; we read our letters and news; our repose is home-like; and as we gaze at our forest-roofs so cheerfully illumined, we indulge in extravagant anticipations of winter enjoyment at Fort L.

Two nights and a day were thus spent; and when, almost unwillingly, we ventured forth again from the pleasant forest, the scene and the actors were changed! Autumn—so long our tyrant—pursuing us with frosty breath on wings of flame,—in the last act had met a master; and shrieking over the desert, had fled—like a blusterer—to the South. Stern winter had come with his pure winding sheet of snow, to cover the blackened scars of the conquered and dead year.

In three days we reached our homes, and our air-castles have sobered down to highly appreciated comforts.

But dear "Hundred-and-ten!" we shall never forget thy hospitable oasis;—there was little more poetry in it, than in thy singular name; (and thus both were highly satisfactory to my matter-of-fact Friend, with whom I there parted, with hopes of a future meeting.) But—with charred deserts behind,—and forgotten; and new storms

before, but unforeseen,—we embalm in memory thy friendly shelter, and the calm repose of thy homely forest!

DE CAUSIS NON BIBENDI.

A Parody on an "Imitation," which appeared in the Messenger for Dec., under the signature of E. W. J.

There are according to my thinking,
Five causes which forbid one's drinking;
First, that your guest does best without it;
Next, that your natural taste doth scout it.
For present thirst pure water doth suffice;
No sweeter element can man devise.
For all the thirst that's yet to come,
Of all the dearest ones at home,
For every temperate, reasonable guest,
Of all known drinks—this one's the best.
Hence, fourth, 'tis plain that drink you should
PURE WATER;—'tis so very good;
Fifthly, 'tis *always* out of season,
To guzzle wine without good reason.

J. N. D.

GLIMPSES OF THE ROUTE

From Alexandria to the Blue Ridge.

A Fragment from the Note-Book of a Home-Traveller.

One is not enlivened by being aroused at the hour of half past three in the morning, by the rattle of the stage coach, especially when he is not at liberty to lie comfortably in bed, but must rise and dress in a cold room, and, descending, commence his untimely travel in the above-mentioned vehicle. Once the present Vagabundus did not regard the inconvenience resulting from such early rising and travelling, and he would sit on the "box" abreast of that worthy and excellent traveller's friend, William Whaley, in the coldest mornings which ever fell like an icicle from the frozen beard of January. Alas! Whaley has "left the line;"—which indeed he held in fee simple in those days;—and his place no longer knoweth him. Still again alas! the warm blood of youth not now courses so carelessly and boldly in the writer's veins as in those far dim times.

The horses (sorrel with rosettes upon the ear) stand pawing the ground and trying to make you believe that Whaley's old six-in-hand are not cut down to four. It was the pride of that high-spirited driver to rattle into Alexandria with his six

bays, all moving like clock work, and playing with their five thousand pounds, (more or less,) of luggage:—He drives them no longer; but suddenly, while casting a glance in thought upon those times, who should stand there laughing and unconcerned, but Whaley himself, looming out as of old against the blood red moon (about to set)—holding the lamp for us to see, and puffing vigorously at his fiery cigar. Not more astonished was the Rambler who encountered Waring in Trieste Bay in the *Speronare* which running under the brig's bow showed him the face of his former companion.* Who will, after this, refuse to write me a treatise on habit?

The door closes, the whip cracks, the paving stones crash under the hoofs of the horses and the heavy wheels, and the *Vagabundus* is *en route*.

It is long before you come to the very first village on the road, since that indifferent inn and its shakily surroundings, which is called Fairfax Court-House, is none. You must leave the low country, stretching its level woods along a level horizon, and travelling until past noon, cross Little River and ascend the Kittoctan Mountain. From this you swoop on the little village of Aldie, which rambles along as if it had never been able to make up its mind as to the precise spot whereon it should finally "locate" itself. Aldie is not a favorable specimen of our Virginia villages—it is even a remarkably *unfavorable* specimen. The houses, in every stage of decline, seem to lead a sleepy or lifeless existence, so to speak, and the angler or tourist, who takes up his quarters for the moment in its ancient-looking inn, feels much astonishment, I imagine, at the rattle of stage-wheels in the quiet borough: any noise betokening life and energetic movement seeming so much out of place. They talk there gravely of the Little River and Kittoctan Mountain—which two things are purely myths. What is the "river" but a small, shallow, exceedingly lazy brook, which so demeans itself as to debouch into *Goose Creek*? What the "mountain," but a rolling eminence which the stage-horses ascend at sweeping gallop? There are but two things to attract any body's attention in Aldie—the sign-board on the inn, and the name of the town itself. The board in question, presents the very singular appearance of a "sign," intended for a community in which the inhabitants, too indolent to hold themselves erect, suffer their heads to decline upon their shoulders:—in other words, it is affixed by iron staples to the branch of a wide-spreading tree, which branch extends at an angle of something less than forty-five degrees. The second object of rational curiosity, as I have stated, is the name of the village. Was Aldie an Egyptian,

Grecian or Roman town; resuscitated, as has been Babylon, Palmyra, Athens and Rome, in this our uninventive and prosaic century? Possibly, however, the original founder was a bibliopolist, whose pride and delight was in his small and beautiful editions of the Venetian Aldus:—who, thinking the village fair and comely in spite of its smallness, straight called it Aldie: possibly the founder wished to express, in its name, a great undisputed truth: possibly, and I confess this seems most probable to me, it is simply the name of some old worthy of the neighbourhood, celebrated in the past. I leave you to draw your own conclusions, and decide between these conflicting hypotheses; and leaving Aldie—the leaders playing in the superb sunshine—we next come to Middleburg.

—The *Vagabundus* must decline his assent to the proposition, that Middleburg is a *burg*:—that it is in the *middle* of a country, which is growing richer as it slopes upward toward the Ridge, is undeniable. It should be called the "village of magnificent distances," and there is an implied (courteous) necessity to so describe it, as the "distances" are all that are in the least magnificent about it. The houses wander about in painful uncertainty. They have lost something apparently, and are scattered in general search for it. The present chronicler has nothing to say of Middleburg, except that the cigars which he there chanced to purchase, were very tolerable and cheap.

—Upperville next demands its share of attention—Upperville situate on that little brook which winds across the main (indeed the only) street and takes boldly to itself the savage name of Panther Skin. I have endeavored, as becomes a conscientious historian, to clear up the doubt which rests on the origin of the names which have already arrested our attention. I therefore proceed to say that relatively to Middleburg, Aldie, and other villages, Upperville is undoubtedly *upper*: but that neither relatively, comparatively, or positively, is there any trace of any *village*. It is simply a post town, where one stops only long enough to remark to his fellow-passengers that it is cold or warm, to witness the leisurely interchange of mail-bags, or to stretch his legs after the manner of Mr. Wackford Squeers. Leaving Upperville you already begin to divine the mountains;—those peaks to the South are Brushy, Rocky, and Buck Mountains, where *Goose Creek*—the "*Goose Run*" of our old maps—commences its pilgrimage to the Potomac.

—Last of the cis-montane towns is Paris, which nestles under the pine-clad wings of the mountain, or rather boldly perches on its shaggy side, looking around on its five-mile principality,

* *Vide* Browning's "*Waring*."

which—as capital—it rules as perfectly as its namesake does the half of Europe. Paris in the Blue Ridge!—not a place where they have July and February revolutions, (though on the 4th day of the former and the 22nd of the latter much uproar is created by patriotic youths there,) nor yet a place of any very great “Mysteries,” political, religious or romantic; but simply a little town where horses are changed by the Alexandria and Winchester stage coach, and the Vagabundus, (after chill and glimmery travelling with doubtful sunrise,) gets a comfortable breakfast. Here, as elsewhere, you find at every turn, hotels! hotels! hotels! Certainly does my memory now recall the “Union Hotel” and the “Paris —;” I was about to write *hotel* here also, but the envious or scornful storm-spirit of the mountains has blotted out with his rainy finger the word from the sign-board, and even made encroachments on “Paris” itself. These two “hotels” there certainly are in Paris, whose population *may* be three hundred, is probably two hundred: how many houses of private entertainment there are, the Vagabundus knows not.

—Still this chronicler does not detract from the just fame of the village. He has often been pleased at sight of the battered sign-board, and even at the present moment the cheerful warmth of the hickory log fire as it blazed up the chimney, and communicated a pleasant *circulation* to his cold feet, dwells gratefully in his remembrance.

—Now standing on the mountain, and embracing in thought, if not with the eye, the whole country through which we have passed from the rise to the set of sun, let us endeavor to recall some of the impressions which it has produced.

And first of Fairfax county, which so long lamented the loss of her old city, and stands telling her sorrows in every murmur of the never-still Potomac. Fairfax, old and worn-out, has lately felt in her aged veins an elixir of life, which has infused into her new vigor and force. To the dilapidated wooden houses, have succeeded edifices new and commodious;—to the timber-covered old fields, smiling meadows—to the depression of penury and thoughtlessness, the vivacity of a healthy prosperity. It is because to the Virginian, profuse and careless in expenditure, has succeeded the Northerner, who is seldom profuse, never careless. You cannot mistake this: it stares you in the eyes:—the very stage lines which pass through the county, have lately been purchased by Northerners. Here more than in any other Virginia county, the present is forgetting the past; and plainly it does not wish to recall that bygone time when thistles and pine bushes grew where now the “waves of shadow go over the wheat.” Ancient Fairfax, like a man waxing wealthy, does not wish to see her-

self other than she now is—Northern. Then, as elsewhere, and at other times, the question suggests itself—Shall the Northern immigrant become Virginian, or the Virginian assimilate to the Northerner? To this Vagabundus the question is not difficult of solution.

—Loudoun county differs from poor old Fairfax. She has many water courses: Fairfax has next to none at all. She has rich, fine, low grounds, and red land which produces noble crops. Alas! where are the garden spots of Fairfax; *has* she such? To the left yonder, (we stand at Paris,) the long valley of rich red land, stretches at the foot of the mountain, past Vestal's Gap, from which you look upon the little village of Hillsborough; the whole hemmed in by the Short Hills;—across the “Piedmont” toward Leesburg, Goose Creek swallows her twenty little water-courses, which merrily turn the wheels of numerous mills, and running through a region dotted with ancient stone houses redolent of our Revolutionary antiquity, goes like a brawling child to the bosom of the Potomac.

—Thus much of Fairfax and Loudoun.

Suddenly while gazing upon the landscape, or at other points in the latter part of his journey, flashed upon the Vagabundus the thought that near this road, over which so carelessly he had passed, gazing at the revolving wheels, the prancing horses, or the stone-fenced fields;—in the immediate vicinity of—some place, (where, exactly, he knew not,) was the residence of a former and celebrated President. Vainly now does he lament his thoughtlessness—Time, and above all, the despotic determination in the stage driver to be “up to time” in his mail delivery, bends to no man. Where there was an historical mansion, I have spoken of Aldie and Middleburg—where there was a President in question, I have spoken of friend Whaley. The omission can only be regretted—not remedied.

—From Paris one takes to the mountains, and with their red, and orange, and yellow drapery, and their towering outlines, the lowland no longer dwells in his memory. The Vagabundus got his last look of the Eastern land from Ashby's Gap, and with swift revolving wheels, and prancing horses, on whose rosettes the rich sunshine sparkled, passed on into the great valley.

EOTHEN.

EPIGRAM.

“A sleigh-ride, we'll join in a sleigh-ride to-day,
Oh what fun,” cries the charming young Sally,
“We'll gallantly dash o'er the hills and away
Where crisp lies the snow in the valley;”
“Not so fast,” replies Tom, “the thermometer tells
‘Tis too terribly cold for such playing.
Let's remain within doors, with a string of our belles,
And we shall have plenty of slaying.” X. Y. Z.

VERNON---A PILGRIMAGE.

BY E. KENNEDY.

In these days of steamboats and rail roads every body visits Mount Vernon. They go thither in crowds, and they throng the old halls in troops, and long processions, and they—see everything.

Now to a thoughtful mind, there is not so much to see at Mount Vernon as to think about.

"If thou would'st see fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light."

And why? Because the silence and dimness of night are favorable to meditation, and because the loneliness of the hour gives one possession over himself,—a thing rather difficult to arrive at, we opine, when a "train attendant" comes in for a share of the romance.

So with ourselves, when we would go to Mount Vernon, we were either selfish enough or judicious enough to go thither alone. The distance was not great—some half dozen miles or so from where, it so happened, we were spending the winter, a twelvemonth ago: and possessing some confidence in our own powers and properties of locomotion, we set out one bright, cool, pleasant morning in December upon our pilgrimage.

A pilgrimage!

Not precisely, in the strict sense of that term, kind reader, but yet in some such sense nevertheless. Of course there is a religious sense in which, in ages past, men have been accustomed to use this expression, and perhaps to misuse it also, and this is not our meaning as will be plainly perceived. "Men go," says the author of *Raselas*, "every day to view the fields where great actions have been performed, and return with stronger impressions of the event." The graves of the departed, the last resting-places of the great ones of the earth, have, and according to the construction of the nature of man, ever will have, some attraction to draw people to them: and in such sense as of veneration for the heroic dead, our visit to Mount Vernon was a pilgrimage.

"Such graves as these are pilgrims' shrines—
Shrines to no code nor creed confined;
The Delphian Vales, the Palestines—
The Meccas of the mind."

Our road, however, led us not to the tomb of the Arabian prophet; not to Jerusalem, nor even to Rome; but to the burial-place of Washington! From our earliest dawning of intelligence, that name had been uppermost in all our fondest recollections and associations. Some how or other, perhaps it was "distance lent enchantment to the view," but we early came to associate some

of the purest and best feelings of our nature with the character and conduct of this our great countryman. History had made us acquainted with many of the mighty names of past ages, but some foul and ugly blot ever appeared upon the broad surface of their character, so that affection refused to cling around their memories, however much they won upon our admiration and regard. But in the sage of Mount Vernon—he who was indeed "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," there was a completeness of the entire man which took possession of our heart, and led us to indulge for him an esteem and veneration such as no other mortal man had ever awakened in us before. And now, staff in hand, we were upon the road which led to the domain of the departed chieftain—we should visit the house where he had lived, tread the walks that he had himself frequented, and stand, with uncovered head, as was the fact, beside the tomb where his remains reposed: and was not this a pilgrimage?

Whilst upon the way we turned about oftentimes to enjoy the beautiful scenery. Having ascended the hill in our progress, we saw the placid waters of the Potomac lying below us, and stretching far onwards to join the broad bosom of the Chesapeake; that same quiet, ever-rolling Potomac that Washington himself had loved so well, to which he so often alludes in his letters, and upon the banks of which he chose, "life's duties o'er," to retire in dignified simplicity, there to spend the balance of his days, and there to die. Far to the northward we saw the rising dome of that capitol, where the National Legislature of this great Empire sits: a structure whose foundation was laid by Washington, in a city to which he had given his own name. As we went onward, our feelings, after the true spirit of a pilgrim, were in harmony with the place, and the occasion, and the object of our visit. Like Ossian, we "thought of the days of the past," and our sympathies were alive to every reminiscence of an historical nature with which these scenes and these localities were, in years gone by, connected. Half a century ago the grave and dignified form of the nation's well-beloved hero was oftentimes seen upon this very road; the same sky was over his head as now stretched above us; the same outline of landscape as even now greets the eye, was then visible, but else all is changed: life and its activities are all over with him; he lived his allotted time; filled his allotted sphere, and ah! how well! and now the *pater patriæ* sleeps the long sleep of death. Of the departed, how truly may it be said, that "the places which knew them once know them no more!" A new generation has sprung up: they fill the seats, and they tread the paths of those

who formerly were here: we may go and see the place where the "dead are laid," but we may not know of them, for they have "passed away!"

The Mount Vernon estate was, as is well known, a very large one; and the visitor enters upon the lands belonging thereto sometime before he comes in sight of the time-honored residence itself. We saw a few ancient tenements, farmhouses, to appearance, and built perhaps in the days of the revolution, for the hipped roofs seemed to betoken a style of structure not common in our time. Passing through a strip of woodland we came suddenly upon the long looked for object of our "pilgrimage" and visit; the mansion itself lay before us at a distance of half a mile, rising above the stunted cedars that cover the hill upon which it stands. A venerated structure it is, surmounted with a modest steeple, as was in accordance with the style of building usual in the early days of Virginia.

We had seen the "portrait" of this edifice an hundred times or more: we had seen it in rude prints upon the walls of village bar rooms, in the far distant valley of the Mississippi; we had noticed it often as a 'frontispiece' upon the 'clocks' of New England manufacture, such as find their way multitudinously over the broad regions of the American domain; we had had it in our observation in many forms and varieties of pencilling, but here it was now, the thing itself, standing palpably before our eyes: need we say, we recognized it at once? We sat upon the stile for sometime wrapped in contemplation, meanwhile gazing upon the premises, and not caring to advance a single step nearer: not that it was the mere house; or even that it had been the residence of one of

"—the foremost men of all our times;"

but that so much of thrilling interest in American history was connected with the spot on which it stands. Washington had lived there: Lafayette had spent days and nights there; the men of the Revolution had congregated there; the voices of the "sons of liberty," a Patrick Henry, and a Richard Henry Lee, had been heard in familiar discourse there, and plans had been there laid, and schemes originated, whose results are now made evident in this

"Land of the free and home of the brave!"

The spot was a celebrated one, a

"Mecca of the mind,"

as we have already denominated it; and men the world over, who talk of freedom, know some-

thing of Washington and Mount Vernon; and here now was Mount Vernon before our eyes, and by yonder hill side was the sepulchre where the body lay.

There is one thing about Mount Vernon which must commend itself to every person of good taste, namely, that the residence, and indeed the entire premises have been permitted to remain substantially as they were half a century ago. The house itself, a frame structure, built long since in the days of the Colonies, has undergone no change whatever, and is a fine old edifice, in excellent preservation. The proprietors in years past seem to have been gentlemen of correct ideas, and the country is indebted to them inasmuch as they have allowed things to remain pretty much as they were when the good General died.

We did not bring a square and compass with us, nor a tape-string to measure with: the business of our visit being not so much with the material edifice, as with the associations therewith connected. We rambled about, however, and made our observations, seating ourselves at last beneath the well-known portico, fronting upon the river, whose pavement is of tessellated stone, and was no doubt put there when the house was built, for it looks time-worn. There is hardly a more interesting spot about the premises, save only that where the departed hero lies; and the chamber where he breathed his last, than this same lofty portico. Here the feet of Lafayette have trod—here every stone has been familiar to the footfall of Washington! His meditative mind was no doubt oft burdened, as he here paced to and fro, with a sense of the weighty future—of the coming destiny of that Republic which he himself was so mainly instrumental in setting forward upon her career of greatness. His foreseeing sagacity foreshadowed, perhaps, a semblance of that wonderful destiny which has already begun to be fulfilled. But how imperfect all such anticipations must have been, we may in some measure conceive of, when we remember that at the period the illustrious occupant of this mansion breathed his last, there were no steamboats on any river upon the globe; there was not a railroad in existence; the empire of the great West was, comparatively speaking, unknown, and John Jay, the American plenipotentiary, had just negotiated a treaty with Great Britain, ceding the right of navigation of the Mississippi river for a period of thirty years; the States of this Union numbered only some fourteen, with an aggregate population of only five millions: as a people we were scarcely known among the nations of the earth; we had no manu-

factures, neither had our great staple of cotton as yet any place in the list of exports. Telegraphic wires linking together the distant portions of the wide-spread continent, had not, of course, been dreamed of even in the reveries of the wildest and most imaginative. One almost wonders, as he treads these grounds, whether the departed spirit of its noble occupant is permitted to revisit "the glimpses of the moon" in these our days, and to be cognizant of the greatness and the unprecedented prosperity of the land, which in the days of his earthly sojourning, he served so faithfully and loved so well!

Crossing the threshold, one finds himself within the ample hall of this old mansion, which is wainscotted from floor to ceiling in a style of architecture quite ancient: ancient, we mean, in a relative sense, having a day and a date of some one hundred years ago for its completion. On this side of the Atlantic, we account such to be an ancient edifice, which will carry our recollections back even so far as the days of George II., and into the era of our colonial history. Mt. Vernon does this, and therefore, according to our logic, it is, in a limited sense, venerable for its antiquity. We almost involuntarily looked about us, to see the broad-skirted habiliments of the Revolutionary worthies, or perchance some well hooped dame of the days of '76, to come bowing or "courtesying" from out of one of those neat little parlors, four in number, which open into this, the central passage way of the building. Our fancy, however, was at variance with fact, and no such apparitions were visible; albeit the time was when the forms of other men have darkened these doorways, and the sound of the voices of a different race has echoed within these apartments—voices that have been lifted up amid the din of battle. Some people say that "stone walls have ears"—a proposition which we are not prepared to accede to, in terms, although figuratively the thing may be true enough; and we did fancy that this ancient edifice, the home of the great commander himself, had listened, in such sort as the walls of a house may be supposed to listen, to the old familiar tale of the Revolution, oftentimes rehearsed. Not rehearsed either, as we rehearse such things, by hearsay and at second-hand, but by those who were themselves actors in the stirring events referred to. There was the tale of Brandywine, and of Germantown; sad tales too they were to tell: and doubtless the "Crossing of the Delaware," upon that cold, wintry night of Christmas '76, has afforded a topic for many an evening's reminiscence; as well as the bustle of that hurried retreat from Long Island; the heats of that burning summer's day at Monmouth, or perchance the closing triumph of the Revolution—

any struggle, that "crowning mercy" at Yorktown. Some of these scenes and stirring events in our nation's history are pictured upon the glowing canvases; the "tradition of men" has also treasured up many of the details, but these wainscotted walls have heard the chronicle from the lips of men who themselves moved in the events, and were a part of the enterprises they discoursed of. It may be that "walls have ears," but they have no tongue to speak. We lingered within the portals where Washington dwelt, and where the patriots of the olden time have gathered, but we heard no sound. Memory alone served to aid our thoughts, which were of the men of the past, and of the deeds of the past, and of the thronging recollections of bygone years, so intimately associated with the residence of Washington—

"halls

Trod by the Percys of old fame;
And traced upon the castle walls
Each high, heroic name."

From the outset of the Revolution until long after its close, Washington was, however, only an occasional visitor to his own house. In a letter bearing date of 1798, he says: "Twenty-five years have passed nearly away since I have considered myself a permanent resident beneath my own roof at Mt. Vernon." His years and his energies were not his own—they were called for by the exigencies of the times which demanded a personal sacrifice,—a sacrifice which he was so willing to make, and which his country was so fortunate as to receive. And when at length, after a life of activity and toil, he retired to this same hearth-stone of his upon the banks of the placid Potomac, whither doubtless in the dark periods of our history, his affections had oftentimes turned with longing desire, how short was that stay,—how brief was that sojourning under his own "vine and fig tree," as he himself so frequently expressed it!

There is a flight of stone steps at the rear-front of the dwelling, which show the marks of age, and the wear and tear of many winters. Seated upon them, we could not but recall in fancy a certain bright morning in January, 1759, when a chariot of ample dimensions, with servants in livery, drove up this same circular carriage-way, and sat down its gaily attired burden upon these identical stone steps. It was Col. Washington and his newly married bride, the fair Widow Custis, of whom tradition tells so many interesting details of her personal charms and attractions. Upon the table before us, as we write, there lies a relic of that same gala-day—nearly one hundred years gone by. It is a bit of the costly brocade dress, woven in threads

of silver and gold, worn by the bride upon the auspicious occasion of the "home-bringing," or "in-fair," as the old-fashioned phrase is in Virginia.

From the date of Washington's marriage, in the year 1759, until the day, some forty years afterwards, when the funeral procession which bore those venerated remains to the tomb, moved slowly off from the door of this mansion, how many items of momentous interest could be enumerated! We forbear even a brief recital of the events of this teeming period, because it includes the historical rise of republican America, beginning with the inception of the idea of a free and independent confederacy—embracing the agitation and the discussion of the weighty question itself—the outbreak and the call to arms—the seven years struggle, and the successful close of it; the machinery of a new government set in motion; and ending with the enrollment of the United States of America among the nations of the earth: in all which, this same august personage, whose familiar haunts these were, who lived here and who died here, bore so prominent and so active a part.

* * *

Our visit so far, as the reader will have perceived, was highly satisfactory, both to our taste and to the reverential impulses of the heart. But feelings of quite another sort were awakened, when we sought out the "tomb" of the departed patriot. As we lingered about the old mansion, there was the charm of antiquity to interest us, together with the multitude of clustering associations, such as necessarily attach themselves to the decaying premises; but when we came to seek out the "tomb," we were indeed most sadly disappointed. The fact is, the "Tomb of Washington" is so at variance with every idea or perception of a "tomb," such as we ourselves had hitherto indulged, that we might almost defy fancy to sketch a last resting-place for the dead, less in accordance with the demands of good taste and good judgment.

When we contemplate the place of repose of the mighty dead, we naturally associate something grand and imposing in the idea. Whether it be in a monumental pile pointing to heaven, or in the

"Dim religious light,"

of some sculptured cloister, or even in the grass-covered mound of some retired grave-yard, there is, in all of these, ample verge and room for the mind to picture out her own imaginings. There is a reasonable and an appropriate solemnity in them all. One of the charms of Westminster Abbey, lies in the fact of its being the abode of

the venerated dead. Those lofty arches and resounding aisles, are in excellent keeping with the general idea of a sepulchre. There is the attendant stillness and silence; there is the dimness of light; there is hoary antiquity and the stateliness of architectural embellishment:—and all these force *grandness of idea* upon the mind. But at Mount Vernon there is nothing, positively nothing to elevate one's conception of a sepulchre; indeed there is much to derogate and to detract from such preconceptions as one might have formed.

Some twenty years ago, the body of Washington was taken from out of the old tomb, where it had been first deposited, and where for thirty years it had reposed, and was conveyed into a curious brick and mortar sort of an enclosure; half vault, half cart-house, as one might denominate it from its appearance. This outer, house-like enclosure, is arched over, and plastered, and ingress is secured by an iron gate with locks. The remains, so removed, were placed within what purports to be a "marble sarcophagus," which lying upon the surface of the ground, is exposed to the view of the visitor. This "sarcophagus" or marble chest, of mean and narrow dimensions, bears upon its extremity, in full view, an inscription, or in fact an "advertisement" of a certain individual named "Strothers," a stone-cutter of Philadelphia. Hoping, perhaps, to link his name to immortality—vain hope! he planned, and, for aught we know, executed this removal; and has detailed, at large, the circumstances in this same inscription. And there, in the full blaze of sunlight, and a common spectacle for man and beast, the august body has lain for some twenty years and more, shocking the good taste of every person who comes, as we did, with pious feelings, to pay his respects to the memory of one so every way worthy of a noble sepulchre. And to add to the homeliness of the whole affair, there is a snug little rail-road now constructed from the wharf below, a distance of a quarter of a mile or so, up to the gate of this tomb, which thence winds off to the front of the mansion, a few hundred yards further on. We say a rail-road, not exactly a rail-road either, for in "grading" the way, they have not quite cut down the hill to a "level," but they have approximated to it; and a remarkably nice (cheap) plank way has been laid down, extending, as we have said, from the river's edge up to the sacred precincts of the tomb; and thence winding off, enables the "company" to visit the scarcely less sacred premises of the old mansion, "dry-shod."

All this has been done through philanthropic motives, we presume, so that ladies and other delicate people, who come to see the place, may

have their feet kept dry, for their better security against coughs, and colds, and rheumatic affections: and for this praiseworthy object, the silence of the abode of the venerated dead has been intruded upon. We might also add that hand-bills are printed, and newspaper advertisements are circulated, giving notice of all these extensive "accommodations," and also that a Steamboat will make "tri-weekly trips," and this "during the season," from the Federal City and towns adjacent, upon the Potomac; for the very moderate price of "one dollar!"

In the outset of our sketch we stated that we chose to come alone to Mount Vernon; not caring to cast in our sympathies, upon the occasion of such a visit, with the common stock of a considerable crowd of sight-seeing citizens. We saw no reason to regret having done so, when we became observant of the "accommodations for visitors," which we have described.

These remarks are appended with no unkindness towards the getters up of all this "speculation." It is natural that people should desire to visit the tomb of the great Washington, as well as to tread the scenes of his once beloved abode; but we do contend for a decent fitness of things; all of which, we hesitate not to declare, is sadly lost sight of in the present arrangement. Neither does blame attach to the present proprietor of Mount Vernon. He has done the best he could. People will throng thither as visitors, and such preparations as limited means will afford, must needs be made for them. The blame lies properly at the door of this government which permits such things to go on at the old homestead of the "father of his country." The property, we say, should be bought by government, and put into such a state of repair and dignified arrangement as would not cause a foreigner to visit the place with ill-disguised disgust, and would not bring a blush upon the cheek of every American of good taste, who sees how things are conducted.

There are certain dignities and proprieties to be maintained in a matter of such grave moment as requires that men should speak out their sentiments. The home of Washington, as well as his "tomb" belong, or should belong to the country. The associations, historical and otherwise, of such a man, should be made common property. His is one of the

— "few immortal names
That were not born to die;"

and we think we speak the sentiments of every American citizen of proper feelings and correct taste, when we say that this estate of Mount Vernon should pass into the ownership of the Government, at whatever cost; and that it should

be put into suitable repair. We would have the mansion itself a "Museum," so to speak, where all the relics of the illustrious occupant should be collected and piously preserved. A tomb should be erected fitting the character of the man; and above all, those revered remains, whilst they should be honored with something like a worthy sepulture, should never be removed from the time-honored precincts of Mount Vernon.

Men love to look upon the scenes hallowed by the memory of departed greatness: this has ever been the case, and ever will so continue to be, because there is a sentiment in the human breast; a weakness, if some choose so to call it; responsive to such things. Foreigners coming to America, desire to tread the grounds, and to fill their minds with the localities, and the numerous personal reminiscences of so great a man as Washington; and if such a scheme as this we suggest could be carried out, then might we pride ourselves on possessing one spot at least, where good taste and sound patriotism might unite in a common object of high interest and attraction.

MY EARLY DREAM.

BY MRS. DR. HICKS.

Come back! come once again, my early dream,
I would yet linger in thy glowing light,
And idly bask, amid thy gorgeous gleam,
And rain-bow hues, now paling in my sight.

Come back! enwrap me in thy rosy dyes,
Go not—oh! vision, like the winter day,
Neath sullen pall-like clouds, and leaden skies,
Oh! go not thus, my early dream, away!

Come back to me! as once thou wert, oh dream!
I cannot see thee, spectre-like, depart.
Come back with flaunting light, and golden beam,
As thou did'st shine in beauty o'er my heart.

My dream! thou all of beauty I have known!
Fair as the veiled Indian—summer day,
Hast thou, in love-light, o'er my pathway shone,
And I have lived, enfolded in thy ray.

And one there was, who tinted thy broad beam,
With fairy hand; who made thee what thou art.
Light of my life—light of the dawn—oh, dream!
Thou all of earth, and e'en of Heaven, a part.

Come back—yes, once again, light of the dawn,
And then, like all things lovely, pass away.
Shine, oh! my dream, as in the blushing morn,
Thou did'st arise, with promise of the day.

Come back—let not the clouds thy rays empall,
And my young day, be overcast; oh! dream.
Come back—my yearning heart, once more enthral,
And pierce the darkness with thy quenchless beam.

Imagination wove thee in her prime,
Of gaudy sun-set hues of Wonderland
And thou wert formed, dear dream, for more than time,
And now thou fallest neath his ruthless hand!

A rain-bow shattered, ere its bow was bent,
A purple morn in tears—a starless night—
Are images, with thee, most strangely blent.
Oh! gorgeous dream—now faded from my sight!

Oct. 30, 1851.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1851.

You cannot suppose that any "son of York," during these days of jubilant enthusiasm will have either eye or heart for aught else than the one bright focus of excitement which is now enchanting every imagination. "The winter of our discontent," which, without something to divert our attention from its merciless severity, would be bitter indeed, is turned into a good deal more than "glorious summer," by the magnificent Oriental Avatar, which has found its way to our bleak shores. Never was the enthusiasm of our mercurial people, which is always ebullient at a very slight increase of temperature, so universally or so intensely inflamed, as on occasion of the coming of the "mighty Magyar." I doubt if the chosen people, in the amplest fulfilment of their hopes, could have hailed the appearance of the Messiah with a more hearty burst of acclamation, than that which went up from pavement to roof-tree, upon the triumphant entrance of Kossuth to the city.

I assure you that I attach little importance to this fact in any point of view. It does not show any intelligent comprehension either of the history, the character, or the purposes of Kossuth; but only the passion of our population for pageant and spectacle. It was a repetition of the furor, which attended the steps of Jenny Lind, under the management of her consummate showman, and which merely indicated the popular love of excitement, but was no proof whatever of appreciation of her rare and beautiful character, or of her wonderful gifts as a musical artist. If this were all that Kossuth could anticipate from the heart of the American people, he would long have to suffer the pang of "hope deferred" for his poor Hungary.

But I will not be tempted to descant on a trait

of our national, or rather, I should say, our municipal character, when I ought to be talking of the hero, for whom all this enthusiasm is awakened. Not that I mean to burden you with a repetition of scenes, which are described in such rose-colored language in all our newspapers; or to read you a political homily on the sacred duty of free and independent republicans to do battle for liberty to the remotest ends of the earth. What private, personal enthusiasms, or antipathies I may have on the subject is of "no consequence" to your friendly readers; and I will merely recall, for their edification, some of the impressions which have not quite faded from my memory, of the reception in New York of the "illustrious exile."

For a few days previous to his arrival, a breathless feeling of curiosity and suspense pervaded the city. Every one was inquiring, if the Humboldt had been heard of. The Hungarians in the streets, with their low plumed hats, and their fierce, moustachioed lips, were watched with keener interest. Every unusual noise at a distance was said to be the signal gun of the steamer. Meantime the City Fathers were on the alert in completing the preparations for his reception. Extrasessions of committees were incessant, and great were the fatigues of our patriotic aldermen. The quantity of boned-turkey and champagne by which their onerous labors were alleviated, is frightful to think of. Many citizens could not restrain their impatience, and hovered, like a swarm of bees, around the landing at Staten Island. There was constant motion to and fro. People actually turned pale with excitement at the approach of the coming man. It was a great era in the life of my excellent friend, Dr. Doane, the health officer at the Quarantine. That worthy disciple of Esculapius was to be the first to welcome the great Magyar to the American shore. I must do him the justice to say, that he bore his high honors with infinite meekness. He made the most judicious arrangements for the comfort and happiness of his expected guests, without using them as stepping-stones to walk into public notoriety himself. Every thing that he possessed he placed at the disposal of those whom he wished to honor. Kossuth could not have fallen into better hands.

At length the long-wished-for moment arrived. The vessel's guns were heard in the offing. Signals were at once given to every accessible part of the island. Quiet sleepers were aroused from their beds. Staten Island was up in arms; the poultry yards were disturbed of their propriety; myriads of the canine race were excited to an unwonted ardor of emotion; and amid a general magnificent crowing of cocks, and barking of dogs, the health-officer of the quarantine started in

his boat, adorned with the flags of many nations, on his midnight mission.

I pass over his welcome to Kossuth on the deck of the steamer, which was all that could be expected from a patriotic physician, intent on such an exciting errand, and hasten to describe his reception on shore. But every thing in that great scene is forgotten, in the military eclat of Major Hagedorn, the Commander-in-Chief of the Staten Island forces, whose first duty was to assure Kossuth that the strong arm of the United States was made bare to draw the sword in the Hungarian cause, and the next to offer the weary exile a guard of honor for the night, composed of the elite of the military which he commanded on Staten Island. Major Hagedorn is a sublime man, or rather he made himself quite intimate with a sublime man, forgetting that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step. He will long be held in due remembrance. This will gratify his vaulting ambition, to its full extent. He laps up notoriety, like the "cat in the adage," and will live to a good old age at least on the thought of having once had such a chance to play the great man. How far Kossuth took encouragement from the pledge of the Major with regard to the United States militia, I am unable, after the most diligent inquiry, to learn in a satisfactory manner. Major Hagedorn, let me privately inform you, is as good a man any day as John Gilpin; a sleek and dapper little individual; a citizen of famous Staten Island; "a train-band Major eke is he of credit and renown;" and when not engaged in the discharge of his duties as defender of his fellow-citizens, is an exemplary vender of writing paper, wafers, and other stationery in a small way, and the proprietor of a one-horse express.

The next day was the grand reception at Castle Garden. On some accounts, this ceremony was premature. There was not sufficient time to mature the necessary preparations, especially on the part of the military. The consequence was, that the pageant suffered from imperfect arrangements; the decorations of the streets bore the marks of hurried profusion; with a lavish display of ornament, there was little taste or harmony; and the disorder at Castle Garden was so great as to prevent the guest of the city from replying to the welcome of the Mayor. Still the scene was one of the most imposing, that I have ever witnessed in New York. The enthusiasm was more vociferous, more tumultuously expressed in every way, at the time of Mr. Clay's public reception in 1847; but on the present occasion, there was a deep, suppressed feeling, not vented in shouts, but depicted on the countenance, and now and then almost rising to a painful solemnity. Never was there a more

perfect day for the exhibition of a grand civic pageant. Such delicious weather could not have been anticipated amid the gloom of our early Northern winter. It took every one by surprise, and contributed in no small degree to the keen exhilaration of the scene. Under the soft, balmy influences of a pure atmosphere, and a sky of resplendent brightness, the multitudes drank in a genial life, and were tuned in spirit to the harmonies of the day. It is rarely that one sees a nobler display of our city population. The streets were closely wedged in, with the thronging myriads, who had left their houses; but such a love of order pervaded the masses, that the task of the police was by no means onerous.

As the procession, after much delay, left Castle Garden, and the person of the hero became visible to the spectators, he was welcomed on every side, by loud plaudits, while the ladies in the balconies waved him their greetings, and every window and every house-top seemed alive with sympathy. Kossuth looked the personification of tranquillity. Apparently the least excited of the vast multitude around him, he received their congratulations with a graceful dignity, but with no expression of emotion. This was far more impressive than any melo-dramatic arts, which an inferior man might have deemed called for by the occasion. His face looked worn, showing traces of recent suffering, and with an expression of deep thoughtfulness, belonging more to a prophet than to a statesman. Such was my first impression of his appearance, and it has been confirmed by subsequent observation.

Among the various public demonstrations that have since been made in honor of Kossuth, the Banquet given by the Press was one of the most peculiar, and interesting. Indeed, the occasion was decidedly unique, the Press in this city, comprising a motley collection of persons, with every variety of accomplishment and taste, for the most part, I imagine, personally strangers to each other, and little likely to come together on an occasion of common interest. Certainly, never before were so many of them seen together in the same banquetting-hall, and it will doubtless be years before a similar reunion takes place again.

The banquet was admirably arranged in all its appointments. The gastronomic portion of it was elegant, *recherché*, generous, (which I hardly need say to one who is acquainted with the good cheer of our hosts of the Astor House,) and every thing went off with the quiet of a family-party.

The entrance of Kossuth into the hall was welcomed with the usual honors. He received them with the graceful seriousness which I have already alluded to. I was deeply impressed with

his calm, intellectual look, as he rose to bow in acknowledgement to the company. You cannot watch his face and suspect him of being a demagogue or a fanatic. There is no doubt of his profound earnestness of conviction, or the crystal purity of his purposes. His whole air and bearing have that unmistakeable stamp of sincerity, which wins your sympathy with his character, though you may have no interest in his political designs. In person he is not above the middle height; his frame is slight and delicate, though not attenuated; he stands in an erect position, and his movements have an indescribable air of dignity and refinement, without being in the least degree, formal. His brow is expanded, not too lofty: his head is not large in proportion to his body; he wears his hair turned smooth on one side, leaving a white, beautiful forehead, which seems more formed for contemplation than for action; his eye is soft, winning, and singularly deep, not kindled by strong passion, but betraying the hidden fire which ever flashed forth in those volcanic bursts of eloquence, which have startled nations. The general expression of his face is that of reflection, but reflection softened by feelings inward, rather than outward; like that of a man absorbed in self-communion, or under the inspiration of a sublime idea; reposing on a basis of thought too deep to be influenced by ephemeral passion; and thought, not of calculation, not of arid abstractions, not of curious speculation, but thought, which "wanders through eternity," in the contemplation of holy and immortal principles. You would never take him for a man of affairs; you would say he is not of this world; though without the dreamy, vacant look of the religious enthusiast; still less would you deem him a warrior, a man to be at the head of battles, or to wield the destiny of nations. I cannot compare him with Napoleon or Wellington; indeed, he reminds me more of a man of the Middle Ages, uniting the noblest elements of the Baron and the Monk, without the fierceness of the one, or the cunning superstition of the other. In the marble composure of his brow, the religious elevation of his features, and the profound, humane, and spiritual expression of his eye, the admirers of Dr. Channing might find a resemblance, or at least a reminiscence of that single-hearted man, of whom, I am told, Kossuth himself is a warm, though discriminating admirer.

The speech of Kossuth on this occasion gave no idea of the impassioned, fiery, oriental eloquence, which has been supposed to characterize his style of oratory. It was as calm as his serene, introspective face, thoroughly didactic in its character, dealing closely with fact and argument, and making no appeal to the sympathy

or imagination of the hearer. As a dissertation on some of the most important points of the Hungarian question, it was eminently instructive, and certainly adapted to produce a favorable impression of the justice of his cause. He spoke with but little gesture, or variety of intonation; you saw in him nothing of the declaimer; scarcely anything of elaborate, or even effective elocution. You would have thought that he felt so deeply the power of truth, was so fully persuaded that the right was on his side, that he trusted to the simplest statement of his ideas, disdaining all the artifices of rhetoric. He expresses himself in English with fluency, but not with the idiomatic propriety which you would judge from the newspaper reports of his speeches. It requires close attention to follow him, though his enunciation is not rapid. Still his mastery of our rugged, obstinate, unmanageable tongue is wonderful, especially when we remember that his speaking is a constant process of translation, as he has not yet learned to think in any language but his native Magyar. It shows the miraculous influence of a high intellectual inspiration, in melting away the difficulties of speech, and suggesting adequate forms of expression, even when the materials are quite unfamiliar and intractable.

His power of adaptation shows a singular nimbleness and alacrity of mind. In the reception of the various delegations which have waited on him, he never loses sight of an effective point, in their locality or other relations. His allusions to historical facts betray a great familiarity with American affairs, and an uncommon readiness in calling up the right thing at the right time. An instance of this was his mention of the 14th of December, as the anniversary of Washington's death, a date which is seldom referred to, but which he made use of with striking effect in his reply to one of the addresses of a public committee. Not less happy was his allusion to the celebrated potency of Kentucky rifles, when a native of Kentucky was introduced to him as one of the delegation from the students of Yale College. In like manner, at the Press Banquet, his statistical statements in regard to American journalism, and his comparison of the press in this country and Great Britain, made a profound impression on the audience, not only by their appositeness to the occasion, but by the ingenious tact with which he made them bear on the great purposes of his mission.

In introducing Kossuth to the assembly, Mr. Bryant made quite an elaborate speech, remarkable for the terseness and energy of its language, the felicitous selection of its topics, and its chaste and impressive delivery. Among the other addresses, the most note-worthy was that of Mr.

Charles King, President of Columbia College, who spoke at considerable length, in a style of manly, dignified oratory. For the most part, the speeches on the occasion were certainly above the ordinary level of after-dinner eloquence, showing what was perhaps hardly to have been expected in the members of the press—as great a power of execution with the tongue as with the pen. Rev. Mr. Beecher gave a thundering, bellicose exhortation, in the genuine Boanerges style, unfolding the destructive warlike elements of Christianity in a manner which would have astounded the peaceful disciples of an earlier, old-fashioned day. But I will not attempt to bottle up the spirit of the festival, which however pungent and exhilarating at the time, becomes as vapid as the uncorked Champagne of which such copious libations were offered for the success of liberty in general, and Hungarian liberty in particular.

Among the interesting persons in the suite of Kossuth, besides his heroic, long-suffering wife, are Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, and several officers of the late Hungarian army. Madame Kossuth has the appearance of a broken-hearted woman. She seems to dwell on the past, with its mournful reminiscences, without indulging in the sanguine hopes which fire the heart of Kossuth himself. You would take her for a person in some deep affliction; she has scarcely been seen to smile; and even when participating in public demonstrations of exciting interest, her face wears the expression of habitual grief.

Madamé Pulszky is of a different temperament. She too has passed through great sacrifices, but preserves a vivacity and hopefulness of feeling, and a gayety of manner, which make her a decided favorite in the social circles to which she has been introduced. An Austrian by birth, the daughter of a Viennese banker, making a love-match with her husband before the breaking out of the revolution, while he lived in patriarchal liberality on his ample estates in Hungary, flying for her life in utter desolation after the ruin of the cause, separated from her children with scarce a hope of meeting them again—she has experienced all manner of vicissitudes, enough to crush the stoutest masculine heart; but with a sunny brightness of disposition, she throws aside every despairing thought, lives in the present without recalling the bitterness of the past, and devotes her various accomplishments, and beautiful gifts of nature to the realization of all noble hopes for her adopted country.

Pulszky is a man of unmistakeable talent, of literary tastes and cultivation, and of very quiet gentlemanly manners. Devoted to the fortunes of Kossuth and of Hungary, he sustains his position with admirable grace and propriety.

But I must bring my letter to a close before I exhaust your space, and the patience of your readers, if indeed the latter be not past surgery. The town is just now full of interesting topics, on which I might gossip with you till after Christmas, to say nothing of the swarm of new books, rich in their shining holiday costume, with which our busy presses are teeming, as usual in this season of gifts and greetings. But all these fascinations I must postpone till I write you again.

RAFFAEL.

"Life is short, but Art is long,"

Was the master-spirit's thought,
Dreaming o'er the living throng,
By his magic pencil wrought :

"Nature more eternal still—

Art of God—eternal whole :—
From the ripple of the rill,
To the roar that stirs the soul.

"Stately mountains ; rolling floods ;

Glens with tend'rst flowers besprung ;
Sunset glories bathing woods ;
When day's golden strength is spent :

"Noble words!—all symphonies

Of the ever-ranging breeze ;
Every sound that soars or dies,
In the boughs of verdurous trees :—

"Ye are ever-living ; Art

Lives forever ! life is nought !"
And it fled, that master-heart,
Crushed before its master-thought :

Notices of New Works.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston : Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

We are indebted to Mr. Longfellow for two hours of dreamy satisfaction experienced in the perusal of the "Golden Legend." The volume came most opportunely to beguile the tedium of a dreary afternoon, and we felt a sense of gratitude, upon laying it down, such as ought always to arise in the heart of one who has been the recipient of a real kindness. We more than half suspect that under the influence of this grateful feeling, we shall prove but an indifferent critic of the poem : nevertheless, we shall endeavor to state freely our impressions of it, as the longest and, perhaps, most ambitious production of its distinguished author.

Our readers already know, from the repeated occasions on which we have expressed our sentiments touching Mr. Longfellow's proper rank as a poet, that he has not a more ardent admirer anywhere than ourselves. We like the genial and kindly tone which uniformly pervades his

stories, both in prose and verse. We heartily approve the moral he has so often and so earnestly enforced, that life has its stern and definite purpose, which each man must work out for himself. We are glad to render the meed of our applause to the purity of writings, throughout the whole of which we can, at this time, point out to the author

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Very especially do we admire that rare artistic skill with which he so cunningly elaborates some of his efforts, that they present to us the exquisite finish of Gerard Douw.

With such prepossessions for Mr. Longfellow, did we cut, one after another, the smooth, fair leaves of the "Golden Legend" and pursue the thread of the romance from the musical poem of the Bells of Strasburg Cathedral to the accustomed *dénouement* of a honey moon. The time was pleasantly spent, as we have already said, and yet, as regards the expectations we had indulged of the "Golden Legend,"—*we were disappointed*. It is not the work upon which Mr. Longfellow should be willing to rest his fame. It overflows with fancy and sparkles with beautiful conceits, but is not of "imagination all compact." It gives us sentiment, but not passion. It presents us with the tenderest manifestations of love and pity, of sorrow that softens, yet kills not, and of woe that is more luxurious than bitter; but it makes no revelations of the strifes and storms that agitate the immense profounds of the human heart. In a word, it was written too much in the library, and not enough in the walks and ways of men, or even by those "bosky bourns" where the sacred sisters abide. Perfect in finish to the last touch of punctuation, it challenges our wonder, but never deeply moves our feelings. If we may be allowed to borrow an illustration from sculpture, we should say that Mr. Longfellow has imitated those workers in marble, who devote themselves to the delicate chiselling of a mantle or the careful perfecting of armour, rather than to bringing out the emotions which should speak in the features of a goddess, or the dying agony that should corrugate the brow of the Laocoon.

A very learned and sagacious critic remarked to us, not long since, that when the "Golden Legend" should appear, it would be determined whether or not Mr. Longfellow deserved a place in the front rank of the poets of his age. We have not heard as yet what impression has been made upon our friend by the poem as published—the journal which is the vehicle of his criticisms not yet having spoken out concerning its merits, but we demur to making the "Golden Legend," the test of our favorite's capabilities. We might even undertake to show that before the "Golden Legend" ever passed into the hands of that most courteous and charming of publishers, Mr. Fields, the reputation of Mr. Longfellow had been fully established as one of the first of those poets who now record their inspiration in the English idiom. But waiving this, we have no hesitation in declaring that the previous writings of our author abundantly justify the expectation of a great work from his pen, at some future day, when he shall come forth as an interpreter of man's nature and address himself to the loftiest instincts with which we have been endowed. He is able to write such a work. And when written, it will be enshrined among the great classics. Our children will recognise in it something beyond the mere grace of art, and it shall stand like the finest efforts of the Grecian chisel, equally marvelled at and studied, while the "Golden Legend," kept as a master-piece indeed, will be regarded with that sort

of admiration which attaches to the carvings of Benvenuto Cellini.

But our readers may like some outline of the romance. We therefore turn to the volume to give it, as well as to cull from the blooming parterres into which the (book) garden has been divided, some of those lovely flowers which have found root in the fancy of the author. "The Golden Legend" is a poem of three hundred pages, containing a gallant knight of the middle ages, several cathedrals, a monastery, a minnesinger, an angel, a devil and a Castle on the Rhine. The plan of the work has been evidently modelled after Faust, with a half-dramatic introduction of the characters and stage directions in parenthesis. Henry of Hohenek, the Knight abovementioned, in the opening of the poem, is represented in his chamber, under the incubus of some vague but settled melancholy. Lucifer appears to him and administers a potion which imparts to him a temporary elasticity of spirit, but he soon afterwards learns from the worthy Italian doctors of Salerno, that his only hope of ultimate recovery is in finding some maiden whose disinterested attachment will lead her to die for him. As good luck will have it, such a maiden "turns up," one of the peasantry of Rhineland, and spite of all the machinations of Lucifer, who pops in every now and then, but is a much more amiable devil than Mephistopheles, the knight and his saviour pass on safely to Italy where the oblation is to be performed. On their way they visit quaint old towns and inspect magnificent buildings, linger in the gloom of forest and of cloister, and witness priestly ceremonies of rare pomp and splendor. After arriving at Salerno, as the reader will readily anticipate, Elsie, the maiden, instead of dying for the Prince, is permitted to live for him, and suddenly they are whisked off to the hereditary Castle of Hohenek on the Rhine, where they are supposed to pass the remainder of their days in matrimonial felicity. There is an episode of religious theatricals, the celebration at Strasburg of the Mystery of the Nativity, revived and placed before us, as only a most accomplished scholar could do it. Indeed the "Golden Legend" must be highly valued as giving us a faithful picture of German life and manners many centuries ago.

The versification of the "Golden Legend" is peculiar, being for the most part a sort of singsong, but it is uniformly melodious and pleasing. As an instance of the dexterity with which the strain just avoids the commonplace, we quote the Easter sermon of Friar Cuthbert which is expressed in a homely way enough, quite in keeping with the customs of the age.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip.*

What ho! good people! do you not hear!

Dashing along at the top of his speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,

A courier comes with words of cheer.

Courier! what is the news I pray?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From court."

Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

Cracks his whip again.

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to day?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

Cracks his whip more violently.

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;
What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?
"Christ is arisen." Whence come you?

"From Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed.

Great applause among the crowd.

"A ROAD SIDE MORALITY" is felicitous in metre and diction—

ELSIE.

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring!

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

All the bridges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the way-side inn, and the waggoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,
While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

ELSIE.

All through life there are way-side inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

From another dialogue between the prince and the peasant girl, we take the following striking thought most happily expressed in phraseology well-nigh Shakspearian.

The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up
And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life; to thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch,
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls!

The following play upon the word Pontifex is, in the highest degree, successful,—

God's blessing on the architects who build
The bridges over swift rivers and abysses,
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

We wish we could give the whole of the passage which follows in the volume, wherein the Dance of Death is so

beautifully introduced, but our limits forbid. Here is a single picture—

PRINCE HENRY.

— here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 'tis best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded grey,
Then into darkness!

How exquisite a stanza is this, of the rising moon—

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill,
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

In another part of the book is a rare wine-cellar soliloquy of Friar Claus, who recounts the excellent qualities of the casks around him with a fervor that shows Total Abstinence to have found little observance among "the monks of old." He concludes thus—

And now a flagon for such as may ask
A draught from the noble Bacharach cask
And I will be gone, though I know full well
The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
Brown and old in his oaken hood;
Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be.

Sets it running.

See! how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews:
Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,
Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach!
The beautiful town, that gives us wine
With the fragrant odor of Muscadine!

But we must desist. If we should attempt to give all the beautiful and effective passages of the "Golden Legend," it would involve a violation of Mr. Longfellow's copyright, for we should have to print the entire poem.

Morris has the book for sale.

THE LIFE OF JOHN STERLING. By Thomas Carlyle.
Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1851.

Carlyle is a most entertaining writer, and though his reader is often tempted to indulge in a yawn over some wild, run-mad, delirious raving about "falseness of the era," "general rottenness," "no earnestness," he soon finds on emerging from the terrible sea of words, a thought, a picture or a pithy humorous scoff, which consoles him for all the wearisome nonsense through which he has been wading. It seems utterly impossible that Mr. Carlyle

can put pen to paper on any subject whatever without lugging in by the ears, this eternal, never changing stereotyped philippic against the disgraceful conduct of the men of our age. We might have supposed that in a volume of this nature, seeking as it does to delineate the "life and adventures" of a bright-minded, pure-hearted man, in no very lofty position in society, Carlyle would for once abstain from rant and give us agreeable biography, amusing *ana*, personal details of the man, John Sterling, as he lived, and not a ferocious sermon on our wicked ways in general. It is true there is such biography here, but there is also fustian, and the fustian is extremely out of place.

The "Life of John Sterling," is the loving work of a loving friend, who will not have the lineaments of the man he knew so well, pass away from human memory. Sterling was not a prominent man, only a graceful, elegant writer, connected with the *Athenaeum* and *Times*, and no way renowned. This is the criticism which the volume has every where been met with. Certainly it is a drawback on the interest of any biography, that its subject was not one of the renowned moulders of great human events, since the lives of such men, are most entertaining by whomsoever written—but, as indeed Mr. Carlyle has somewhere told us, a true picture of any man is interesting, and we may add,—what the author has *not* told us,—above all interesting when the writer is Thomas Carlyle.

For pleasant descriptions of scenery, private details, where the author's quiet, odd humor irradiates every inch of the canvass, and for a clear, masterly delineation of a fine, bold nature, we may look far before we find anything superior to this life of Sterling. How Mr. Carlyle holds on to his slippery, specious theory of the "universal rottenness," etc., etc., when this "great human heart" went with him "for a time on his earthly pilgrimage," we cannot explain. We had marked a passage in the volume where the great Philosopher most triumphantly refutes his own false doctrines on these subjects, but for want of space must omit it.

The "Life of Sterling" is a model of typography and neatness, and is for sale in Richmond by J. W. Randolph.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD, AS COMPARED WITH THE GREAT MODERN STRATEGISTS; With their Campaigns, Characters and Conduct from the Persian to the Punic wars. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street. 1851.

We beg leave to suggest to Mr. Herbert, on the threshold of our brief remarks, a slight change in this volume, should it reach (as we hope it will) another edition. The change we refer to relates to the proper names of his personages. The world has, century after century, learned to speak of certain characters of antiquity, as *Themistocles*, *Cyrus* and Alexander of *Macedon*; and we have no reason to think, notwithstanding the unmistakable fact of the Greek Kappa and the usage of historians, that the world will recognize these worthies under any other form of appellation. Mr. Herbert, however, thinks differently: and no sooner has he determined to give us his views of these and other celebrated men, than he also resolves courteously to set us right as to their real names. Now we protest against *Themistokles* and Alexander of *Makedon* as a "reckless innovation" upon long established usage, and though Mr. Grote, in his history of Greece, has pointed the way to Frank Forester, we beg leave to say that we dissent *à toto* from the taste of both these gentlemen.

We have taken the pains to glean from the table of contents a few of these names; and here they are, as restored to the old Greek by Mr. Herbert. *Themistokles*, *Thermopylai*, *Mardonios*, *Kyros*, *Artoxerxes*, *Kadmeia*, *Kithairon*, *Agessilaos*, *Leuktra*, *Mantineia*, *Chaironeia*, *Peloponnesos*, *Granikos*, *Halikarnassos*, *Issos*, *Darios*, *Makedon*:—(by which Mr. Herbert means *Macedon*.) These and a few other unwarrantable affectations aside, we take pleasure in commending Mr. Herbert's volume to every lover of antiquity. The profound classical learning of the author of "The Roman Traitor" is well known to the reading world, and we need not say that these short biographies are remarkably full, detailed, and deeply imbued with the writer's love for the old classic times. The style strikes us as every way superior to Mr. Herbert's wont, and though we might point out here and there some flowers of rhetoric which do not harmonize with the picture he delineates, the work as a whole is both plain and in good taste. This latter remark applies more particularly to the preface, which, we confess we did not look for from Mr. Herbert's pen: it is pointed, and concise, and admirably displays the author's design.

The "Captains of the Old World" we should add are *Miltiades*, *Themistocles*, *Pausanias*, *Xenophon*, *Epaminondas*, *Alexander* and *Hannibal*. The typography and binding of the volume are in excellent taste.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR: or a Book of the Heart. Illustrated Edition. By LK. MARVEL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

Our readers want no comment from us upon the contents of this volume, as well for the reason that the first two of the "Reveries" were originally written for, and published in, this magazine, as that we have already had occasion to pay our respects to it in book form. The success of the volume has been quite marvellous, and if any reader detects a pun in this expression, he must himself be responsible for the offence. We congratulate our gifted friend Marvel on the good fortune of seeing his lucubrations in such elegant form as Mr. Scribner has given them. There is the most exquisite taste discernible in the whole affair, from the gilded hedge which runs around the cover, to the spirited wood-cuts which set off the interior. The volume is admirably well adapted for Christmas-gift service, and will doubtless meet with many purchasers during the holidays.

A. Morris has it for sale.

Out of the immense mass of Orations and Speeches with which we have been recently favored by their authors, we have laid aside two as especially worthy of mention. One of these is the Anniversary Address delivered before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia, at their last meeting, by John Randolph Tucker, Esq., of Winchester. The subject discussed by Mr. Tucker, is the right of Secession, which he seeks to prove is clear and indisputable. The arguments on his side of the question are collated and arranged with great skill, and no one can read the address without being convinced that the author is a man of uncommon intellectual vigour. The other Address is one that was delivered before the Literary Societies of Erskine College, S. C., by William C. Richards, A. M., Editor of the Southern Literary Gazette. Mr. Richards employed his hour upon the rostrum in enforcing the "Claims of Science," and contrived to enwreath an eminently practical subject with the choicest garlands of classic poetry. We trust the pamphlet has been widely circulated in the Southern States.

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NO. 2.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER I.

Sail from New York; Cold weather on board ship; sea sickness; Arrive at Norfolk; Description of ship; Advantages of a light spar-deck; Classes of ship defined; Ordinary reception of an officer on board; front and back doors; Ship's cousins; Hammocks mistaken for ballast; Gun-deck; Inspection of coppers; Berth-deck; A use of the Bible; the hold; Missionaries for China; Religious toleration.

I was among the passengers in the last boat which left the shore for the ship at anchor off the Battery. A keen easterly wind, the thermometer at 20° F., drew each man's attention closely to his personal comfort; there was no capacity, imagination or memory for the regrets of parting with friends, home or country. The fountains of poetic feeling and sentiment were chilled. We shivered as we sat watching the "dipping oars" glassed in ice, while the boat was steered a devious route through openings in an extensive field of drifting ice-cakes. The seamen, almost benumbed in spite of pea-jackets and sturdy "nor-wester" caps, plied their oars steadily. At last we climbed the ship's side; but so cheerful fire blazed for our reception. A shelter from the cutting wind was a comfort, and to this we were cordially welcomed by our companions.

The thermometer on board stood at 18° F. There were no other body-warming means than candles and coats. Fancy the transition from a capacious room gratefully warm, lighted by solar-lamp or gas-flame, carpetted and furnished: fancy the transition from this to a mere closet six feet by four, seen by the flame of a candle burning under a curfew law, known to be the only means to warm, enlighten or cheer, and then you may appreciate the commencement of a cruise in a ship-of-war from a northern latitude in midwinter, while the sounds of the steady tramping of the watch on deck reaches below through the still cold air.

How can one dwell upon the parting hour as a sentimental traveller should, while fighting with the cold at such odds, in a ship at anchor off Staten island, amidst driving ice? This dis-

comfort perhaps draws the heart strongly towards one's hearth-stone and magnifies attachment for home; luxurious ease and the excitement of novelty may abate the feeling, and yet the traveller's diary exhibit a glowing description of it.

Sunday. The day dawned bright and cold: Thermometer 16° F. About ten o'clock, A. M., a measured tramp about the capstan announced to us below that the hour of departure had come. The Narrows were soon passed and threading through "Gedney's channel," we were soon upon the bosom of the Atlantic. The ship was "hove to" to discharge the pilot, who quickly reached his own little vessel, bearing with him the "cape letters." This parting from the pilot is a sort of second farewell, and is slightly depressing to the spirits; but the rapidly succeeding orders of the officer of the watch, the swinging of yards, the tramp of feet on the decks, and creaking of blocks, as the ship is placed upon her course, at once give a new direction to the thoughts. A clear blue sky, a keenly, cold north-west wind, the white crests of the waves like moving snow-wreaths in sunshine; but it is too piercing to remain on deck for the mere pleasure of watching the channel buoys sheeted in ice, or the shores of New Jersey fading away in the distance.

The commander has designated the ship's course; the decks are cleared up; those of the watch, enveloped in pea-coats and comfortables seek the least bleak positions, making a lee of the weather bulwarks, while those whose duties will permit, retire to the depths of their quarters, and give as free scope to the exercise of imagination as animal inconvenience will allow.

Monday. Thermometer has risen to 45° F., but now the wind is adverse. The barometer has fallen, the sea is getting up, the sky looks greasy, and there are several indications of a storm.

By twelve o'clock a change was manifest in our little world. The ship rolled deeply, but easily, and, in opinion of youngsters, the bows rose and fell to a fearful extent. Some of our brave young companions looked pale; stomachs ceased to be constant; a desolating languor seized upon body and mind; the brain was compressed, as if a cord bound the temples: the morning meal was wasted; none of it subserved the purposes of nutrition as was designed, for many cast it, no matter how unwillingly, into the realms of old father Neptune. Many brave-

ly resisted, but few succeeded in their resistance. No courage can hold up against the prostrating power of this condition, which brings upon its victims the jibes and jeers of all who do not feel, or who have never felt it. Most of the marines, poor souls, lay about like so many suits of regimentals stuffed with plastic masses without angles, exhibiting no more of the fire of the soldier than a sick damsel. Stewards and servants sank pliant and resigned about deck, and in snug corners; they heeded no man's bidding; they could not control themselves, and needed not the control of others. One little middy exclaimed in most piteous tones, "Can I take a drink of water and not die! ugh,—oh,—ugh!" Kreosote and chloroform were resorted to as remedies, and they seemed to be beneficial.

Tuesday. The day dawned brightly; the wind was fair. The surface of the sea was smoother. Those who had been overcome by the motion of the ship appeared on deck, looking cheerful but rather pale; their stomachs had become constant and promised to be tolerant of dinner.

On the 18th February, 1848, the ship reached the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., where she had been sent because the use of a dry-dock was necessary to ascertain the condition of the copper on her bottom which was suspected to be unsound.

In a few days the ship had been docked and was anchored off the naval hospital.

This is a "sweet craft" to look upon as she rides at her moorings. She has a light spar-deck which raises her hammock rail high above water. Her appearance is that of a miniature frigate, and in fact she has many of the advantages of that form of ship, which is admitted to be the most comfortable that sails the ocean. She was originally moulded and built to be a single decked ship or sloop of war; the light spar-deck was an addition not contemplated by the naval architect. Though it may detract something from the sailing, this is compensated for, in a degree, in peaceful times at least, by adding other qualities, of considerable importance especially within tropical regions. This light spar-deck affords shelter to the battery from sunshine and rain; it leaves the guns free from the rigging and ropes of the vessel, and thus facilitates the movement of them; during battle it protects them from falling spars, and gives a free space for "working ship," that is, changing the position of spars and sails as circumstances may require. But above all it increases the capacity of the vessel to carry air for the consumption of the inmates while sleeping; a most important consideration, because all men live upon air, that is, if men can be said to live upon that without which they cannot possibly exist.

When we speak of a single-decked man-of-war ship, we mean a ship which carries a battery on one deck only, upon which the sails as well as the guns are manœuvred. A ship thus constructed is termed a sloop-of-war or corvette. A frigate has two decks upon which the battery is arranged. A ship-of-the-line has three or four decks upon which guns are carried; or, in other words, a sloop-of-war is a floating battery of one story, frigate of two, and a ship-of-the-line of three or four stories. The upper deck, whether it has guns upon it or not, is the spar-deck, and the others are called gun-decks. With this explanation it may be understood how adding a light deck to a vessel, armed and equipped as a sloop of war, increases the space for berthing the crew at night, and in a word converts her into a frigate with the number of men and guns of a sloop.

There she is—her straight spars tapering to points—sails neatly furled and rigging tight, or, as sailors say, "*taught as a fiddle*;" yards bowing upwards; all presenting to the eye on shore the beautiful machine in repose. Not a moving being is seen, but accompany a lieutenant in uniform along side, and scarcely does the bowman lay in his oar, before the shrill pipe of a boatswain's mate announces that your approach has been perceived and your reception prepared for. The sides'-boys leap out to their stations at the head of the "accommodation ladder," which you ascend to the deck, and are met at the gangway by the lieutenant of the watch. As your companion enters the vessel he touches his hat, and the sentry on post "*carries arms*"; at the same moment the boatswain's mate "*pipes in*" and the sides'-boys return on board, and you walk aft on the spotless deck. The starboard side of the quarter deck, all that part of the deck abaft the main mast, that is, the centre one of the three, is occupied by the lieutenant of the watch, while the larboard side is promenaded by "*school-boy midshipmen*" ever ready to repeat the orders of the "*officer of the deck*," being in fact peripatetic speaking trumpets. As we are preparing for sea, there is to you perhaps an appearance of confusion; provisions and stores are hoisting on board to the sound of the merry fife; a boatswain's mate is piping "*haul*" or "*belay*," and this is mixed up with the noise of hammers of carpenters and adzes of coopers. Still the quarter-master saunters about the quarter-deck in a most *insouciant* manner, spy-glass in hand, which he occasionally lifts to his eye and sweeps round to inform himself of all boats that may be approaching the ship. If there be any, he at once reports to the officer of the deck, the grade of those in the boat, which is clearly recognized at a distance by the

uniform dress of the navy, that they may be received with the conventional forms of respect due their rank.

The right side of a ship is called the starboard, and being that of distinction or preference in our navy, is fitted with an "accommodation ladder," or steps leading from the upper deck to the water. The ropes which extend from iron stanchions at its foot to the ship's side above, answer the purpose of bannisters and are technically called "man-ropes," from the French, *mais*, hand. The left side is termed the larboard or port, and is supplied with pending man-ropes, and, instead of an accommodation ladder, "kleeps" or strips of wood are nailed at convenient distances against the side, as aids in climbing the almost perpendicular ascent. By this gangway, which is, as it were, the back door of the ship, are received all warrant officers, as well as provisions, stores, &c., and by the starboard gangway, or front door, all commissioned officers and others whose temporary appointments entitle them to live in the ward-room, come into and go out of the vessel. Those persons who fill the temporary situations of commodore's secretary, clerks, and formerly professors of mathematics, are called "ship's cousins," from the fact that they were, in by-gone times, regarded as drones, said to be "in every one's mess but in nobody's watch." Our "cousins," however, are comparatively an active set of gentlemen.

This conventional distinction between the two sides of a ship, a few years ago, was a source of considerable annoyance to assistant surgeons, who, though commissioned officers, were quartered among the midshipmen in the steerage. And, because they messed with midshipmen, some martinets would not permit them to pass in and out of the ship by the starboard gangway or front door. The instant this point was insisted upon, they felt it was a degradation to which, in their opinion, they ought not to be exposed. After a great deal of argument and persistence the difficulty was removed by a general order from the Secretary of the Navy, under authority of which they became members of the ward-room mess, and since that time the freedom and ceremonies of the starboard gangway have not been denied to them. But in frigates they were made to suffer, by being transferred to the ward-room from the cock-pit, in which the assistant surgeons customarily formed a separate mess, and had separate cabins, or state-rooms. It was in some way ascertained that, if assistant surgeons were entitled to mess in the ward-room, they had no title to apartments in the cock-pit; and as all the cabins were appropriated in the ward-room, none were substituted for those of which they were deprived to the advantage of

passed-midshipmen or others. But the argument, sophistical as it must be, is a respectful apology for the exercise of a questioned and questionable power.

You cast your eyes about. The neatly laced hammocks are snugly stowed all around in a sort of trough or top of the bulwarks, called "the nettings." A hammock is an oblong piece of canvass upon which a sailor's bed is suspended beneath the deck at night; it serves in the day to envelope the whole in a neat roll to be packed in the hammock netting.

More than a quarter of a century since I was attached to a frigate fitting for sea at New York. In those days the grade of passed-midshipmen was not known. The older midshipmen presided among midshipmen on watch, and were termed the master's mates of the watch. The post of master's mate, in the eyes of the steerage, was one of distinction, and therefore desirable. All were anxious to know the names of the midshipmen ordered to the vessel, that they might calculate their chances of becoming master's mates. Every newly arrived midshipman was scrutinized, very closely, the moment he set foot on deck, to gather from his appearance, if possible, how far he was likely to interfere with those who hoped none older would arrive, to exclude them from the post of honor in the watch.

One day, while the steerage messes were dining, down leaped a youngster, almost breathless, and drew a camp-stool up to the table. His countenance was marked by the possession of important intelligence.

"Boys," said he, "I am cut out at any rate. There's an oldster just reported on deck, nearly six feet in his stockings, black whiskers, and devilishly well-dressed. He looks about, too, as if he had always been in a frigate. But we shall hear more soon; our Davy has got him in tow."

Presently down thundered Davy looking like an impersonated laugh.

"What's the fun, Davy?" inquired more than one in the mess.

"Fun enough; that new reofer is all over green, from the backwoods of Kentucky."

"Fine ship, sir," said he to me, carelessly looking aloft, "very taunt and neatly rigged?"

"Very fine ship," said I; "do you admire her aloft?"

"Oh, vastly; seen nothing like it since I left Kentucky?" He was sent for into the cabin; and I came to the conclusion he would turn out to be the best midshipman aboard and out-rank us all. When he emerged from the cabin we began to talk again.

"Is not the ballast of this ship stowed in an unusual place," he asked.

"Ballast," said I, "no, I believe not; I never

heard that our ballast is not in the usual place—under the tanks.”

“Why, sir,” said he, stopping short in our walk, and pointing with a dandy little cane, “why sir, are not all those white bags of sand, so snugly packed all around the top of the sides, intended for ballast?”

“No sir; they are purser’s slops stowed there to catch grape shot,” said I, and bolted.

It is not necessary to add that this exhibition of “greenness” was received with roars of laughter. No one imagined that the hammocks could be mistaken for sand-ballast. However, the new reef became a favorite, and finally died a lieutenant of high professional standing; but he was often asked, during the cruise, “I say, Bill, where do you carry your ballast?”

The bright brass rails around the hatches on the quarter-deck, the belaying-pins, (iron rods about an inch in diameter and two feet long, fixed firmly against the bulwarks) to which the “running rigging” or ropes which change the point of attachment are made fast, always attract the eye. You descend a ladder or flight of steps, made of white-ash, to the gun-deck. The first view of the battery, “the well-reefed guns,” of a well-kept ship inspires respect, because one begins almost unconsciously to estimate the destructive capabilities of the implements present and adopt a vague notion of the dormant power of the ship. A closer inspection reveals the priming wires in appropriate racks; rammers and tools for loading, bright cutlasses at hand, and tackling for each gun neatly folded over its breach. Near each piece is a square box of white-ash, filled with cannister and grape-shot; and a battle lantern is suspended between every two guns to illumine the deck when the fighting takes place at night. The invention of percussion-caps has caused the disappearance of the match-tubes and match-staves which always formed part of the accessories of a man-of-war’s battery fifteen years ago.

You walk forward and look at the “galley,” and wonder how so small a space can afford the means of cooking for so many men. It is the fashion to ascertain the perfect cleanness of the iron boilers, called “coppers,” in which the meats of the crew are boiled, by rubbing them inside with a piece of white paper; if it should be soiled, the cooks and scullions find their performances *encored*. This inspection of the “coppers,” in the days when these boilers were of copper, was included among the duties of medical officers; but in modern times it has been ascertained that no more science is required to inspect “the coppers” than to determine the condition of cleanness of either stewpan or tea-kettle, and therefore those culinary utensils have ceased to

be honored by peculiar medical attention and treatment. In those old quaint times in which Von Tromp won distinction on the seas, the cleanness of the pot was of more scientific importance than the nature and quality of the meats cooked in it; military legislators paid a queer compliment to medical science by requiring its votaries to inspect the coppers while they regarded food beneath their notice or judgment.

The cabin is on the after part of the gun-deck. Though comfortably fitted, you perhaps observe that the drawing room of the captain wears the livery of war; there are two guns in it.

We again descend to the berth-deck, which is below the level of the water on the outside of the ship. The large apartment extending beneath the Captain’s cabin, to the “sternmost” part of the ship, and into which the state-rooms or cabins of the commissioned officers open, is the ward-room. Next “forward” to it are two apartments, the private quarters of the midshipmen, called the starboard, and the port steerages. And now walking forward—stoop a little, or you will hit your head against the beams above—we find on the starboard hand the apartments of the “forward officers,” namely, the gunner, boatswain, carpenter and sail-maker; and next adjoining, the dispensary or miniature apothecary shop, in which each bottle has a peculiar rack to secure it against the effects of rolling and pitching of the ship when at sea. In a corresponding position on the port side, are the captain’s and the purser’s store-rooms. The remainder of the deck is an open space for the accommodation of the crew. Heavy chests, termed “mess-chests,” are ranged on either side; sometimes each is surmounted with a pyramid formed of a kid, (a small wooden tub,) and a wooden can, the apex being crowned with a bible. These bibles are generally preserved through the cruise “as good as new.” Sometimes they are covered with duck, and white-washed whenever the berth deck undergoes that cleansing process. A senior lieutenant was wont to say, “I like to see the mess-bibles displayed on the berth-deck; it gives the ship such a religious air in the eyes of visitors.” I remember a master’s mate who was very precise in the arrangements of the berth-deck. One day, just as he was finishing the preparation of the deck for the captain’s inspection, he addressed a cook, in an excited tone, “D—n your eyes; hav’nt I told you to show no more than one bible on each chest, and be sure that is a clean one.”

At the very bows is the store-room, filled with small arms, carpenter’s tools, reels of cordage, and indeed every thing that accident on deck might be conjectured to require. All these are arranged in the most convenient manner and with as much regard to taste as the nature of

the articles will permit. This room is in charge of a petty officer called a yeoman, whose duty is to issue the articles under orders of the proper officers and keep a record of the expenditure. Living always by candle-light, and rarely in the open air, stamps a peculiar paleness upon this official which distinguishes him from the rest of the crew.

The space next to each side of the ship, called the "wings," is occupied by a rack for the clothes-bags of the men. Each man has one; it serves all the purposes of trunk or bureau, and contains, besides his clothing, "a ditty bag," which is a small store of thread, tape, buttons, needles, &c., and is not a magazine of sea songs: every thoroughly accomplished sailor is always his own tailor and hatter, and not unfrequently his own shoemaker. The *dillitantie* of Broadway, or Chestnut street, are not more precise in their estimate of the cut and set of garments than true sons of the ocean.

The berth deck receives daylight through the hatches and bull's eye lenses about six inches broad, set in the covers of the air-pots. At sea, when the air-ports are necessarily closed, air is brought down the hatches through long canvas tubes about two feet in diameter, called "wind sails;" but they are not always efficient in ventilating either the berth deck, or hold.

Beneath the berth deck, commencing at the bows, are the paint-room, the sail-room, the boat-swain's store-room, the coal-hole, the fore-hold, the main-hold, in which provisions are stowed in barrels, and water in iron tanks, each containing from three to six hundred gallons. The chain lockers for the iron cables and shot lockers are in the main hold; next to it aft are the spirit-room, bread-rooms, a purser's store-room, powder magazine and light room, the last three being under the ward-room and only accessible from it. The light room contains the lamp which gives light to the magazine through a thick glass lens or bull's eye fixed in a partition between the two apartments.

Such is an epitome of the ship-world. It has the professions, law, medicine and divinity represented and some of the mechanic arts, but no part of it was ever contemplated for the accommodation of women and children.

March. On the application of their friends, the Secretary of the Navy consented that two missionaries for China, sent out by the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, should be passengers in the ship, provided her commander was willing and able to accommodate them on board. This permission was granted under an impression that only space for two individuals would be required; but including wives and children, the party mustered nine persons, without atten-

dants or servants. All were disappointed to ascertain that they could not be accommodated without altering the internal arrangements of the ship; it would be necessary to dismount two guns, and thus far deduct, for the time, from her military power. The Secretary assented even to this, with the concurrence of the commander, who manifested a cheerful willingness to oblige. The missionaries themselves found on examination of the premises that all parts of the vessel were so fully occupied, that it was impracticable to provide for so many passengers of their class without ejecting the officers of the ship from their proper quarters, and therefore abandoned the idea of embarking in her, though not without regret. Indeed, one of those gentlemen declared, that he was ready to forego the advantages of going to China in a public ship, rather than accept a passage in the Plymouth, if it were to be unpleasant to any officer on board, or if it were likely to form a precedent which might possibly embarrass the action of the Navy Department at some future day.

Simple as this event appears, it is worth a little consideration. My impressions are derived from conversations with the missionaries and their friends; I do not think, I have mistaken their views; I certainly have no wish to misrepresent them.

A passage in the Plymouth was not sought, because it would be free. Expense was not feared. But it was presumed that being fellow passengers in a vessel of war with the Hon. —, U. S. Commissioner to China, the missionaries would appear before the Chinese as individuals under the special protection of the government, and that their being so regarded would facilitate the path of their religious labors. Besides, a passage in a public armed ship being granted by the Navy Department, would impart to the Methodist missionaries a sort of pre-eminence over those of other Christian sects, and mark them as enjoying specially the favor of the government of the United States. It is only fair to conjecture that the gentlemen who entertained these views did not perceive that they are chargeable with a certain degree of moral obliquity. They did not perceive that to so contrive or arrange circumstances, true in themselves, as to convey false impressions to men, is inconsistent with Christian honesty and frankness. But I leave the moral to look at the political aspect of the subject.

Religious toleration is among the most admirable of our political institutions. Any act which tends to invade this principle, even in the remotest degree, deserves the serious attention of every American.

Our political Constitution provides that "no

religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States;" and that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In these clear declarations, is included the idea that no officer or branch of the federal government can, consistently with the spirit of the Constitution, do any act which, directly or indirectly, either favors or discourages the religious views of any sect whatever. As the national legislature, under the constitution, can make no law to establish or prohibit the observance of religious opinions or ceremonies, the Executive branch of the government cannot permit, without violating the spirit of the organic law, the followers of one or even of all sects, to make use of our national ships, or other national means, to aid them in the propagation of their respective religious creeds. If the Executive were to permit, or to enjoin upon, the commanders of our public ships to convey religious missionaries of the Methodist, or any other Christian sect, to the field of their labors, the permission or order would be not only without the sanction of law, but contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, which would be thus far set at defiance, by the assumption of a power forbidden to be exercised. As Congress can make no law respecting the establishment of religion, it follows that the Executive should do no act which is designed wholly, or in part, to assist in the establishment or propagation of religious tenets.

Until the constitution be altered in this respect, it will be safer for us all, and more patriotic in the members of every Christian sect, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, to refrain from asking anything from the government which can possibly be construed, to signify special protection or favor, for the sect which may obtain it. Let the principle of religious toleration be jealously guarded from invasion, by each, and by all sects: favors granted to one may be, perchance, at the expense of others, and ultimately become the means of establishing a religious creed for the government, and even a religious test for the officers of the government.

CHAPTER II.

Sail from Norfolk—Ship-of-the-line Columbus—Letter-bag of the pilot—Uncomfortable night—Sunday on board of a Man-of-war—Chaplains—Military men—Rotundity of the earth—Man-of-war auction—Lucky-bag—Taking of Tobasco—Life at sea—Ventilation of ships; its importance—Want of light—Water—Drilling

men to endure thirst—Naval ration—Advantages of commuting rations.

March 8th, 1848. All our preparations for sea have been completed. About three o'clock, P. M., the Plymouth was got underway; and a few minutes before sunset passed the ship-of-the-line Columbus, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Biddle, lying at anchor in Hampton Roads. This vessel had just returned from a voyage of circumnavigation after an absence of three years. The commodore's pendant was saluted with thirteen guns; and as we swept rapidly past, a few friendly words were interchanged. Almost immediately the crews of the two vessels ascended the shrouds and "cheered ship," thus mingling in a mighty shout a welcome, a farewell and a God-speed.

Very soon a change of wind required our ship to be anchored about a mile from the Columbus. In the evening, a party of us visited our friends on board of her, and congratulated them on the termination of an arduous cruise. It is the experienced only who can fully appreciate the joyousness of feeling, which glows in the heart on reaching home after a three years' absence, when all hopes and fears are satisfactorily ended.

That night thought and affection were active in our ship. There is some intelligence under tarpaulin hats, and kind feelings beneath blue jackets: what else could have filled a portly little letter bag, which the pilot carried ashore the next day? What if the superscriptions of some of the folded papers were in crabbed hands, straggling irregularly and almost illegibly down their backs; hearts whose owners exhibit greater knowledge of scholar-craft and calligraphy, could not beat more kindly than did those of the authors of these said cramped looking documents, while their stiff fingers hauled the pen instead of a capstan bar. If all contained in that little bag were revealed, no one would deny that deep affection sometimes wells up from the sturdy hearts of weather-beaten mariners.

March 9th. The pilot took leave of us about three o'clock, P. M. The setting sun left us far out of sight of land, steering to the eastward with a fair wind.

March 10th. Sea very rough, breeze fresh and fair, the motion of the ship very considerable, although easy. The neophytes are prostrate with sea-sickness; the decks are wet, and the vessel presents scenes of distress from stern to stern. The condition of the ship was more disagreeable at night. The rudder-coat, a piece of canvas which closes the space around the rudder where it passes through a hole in the stern, had been omitted. Whenever the bows were tossed upwards, the stern settled or squatted,

and lifted barrels of water through the rudder-hole into the ward-room, deluging every thing. Barrels, boxes, and bags of stores not yet secured in place, broke adrift and were flying from side to side, amid the swash of water, the crash of crockery and glass. Men were employed all night baling and swabbing and making things snug. To those who were sea-sick, the night seemed perilous, and was passed wretchedly no doubt. But the ship, obedient to direction, was flying before the wind, and plunging across the Gulf Stream towards the east.

The next day our condition was somewhat improved, but there was no change upon the surface of the ocean; the wind had not varied.

Sunday, March 12th. The weather has moderated; the sea is smoother. The sea-sick have stomachs more tolerant, and now begin to believe in the propriety of breakfast.

A Maryland negro servant, almost blanched from sea-sickness, was lounging over the breach of a gun, wearing the aspect of entire despondence. An old tar observed him, and thus expressed his commiseration—"It's no use, my boy; you should have staid at home; you could do better hoeing corn than going to sea: but you are in for't now, and must make the best on it; so take yourself off that gun, and get ready for prayers." There is some intelligence, as I said before, under tarpaulin hats.

A ship of war is a world within itself; and though it is very little, it claims to be, under our flag, a Christian world. Sunday is observed as a day of rest, as far as practicable, and all are cleanly dressed in token of its observance. Immediately after breakfast, if the weather is fine, men make their toilet, which is as much controlled at sea by the tyrant fashion as on shore; the cut of trowsers, set of the duck frock, the tie of the neckerchief, and neatness of the pump, are as much objects of fashionable consideration among sailors, as various parts of costume are among our city beaux and belles. Vanity of personal appearance is not much injured by exposure to sea air, though differently manifested. The toilet complete, the lieutenants assemble the companies, or "divisions," under their respective command for inspection; and about ten o'clock A. M., the crew is mustered on the quarter-deck, and those who may be absent, through illness, or special employment, are accounted for. When there is a chaplain on board, the Episcopal service is generally read and a sermon preached. On these occasions, the capstan, covered by a flag, becomes a desk or pulpit, and a shot-box serves to elevate the preacher above the level of his auditors. They stand around him when not accommodated with seats, and are, seemingly if

not really, profoundly attentive. Religious ceremonies on the deck of a man-of-war are quite imposing, partaking somewhat of the military tone or spirit which pervades the community. There is perhaps a stern precision in the formality of religious observance here, which does not find place in our churches. When the weather is moderate, there is something more than ordinarily impressive in the assemblage of officers and crew of an armed cruiser, standing uncovered on the quarter deck engaged in religious worship. The perfect stillness which prevails is made palpable by the gentle, rippling sounds caused by the motion of the ship through the water, or by the dashing of spray from the bows. There is rarely noise enough to distract attention from the object of the meeting. All the circumstances are favorable to the powers of eloquence in moving the heart. But unfortunately eloquence is rarely present to avail of the circumstances; naval chaplains are not generally distinguished as pulpit orators or profound theologians: their piety and zealous devotion to their duties are not to be questioned.

There was no clergyman attached to our ship. But the commander's clerk, a gentleman of exemplary piety, officiated and read the church service.

Here from amidst preparations for violence and deeds of blood; from amidst glittering bayonets, girded swords and sullen looking cannon, are heard exhortations to mildness, meekness, justice and mercy, and the command "Thou shalt do no murder." How striking is the contrast between the teachings of the Saviour and these unmistakeable preparations. Yet upon them we are taught, in military communities, to invoke God's blessing, and through it, to crown our arms with victory without regard to the cause of war. But the time has not yet come when the sword can be converted into a pruning hook; until the whole earth is obedient to Christian principles, no nation can safely dispense with military establishments. Even the ministers of the gospel included in military organizations are clothed in military badges and are imbued with military spirit.* They are members of commu-

* Navy Uniform Regulations :—" Chaplain's coat. To be of dark *blue* cloth, with rolling collar of black velvet; in other respects like the undress coats of the lieutenants."

" Chaplains shall wear a *black* coat, with black velvet collar, with the navy button now in use. (They need not, however, provide themselves with new coats, until those they now have are worn out.) While performing religious services on the Sabbath, or on other occasions, on board vessels of war, or at yards and shore stations, they shall wear the black silk gown usually worn by clergymen." January 20, 1844.

"The Regulation of the 20th January, 1844, prescri-

religions that shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States; and that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." In these clear declarations, is included the idea that no officers or branches of the federal government can, consistently with the spirit of the Constitution, do any act which, directly or indirectly, either favors or discourages the religious views of any sect whatever. As the national legislature, under the constitution, can make no law to establish or prohibit the observance of religious opinions or ceremonies, the Executive branch of the government cannot permit, without violating the spirit of the organic law, the followers of one or even of all sects, to make use of our national ships, or other national means, to aid them in the propagation of their respective religious creeds. If the Executive were to permit, or to enjoin upon, the commanders of our public ships to convey religious missionaries of the Methodist, or any other Christian sect, to the field of their labors, the permission or order would be not only without the sanction of law, but contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, which would be thus far set at defiance, by the assumption of a power forbidden to be exercised. As Congress can make no law respecting the establishment of religion, it follows that the Executive should do no act which is designed wholly, or in part, to assist in the establishment or propagation of religious tenets.

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CHAPTER II.

Sail from Norfolk—Ship-of-the-line Columbus—Letter-bag of the pilot—Uncomfortable night—Sunday on board of a Man-of-war—Chaplains—Military men—Rotundity of the earth—Man-of-war auction—Lucky-bag—Taking of Tobacco—Life at sea—Ventilation of ships; its importance—Want of light—Water—Drilling

men to endure thirst—Naval ration—Advantages of commencing rations.

March 8th, 1843. All our preparations for sea have been completed. At 1 P. M., the 1st of the line Commodore R. B. Meade, a voyage of three years, saluted with rapidly passing clouds.

Two vessels, "the ship," thus come, a far to be anchored in the evening on board the terminus experienced joyousness on reaching when all be

That night in our ship, peninsular hats, etc.: what a letter bag, day? With the folded, gling irregular backs; he knowledge not beat the thors of the while their of a capeti bag were affection hearts of

March 9 three o'clock out of sight with a fair

March 1 and fair, t ble, althou, with sea-vessel present. The agreeable canvas wonder where had been tossed up

nities which observe peculiar customs; and not to wear such habiliments as are common to their daily associates, would mark them as singularly as the clergyman in civil life who should depart entirely from the customs and costume of his fellow-citizens.

8 o'clock, P. M. The night is beautiful; the ocean is lighted by moon and stars. The motion of the vessel is easy, and the sea-sick are reviving and looking up with hope; but the wind has hauled against us, and to avoid the islands of Bermuda, distant sixty miles by our reckoning, we have tacked ship, and are now standing towards the north under easy sail. The unlucky fate of the U. S. ship *Boston* on the rocks or island of Eleuthera should be a warning to all navigators.

Monday, March 13th. A clear sky, a pleasant breeze and smooth sea. The carpenters are at work. A few of the officers are seated on the gun deck reading. There are several vessels in sight, but no one of them near enough to afford us data for conjecturing her destination. Among them we hope one may be the bearer of news from us to our friends. The scene brings up the memory of our school days and of our geographical studies, for we have before us a proof of the rotundity of the earth; the loftiest sails of the vessels around us are distinctly visible, but their hulls are sunk below our horizon.

The morning was enlivened by an auction at the gangway, which is always a source of amusement and interest to a majority on board. Man-of-war auctions are the means of disposing of the clothes, &c., of the dead men and deserters, and take place whenever they accumulate to a certain quantity. The contents of the "lucky bag" are also exposed upon these occasions. Stray jackets, hats, and articles of any description, left about the decks or in forbidden corners, are picked up and absorbed by the "lucky bag," which is in immediate charge of the master-at-arms. When articles find their entrance to this public receptacle, they cannot be recovered until the day of general exposition; therefore the lucky-bag is a terror to the heedless, and thus becomes one of the instruments for promoting neatness about a ship's lower decks. When the lucky-bag is opened, the attention of all who

bing a uniform for chaplains in the Navy, is so modified, that, in performing divine service, the chaplain may, in his discretion, wear a black gown, a plain black coat, or the uniform coat prescribed by that regulation." April 23, 1844.

"All commissioned officers in the Navy may wear a double-breasted blue frock coat with rolling collar, nine buttons on each side, and the usual number of buttons on the cuffs and folds and shoulder straps, according to their respective grades."

Some chaplains avail themselves of this permission.

have lost any thing during the preceding few weeks is strongly attracted; and if the owner claims his property, when held up to view by the master-at-arms, he is sure to be greeted by shouts and jests from the bystanders. Those who cannot bear a joke, sometimes bid for their own goods rather than submit to it.

These auctions differ from the same institution on shore, although they may be adduced as proof that a man-of-war is a community within itself. On shore an auction is the goal or forlorn hope of the unsuccessful and unfortunate in trade, who give their property to the highest bidder, to raise money at short notice. People are attracted to them for the sake of gain, to procure property at a rate below its current value. An auction is an evidence of civilization and a populous neighborhood. But on ship-board an auction is instituted to relieve the pursuer from the care of dead men's and deserter's clothes, which are thus converted into cash, or what is the same thing here, into accounts.

In the evening we sat long round the tea-table. The naval operations against Mexico furnished a theme of conversation. One of our mess was at the taking of Tobacco; and he related his adventures and observations. Substantially his story was as follows:

"The weather was oppressively hot. I landed with the party through the surf, armed with a cutlass, a brace of pistols, a rifle, three days' provisions and a bottle of cold coffee. A man's ability to fight depends on the strength of his stomach, and if that is empty he makes a poor show. I have no opinion of grog on these occasions; those fared the worst who had the most of it in their canteens. Give me water or coffee.

"After marching about two miles over a rough road under a hot sun, pretty well loaded with arms and provisions, I was ordered back to hunt for ammunition, which, it was supposed, our own troops had thrown into the bushes to lighten the march. I returned to the bivouac without obtaining any thing. Water was in great demand. My bottle of coffee did me good service; and to make it hold out, I filled it from time to time with muddy water. The army again took up the line of march under an order to shoot the first man who should leave the ranks. But on coming in sight of a stream, eleven hundred men broke and plunged into it like mad; nature set discipline at defiance, and who could find it in his heart to shoot men because they were thirsty on piping hot tramp? Some twenty or thirty, overcome by heat and fatigue, sank down by the road side and gave up. It was fun to see the difficulty the doctors had to turn these poor fellows face up. Each soldier had a musket strapped over his back, and when he gave up

from exhaustion, he laid down on his face, and the musket prevented him from turning over.

"On approaching Tobasco, firing was heard from our vessels in the river. Its sudden cessation announced to the invading land force that she place was taken. In order to keep as cool as possible, I landed in a pair of linen drawers and a linen coat, which had not improved in appearance by the dirt and rips and tears acquired on the road; you may imagine I did not feel perfectly satisfied with my toilet on marching into the town now occupied almost exclusively by women; the men had run away and left them to their fate. It began to rain hard. To get under cover we fired a six pound shot into the door of the palace and entered it. This was a signal for a general rush, and the doors of all the houses on the square were broken in.

"In our first attack on this place I was in the maintop of the brig. The Tobasco is a deep, tranquil stream, winding between high banks, and as the vessels ascended, we expected to be fired upon at every turn of the river. From my position in the top I overlooked the whole country, which seemed to be deserted; not a Mexican could I see far or near. But as the fleet was turning an angle of the stream, two shots were fired from the shore. One of them took effect on a seaman's ankle, and the other closely grazed the life of a midshipman, the ball carrying a bunch of oakum before it into his pantaloons. He refused to unbutton his breeches, because he believed the shot had given escape to his intestines, and he did not wish to spill them. But in fact he was more frightened than hurt. Instantaneously on the report of the Mexican guns, we opened our fire in all directions. The shot flew so thickly about the brig's top, that I thought they surely came from the hands of the enemy; I hope never to have shot flying about my ears in that manner again. However, when the smoke cleared off a little, I discovered that all the firing was on our side, and the country was as clear of Mexicans as ever. In one of the boats there was a piece of artillery. The officer in command of it, fearing it might not do sufficient execution, added to the previous round shot and stand of grape, a bag of a hundred musket balls. It was fired with tremendous results, for it drove the gun through the bottom of the craft, and set the crew to swimming and scrambling to get into the nearest boats.

"After the place was taken, there was something done on a small scale in the way of plunder. As the expedition descended the river, parties frequently landed and brought off poultry, bullocks, &c., which they seized upon wherever found. Our caterer was particularly successful

in catching turkeys, and furnished the mess with an abundant supply.

"I thought it all fine fun, and often regretted we had not had a fair opportunity for a fight. But, nevertheless, on reaching home, I found myself a hero in the newspapers; of course I never insinuate that I have not killed many a Mexican fighting hand to hand."

The Mexican war afforded the Navy no opportunity for brilliant achievement; but it rendered important services, which were irksome and fatiguing, and of a kind to tire the patience and break down men, to a greater extent than fierce engagements on the sea. The Navy, however, gathered few laurels in this war; but if all those won in past years have somewhat faded from our memories, a gentle touch by a truly artistic hand could make them as fresh and green as ever.

March 14th. At noon the latitude was $34^{\circ} 25'$ north, and the longitude $61^{\circ} 28'$ west. Last evening at nine o'clock the breeze was pleasant, a light scud from the southward hung upon the horizon. The barometer stood at 30.43 inches. This morning at nine o'clock, (twelve hours later,) the barometer had fallen to 29.40 inches. From that hour the wind gradually increased and the sea rose, so that at two o'clock P. M., the sails of the ship were reduced to close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. Although easy, the motions of the ship were extensive. The gale continued during the afternoon and evening, varied by heavy gusts of wind and torrents of rain. By six o'clock P. M., the barometer had risen to 30. inches and the wind had hauled to the southward and westward. All parts of the ship were flooded; in the ward-room a watch was kept to bale-up the water which entered through the rudder coat.

Laudsmen who have never been afloat do not appreciate the privations and discomforts of life at sea, either in men-of-war or merchantmen. They cannot acquire an adequate notion of the exposure, risk, and labor of reefing a heavy topsail, of a dark night in the midst of a pelting storm of wind and rain. In cold regions where the sails and ropes are rigid from ice and sleet, men are not unfrequently more than an hour hanging over the yard, and toiling to get a single sail properly reefed. Any contrivance which will enable men to reef sails without going aloft, will add greatly to their comfort and remove one of the risks of life at sea.*

Vessels of war are so constructed that officers, (except while on watch,) live almost entirely by

* Mr. H. D. P. Cunningham, R. N., has patented a plan of reefing a ship's sails from the deck; the apparatus is said to be of moderate cost, and to perform the work very rapidly and satisfactorily. April, 1851.

candle-light, in an atmosphere contaminated by exhalations from the hold, the spirit-room, and the various kinds of food included under the term "provisions and stores." Every thing is damp. The decks are almost constantly wet, and every thing is in motion. In rainy weather, when the hatches are closed, wind-sails cannot be used for ventilating the interior of the vessel. There is no change or renewal of the air. The atmosphere, from the respiration of many persons below, and the combustion of lamps and candles, loses so much of its oxygen, that lights burn dimly after a short time. In warm climates especially, exhalations from human bodies contaminate the vapor which is diffused through the sleeping-berths of the ship. The idea of it alone is disgusting. But the disgust and discomfort are really trifling compared to the positive injury ships suffer in health and efficiency from this cause. Few of us on shore are aware that it is a luxurious blessing to dine in day light, surrounded by a pure atmosphere: still fewer of us estimate the effects of habitually breathing a scanty or deteriorated air. Men generally do not even suspect that health, and the duration of life, are influenced by the quality and quantity of material supplied for respiration.

Like all other animals, birds, beasts, and fishes, as well as plants and every organic being in the universe, we depend for existence on the air; to its influence over animals all nourishment is secondary. There can be no life without it. The warmth of our bodies, the activity of our senses, our ability to receive and communicate knowledge, depend upon supplies of air adequate in quantity to supply the consumption involved in the maintenance of healthy vital action. Air once breathed is not fit to be breathed again; in the process of respiration it is changed, consumed; its residuum, after passing through the lungs, is no more suited to be used again in the maintenance of life, than are the ashes and cinders of a furnace for maintaining the action of a steam engine.

There is no one thing of the whole creation that does not excite the astonishment of man by the wisdom and simplicity of its adaptation to the purposes for which it was created. Among all created things there is nothing more worthy of study and admiration than the atmospheric air in its relations both to organized beings and inorganic brute matter. The laws which have been laid down for its government, in its motions, as the gentle zephyr or all-destroying typhoon, in its sources of supply to compensate for deterioration through the respiration of animals of the land and sea, and of plants, are not yet understood. But we know that without air the human voice would be hushed; there would be no sound,

no harmony, no music: flowers would cease to impart their fragrance, and odours would be exhaled no longer to annoy or to warn us. Take away the air and all organic functions must cease; both the animal and vegetable worlds would be blotted out, our fires would be extinguished and even the process of decay would be arrested, for putrefaction and decomposition in animal and vegetable substances cannot go on *in vacuo*—that is, without the presence of atmospheric air or one of its constituents, called oxygen. Nevertheless, in men-of-war this precious air, free and pure as it is on the bosom of the ocean, comes to us often limited in quantity or impure in quality, and freighted with "villainous smells." The means of thoroughly ventilating ships, under all circumstances, has not been ascertained; its importance to health, and economy, and comfort, has not been fully estimated by naval architects.

"Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things."

It was found by measurement that the birth-deck or sleeping apartment of the crew of this ship can contain at one time 12,154 cubic feet of atmosphere, which supply is for the breathing of about a hundred sleepers, and to maintain the combustion of the galley fire and several lamps which are necessarily burned constantly. It is estimated that every man consumes ten cubic feet of atmospheric air per minute; and 350 cubic feet of atmosphere, ten of which should be changed or renewed every minute, are necessary for healthy existence. On this basis it will be perceived that this berth deck affords atmosphere for about thirty persons, provided that it can be changed at the rate of at least 300 cubic feet per minute. These data are sufficient to show how much the subject of ventilation has been overlooked by naval architects, whose attention is directed chiefly to providing space for storing provisions, &c., in combination with fleetness. The quantity of respirable air a ship should carry has not entered into the calculation, although it is an essential element of health, and therefore of efficiency. I hope this note may be a means of directing attention to the subject.

* Armstrong. The Art of Preserving Health.

Among the privations to which officers are subject on board men-of-war is want of light. A lamp swings constantly over the mess-table, and it is rare that candles can be dispensed with in the cabins or state-rooms either day or night. It is not agreeable to be obliged to resort to artificial illumination whenever one reads, writes, dresses or eats, during three years.

Next to air and light, water may be regarded among the articles of essential interest. Water cannot be always as good in quality and abundant in quantity, as is often desired on board ships. But in the past thirty years so much improvement has taken place in the internal accommodations or arrangements of our ships, that there is very much less suffering from want of water than in former times, when wooden casks only were used to contain it. Now we have iron tanks fashioned to fit the shape of the vessel's hold, so that a larger quantity can be carried. If water is quite pure when obtained, it keeps well; but sometimes the tanks become foul by deposits from muddy water, and sometimes too, the laquer or glaze spread upon their internal surface to protect it from oxidation, is destroyed by the action of sea-water, which is occasionally pumped into them for the sake of preserving the trim of the ship. This should never be done without urgent reasons; it may be necessary in gales to preserve the ship, or to increase her speed in chasing or running from an enemy.

Pure, tasteless water cannot always be procured. As a general rule, fresh rivers furnish the best water for keeping on board ship. After depositing the mud and matters of fermentation, or putrefaction, which result from the animal and vegetable substances commonly mingled in it, river water becomes colorless and free from taste and odour. It does not generally contain much lime or other mineral substances in solution. But this is not always the case. Water from some rivers put into casks assumes the hue and consistence of a strong infusion of flax seed, becomes "fopy," and so offensive in odour, that it is necessary to hold the nose to enable one to swallow it. Water obtained from springs near the sea shore undergoes a similar change. The water of the Canton river is supposed to induce nephritic complaints; the Chinese prefer not to use it except in form of tea. To correct the taste and odour of water on board ship, charcoal or alum, in small quantity, is sometimes thrown into it. The latter article is almost in universal use about Canton to correct the bad qualities of the river water. Drinking water taken up from along side vessels at anchor in fresh water rivers within the tropics, is considered a prolific cause

of fatal diseases of the bowels.* The influence of water on health is acknowledged by almost every traveller.

The propriety of using good water at discretion is never questioned on land, except in certain desert, dry regions. Prolonged thirst becomes agony. A scant supply of water for a considerable period exercises a prejudicial influence on health; it is reckoned among the powerfully predisposing causes of scurvy among seamen. Nevertheless, it is asserted, there are gallant captains and commanders who seriously believe that drinking water beyond a very small measure is an idle habit which sailors should be taught to avoid. They urge that men on board ship can be disciplined to endure thirst, by restricting them always to a very small quantity of water. As a general rule, the estimated measure for each man on board, is one gallon daily for all purposes, to which fresh or sweet water is applied, (except those of the laundry,) and it is usually found to be sufficient at sea as an average allowance. It is not enough when the temperature ranges above 80° F., or unusual labor and exercise induce free perspiration. Animal fluids lost through the skin, must be replaced by supply through the medium of the stomach. Yet there is one captain who acts on the opinion that a half gallon is always enough. Even while lying in the port of Havana he restricted the daily allowance to that quantity for each officer and man; he ordered positively that no more should be brought on board, or furnished at private expense. Under his command water was sold and cheerfully bought at fifty cents the bottle. He argued that men must be drilled to privations, or they would never learn to bear them. It is only justice to add, he did not except himself from the rule, or allot to himself a larger quantity of water than to any other person; but he preferred as a common beverage the light wines of France and Germany. Carrying his absurd theory into practice has caused both

* "In ordinary times, it is known that troops who have drank water polluted with animal or vegetable matter in a state of decomposition are peculiarly subjected to dysentery."—*Report by the Board of Health on the supply of water to the Metropolis. London, 1850.*

"The first fatal case of Cholera that I met with was that of a master of a vessel at Gravesend. He was a fine man, in the prime of life, and in perfect health when he left London. He was going to the Baltic; he drank rather freely overnight parting with his owners and others, and he got up in the morning and drank heartily from one of the water-casks, which had just been filled with Thames' water; he was soon after attacked with purging and vomiting. I went down post and found him just dead. I asked particulars, and I found that the death was so sudden, that it almost appeared as if he had taken poison in the water."—*Testimony of Surgeon Challice. Idem.*

officers and men to execrate him. It should not be doubted that rational beings will submit to privations, when they understand the necessity or cause which imposes them, while unusual restrictions, the object of which is not clearly perceived, might provoke the same persons to murmur, if not to actual mutiny. There is a moral in that passage of the facetious Joe Miller's works which relates the history of a horse whose life was sacrificed in acquiring, for his master's interests, the economical habit of eating no more than a single straw as his entire food for the day.

In the year 1800, the French government despatched an expedition to examine the southern regions of the Indian Seas, under the command of Captain Nicholas Baudin, who appears to have been an ignorant, self-sufficient martinet.

Mr. George Ord, in his Memoir of Charles Alexander Lesueur, one of the naturalists of the expedition, says,—“There was one part of Captain Baudin's deportment which is inexplicable, and that was his total disregard of those sanitary instructions which had been prepared for him by order of the French government, especially in reference to means of preventing that dreadful disease, the scurvy. The conduct of Captain Flinders on this head, affords a striking contrast. Both were engaged in similar explorations in the same seas; both put into Port Jackson for supplies the same season; the crew of one reduced to the extremity of misery by sickness and want, that of the other in such a state of health—every man doing duty upon deck—that their vigor was the subject of general observation.” “There was not a single individual on board who was not upon deck working ship into the harbor; and it may be averred that the officers and crew were, generally speaking, in better health than on the day we sailed from Spithead, and not in less good spirits.”*

In this connection the following observations, in Surgeon White's Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales, are worthy of attention: they are quoted here from Mr. Ord's excellent Memoir of Lesueur.

“Were it by any means possible, people subject to long voyages should never be put on a short allowance of water; for I am satisfied a liberal use of it, (where freed from the foul air, and made sweet by a machine now in use on board of his majesty's navy,) will tend to prevent a scorbutic habit, as much, if not more, than any thing we are acquainted with. My own experience in the navy has convinced me, that when scorbutic patients are restrained in the use of water, (which I believe is never the case but through absolute necessity,) and they have nothing to live on but the ship's provision, all

the antiseptics and anti-scorbutics we know of will avail very little in a disease so much to be guarded against, and dreaded by seamen. In one of his Majesty's ships, I was liberally supplied with that powerful anti-scorbutic, essence of malt; we had also, sour-kroot; and besides these, every remedy that could be compressed in the small compass of a medicine-chest; yet, when necessity forced us to a short allowance of water, although, aware of the consequences, I freely administered the essence, &c., as a preservative, the scurvy made its appearance with such hasty and rapid strides, that all attempts to check it proved fruitless, until good fortune threw a ship in our way, who spared us a sufficient quantity of water to serve the sick with as much as they could use, and to increase the ship's allowance to the seamen. This fortunate and very seasonable supply, added to the free use of the essence of malt, &c., which I had before strictly adhered to, made in a few days so sudden a change for the better in the poor fellows, who had been covered with ulcers and livid blotches, that every person on board was surprised at it; and in a fortnight after, when we put into port, there was not a man in the ship, though, at the time we received the water, the gums of some of them were formed into such a fungus as nearly to overlap the teeth, but what had every appearance of health.”*

The notion that it is necessary to drill men to suffer is not confined to exercising them on a short allowance of water. Some few commanders, in cultivation of the martyr-spirit, prohibit live stock, fresh vegetables or meats on board, even for the officers' messes, on the pretence that those articles interfere with the perfect tidiness of the ship. The health of officers and men is sometimes risked, and their comfort sacrificed for superfluous polish of wood and iron in sight on deck. Cleanliness is essential, and should extend to the darkest and least frequented parts of the vessel; but when one is deprived of dinner, to avoid soiling the plates, the virtue of cleanliness runs to excess, and thus becomes converted into a vice.

Suffering unnecessarily from thirst and for the want of fresh vegetable and animal food afloat cannot be advantageous to the government's interests. Those ships in which water is given at discretion, and live stock, fresh vegetables and fruit are permitted, are usually more efficient than those in which all are drilled to privations. At any rate the crews are happier, and commanders and officers are regarded with more affection and respect. A captain cannot advance his own interests, nor benefit the general government by depriving men under his command of

* A Voyage to Terra Australia, vol. 1, p. 226.

* White's Journal, p. 34. London, 1790, 4to.

such reasonable comforts, and even luxuries, as they may procure at their own cost.

The naval ration is established by law, and its composition prescribed in detail. It constitutes a part of the sailor's compensation; and, according to the spirit of the law, he is entitled to all its parts, for the law provides that when necessity compels a commander to withhold any part of it, the sailor shall be paid for such part at an established rate.* It sometimes happens on foreign stations that all the articles which constitute the legal ration cannot be procured. In such cases the law provides that one article may be substituted for the other in quantities regulated by the established scale of prices. Under this law the spirit part of the ration may be commuted for money. Officers always commute the entire ration at twenty cents. It has been ascertained that ten rations, economically used, furnish enough food for twelve men. On this account it is a common practice for a mess of twelve or fifteen to commute two rations and receive money for them at the end of the month. In this way a mess may obtain a revenue of twelve dollars monthly to be expended for such articles, as fruit, fresh vegetables, &c., when in port, as are not included in the ration. This practice is advantageous both to the men and the government.

Most persons find a uniform diet, continued for any considerable period, very irksome; and, in time, that change becomes absolutely necessary for the preservation of appetite and health. It is easy to imagine then that a supply of green vegetables and fresh fruits is extremely grateful to seamen who have fed for six or eight weeks at sea chiefly on salted meats. The luxury of such change in diet is somewhat enhanced by a free discretion in its selection, which results from the practice of commuting rations. It needs no argument to show that, under judicious regulation,

a mess may obtain many comforts and even luxuries from the proceeds of commuted rations with advantage to health and cheerfulness.

Superiority among ships of war, which are equal in all other respects, belongs to that one whose capacity for carrying provisions is greatest. This quality enables her to keep at sea, which is particularly necessary when employed in blockade, or when lying in wait for the enemy. Vessels of small capacity might be forced to abandon their position for want of provisions and water, perhaps at the very moment when their continued presence was most important to success; or, if the stay should be prolonged through a very much reduced allowance, the crews would become enfeebled, sickly and disabled, and become an easy conquest of the less skilful but better fed seamen of the enemy. It must not be overlooked that battles are won by intelligence, muscular strength and endurance, and these qualities can be preserved in the highest possible condition only by a perfect digestion of an ample supply of proper food. The steam engine works with a force, all things being equal, proportioned to the capacity of the furnace to consume fuel; and so the power of mind and body depends upon the capacity of the stomach to digest. Food is the fuel which keeps the human machine in operation, and, under equal circumstances, he is the best soldier who has the strongest powers of digestion and nutrition. Hence the success of an army depends as much upon the state of the commissariat as upon the condition of the powder magazine and ordnance.*

When the supply of provisions and water is exhausted on board ship it must be replenished. The vessel must go into some foreign port or return home to be filled up. To avoid the latter alternative, store-ships are employed, and depôts are established on foreign stations from which our vessels procure whatever they require. The expenses of these store-vessels, or freight, and of agencies, store-house rent, losses by leakage, breakage and decay are additional to the cost of provisions at home. It may be safely estimated that rations furnished on foreign stations, whether purchased in the foreign market or transported thither, cost the treasury on an average of from twenty to twenty-five per cent more than in the United States.

A ship with a crew of 200 men requires 12,000 rations to keep the sea during sixty days, when a ration is issued for each man; but if two rations be commuted in every mess of twelve men the same quantity of provisions will enable her to remain out of port 71 days. Practically the commutation of rations increases the capacity of

* An act to establish and regulate the navy ration, Approved August 29, 1842, provides "That the navy ration shall consist of the following daily allowance of provisions for each person: One pound of salted pork, with a half pint of peas or beans; or one pound of salted beef, with a half pound of flour, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, dried apples or other fruits; or one pound of salted beef, with a half pound of rice, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of cheese, together with fourteen ounces of biscuit, one quarter of an ounce of tea, or one ounce of coffee, or one ounce of cocoa; two ounces of sugar and one gill of spirits; and of a weekly allowance of half a pound of pickles or cranberries, half a pint of molasses and a half pint of vinegar.

"Fresh meats may be substituted for salt beef or pork, and vegetables or sour crout for the other articles usually issued with the salted meats, allowing one and a quarter pounds of fresh meat for one pound of salted beef or pork, and regulating the quantity of vegetables or sour crout, so as to equal the value of those articles for which they may be substituted."

* *La Destinée des nations depend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent.*—*Brillat.*

the vessel to carry provisions, and consequently diminishes the quantity, required to be placed in depôt abroad, about fifteen per cent. It is doubtful whether the weight of the ration could be reduced without inconvenience, because in the small messes of four or five it would not satisfy the demand. For the reasons alluded to, it seems judicious to preserve the ration, and to encourage commutation.

WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Slowly downward, with the midnight laden,
Rolls the river underneath the stars;
Through the rift the moon looks, like a maiden,
Timid, glancing through her lattice bars.

High on yonder shore a taper beaming
From a lofty casement, through the night,
With a bright and steady radiance gleaming,
Like a guiding beacon, pours its light.

"Ferry! Ho!" a voice impatient crieth
Far across the water's sluggish sweep—
"Ay!" the drowsy ferryman replieth,
Muttering, turning slow again to sleep.

And again the voice impetuous ringing,
"Ferry!" through the darkness pealeth out;
While the bell beside the margin swinging,
Clanging, mingles with the lonely shout.

Through the darkness now the heavens veiling,
All night long the love-lit beacon gleams;
All night long the bell tolls on unfailing,
While the boatman mutters "Ay!" and dreams—

Dreams, unmindful, while the night declineth,
How each laggard hour slow departs—
How a fair bride for her true love pineth,
While the river flows between their hearts.

Oh, ye years! roll down beneath your sorrow!
Though, the while, the sluggard Present sleep,
Love and trust, still waiting for the morrow,
Hopeful through the gloom their vigil keep.

SHADOWS OF THE MOUNTAIN-PINE.

THE BLUE RIDGE.

Sunnyslope, 10 Dec., 1851.

In the short sketch which recently appeared in your pages, styled "Shadows of the Pine Forest," it was my endeavor to catch and localize some of the fleeting impressions which the low-country of Virginia furnished to an eye wearied for the moment of town-monotony. To-day it is my purpose to throw upon paper some "glimpses" of another region different in nearly all things from the lowland: in its landscape-scenery, modes of life and channels of thought. Yet if in attempting to delineate the lowland scenery, "vain (as the song says,) was my weak endeavor," how shall I succeed in conveying to you any idea, however inadequate, of the silent beauty, the variegated and many-sided picturesqueness, the calm grandeur, of the mountains?

The eye travels from peak to peak, from outline to outline in the long range, and knows not which to fix upon; swimming as are all in the rosy vapor of evening, or veiled with those fine river-mists which the flush of morning turns into golden dust, soon to be blown upon and scattered by the fresh, strong breeze, across the valleys, and over the blue mountain line which rims the horizon. The blue line! This is all that language can do for the most calmly beautiful sight in nature;—yet to an imaginative mind, that azure sea, surging its blue billows against the crimson of sunset, or shattering into foam with its petrified curves the clouds which hang above it, is not a *blue line* merely. Rather a framework for every caprice of the wandering fancy—every revery which, abandoning the present, dives into the future—every day-dream which one, under the influence of winds, and rustling leaves, and floating clouds, suffers to beguile his existence of its shadows, or frame for him a purer and brighter world. Is it not even itself a dream!—of doubtful reality, wavering in the mist, not truly of earth, certain to vanish upon a nearer approach!

Nearer, the mountains are more real and life-like: as those great men which loom up through the mists of a far-stretching antiquity, in such grand proportion to modern eyes, were to their cotemporaries much less above the ordinary stature of humanity. Looking up from the valley, at the mountain's base, you discern the features of this grand countenance, so to speak, more plainly; its shaggy beard of pines, its mouth a gloomy cavern, its brow of rugged granite, around which the shrubs and the mists blend together and waver like the locks of a horseman who, at

full speed, breasts the wind. Often the rounded summit is cleared, and farm-houses have boldly perched themselves there like eagles' nests; looking down from their proud elevation on river and meadow and hill, over which all day long the cloud-shadows chase each other—a herd of frightened deer flying before a giant huntsman with hounds unleashed. The broad farms scarcely show as large as gardens, and the tall pines which bound the "clearings," are like stunted shrubbery, wherever they clothe the outline against the sky.

Often again the whole mountain from base to summit is clothed in a dense verdure of pines, oaks, dogwood, and that beautiful flower-tree, the tulip, which scatters blossoms upon every wind that plays with its scented bloom. The dogwood at present has shed its leaves wholly, but its red, clustering, oblong berries burn upon its boughs; the oaks retain but a few dry leaves, which mournfully rustle in the wind; the pines—differing from the lowland tree, which shoots up a clear shaft, on the summit of which the broad plane is flattened like a column of smoke struck by a falling breeze—stretch out continuous boughs toward the South, that is, away from the driving snow and the threatening north wind, towards the warmth and sunshine of the lower lands.

The uplands would seem to be the only region in which the over-imaginative could find pleasure. The mountain-top is isolation from the world in a great degree; as far as in a thickly-peopled region it can exist—deep solitude. But it is solitude with the grandest of companions. There one is alone with nature—nature in all her moods of sunshine and storm, light and shadow, beauty and grandeur. Far below, the rich lands smiling with golden crops, over which the shadows run like waves, stretch on before you; from green forests appear at intervals the white-walled homes of happy families, from which rise delicate smoke-wreaths clear against the foliage; and beautiful streams sparkle like the scales of a silvery serpent, or roll their molten gold in the flood of sunset. Give but the rein to your imagination, and you have before you in one grand scene the theatre of innumerable tragedies and comedies. Yonder an Indian tribe—the Delawares, the Senecos, or the Tuscaroras—had their "hunting grounds;" that spot on the river's bank was the scene of a desperate conflict with the "Long Knife," which old men still tell of while they show upon their breasts the scars of the encounter; all those old mansions rising so calmly from their wooded knolls, could their walls speak, might relate some history in which you would find food for wonder, for laughter or for tears.

One circumstance, more than all others, gives to our mountains a deep interest. They were

long the refuge of a race of men, whose annals afford more of the raw material for speculation, than any other in existence—the Indian race. Hunted by their bitter enemies from the Tidewater; from the Piedmont; finally from the Valley itself, they long had their abodes upon these rugged summits, among these old dense forests. The bear, deer, and elk, equally exiles with themselves, followed them; and now we have everywhere the traces of Indian towns and burial-places, in the valleys and on the mountain sides. These old crumbling memorials of an extinct people are inevitable provocatives to thought. They are the voice of the past speaking to the present; and it is out of our power to close our ears.

—Standing on the mountain, you may read the never-flagging chronicle of that old past, with the localities whereon were enacted those wild dramas before you, at your feet, there in the lowlands. The brief chronicle alone remains. The dramas with the actors have gone into the bosom of eternity.

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LOOKING ON THE VALLEY: THE HOME OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

Sunnyslope, 12 Dec.

From the mountain-spur where I write you these disconnected sentences, a noble landscape presents itself to the eye, mingling in equal portions the beauty of the lowland and the grandeur of the mountain-land. To the right is the Great Valley, that fine and fertile region which has been called the garden of Virginia, as Touraine is the garden of France; which stretches its fair fields from the old ever-murmuring Potomac to the far south; whose rivers and mid-valley mountains and ancient towns glow in the light of historical memories, and traditions which yet linger for the patiently-inquiring tourist. On the left runs the Blue Ridge, gradually melting into the azure sky; at its base the Shenandoah, mirroring the boughs of overhanging trees, complains forever.

Do you recall that passage in the third volume of Messire Jehan Froissart's Chronicles, wherein he describes his journey from Carcassone to Ortaise with the worthy knight Sir Espaign de Lion, the pleasant gossip of the travellers, the encounter of the Pass of Larre, and the knight's pointing out to Froissart, the towers, the rivers, and the innumerable castles of brave chevaliers below them, while journeying on to Tarbes? Well, had we a Virginia Froissart, (which, alas! we have not,) here would be the road which he should follow, the spot where he should pause to gaze upon the landscape! For from this hill no

less than a dozen residences rise distinctly to the eye, and the Shenandoah lies below like a steel mirror, and the little town of Millwood peers up from its oak-trees and elms. There our hypothetical Virginian chronicler might have "inscribed in his fair chronicle" at least two names of spots in the landscape; Millwood, (whose "historical event" I shall endeavor to record,) and Saratoga, the former residence of that thunderbolt in war, General Daniel Morgan.

Morgan was the type of a large class of men in those days of iron, the days of the Revolution; a class namely who scarcely knew whence they came, knew not at all whither they were going. Born, if wandering report say true, in New Jersey, he early found himself, how or why nobody has ever informed us, in Virginia, where his occupation was that of a wagoner or some other equally humble employment. First we hear of him dealing hearty blows upon the savages who attacked Edwards' Fort on the Caca-phon, whither he had wandered on a hunting or other excursion; then he is memorable for receiving from a British officer, in Braddock's expedition, a most unmerciful lashing, which he related with amusing comments throughout his life; then, after long silence and deep obscurity as to his where-or-whatabouts, comes the rumor of the Cowpens, and the tale of a rude soldier kneeling in prayer behind a fallen tree, from which he issued to drive the enemy before him like chaff.

After storm the sunshine; and Morgan, with compulsory labor from his Hessian prisoners, builds himself, near Millwood, a local habitation, to which he proudly gives the name of "Saratoga." Here he lives long, but not quietly—rather most unquietly, since the fame of his desperate encounters lives to this day in the name of Battletown, which rightly is Berryville. Then sent to Congress he does the State some service;—then again returns to his homestead.

In 1781 he again appears upon the public arena. The British arms seem triumphant in Virginia; English troops are about to scour the Great Valley; and many malcontents on Lost River and elsewhere in that mountain region determine to rise, and do really rise, to march and join the enemy. Winchester, which has ever been the heart of the West, feeling every-attack upon the extremities, sending thither and pouring out her life blood—is immediately in commotion. Patriotic youths quickly form themselves into a company, and their ranks are further swollen by these veterans who had already shed their blood upon northern and southern battle fields. But one difficulty suggests itself: who is to command the raid upon these Tories of Lost River? And then, as at all times the same thing happens

public acclamation selects a name not unknown, rather known above all others for great military capacity—the name of Daniel Morgan, who is on his "Saratoga" estate near Millwood.

How Morgan consented readily to take the command—how he fell upon the enemy like a thunderbolt—how Brake's party was suppressed and the German's fat larder confiscated to support the patriotic troops—how Claypole, the Scotchman, was arrested and carried off prisoner with that other ringleader, Mace, and the whole "rising" turned at once into an ignominious cloudy "setting;" all this is related in Kercheval's "History of the Valley," with those amusing and entertaining details which gives so much interest to the chronicle. After this Morgan retires again into private life, and we see him no more, until stretched on his death-bed in Winchester, he utters those strange, religious revelations, of the spirit in which he accomplished his wild successes.

—And now, standing upon this lofty hill, I discern, with a little difficulty, through the thick wood, the spot where this singular man sojourned for so long a period in the latter days of his pilgrimage through life. An old house built of stone, which you approach by a rough road winding through rolling fields, and across a tinkling rivulet. Entering the mansion, you have on the left a small apartment which still shows traces of the far past; on the right hand a long spacious banquetting hall, which, without much effort, the imagination peoples with wild and noisy revelers. Their shouts have died away forever, and the walls, like the graves in which the gay company crumble and moulder away, can tell us nothing of those rugged natures, born and reared in storm, scarcely beholding the sunshine of peace upon the sky which darkened before their dying eyes. Like their host they are gone; but though the actors have fled, the stage remains, and the future historian of the region will not pass by this old revolutionary edifice without repeating to himself, "Here lived General Morgan!"

MILLWOODIANA.

Sunnyslope, 13 Dec.

The little village of Millwood lies but a step from the base of the Blue Ridge; to whose tall ramparts the Shenandoah is the moat; but is oblivious of the mountain heights, aloof from the rippling current of the river. Thrown, like a bird's nest carelessly from the hand of a child, it lit accidentally beside a clear brook, (which steals through old forests, and over meadows bright with flowers and matted grass-blades,) and there has ever since remained contented,

beneath the shadow of the woodland which steeped it in obscurity at dawn and eve, beside its little stream which throws up, in the pleasant sunshine, waves of light upon the white walls of its quiet mansions; though not upon the little church which crowns the grassy hill, or the parsonage which nestles in the forest glade beyond.

Like a philosopher, who abandons the bustling world for rural quiet and seclusion, Millwood has retired from the sight of its kind. Beyond a few visitors from the neighborhood, who occasionally awake its winding street with the music of hoofs, a few careless negro boys seeking its merrily-turning mills, to return with bags full of flour or meal, you would imagine that no sound ever disturbs the morning, eve, or quiet noon-day. Except the shadow of the crow who flaps his wings high up above the forest and the houses, you would say no shadow floated over its streets.

Yet you would be mistaken; for every day the street of the hamlet is aroused—waked up for the day, or stirred pleasantly at evening,—by the rattle of the stage, which gaily rumbles and clatters up its street. At five in the morning it has already brought the Winchester news of the day before, thanks to its habit of early rising, (which is indeed as early as two or three hours after midnight;) at six or seven in the evening its rosetted and spirited horses have already traversed the whole of the east, and the mail-budget is distributed in time for after-supper reading. But the present of Millwood, (as with other towns,) is not so interesting as the past, and I hasten to record such traces of its history as have been communicated to me by an aged (African) patriarch of this region.

To the period when *nothing* stood upon the present site of the town, (produced I mean by the art of our species,) the memory of man runneth not. The oldest men speak of Millwood as always *old*, even in *their* earliest youth. All around, it is true was forest, forest, forest; and no wandering stage-horn music stirred the trees; but there was unmistakeably the town. At evening, in those days, the inhabitants were accustomed to house their sheep and poultry with the utmost care, fearful of the innumerable foxes, the host of tawny wolves. They would often hear the dog-like cry of those quadrupedal vultures, (more especially on dark and rainy nights,) echoing from the wooded hills; and owing to the fact, that after howling from one spot the wolves would gallop like the wind to another hill-top and repeat their far-sounding owl-like cry, the stranger was often startled at the apparent myriad of them. Indians in those days still lingered wistfully on their old, fast-clearing hunting grounds; but soon they melted away, and finally, if they appeared at all, offering with slow-moving

copper lips, and dull sparkle of the languid eye, to shoot at small silver coins—their property when struck by their arrows—they dared not apply at the hospitable mansions of the town for lodging, but sorrowfully passed on into the well-known forest, and (as my historian expresses it,) “*kemp’d out!*” The ancestor of the well-dressed gentleman, who threw the small coin carelessly to the Indian, had perhaps fallen dead on this very spot under the tomahawk of that very Indian’s great-grandfather; *now* the great-grandson of the “brave” was camping out!

I need not record that Millwood often saw the tall form of Morgan riding to his mill, at the lower end of the village; nor need I describe the various country-side gala-days which Millwood, like other towns in the Old Dominion saw (and sees) at stated periods. I am afraid, upon reflection, that her history, even *ab urbe condita*, contains nothing as curious as Livy relates of the Eternal City; and therefore I, the more willingly, close my rambling epistle—promising, however, to fill the vacuum, as far as that may be, with a MS. relating to the Millwoodian past.

Further, I promise that this dramatic fragment of the village annals, shall be so reliable, that no future Neibuhr shall be able to discredit its relation.

—
“DRAMATIC FRAGMENT” TOUCHING THE HISTORY
OF THE HAMLET.

Sunnyslope, 13 Dec.

The following MS. procured from an excellent and reliable friend, will speak for itself. Though thrown into the shape of a “dramatic fragment,” it is, I am assured, strictly and historically true in its main particulars, and if it serves to amuse the indulgent reader who runs hastily over these rambling letters, the writer’s purpose, I am authorized to say, will have been fully answered. Without further introduction here is the MS.

“At the close of a fine day in July, 1813, Mr. Boniface, sole proprietor of the ‘Mill Tavern’ in Millwood, while smoking his corn-cob pipe like an honest citizen, on the porch of his mansion, was suddenly startled by an enormous shouting which, issuing from the forest on the side of Winchester, came to his ears like the roaring of a stream which has burst asunder the dam which obstructed its waters. At first he imagined that a band of wolves, of which there were at that time immense numbers in the neighborhood, had been driven by extreme hunger to attack Millwood and the inhabitants of the borough in open day. Next he thought that the British, then upon our shores, had penetrated to

the Valley, and were about to make a descent upon the village, and of course incidentally on the 'Mill Tavern.' These fears, however, soon disappeared, when he reflected, first on the known cowardice of the wolves, secondly on the fact that the British, if coming from any quarter, would appear upon the eastern side of the town. The last remnants of anxiety were finally removed from Mr. Boniface's mind by the apparition of an armed force of good and trusty Virginians coming from Winchester, many of whom he at once recognized as acquaintances.

"They galloped up to the door in fine order, and the order to 'halt and dismount' being given, they immediately threw themselves from their horses; and then commenced the full symphony, to which the original uproar was merely the introduction. The burden of this chaos of voices was 'Supper! supper! supper!'—for the troop in their ardor to reach the seaboard, where an attack was expected daily from the enemy, had scarcely taken time to swallow a hasty dinner.

"Mine host, with much courtesy, showed the way into his establishment, and immediately the quiet village was in an uproar; the servants of the inn were seen flying in every direction to levy supplies; the inhabitants gathered around the broad door, upon the portico, and in the dining-room, to 'get the news;' and finally, numbers of country gentlemen made their appearance to greet their Winchester friends, to bid them God speed, some indeed to join the troop. This historian feels himself incapable of describing with anything like tolerable fidelity the noise and uproar, which the arrival of the troop of horsemen caused in the quiet town: the incessant clatter, the hum of voices, the rattling of sabres; and that clinking of cups, to which your soldier in all ages of the world has taken very kindly. To the hastily prepared supper was done royal honor, and a mellow moon rising above the Blue Ridge, and a cool wind coming from the mountains, the members of the company and their friends from the neighborhood scattered themselves on the long porch, and beguiled the remaining hour or two before bed-time, or rather (as will be seen,) sleep-time, with animated interchange of opinion. They were completely under the influence of the 'war fever'—they positively thirsted for the encounter, and to no man there could anything more congenial have been ordered, than an instant attack on the enemy. It may then be easily understood that war was the principle theme, and so completely were the troopers absorbed in this one thought, that the officers alone foresaw that arrangements must be made along the route for so large a company.

"To accomplish these arrangements, couriers must be sent on, and accordingly two of the

troop were even at that late hour, ordered to mount and put themselves en route. They made the military salute, emptied a cup, and mounting their freshened horses, were soon swallowed by the woodland stretching to the Ford, which now we know as 'Berry's Ferry.'

"After supper, conversation; after conversation, sleep. But the *how* was much the most important consideration. Mine host's establishment was large, it is true, but not large enough to contain so great a number of sleepers; his beds were numerous, but not sufficiently so to furnish one half of the troop. They might have lain upon the benches, or gone to the private houses of the town—but a cool wind which the mountain's caprice sent into the valley, made the former disagreeable, and the 'private houses' of Millwood at that time were almost entirely in the vocative.

"The only means then of spending a night at all comfortably, was to spread straw upon the floor of the inn, and, each man wrapping himself in his cloak with sword and valise beneath his head, so make up their minds to spend that bad night which the proverb tells us does not last forever. Now among the troop was a gentleman, whose presence was invaluable to his companions, from the great natural talent he possessed of being gay under all circumstances, and of persuading others to follow his example. Major Loftie, in a word, was one of those excellent companions, whose spirits never flag, and his many amiable and praiseworthy traits endeared him to all. He had, however, a single failing—when once he had 'retired,' there was in the nature of things an almost utter impossibility of arousing him; or if aroused, it was in no very good humor. Now the Major had ridden from Winchester rapidly and over a bad road; which two circumstances—added to a third, that his horse, a fine and spirited animal, required much exertion of the arms—had predisposed him to take a good and sound night's rest.

"Major Loftie had calculated on finding a good bed, but when he betook himself to making his arrangements, he found them all occupied.

"'No beds!' he exclaimed, much irate, 'not a single bed! However, straw is plentiful, it seems, and I saw just now a good large bundle spread down in the room below. A soldier must be content.'

"And the Major sought the apartment which the bundle in question had entered. He found there a large number of his companions symmetrically arranged upon the floor with soft straw beds, and already subsiding into sleep. One circumstance, however, almost caused a cold perspiration to break out on the Major's brow.

They were lying close together, and not an inch of straw projected on either side.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed—it was his favorite oath—"no straw either! This is too bad; and I dropping down with fatigue. Hallo! Some one make room for me!"

"He was answered by a melodious symphony of snores, which drove him almost mad.

"Hallo!" he repeated, 'will no one make room for me!'

"At this address, louder than the first, one of the heads was raised.

"Who's there?" asked the head.

"Me: can't you make room?"

"Not a foot, Major; no, not an inch. All the straw is used up, and none can be had within two miles."

"The Major trembled.

"There's a chance for you, however," said the head, subsiding again with a nod upon its valise. "Sergeant has got the last. Good night."

"The Major turned round, and just in time to find a large bundle of straw, apparently self-moving, strike against his breast. On looking a second time he perceived below, a pair of horseman's boots, and above, a face lit up by two bright eyes and an amiable smile.

"Hurrah!" cried the Major, delighted beyond measure, 'here's Sergeant, my favorite Sergeant, and he comes just in time. Come! share your straw.'

"Impossible, Major," replied his favorite friend, 'this is the last, and scarcely suffices for myself.'

"The Major groaned. Mr. Sergeant burst into a hearty laugh, which showed the spirit in which he was carrying on the scene. This laugh chilled the Major's blood.

"All?" asked the Major, 'and you can't spare any—none, not just a little?'

"Not a straw, but I have just lost my spurs in groping about; now give me your spurs, and I'll try and make room for you."

"My spurs? Never!"

"Well—good night."

"And Mr. Sergeant, arranging his bed comfortably on the floor with his naked sword, and valise at its head, was about to lie down.

"The Major looked on in despair.

"Will nothing but my spurs content you?" said he.

"Nothing—good night."

"Stop! you may have them. Don Quixote never would have surrendered his badges of knighthood; but I am not Don Quixote. Here, take them."

"And kneeling down, the Major, with many groans, slowly detached his spurs and gave them to his 'favorite friend.'

"That is well, and it is not a bad joke for Ma-

jor Loftie to sell his spurs!" said his companion. 'Now here is a part of my bed; nevertheless, it would have been better for you to spend the night watching. You will not be up in the morning betimes.'

"You think so, Sergeant, do you?" said the Major, now in high good humor. 'A wager that I cross the Shenandoah before you do!'

"Before me on my magnificent Cawmill?"

"On your Cawmill, yes. He is handsome, but paw! his swimming is not to be compared to my Ralph's."

"What say you to a bet, Major?"

"Well, a bet then."

"What shall it be?" said his companion.

"A sword—cost, fifty dollars. I see, my friend, you have lost your scabbard," said the Major.

"Very well, a sword be it—that you cross the Shenandoah before me."

"With no reservation."

"Not even if I steal a march on you?"

"All is fair, my friend, in love and war. There is no reservation. If you beat me in early rising, why I lose."

"Excellent—so be it."

"Good-night!" and the infatuated Major sunk to sleep, to the sound of a deep diapason of snoring."

"At four in the morning, a messenger came from the Captain to say that some one—the first the messenger met—should immediately arouse himself, mount and gallop after the couriers who had gone on the preceding night to make arrangements on the route. These arrangements were unnecessary, as the troop would take a different road.

"Now the first sleeper the messenger encountered, was Major Loftie, snoring near the door. He aroused him with a loud voice and a heavy shake—which also waked his friend.

"What!" exclaimed the Major, horrified at the message, 'start at this hour of the night, just after supper! By Jove! tell the Captain it is impossible!'

"That would be disobedience of orders, Major," said his friend Sergeant; 'you must go.'

"At this hour? Never!"

"Needs must when—you know the proverb."

"The Major yawned with an exertion of strength which nearly broke his jaws, but did not succeed in arousing himself.

"Tell the Captain you're ready, sir?" asked the messenger.

"Tell the devil—hum! oh!! is there no means of having my nap out!"

"Yes," said his friend with a twinkle of the eye. 'Suppose I go myself. Nothing delights me like a morning ride, and I have an hour's business in Paris just over the Ridge.'

"Sargent!" cried the Major, almost embracing his companion, 'you fill me with profound admiration for your magnanimity! Not for a moment, my friend, would I hear of such a proposition on a stormy morning; but I perceive that day is beginning to break clear and beautiful, and the ride will be a pleasure. Here is my flask—prime Jamaica; you have my spurs, my poor spurs! already. Go, my friend, and success attend you!"

"After making this liberal and generous speech, the Major, having settled matters to his perfect satisfaction, turned over, and subsided into a profound sleep, at the moment when his friend, having shaken off the straw which adhered to his clothes, betook himself, sword and valise in hand, to the room of the Captain.

"In ten minutes he was mounted on that magnificent steed he had spoken of—milk white, gazelle-eyed, netted with glossy veins—and ere long breasted the morning light filtrated upon the murmuring waves of the Shenandoah, which his beautiful steed dashed into foam before his prow-like chest.

"At seven in the morning Major Loftie was aroused by the shakings of his companions, and the brass-throated jarring of the trumpet sounding reveillé.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, 'I've had a splendid night, and am as hearty as a buck! Ah!' and the Major yawned and stretched himself luxuriously. 'What infatuation in Sargent to be going off in that way. Ha! ha! ha! an excellent joke! What powers of eloquence too I must have displayed—though now I remember scarcely anything but as in a dream. Decidedly, friend Sargent, you have shown yourself a greenhorn.'

"Suddenly, however, the Major started at a single recollection.

"Our wager" he exclaimed, in a tone that would have melted tigers, 'a fifty dollar sword that I would cross the Shenandoah first! and my own words, 'no reservation: everything is fair in love and war!' Oh, sold! sold!"

"And the Major struck his forehead after the most approved fashion, and groaned in agony of spirit.

"Millwood again was quiet, but her inhabitants had an event of some interest to discuss for many months."

Here ends the MS.

THE ISLAND OF SHALOTT.

Sunnyslope —

The Shenandoah, flowing by stately mountains and spreading its murmuring waters upon fair meadow levels, and mirroring azure days and

starry nights, has—slighting all these beautiful objects—capriciously chosen for its pet a small grassy isle here in the neighborhood which it flows gently around, and tenderly embraces as a mother would her little child. It is an emerald tossed there in old Indian days by gigantic Wakondah, the Master of Life, or probably (and this is the most rational supposition) is a real island, and bore in times gone by the well-known name "Shalott."

The proofs of this latter assertion are numerous. In the distance is Winchester,* evidently, in former days, called "Camelot," and all along stretch the "fields of barley and of rye" which bold Sir Lancelot, as all well understand, traversed. The chevalier was possibly on his way to the fair domains of Shannondale "below," where they still hold tournaments regularly at the conclusion of every season, and the "uplands airy," whereon the reapers reaped among the barley are yonder scarcely a rifle-shot—a cross-bow bolt's range I should rather say—from the residence of the fair possessor of the island. The legend more accurately is that the lady looking toward the bank saw reflected in the mirror of the wave the knight's proud steed, and helm, and hauberk, lance and shield and all; and that as he passed a breath of wind ruffled and destroyed the mirror, while it wafted gently (for the allegorical "web") a branch of the tulip tree, laden with perfumed flowers, across her eyes down on the current where it floated out of sight. That she ever glided away on the waters I do not believe, for still on moonlit nights, through the silvery river-mist she is seen by wandering hunters, and her carol reëchoes from the fir-trunks of the mountain side.

Heavy barges pass now but are not "trailed by slow horses"—nor do long-haired pages ever pass, nor yet old abbots on their ambling pads; but the island of Shalott is ever there; and though forgotten like all beautiful things when time has dulled their novelty, still nestles underneath the pine-tree shadows and waves in the odorous wind its long green tassel-locks, and, mingling the sigh of winds in swaying grass with the murmur of the river over the mossy rocks, dreams of the old time and is well content.

And now before closing my rambling epistle, let me suggest to you that "the Lady of Shalott" appended in the form of a "note," would be no inappropriate addition to my descriptive sketch. Otherwise I fear it will be Hebrew or Chaldaic to all who have not perused that poetic allegory, or in the rout and bustle of existence have suffered it to die away from memory.

* The present city of Winchester, in England, was the Camelot of king Arthur's time.

(To be concluded in our next.)

O! Say not Friendship is a Name.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

I.

O! say not Friendship is a name
Used only for betraying,
That none e'er feel the sacred flame
When fortune is decaying;
No, there are hearts that never range
When once their truth is plighted,
But are the same when years of change
The fairest hopes have blighted!

II.

O! say not Friendship is a word
Forgotten when 'tis spoken,
A vow the ear has often heard—
No sooner made than broken;
Ah, no! it is a sacred thing
Still in the bosom cherished,
The fountain whence our pleasures spring,
When other joys have perished.

III.

O! call it not an idle dream
Of fancy's airy weaving,
Which shines with an illusive gleam—
When brightest still deceiving;
No, no! believe me, thou wilt find
Thy love and truth requited,
And in the heart their joys enshrined,
When other hopes are blighted!

A Pioneer Mother of the North West.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The history of the earliest settlers of the West, —never recorded as yet in any published work,—is full of romantic interest and adventure. The hardy training of the pioneers, their enterprise in penetrating the wilderness, their boldness in encountering the savage tribes, who resented the invasion of their ancient domain; their patient endurance of the utmost hardship, and the industry and perseverance by which they subdued the trackless forest, and established new homes for themselves and their children, compel the admiration of all who know any thing of their achievements or sufferings. A single sketch from a collection of authentic records gathered with care and labor from private sources,* will be illustrative of, and will interest all who are disposed to dwell on, this portion of our American history.

Mrs. CLARK, distinguished among the pioneers of the Western States, as one who passed through unusual perils, and encountered severe

difficulties, accompanies her husband, then commissary to the United States troops, to a military station on the west side of the Upper Mississippi, in November, 1819. Several persons went with them from Prairie du Chien, the voyage being made in keel-boats, the water so low that the men were frequently obliged to wade in the river and draw them through the sand. Six weeks were occupied in passing over the distance of three hundred miles, one week being spent at Lake Pepin. Having reached their destination, the company were compelled to live in the boats till pickets could be erected for their protection against the Indians, who, not understanding the object of this invasion of the wild, or the display of arms and ammunition, might fall upon them in some unguarded moment. Huts had then to be built, though of the rudest kind, to serve as a shelter during the winter from the rigors of a severe climate. After living with her family in the boat for a month, it was a highly appreciated luxury for Mrs. Clark to find herself at home in a log hut, plastered with clay, and "chinked" for her reception. It was December before they got into winter quarters, and the fierce winds of that exposed region, with terrific storms now and then, were enough to make them wish to keep within doors as much as possible. Once in a violent tempest, the roof of their dwelling was lifted by the wind and slid partially off; the inmates cowered together, and the baby in the cradle was pushed under the bed for safety. Notwithstanding these discomforts and dangers, however, with their isolated situation, and the inconveniences they had daily to encounter, the emigrants were not without their social enjoyments. They were nearly all young married persons, cheerful and fond of gaiety, and had their dancing assemblages once a fortnight. One instance of the kindness of an officer—Col. Leavenworth—deserves mention. One of the other officers having been attacked with symptoms of scurvy, and great alarm prevailing, he set off in a sleigh, accompanied by a few friends, on a journey through the country inhabited by Indians, not knowing what dangers he might meet from their hostility, or the perils of the way—for the purpose of procuring medicinal roots. These were used with excellent effect after the return of the adventurers. In the ensuing summer, when Col. Snelling had the command, Fort Snelling was built. It was not completed for several months after its erection. It is a compact structure of stone, and is perhaps the strongest and finest in the Northwest. St. Louis, distant nine hundred miles, was at that time the nearest town of any importance. "After the erection of Fort Snelling," says Mrs. Clark, "we made the first clearing at the Falls of St. Anthony,

* Mrs. Ellet's "*Pioneer Women of the West*," now in preparation, and to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

and built a grist mill." The wife of Capt. Geo. Gooding, of the fifth regiment, was the first white woman who ever visited those beautiful falls. She afterwards married Col. Johnson, and went to reside in St. Louis. The daughter of Mrs. Clark, now Mrs. Van Cleve, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was born while the troops were stationed at Prairie du Chien. At that time there was great suffering for want of wholesome provisions, and several of the men perished with scurvy. The Indians, (Sioux,) in the vicinity, and the whites, were mutually suspicious of each other, so that no game could be bought; nor was there a prospect of matters being mended till more amicable relations could be established. The prices of such fresh edibles as could be obtained at Prairie du Chien, were enormous; a small and lean chicken procured for a sick lady cost a dollar; beets as large as the finger one dollar a dozen, and onions were ten dollars a bushel. The cold is described as so intense, that the soldiers called out merely while they could answer to the roll, often had their faces frostbitten; the thermometer at noon in the morning being known to stand 35° below zero.

Mrs. Clark remained at Fort Snelling, with the exception of about a year, till 1827. The only young lady in the company was married, when about fifteen years of age, to a Mr. Dennis, also of the army. The wedding took place in the winter, and the bridal party was obliged to descend the river, three hundred miles, on the ice, to Prairie du Chien, to have the ceremony performed. The monotony of their life was varied by continued alarms and excitements from the encounters of the hostile tribes of Sioux and Chippewas, who came frequently into their close neighborhood, and were not scrupulous as to deeds of violence and treachery towards each other. The incidents we shall mention, are illustrative of the experience of many individuals. Mrs. Clark's house, a substantial stone building, stood without the walls of the fort, a few rods distant, on the military lands adjoining; the quarters within being rather crowded. At one time the Chippewas had pitched their camp at the foot of a hill not far from the house. About nine o'clock in the evening, the family was alarmed by an unusual noise in that direction, and by the discharge of firearms. A gentleman who was at that time a guest of Mr. Clark, entered in haste and some trepidation, saying that a bullet had just whistled past his head, and that there must be some difficulty "below." The seclusion of the dwelling was thought of with terror whenever there was any alarm at night, though the sight of the fort close at hand gave courage to all in the daytime. Protection and aid, however, were promptly invoked, and the troops aroused.

It appeared that some of the Sioux had been making a visit to the Chippewas professing friendship, and entering into an amicable treaty; and that after having sat in their wigwams, smoked the pipe of peace, and bid good night to their unsuspecting allies, they had deliberately turned about and fired upon them. The confusion that ensued may be imagined; the Chippewas flew to arms of course, and the treacherous Sioux made off in the best way they could. The commandant of the garrison had the wounded taken to the hospital and attended to as well as the circumstances permitted. Among them was the aged chief of the Chippewas and his little daughter, only ten years of age, in whom the ladies were deeply interested. She was badly injured, and survived but a short time. The Indians called upon the commandant, as the representative of their "great Father," to compel the Sioux to render satisfaction for this cruel outrage; and in pursuance of the instructions of government to commanders on the outposts, to maintain peace as far as possible between the hostile tribes without interfering in their affairs, the officer sent an order to the chiefs of the Sioux, requiring the surrender of the young men who had been guilty of the deed, or an equal number of prisoners for those killed. Not long after this a large party of Sioux was seen approaching the fort. "We could see them," said Mrs. Clark, "for a long way on the hills by which Fort Snelling is surrounded, and it was easy to perceive at once that they were disposed to resist the summons. The interpreter, who was a thorough fellow, and knew how important was an aspect of courage and determination in dealing with savages, went out to meet them, and informed them what would be the consequence of their refusal to comply with the just demand:—their Great Father, the President, would send into their country as many warriors as there were leaves on the trees, or blades of grass under their feet, and these would kill and burn until not a Sioux should be left. A hurried council was held by the chiefs, and at length it was decided that the criminals should be given up."—Six of them were accordingly delivered, and put in du-rance, to await the pleasure of the injured tribe. Meanwhile the old chief, who had been wounded and bereaved of his child, was rapidly sinking to the grave, and true to his warrior nature, desired to live long enough to see a just vengeance overtake the murderers. They were appointed to suffer the Indian punishment of running the gauntlet. An enclosed piece of ground was selected, not far from the fort, lined with men and women of both tribes—the soldiers of the garrison being spectators of the scene. The dying chief appeared, borne on the shoulders of his

young men, and all was soon ready. If the condemned could reach the further side of the fence, where their friends were stationed, their lives were safe. Again to quote Mrs. Clark—

Again, to quote Mrs. Clark: "A gentleman who chanced to be in company with several Chippewa braves who had just come from the fort, and were walking towards the ground, told me they were laughing and talking as if perfectly indifferent to what was going on, till they reached the place where the deadly work was about to commence. Then their countenances underwent the most fearful change almost instantaneously, expressing the darkest passion and the most unrelenting hate." The scene was one of intense and terrible interest. It lasted but a few moments, amid cheers from both sides, and yells that were absolutely deafening. The children of the white residents, who witnessed it, partook of the wild excitement. "My brother Malcolm," says Mrs. Clark's daughter, "a little fellow, throw up his cap and shouted with the rest. One young Indian—'young Six' he was called—had petted us frequently and was a great favorite; we were anxious he should escape, and watched his fearful race with breathless eagerness. He reached the fence and sprang upon it; a moment more and he would have been safe on the other side among his friends who were ready to receive and welcome him;—when suddenly he bounded high in air, and fell, pierced by a shower of bullets." The recital of the horrors that followed, might cause the boldest to shudder. Women and men together, rushed frantically upon the bodies of the fallen; the scalps were torn off while yet warm and quivering with life, and the corpses horribly mutilated with hatchets—the squaws even thrusting their fingers into the bullet holes, and licking the blood as it flowed! When the savage avengers supposed that they had done their duty to their lost friends—the scene was closed with their scalp dance—the fearful orgies being prolonged several hours. Probably, in the exposed and perilous situation of the garrison, the commandant could not venture to interfere with the execution of this savage outrage; for the mangled bodies of the slain were suffered to lie a long time unburied. The old chief, feeling now that his time was come for departure to the spirit land, caused himself to be painted according to Indian custom, and the six scalps to be hung around his neck; sang his own death song, and expired with the calmness of a hero or a philosopher. These facts would form an excellent ground work for a romance; some incidents of which might be furnished by tracing the fortunes of the boy whose enthusiasm was excited by the ardor of the crowd of spectators.

Malcolm Clark has, since his maturity, spent many years at a distance from civilization, among the aboriginal tribes, and is now a trader near Fort Benton in Oregon, married to a woman of the "Black Foot" Indians, highly respected by them, and called "Lesokin," or "four bears"—because he killed four of these animals one morning before breakfast. In 1850 he returned to "the settlements" on a visit to his family, bringing his two elder children to his sister to be educated at Ann Arbor. The girl, —Piota powaca—had been christened before her arrival by a Roman Catholic priest; but the boy, Nationa, was baptised in St. Andrew's church in that village—the grandmother herself leading him to the font, and appearing as the only sponsor. The father had a Spanish boy with him, bound to his service by a tie of gratitude; he having saved his life at the peril of his own; his duty was to attend the children. Mr. Clark wore his Indian dress,—the leggins ornamented with human hair—as far as St. Louis, and so much had his complexion changed, that his sisters would scarcely have recognized him in it. The mother had cheerfully consented to part with her children for their good, for she had a stout heart, and knew they ought to be taught many things. The boy, she said, would certainly return; for he was to be a great chief, as her father had been; and so, when the canoe was ready for the departure of her husband and children, she accompanied them to the river side and, as the boat pushed off, threw herself upon the ground, concealing her face in her dress. When, after rounding a point, they caught sight of her, she was still lying motionless absorbed in grief. When the father left his children to return to his distant home, the little girl, taught to subdue the expression of emotion, would not suffer herself to cry out, but clasped her throat with her hands to choke down her feelings. One day, while Mr. Clark and his young attendant were at the house of Mr. Van Cleve, who lived on a farm, it chanced that the men were killing hogs. The Spanish boy made a pudding of the blood for himself and the children which they ate without salt. One incident in Clark's early life is characteristic. When a mere lad, the men at the fort where they lived had trapped a wolf, and were debating how they could manage to muzzle him before taking him out. Malcolm passing by, inquired what they were about, and immediately offered to hold the animal. Suiting the action to the word, he clapped his hands on either side the creature's jaws and held them forcibly together, while the soldiers slipped on the cords. Clark was at West Point when the Texan difficulties with Mexico broke out, and departed to join that service in which

so many enthusiastic volunteers were engaged ; working his way afterwards to his present home, where the traders have established a garrison of their own, for protection against the hostile Indians. Nearly all of them have married Indian women, who, proud of the alliance, have become the "exclusives" of the country, refusing to hold intercourse with other squaws. The boy aforementioned, was the son of a Spaniard by an Indian wife, and had been captured by a party of Indians who had come unexpectedly upon the garrison, seized him while others escaped, and were about to satisfy their revenge by torturing him. Watching his opportunity with wonderful address, Clark rushed out of the gate of the fort in the midst of the savages, caught the boy, and was safe within the walls, before the Indians had recovered from their surprise. The poor boy was severely wounded by the hatchets that had been thrown at him ; the scars of which he still bears. So attached is he to his deliverer, that he cannot be induced at any time to separate from him.

Hezekiah Geer, one of the most enterprising among the pioneers of Illinois, now resides at Galena, where he is one of the largest land dealers in that region. He removed with his family to the southern part of Illinois about 1820, when the portions of country now covered with smiling villages, and thriving farms, were a wilderness untrodden except by the roving hunter, the surveyor, or the savages who receded before the footsteps of civilization. During the Black Hawk war, a large part of Michigan and the neighboring territories suffered much from apprehensions by the Indians, kept up by floating rumors that the savages were intent on depredations, and were incited to attack the whites by the occurrences that had taken place in Illinois. Mr. Geer and his family had then been living at Galena some years. The inhabitants of the place and neighborhood, in a state of excitement from continual alarms, were prepared to take refuge in the fort in case of the appearance of the dreaded enemy. It was an object with the commander, to assure himself that he might depend on the promptitude and energy of his troops, and the citizen volunteers in case of sudden attack, and he adopted a singular method of testing their qualities. One dark, stormy night, he caused a select number of men to march silently to a hill not far distant, where they raised the war whoop of the savages. The ruse was but too successful in creating a general panic ; the soldiers of the garrison, and men of the village were instantly on the alert and ready for action ; but the terror and confusion that prevailed among those of the inhabitants who were unable to fight, and the

helpless women and children, were beyond the power of language to describe. Mrs. Geer was at that time the mother of a young infant, with twins not more than two years old, dependant on her care. Springing out of bed, and hastily throwing on a few articles of clothing, she caught in her arms her babe and one of the twins, and followed by the other children, rushed forth, hurrying to the shelter of the fort. Mr. Geer was at that time holding a command, having been on duty since the outbreak of the war. The effects of this cruel experiment, was fatal to some of the children who were carried into the cold night air and storm, by their terrified mothers. Both those Mrs. Geer carried in her arms, died not long afterwards. Yet in the midst of the general consternation at the time, some of the women were able to laugh ; one man in his fear, having hid himself in a corner of the room where they were gathered in the fort, and being discovered by some of them and driven out with a flourish of broomsticks.

Mrs. Clark said, that whilst her husband was stationed at Fort Winnebago, it was no uncommon thing to test the courage of the soldiers by getting up a false alarm. The lead mines were then attracting considerable attention, and desertions to them were so common in the winter of 1819, that orders were often given to beat the long roll at dead of night, that it might be ascertained who was missing. The officer, just before the signal sounded, would go round to the beds of those soldiers in whose fidelity he had confidence, to notify them of the object of the alarm. But the women, even of his family, though warned, could not bear the dismal note of the drum without a thrill of terror. It may be supposed that experiments of this kind could not be frequently repeated with the intended effect.

Song, For One who will Understand it.

Come Lady, step into the boat,
Our pennon flutters free,
And, with the sunset, we shall float
Upon the swelling sea.

Before the light of day grows dim,
Our love-vows shall be told,
Where yon small speck on ocean's rim
Peeps o'er the crests of gold.

Thy sweet discourse my ear shall fill,
Thy glance my soul subdue,
As, like the unprisoned bird, at will,
We shoot across the blue.

And when upon that distant strand
Our loves shall be confest,
'T will be to me the "Happy Land,"
"The Island of the Blest."

MICHAEL BONHAM:

OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS. IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHERN.

The tale which follows, was originally prepared with a view to performance. Subsequently, however, I have persuaded myself that it would read better as a story. The reader will find that I have taken some liberties with the historical facts in the leaguer and taking of the town and castle of San Antonio de Bexar; but the history will suffer little from my freedoms, while, I believe, the story gains by them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Texians.

COL. MILAM, *Chief of the Texians.*
MICHAEL BONHAM, *Second in Command.*
DAVID CROCKETT, *Ex-Member of American Congress.*
ALABAMA DAVIS, *Orderly.*
RICHARD HARRIS, *A Moody Hunter.*
SPARROW, *A Huge Feeder and Wit.*
KENNEDY: *Sings a good Song.*
TEXAN SOLDIERS, &c.
ELLEN HARRIS, *Wife to Richard Harris, but in disguise as Billy Harris.*

Mexicans.

DON ESTEBAN DE MONTENEGROS, *Governor of Bexar.*
DON PEDRO DE ZAVALO, *Suitor to his Daughter.*
GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY.
BRAVO.
MEXICAN SOLDIERS.
MASQUERA, &c.
DONNA OLIVIA DE MONTENEGROS, *Governor's Daughter.*
DONNA MARIA DE PACHECO, *her Cousin.*
DURRIN OF OLIVIA.
JACINTHA, *Attendant on Maria.*
CHARACTERS IN BAL MASQUE.

PART I.—SCENE I.

Time, Afternoon. Texian Bisouack among the hills—a wild, mountainous country in the back ground. Fires scattered about as in an Encampment of Hunters. Groups of Texians seen disposed in picturesque situations, and in wild and various costume—chiefly the hunting shirt—but some of them clothed in buffalo and deer skins, all armed with bowie-knife and rifle. Songs and laughter, at intervals and from a distance. Sentries disposed in the distance. Enter a group upon the foreground.

Sparrow. No sign of supper yet! My nose brings me no intelligence. Mere smoke, common smoke all, (*snuffs the breeze,*) as if there were any need of the fire before the butcher has dressed the meat.

Davis. What, old fellow, still growling? That stomach of yours keeps you very unhappy.

Sparrow. 'Tis I that keep my stomach unhappy! That I should deliberately put myself in a situation where so excellent a member may never be pacified! Here, too, where I offer so prominent a mark for a Mexican bullet, But, didn't somebody say something about supper?

Davis. No one but yourself; we spoke of fighting, or skulking—anything but supper.

Sparrow. Not a word of fighting until I am fed. I won't fight on an empty stomach. The Yankee may do that, not I. I'm of the genuine John Bull breed, though I never saw the island—which I suppose furnishes the best grazing country in the world. I may never see it,—but I shall live and die with the pious conviction that it's the only part of the world in which they have any proper idea of what's due to a human stomach.

Davis. Well, certainly, Sparrow, you show the blood if any man; but what was that you said of Yankee fighting? Now, when I'm out of the States, I acknowledge the Yankee myself. When I'm at home, it's quite another thing.

Sparrow. Something I heard a hundred years ago in a sort of comparison 'twixt Bull and Jonathan.

Davis. Let's have it.

Sparrow. It's short, my lad, as your mother's blessing. Bull, then, you must know, won't fight till he's had his belly full, while Jonathan will never fight after. Give Bull his breakfast, and he will use his bayonet with as much certainty of victory, as the Mussulmans have of Paradise when going into battle. But beware how you give Jonathan a bite. You must only show him his dinner—let him only smell the smokes from the cook-pot and see the enemy at the same moment, keen of appetite as forty Indians, making after it. Your Yankee will then prove himself an ugly customer. He will fight worse than any Turk.

Davis. Very good, and that was a say—

Sparrow. A hundred years ago, more or less. You remember it was to save *their stores* that they fought at Concord.

Davis. But Lexington?

Sparrow. Well, then it was to save *their bacon*! But, look you, Davis, as you regard my happiness in this life, tell me, hasn't Crockett gone out after game?

Davis. Will he find it? He don't know the country.

Sparrow. Pahaw! I've fed well in the States. Have I lost my nose for roast or boiled, now that I'm in Texas? The good hunter no more loses his sense for hunting on strange ground, than I do for eating. The same instinct is at the bottom of both faculties. You must show that the animal and the appetite change as well as the country: and that we know from sacred writ is out of the question. *Calum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

Davis. What's that?

Sparrow. Camanche, if not Latin. It means that even when a man's half seas over, his nature undergoes no change. He still feeds, and fights, and frolics, as he did before. Hark! what's that? [*Horn sounds.*]

Davis. A horn! It sounds like Crockett's.

Sparrow. Now bless the babe! I have an instinct that he brings in something of better flavor than himself. My nose is monstrous keen. My appetite is a marvellous faculty.

Richard Harris, [coming forward and putting his hand on Sparrow's shoulder.] Old man, enough of this!

Wait like a man.

Be patient. Don't be howling like a beast,

When meat is scarce in the forest.

Sparrow.

Like a beast!

Why, true, I have a wolfish appetite.

But, beast! Old fellow: hark you, don't you eat?

R. Harris. I must suppose I do : I live.

Sparrow. Art never hungry ?

R. Harris. Never!

Sparrow. What ! Never hungry ?

R. Harris. Never, that I know.

Sparrow. Heaven save me from this man ! Keep us asunder !

Send us apart. See to it, Orderly,

Put me at right or left, the wing or centre,

But never where he goes. He has no bowels,

Is never hungry, or he never knows it.

Can such a man be human ? He is surely

A *lusus*—what's the name—a something Latin,

Meaning a monster.

R. Harris. You're right. I am a monster ;

I feel like one—a very savage monster,

The hair growing inward.

Sparrow. I believe it all. I can believe any thing of a person who is never conscious of the delights of hunger—the keen provocation, the sharp instigation of the bowels, to kill and eat—an inspiration, I verily believe, that comes only from the soul. The soul is, indeed, the true source of human appetite. It is the immortal giving counsel to the mortal nature how to take care of itself. A man who never receives any such divine intimations—do you hear me, Harris ?

R. Harris, [fiercely.] Did you speak ?

Sparrow. Did I speak ! Decidedly wolfish. Yes, I spoke. I said—to think that all my good things have been thrown away upon him. Yes. I say that the man who never receives any divine intimations of appetite, cannot possibly have a soul at all. Chew upon that, old Lupus.

R. Harris. Would it were so. Methinks it must be so.

Sparrow. It is so. Never doubt it. Never hungry ! To talk after such a fashion when there's not a man in the mess not ready to eat up his grandmother, as the wolf ate up Little Red Ridinghood, bones and all. Why—

Davis, [whispers.] No more. The fit is on him.

Sparrow. What fit ? Eh, well. But I have my fit too, and just now the symptoms are very earnest about the diaphragm. I must have something to excite one—something. Ah, lad, come forward, [*to W. Harris.*] A pretty little fellow truly, and modest. Hark ye, child, was it not you who regaled my supperless senses last night with a song—a sort of ballad ; a most woful, sweet affair, very lovelorn and comforting.

W. Harris, [coming forward timidly.] I didn't mean to disturb your sleep, sir. I—

Sparrow. And who tells you that you did ? No, no ! You didn't disturb me. You did me a service. Positively. your song made me half forget my hunger, though I had been dreaming, only a minute before, of canvas back ducks at the Balize. You shall sing for me again. Your name's—eh !

W. Harris. Harris : William Harris, sir.

R. Harris, [curiously.] How ! Harris ! That your name ?

W. Harris, [timidly.] It is, sir.

R. Harris. Where from ? What family ?

W. Harris. From Tennessee. I have no family.

R. Harris. My name, before I left the States, was Harris, too. Now, it is nothing.

Sparrow. Nothing, indeed ! You're a whole State yourself. You represent yours of Mississippi most admirably. An empty stomach in a man is not much unlike an empty treasury in a State, and he who never feels hunger may certainly pass for a most incorrigible repudiator. But sing for us, my boy, sing, though you can find nothing more appropriate to the occasion than

'The cat ran away with the pudding-bag string.'

W. Harris. I'm out of voice. I'm hungry like the rest.

Davis. Truth, lad, you look it. You are both hungry and suffering. Now, that I look at you particularly, I wonder what could have brought you here to Texas.

Sparrow. Why wonder ! What brought me, I wonder. The lad heard no doubt of the famous buffalo tongues. Wasn't it the buffalo tongues that brought you, boy ? If you have the gift of tongue at all, you must answer as I wish.

R. Harris, [curiously.] You're but a child yet, boy—a very weak one.

You'll scarcely do for fighting. With that face, (It has the favor of some one I have known,) It would not seem you loved it.

W. Harris, [drooping.] I've never fought.

R. Harris. 'Tis easy, once begun. But wait your time.

It is not hard to die. That truth, once known, And you will chide the death-shot that goes by, Seeking all hearts but yours. The danger then Comes like your sleep or supper.

Sparrow. Not a word

Of either, I beg of you, till Davy comes.

The song, the song. Sing for me little Willy,

You have a singing face, most like a woman's.

And that reminds me of my cousin Sally,

The cleverest creature at an oyster party—

How the soul treasures its first principles—

That ever sung to sauce it. You shall sing me.

W. Harris. I cannot, sir. I do not feel like singing.

R. Harris. Yet, last night I heard you, When no one asked, and no one seem'd to listen, Piping as wofully as a woman might Over her buried lover.

W. Harris. Did you hear me ?

R. Harris. I did ;

And curse me, but the silly thing you sang,

A something in the language or the music,

Brought back to me a long sad history,

With many a gush of water to the springs

I had thought drained forever. [*He buries his face in*

W. Harris. Did you then weep ! *his hands.*

Davis, [aside to S.] He may well ask him that. It's a bad sign when such a man weeps, or is melancholy before going into battle. He's a marked man, I tell you. He'll get his despatches, among the first, from some Mexican bullet. Such a change ! From a rough, quarrelsome fellow, to a sort of good-natured melancholy.

Sparrow. Pshaw ! It's hunger ; only he don't know it. A good supper will bring all things right. Hunger shows itself differently in different persons. Some it makes particularly civil ; others particularly savage : some it makes mad, while it makes a different class only sentimental and poetical.

Davis. How does it affect you ?

Sparrow. Can't you see ? It makes me contemplative and philosophical.

Davis, [aside.] Observe them.

R. Harris. 'Tis very strange, perhaps, that I should weep,

But, were all known—

W. Harris. What all ? If what were known ?

R. Harris. Ha ! wherefore do you gaze into one thus ? What art thou, boy ; what can it be to thee, This knowledge ? Do you question me ?

W. Harris. No, no ;

No question. I but heard you say—

R. Harris. Is't strange, do you think, that a grown man should feel
That he has been a monster in his day,
And would be sorry for it.

W. Harris, [eagerly.] Oh, are you sorry?

R. Harris. What's that to you, or any man on earth?
What's it to any here? [*Looking round fiercely.*]

Sparrow. He'd pipe awhile,
Would any one but dance.

R. Harris. What if I dance,
Or laugh, or sing, or weep, or play the fool,
In any form, with any fool among ye—
Who says me nay upon it!

Sparrow. His dander's up.

R. Harris. There's one it might concern, but she,
thank Heaven!
Sees nothing of my madness. She has seen
Enough to cause her own.

W. Harris, [aside.] 'Tis well; you do not see.

Davis. So, ho, friend Dick, and runs the story thus;
You left a sweetheart then in Mississippi!

R. Harris. In the whole world, as I'm a living man,
I never left but one, and, of the world,
She had none left but me.

W. Harris, [affected.] Ah!

Sparrow. What ails the boy?

W. Harris. Oh, nothing. I but thought—

Sparrow. How long 'twould be to supper—eh?

W. Harris. No. Of a song,
Might suit a case like his. I had a ditty,
If I could gather up the words, of one,
Who left the woman he had loved the most,
Suspecting her of little love for him,
Even when she swore the fondest. He grew false,
From falsely doubting her; and in his wrath,
Meeting his friend—

R. Harris. Don't sing it for your life!
Such were the broken fragments of the song
You smote me with last night. I've had enough
Of tears for one short season. Can't you sing,
Some fierce war ballad?

Sparrow. Something funny, lad.

R. Harris. No. Nought of that! Give us a burst
of war,
Of battle and confusion. Give us a storm,
I' the way of ballad music. Please me, boy,
And when the real storm comes,—I mean the battle,—
I'll see you through all dangers. 'Tis my notion,
You'll need some guardian then.

W. Harris. I'll sing for you.

R. Harris. None of your dolefuls. A tempestuous
strain,
To hush up other tempests.

W. Harris. An old song
Was taught me by my mother.

Davis. Give me old songs;
I like them better than newfangled ditties:
They seem to have been made when women had hearts,
And honest men could find them.

W. Harris. So they might now,
If they would only value what they win,
And knew the way to keep as well as conquer.

R. Harris. What can you know about it? Where's
your beard?

Sing what your mother taught you.

W. Harris. [*Sings.*]

Hark! the trumpet's voice through all our valleys,
Red the plains are weeping with the strife;
The song and dance have fled our peaceful alleys,

And the young warrior leaves the drooping wife;
But will she—

R. Harris. I will not hear to songs about a wife!
Vex me no more. Do I not tell thee, boy,
I will not weep again? Sing me another,
And have no woman in it.

W. Harris. I have no other.

R. Harris. Then sing no more for me.

Sparrow. Now, that's what I call monstrous unrea-
sonable. The song was a good song, and had a certain
turn in it, a sort of quivering trepidation, that touched my
fancy. I could listen to such a song with pleasure at the
table—supper being about half over, and the first—the
sharper pains of appetite being somewhat mollified.
What say you, Davis? Don't you consider that a song
to satisfy any man, not absolutely on an empty stomach?

Davis. Yes, indeed, but just now, I fancy, we are to
have much better music. [*Horn sounds.*] Crockett is
here at hand. His horn, blown three times, means that
he has got something for supper.

Sparrow. Supper! Don't quiz me Davis. If you do
I'll make it personal. I can bear being quizz'd
About my wife and children—not having any;
My lands, my goods, my gold, my merchandizes,
But not on matters purely spiritual,
Dinner and drink, the meats that Providence sends us,
The cook that dresses them, the hand that carves—
These are all sacred subjects: upon such
It will not do to trifle. [*Horn again sounds.*]

Davis. 'Tis Crockett's horn.

Sparrow. Art sure of it?

Davis. My life on't.

Sparrow. Hurrah! then—let's hurrah!
My gratitude cries out to Providence
With hundred tongues, from bottom of my heart!

Davis. Heart! Say you, Sparrow?

Sparrow. What! You would say too high
By some five inches. Know, good Orderly,
That in the case of the Bull family,
There is but one grand passage to the heart,
And that is through the stomach. Do you hear,
Of meetings for a public charity?
'Tis with your hecatomb of roasted oxen,
Spread forth on dinner table. Is the purpose
Science or art, or strange philosophies,—
A public work—a personal compliment—
The tribute of a people to the warrior,
Who wins their battles,—or the patriot statesman,
Who makes successful treaties with the stranger,
In which, by license of the Levitical law,
He drives usurious bargain for their welfare?
All these acknowledgments still find expression
Only o'er groaning tables. Here speak the virtues,
The public gratitude, and men's affections,—
The sentiments, the sensibilities—
They find their voices all in the abdomen;
Derive their eloquence thence, and in its solace,
Find all their rights secure, their wrongs appeased,
Their duties well performed, their morals active;
In short, their slumbers for the night made certain,
With a clear conscience—thus they realize,
The good—*mens sana in corpore sano*,
Which is the all that human hope can look for
Of human happiness,—so draw the curtain.

Davis. Good! good! and now the song. Another
song.

Sparrow. Dence take the song. 'Twill do when
supper's over.

I'll have a quarrel with the first that whistles,
Or makes pretence of music.

Davis, [to R. Harris.] Whither go you?

R. Harris. Into some starving corner. You will have
A flock of Sparrows soon. [Exit R. Harris.]

W. Harris, [aside and following.] There's hope of
him! There's hope of him. He weeps!

Sparrow. Ay, let him go. The man that knows no
hunger,

That never dreams of dinners of rare dishes,
That has no hope of delicate supper joys,
And lives and festers in the sun, unmoved
By pulses of particular appetite,
Be far from me and heaven! Harken me, Davis,
Beware of such a man. He's like the serpent,
That poisons his own food. [Horn again.]

Davis. The third blast blown.

Sparrow. Heaven bless that fellow, Crockett. He has
bowels
That stir the love in mine.

Texians, [without.] Hurrah for Crockett.

Davis. He's comes. He's here.

Enter Crockett with a Bear on his shoulders.

Crockett. Well, lads, how goes it!

Sparrow. How goes it? As the wheel goes when
there's no oil for the machinery : as the watch goes when
the main spring's broken : as the team goes when the man-
ger's empty. It's no go at all, Davy, or at best a slow-go.
Welcome my old cock of Tennessee. Your coming is
the only go that's worth the mention. You set all wheels
in motion. You bring the true grease for the machinery.
The wheels of time had stopped without your assistance.
Thrice welcome to you and your companion. All your
friends of the forest are welcome at the close of dinnerless
days like this. He is your friend, Sir Oleaginous Bruin,
therefore I welcome him. I take him by his fist,—rough
but hearty; unclean, perhaps, but honest. He will find
a thousand friends among us. We will honor him duly
with proper dressing. We will take him and you both to
our bosoms. [Embraces Crockett and the bear alter-
nately.]

Crockett. You're a most loving
Sparrow, by the Powers.

Sparrow. It is the virtue of our tribe. The warmth
of the Sparrow is proverbial. It is an emblem of love in
some countries, and might be in all. The dove is a poor
emblem. Its fidelity lacks catholicism. It is clearly sel-
fish. But the sparrow's love is universal. It is one of
the few birds that keeps a harem. Do not question my
love, Crockett, because I share it between you and Sir
Bruin.

Crockett. I reckon you don't mean to serve me with
the same sauce as the B'ar.

Sparrow. No fear: My love discriminates according
to the deserts of the object. Indeed, I may say that while
I love him, I honor you. You both appeal to my affec-
tions, though in a different fashion.

Crockett. You always put your butcher in your pray-
ers.

Davis. 'Twould be as easy to put him in his belly.

Sparrow. Avaunt thee, for a cannibal!

Crockett. Ha, Davis—that you? Well, here we are
at last; me and my friend, as Sparrow calls him. He
gave me as close a hug as Sparrow did, and thought just
as much of his bowels all the time.

Sparrow, [inspecting the Bear.] What a delicate mor-
sel. What a brisket he carries, and five good fingers of
mortal fat upon his ribs.

Crockett. Ay, indeed. Brown jacket has all of that.
A fatter varmint never sucked his own paws, or cramped
up mine. Tough enough in the fight, you'll find him quite
tender, now it's over. He gin me more work than I ever
had on a Congress Committee. I freed him some three

hours ago, creased him without killing him, and brought
him down a little more lively than when he went up. I
put in, thinking he was about to kick his last, and found
myself in his arms. He hugged mighty close, I tell you,
much agin the will of one of the parties, and that warn't
him. He's made my ribs ache for it, but thanks to Jim
Bowie, I riddled my way into his. And now, Sparrow,
the sooner we try his fat, the sooner your trials will be
over.

Sparrow. *Verbum sap!* Spoken like an oracle. You
have but one fault, Davy; you waste words. You learned
that foolish practice in Congress at eight dollars *per diem*,
to say nothing of mileage. Waste! waste! waste!

Crockett. And you!—why you're waist itself,—all
waist, nothing but waist.

Sparrow. Well put, Dave. Your studies in Joe Mil-
ler were your making in Washington. You do not forget
his lessons. A shot like that takes a fellow about the
middle. That I have some extra extents of territory is
very true; but of this be certain, that unlike the majority
of great manor holders, none of my grounds are lying out,
none at naked fallow. All's under fence, and in a high
state of improvement. Ho, there! Halloo within! Hal-
loo! Hear you that, boys? My intestines, you see, do
no hurt to my lungs. [Enter Texians, who take charge of
the bear.]

Texian. He's heavy, by the Powers!

Sparrow. Carry him gingerly, and with proper meek-
ness,

He's worth a host of such as ye; will keep
A host of you, when salt would fail to save ye.
Be off! I'll follow and attend his dressing,
And see that in the shape of cook, no devil
Spoils the good gifts of Providence. Begone!
But three men—hear to this philosophy,—
Are needful to an army: He who takes
The prey—and he who dresses it—and he
Who does the dressing justice.

[Exit Sparrow, tucking up his sleeves.]

Crockett. Where is Bonham?

Davis. Not yet back.

Crockett. He'll get his death, that fellow.

Davis. Why more than you or me?

We're all i' the way of such accident,
Travelling the road to Bexar.

Crockett. But for him,
The danger's something greater, for he travels
More roads than ours. Where, think you, that I left him?

Davis. Lassoing some mustang.

Crockett. A trick worth two of it.
If you'll believe me, he's this very minute
Within the walls of Bexar.

Davis. A prisoner!

Crockett. Prisoner, indeed. Would I be standing here
Sucking my fingers like a Congress ninny,
If he, I call my friend, were in such trouble?

No, no, Bonham's no prisoner, nor like to be one, if he's
the man I think him. He's only playing Major André
among the Mexicans; looking behind their curtains in
disguise.

Davis. They'll Major André him. They'll hang him.

Crockett. Yes, perhaps, if they catch him napping,
but that they're not likely to do. He's playing priest for
them, and looks for all the world like the genuine critter.
I was most o'-mind to drop down on my marrow bones
and ax his blessing myself.

Davis. You saw him enter San Antonio?

Crockett. With my own eyes. How would you like,
says he to me, to visit Bexar? Thank you for nothing,
says I: my neck's not yet ready for a Spanish cravat,
which, they tell me, is made of iron. No danger, says,

he; I'm going. So up he walked to the sentries. I lay snug in a hollow, with a great bunch of chaparral before me. I watched him all the time, and, sure enough, in he went along with the soddgers.

Davis. Their prisoner?

Crockett. Not he. He carries his toothpick under the priest's garment, and a couple of Colt's time-pieces. Hush! do you hear nothing?

Davis. Nothing!

Crockett. You're no hunter. Jest you part your legs a little, and an old buck would walk between 'em, and nobody the wiser. To your tree. [*They shelter themselves.*] Do you hear?

Davis. I hear.

Crockett. A Mexican, by the Powers! Stand where you are, stranger, and give 's the word, or I'll blow it into you with a bullet.

Voice, without. Washington.

Crockett. Talk of the devil and you see his picture. 'Tis Bonham's self!

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. Oh! you have precious eyes: Not know your friends!

Crockett. And precious little like a friend do you look now, Major, with these fery fine Mexican breeches on. Why, Major, you're as fond of change as a young female waman of fifteen. Where's the padre's skin?

Bonham. Without. I kept it over the door till this moment, then cast it to show you how famously I look when walking the streets of San Antonio.

Crockett. Famous! Are there many more, Major, where they came from?

Bonham. Yes. When you have driven out a regiment or two of these Mexican blackguards.

Davis. What chance of that?

Bonham. Enough to make us busy! It is ours, That brave old Spanish keep, with all its treasure, If we but battle as becomes a people, Sprung from the Old Thirteen!

Davis. You've been in Bexar?

Bonham. Ay, have I—in the castle and the city; Trod the great Plaza, rambled through the highways, Survey'd the walls, the gates, the guns, the soldiers, And said, they shall be ours.

Crockett. Hurrah for that! I believe it all, Major, as good as if I had read it in the Globe newspaper. Look you; when next you put on the skin of the priesthood, I'll go with you as a Bishop or Cardinal. I've a great fancy for fine dresses and other matters, and as Bexar's to be ours, I've a notion to go beforehand, and put the ear-mark on every thing I desire for myself.

Bonham. Were you but master of the lingo, Davy?

Crockett. What! Do you talk it?

Bonham. Almost like a native. I have travell'd much Beyond the Anahuac; know the tongue, The people, and a thousand other matters, That makes it easy to perform the part That I would play in. Here, I am a Don Fit for a bridal. At the dawn you saw me, The priest to mutter o'er the ceremony, And take the first fee from the maiden's lips.

Crockett. Smack!

Bonham. To-morrow I may sell in Bexar's streets, The *Aguardiente* which enflames their passions; By night you'll see me as a muleteer, Dancing fandangos with the duskiest damsels That ever roll'd tortillas, or drew water.

Crockett. You're too much for me, Major. You're a huckleberry above my persimmon. I can hunt and fight, I reckon, as well as any man. I can shake as clever a

leg at a Virginny reel, when I'm a little up in sarp, as any native this side of the eternal ridge: and, though I say it myself, I have put up as decent a prayer as I ever heard from any parson in all this nation of Texas, but that was when I was most mightily scared, as I never expect to be scared again. But I can't do the many fine things you're up to. Yet if there's any thing that I *kin* do, say the word, and let me go with you. I can promise you to keep the secret, speak the truth, and stand by you with knife and rifle to the last beat of a big heart.

Bonham. You shall have your wish, comrade.

Crockett. Shall I now, Major?

Bonham. I shall return this night to Bexar's walls, Shall need a man to be at my command, To watch, or pray, or fight, as I think proper, Still ready when I call and always faithful.

Crockett. That's me—that's Davy Crockett.

Bonham. Be ready when I call.

Crockett. 'Ready' and 'Go-ahead' are just the names They made for me in Congress.

Bonham. Enough. And now for Milam.

Milam, [entering.] He is here, Bonham.

You are safe, I see, and I am satisfied.

What tidings bring you?

Bonham, [to Crockett and Davis.] Leave us, comrades. Remember, Davy, at midnight. [*Ex. Davis and Crockett.*]

Milam. Goes he with you, then?

Bonham. He begged the favor. He has sense and shrewdness.

Not less than strength and courage. 'Twill but need That I should put a curb upon his tongue, Or he'll convict himself of Tennessee At the first syllable.

Milam. Your eye upon him: I read his blunders.

Bonham. He will play a part, Whose duties keep him silent. He's the Mute While he remains in Bexar.

Milam. Yet I fear him: His tongue will wag. The humors of the woodman Will still have way. He'll choke else.

Bonham. I'll school him: And, for the rest—methinks the gates already Fly wide to give us welcome.

Milam. How stands the count Touching their numbers?

Bonham. One full regiment.

Milam. Eight hundred men, perhaps; and we but three.

They in their keep, behind their fortress wall, With best artillery and engineers.

Bonham. But a mean, spiritless race, ill officer'd; While ours are men, with appetites for conquest, Shall make each man a hero. Be you ready, And Bexar is our own.

Milam. I fear for you.

Bonham. For me!

Milam. The dangers you incur.

Bonham. In seeming only;

They walk no other pulses in my breast, Than such as joy in danger. I am sure— Know well the game—the people that I visit, And grasp with ready arm, and iron will, The weapons that protect me:

Milam. Bonham, the truth!—

There is some secret treasure in yon walls, More dear than wealth or glory, that you covet.

Bonham. There is!

Milam. A woman?

Bonham. Ay, by my troth, a woman— A Spanish maiden, lovely as the dawn,

And precious as the sunlight to the flower,
To Michael Bonham.

Milam. Who is the maid?

Bonham. The daughter of Don Esteban.

Milam. The Governor?

Bonham. The same!

Milam. You rob him doubly then of child and lordship.

Bonham. But give him what should recompense his loss,

A son and nation.

Milam. How did you know her?

Bonham. By happiest chance, last season, on the route
To Santa Fé, I rescued her and cousin,
From the Camanches.

Milam. Is she grateful for it?

Bonham. I trust to find her so.

Milam. She knows you then?

Bonham. But as a gentleman of Mexico;
'Twas in the guise of one I did the service.

Milam. Did'st meet with her to-day?

Bonham. Ay, and I promised
To be with her to-morrow.

Milam. And you will?

Bonham. Ay, though I die for it.

Milam. God speed you, comrade!
You're a bold lover, and bring back awhile
The good old days of chivalry, when valor
Mix'd love and battle in such close communion,
One knew not which was sweetest. Yet, remember,
I urge not this upon you. You are free,
This moment, from your pledge. Better far,
We scale the walls of Bexar, all defying,
Than risk your neck upon them.

Bonham. Mine the peril!
I claim it of my fortune. To my soul,—
When I regard the prize that hangs upon it,—
The danger wears the aspect of a pleasure,
And woos me to embrace it. Be you ready,
When at the gates you hear my bugle's signal,
And all the hunt is ours,

Milam. We'll not fail you.

Bonham. Enough! Fear nothing, and farewell the while.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE II.

Midnight. The moon about to rise among the mountains,
and looking down from another point on the Texian
bivouack. The fires nearly burnt out. Sentinels seen
at intervals among the sleeping groups. Enter Bonham
in priest's garments.

Bonham. 'Tis midnight, and the moon but palely shines,
To light me to my comrade, as if loth
That we should seek this venture. But the eyes,
That beckon me are warmer to my heart,
Than ever shone her smile; and I will seek them,
Though she should cloud her jealous glance for aye,
And smile for me no more! 'Tis here, methinks,
He laid him down to sleep. These goodly legs,
With yellow, well-stained moccasins, are such
As I have seen him carry, though the bulk
Above, is something portlier than his wont—
Ho! comrade! [*Pushes one of the sleepers.*]

Sparrow, [in his dream.] But eight dozen among seven
of us!

Bonham. Dreaming of oysters! [*Pushes Crockett.*]
Crockett, [in his dream.] Question! Isay! Question—
question!

Bonham. He dreams of Congress and the Lower
House—

The politician, not the hunter now!

Ho! Crockett! to your feet and drum up voters.

The question's on the Tariff—item, salt—

Kentucky's licks are threatened!

Crockett, [awaking.] Out you varmint!

To listen to my dream!

Bonham. Comrade, up!

Crockett. Major—you!

Bonham. Bestir you—get your weapons—
Put your camanche garment on your back,
And follow with dispatch. I'll wait for you,
Where the path opens on the Lesser Prairie.

[*Exit Bonham.*]

Crockett, [rising.] Confound the old Congress! that I
shouldn't lose myself a moment, but to get back to them
diggings, as if I loved them. Well, the people of Tennes-
see might have done worse when they sent me, and havn't
done better now they've left me at home.

[*Exit Crockett.*]

Richard Harris, [rising from the bushes.] There's
danger in this chance, it seems—this Michael Bonham
has as keen a scent after mischief as yon feeder, [*pointing
to Sparrow,*] has after meat. My appetite for danger is
keener than my scent, and I must use the help of other
hunters. I shall reach him before Crockett can.

[*Exit R. Harris.*]

Ellen Harris, [emerging.] Thus still he flies in search
of death! O! heart,—
When wilt thou sleep—how rest—and where find peace,
For I must follow him, as fondly now,
As he will follow danger. He is gone!

[*Exit after R. Harris.*]

Enter Crockett in Camanche habit.

Crockett. All's ready, but to take a buckle in,—
Tighten the girth, and feel the bullet down,
And then upon the trail. What a huge mountain
Old Sparrow makes in the moonlight! How he snores!
What says he in his sleep?

Sparrow, [dreaming.] Raw meat for the Camanches—
raw buffalo beef

Dipped in the gall of the animal! [*Snores.*]

Crockett. Ten pound of it, with just that sort of sauce,
Will he consume per diem. A true bill!

Sparrow, [dreaming.] The brains and liver spread
upon with fat,

And coated with— [*Snores.*]

Crockett. The gall! He knows the dish!
But I must leave him without hearing further,
Lest I grow sick of my Camanche habit!
That such a bird of prey should be a Sparrow.

[*Exit Crockett.*]

Scene closes.

SCENE III.

*The edge of the prairie. A dense wood on one side, while
all the rest of the scene, far as the eye can reach, is a
long dead level of tall grass, waving in the moonlight.
The moon at her full and high in heaven.*

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. How holy is this silence! What a sea

Is here, of green and waving meadow, in the moonlight,
 Glittering with thousand flowers of thousand hues
 That mock the rainbow's beauties. As the breeze
 Sweeps over the wide track, the gentle tops
 Heave into tiny billows that beseech,
 The billows of the gulf, when, roused from sleep
 By the soft zephyrs of the southern wastes,
 They yield themselves unmurmuring to the embrace
 Of wooers that they love. Oh! gentle night.
 Thus honored by the moon, that o'er this sea
 Burns with a sweet benignity, and soothes
 Its wildest forms to beauty, in my soul,
 Shines a like hallowing aspect. Love is there
 Above the forms of danger, like some angel
 That, through the cloud and tempest, still looks down
 Speaking good will to earth. A footstep,—Hark!
 Who comes?

Enter Richard Harris.

R. Harris.

A friend.

Bonham.

He has a name.

R. Harris.

'Tis Harris, Sir.

Bonham.

What would you wish me, Harris?

R. Harris.

Service, sir,

Provided that means peril, which they tell me
 You are in quest of.

Bonham.

I may meet with it.

R. Harris. Now danger flies from me! I cannot find it,
 Whether on sea or land. Most men fear death,
 But death fears me—hides from me—will not face me
 Though I implore him in the fatal passage,
 Where other hearts have yielded. By day and night,
 Hourly, I seek his shaft to stretch me out,
 Sightless in sight of heaven. In quest of this,
 I come to you, since it is thought your purpose
 Takes you in danger's jaws, the worst of danger
 Within the walls of Bexar.

Bonham.

This is madness!

Life is a precious privilege, too precious,
 A momentary weariness or trial,
 To be flung off with scorn.

R. Harris.

Look I like one

For such child weakness, to beseech my doom;
 It is not weariness that moves, or trials
 Such as compel the tear in other men,
 But the fixed purpose of a mood whose reason
 Lies deeper, is more hideous than the grave.
 Help me to human peril which may lose me
 The eternal one that haunts me.

Bonham. I would not know your secret; but if true
 The blessed faith that's taught us, Death himself
 But opens the door for other and worse fiends,
 Than those which haunt the sinner to repentance.
 Repent, my friend, and live. To share my danger,
 One must love life.—on such good terms with it,
 That he shall use all prudence to preserve it.
 You cannot go with me. Your very temper
 Might wholly mar our purpose.

R. Harris.

Cannot, sir!

Bonham.

Impossible!

R. Harris.

Then no more's to be said.

Bonham. Abide your time, my friend. Your quest for
 death,

Is sin not less than madness. Soon enough,
 Death seeks the very best of us—too soon,
 For many of the best. A word more, Harris
 Have better thoughts, my friend.

R. Harris.

I would I could!

In praying for death, I sometimes pray for them.

Bonham. Pray for them always! In another day
 Battle awaits us! Pray you to survive it.

It may, perchance, o'ercome the bravest spirit
 To meet its probable terrors. You may have
 Your criminal prayers vouchsafed you at a season,
 When all, the very humblest, could not save you
 From dreadfuller dooms than death. Comrade, hither!

Enter Crockett.

Crockett. I'm at your service, Major. Harris here?

Bonham. He goes not with us. To the camp, my
 friend!

You will not shrink from battle when it comes;

Will wait its coming with a patient courage

That makes all strifes successful. 'Tis my task

To strip it of its perils as I may!

Commend yourself to patience! Comrade, on!

[Exit Bonham and Crockett.]

R. Harris. Still baffled in my purpose! Should I wait
 On time, and chance, and opportunity.

When I can make them all? Here is the chance,

When human eye is none for scrutiny—

The time—what season half so meet for death,

As when the heart has will'd it for itself—

And opportunity is in the weapon here,

Which my own right hand clutches. Wherefore bear

This torture, day and night, that hourly wakes

Its hell within my heart, when with a stroke

I still the strife for aye! I see no ghost!

I strain these balls to see them! Here's the plain,

Ghastly beneath the moon. The midnight hour

Has thrown apart the great gates of the grave,

And they may walk if they will. They covet darkness,

I do not seek the light. Whither I go,

They come not, though I bid them to my sight,

With backward prayer and horrible invocation,

I summon them now,—I call them 'neath the moon:

Come ye fell spectres—wherefore do ye mock,

Mine ears with your reproaches? I would see

And dare ye face to face. I hear them still,

Voices that through the void go hurrying on,

Or lurk at hand to scare. Ha! how they mock,

They tell me that I dare not—though they see

My hand that does not tremble, with the weapon

Uplifted o'er the breast that does not shrink,

And know that as I summon them to see,

I strike with mortal sureness, thus—

E. Harris, [who enters from behind and arrests his blow.]

Mercy! mercy!

R. Harris, [turning fiercely.]

To thy knees.

E. Harris.

Spare me! be merciful.

R. Harris.

How durst thou on my steps?

E. Harris.

I came—

R. Harris.

Thou hauntest me like a shadow.

E. Harris.

Have mercy!

R. Harris, [sheathing the knife.] No! I'll not harm
 thee!—

I will not pluck, with innocent blood like thine,
 More curses on my head.

E. Harris.

Oh! spare me!

R. Harris. Have I not said I will not harm thee, boy?

E. Harris.

Oh! but thyself! thyself.

R. Harris.

And what am I to thee? What if I perish?

E. Harris.

You promised to protect me.

R. Harris.

'Was't for this

You follow'd on my footsteps? Foolish boy,
 With fears like thine, a heart so much a coward,
 What dost thou here in Texas? To the Camp—
 Thou should'st be with thy mother! While I can,
 I'll care for thee and save thee,—but no word
 Of what thou hast seen to-night.

E. Harris.

Thou wilt not—

R. Harris.

What!

E. Harris.

Do murder on thyself!

R. Harris. 'Twould seem to be in vain that I should
try—
The ocean yields me up! The gallows scorns me.
The shot strikes down my comrade in his track,
The hopeful slain, the hopeless left to life,
And my own weapon, sure for other breasts,
Fails when I threat my own. A fate is in it.
'Tis meant that life has yet some use for me
'Till then I may not perish. Be it so!
Come! Follow me in silence. Not a word,—
Dost hear,—on peril of thy life.

[*Exit R. Harris.*

E. Harris, [following.] I hear!
I follow thee! I thank thee heaven for this!
Oh! still be merciful! On both have mercy!

[*Exeunt.*

[END OF PART I.]

Mournful Musings On an Old School-Style.

"Old familiar faces!"—*Charles Lamb.*

Here I stand leaning on the old school-stile:—
Thinking of the past—dreaming of its splendor—
When a careless boy I rambled o'er the meadows
Playing with my bosom friends—old familiar faces!

How the years have flown, since beyond the woodland,
Free as yonder red-breast, calling from the elm,
Went my boyish heart, trustful, hopeful, glowing
Forth into the fairy land, past the sundown red!

Rosy were their cheeks; black, or sunny curls
Clustered over sunburnt brows; and rosy lips
Uttered gleeful shouts, and brow and eyelid flushed up
In the pleasant days of that old dead past.

How they pressed my hand—old true-hearted comrades!
Calling me to come and see the hidden nests,
Where the speckled eggs of the blackbird nestled
In the old tall apple-tree with its clustering leaves.

How they poured the soul of gay and joyous boyhood
Into roaring games of marbles, bat and base-ball!
Thinking that the world was only made to play in,—
Made for jolly boys, tossing, throwing balls!

Oh! how I loved them—rough and bold, or tender
With the bright, free glance of early school-time friend-
ship,—
How I loved the hearts, who promised not to alter
Though the world should strive to draw them from my
breast.

How I knew that all would play on there forever,
Rolling marbles gaily, slowly going in school
When the playtime over, rung the weary master's bell
From the antique belfry up amid the blue!

Could it be that this would ever glide away
Into a past thing—only dim-remembered?
Folly! it was fate, a happy, golden destiny
That we'd play thus ever—hand in hand forever!

—And the little maiden loved me oh! so dearly—
Prattled oh! so sweetly tripping with her satchel
Through the morning light which clung about her wimple,
Loth to lose the peep of her rippling hair—

Rippling hair that fell in a golden shower
On her white, small brow, whose eyes of limpid azure
Poured such light as stars shining from white cloudlets
Ran in quiet splendor on the brows of Earth.

Oh! I loved her dearly, playing, talking, conning
Lessons in the spelling-book, on whose cover rested,
Like a flake of snow on a bank of rude earth,
The little lily hand, so often clasped in mine.

And she loved me dearly—for her glances told it—
Sitting on the school-bench with her golden ringlets
Close to mine—and timidly her little hand stole down-
ward
And rested faint and trembling on the rough back of mine.

But they all are gone—those old familiar faces:—
Gone like the clouds that curl around the sun's disc
In the bright May morning; and the tender dew-drops
Freshening the soul, have fled before the heat,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces:—
Some are doctors, others merchants plodding dreary;
Some are lawyers wrangling loud in heated court-rooms
Having all forgot the golden-thoughted past.

Some are strong divines, pointing up to heaven—
Divines of the Old School, divines of the New School,
Buried in the life that glides or roars around them,
Having all forgot the golden-thoughted past.

Some are on the ocean, which they dreamt in boyhood
Held the life and glory of their spirits' yearning:
On the dreary seas they have not found their fairy land,
But have all forgot the golden-thoughted past.

And the little maiden passed away from school days—
When we met she smiled, remembering old acquaintance,
But the world was open and her heart was elsewhere,
Having all forgot the golden-thoughted past.

And now I stand alone, leaning on the old stile,
Musing, pondering, dreaming in the quiet twilight—
Dreaming that I hear the olden joyous shouting—
Dreaming that I see each old familiar face.

But they all have flown, passed away forever,
And my heart is sad—hear the elm-tree sighing!—
And my eyelids moisten and my still lips murmur
"Ah! they are all gone—those old familiar faces!"

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

MUSEUM. FINE ARTS. UNTIL 1830.

The Legislature that met in 1815 granted to James Warrell the right to build a museum, and furnished part of the public square as ground for it. He erected a building on the south east part of the square, on the spot where the Court House now stands, and hoped to add to his museum an academy of fine arts; so that Richmond might not be destitute of these resources of elegant amusement and refined instruction.

This Legislature is to be praised as having been unanimously imbued with the spirit of diffusive liberality, and with zeal for the public good. They passed many acts for the promotion and general dissemination of learning and science; for the improvement of roads; for the alleviation of suffering humanity, and for many other objects of primary importance.

The scheme to introduce the fine arts, and to build up a museum in Richmond, failed completely. In fact, the fine arts have never flourished in Virginia. They require for their sustenance not only wealth and taste, but age, and a certain state of society that cannot precisely be called decayed or debilitated; yet is, at the same time, one where the vigor of the state is on the wane; and they are to the nation what the careful pains of the toilet, the delicately-tinted rouge, the niceties of conversation, and the elegancies of dress are to a beauty whose bloom has faded, and who attracts suitors more from her ornaments than from her charms. These arts do not flourish in an agricultural country like Virginia; they belong not to men, or to a community immersed in the cares of State, or employed in building up new commonwealths. They partake too of the indolence, the *ennui*, and the vices of large cities; they are sources of amusement to the elegant and the refined; and may be said rather to have had their origin in elegant vice, than in the higher grades of intellect. It would have been strange indeed, had the fine arts, so called, been cultivated in Virginia; as her existence has been so filled up with the affairs of federal politics, after she had borne her part in bringing the revolution to a close, and in settling Kentucky and other States with her sons, that like the active mother of a large family, she has had no time for painting, poetry and fancy work. The institution of slavery itself, by increasing domestic cares, very much prevented the time of amusement necessary for such cultivation. And the fact that there was not much intercourse di-

rectly with Europe, prevented those crowds of emigrants from pouring into her coasts, among whom come many cultivators of these arts.

Virginia, although she has not cultivated the fine arts, can say like Themistocles, when taunted with his ignorance of the flute, "I cannot play on the flute, but I can make a large city out of a small town."

She has not cultivated the fine arts, yet she has saved this country from ruin, by the wisdom and valor of her sons; she has ruled it by her policy, and she has freely given her own soil and her own children to form new States, and thus build up the empire. No poet has ever been born in her borders, whose work will live while language lasts; yet she has produced many statesmen. She boasts no painter, whose pencil could give life to the canvass on which the deeds of heroes are portrayed; she has only furnished heroes for the painter. She has no sculptor, by whose divine creative art the stone has life, and whose chisel brings forth more feeling, and excites more emotion, than even the poet or the painter; yet she has furnished the living men, whose deeds and influence give history to the sculptured stone. The pen of the historian has not been here; yet the tongue of the orator has gained her honour, and from her soil has gone forth a voice that set the world in motion. The song and the dance have not been carried from her shores to glut the ears and delight the lascivious eyes of other nations; she has no reputation among the sons of Euterpe and Terpsichore; yet her daughters are wise and fair and chaste; women, worthy to be wives, mothers, and daughters, of the men who achieved so much in their country's cause.

Virginia, like Rome in her heroic age, has no writers, or poets, or artists. Her heroic age is now past. Her twelve labors are accomplished; and now, full of years and honors, ornament and comfort become her age. It is time for her to cultivate the fine arts; and, as her youth was vigorous, she should now in her age learn to grow old gracefully. The fine arts of soul-persuading and mind-compelling eloquence, of far-seeing statesmanship, of self devotion in mind, in body and in purse, to the cause of the country—these she has cultivated to the fullest extent. Yet she is no longer a frontier State; nor does she now, by her position, occupy so important a station as when she connected one part of the country with the other; when her fiat could unite or divide; and when by her vast western positions she held within herself the limits of empire, and had condensed within her borders, intellect, energy and means to make that empire powerful and lasting. For the good of the nation, she has shorn herself of her strength, by yielding up her immense territories; her sons and her wealth have gone from

her, and she has given to the councils of the nation that wealth of mind which, if employed within her own borders, would have enriched herself. Now that her work is accomplished, it is time for her to look at home; and, like a veteran of an hundred battles, whose blood has been freely shed, and whose body is scarred with honorable wounds in his country's service, it is necessary for her to retire within herself and grow strong. If she employ the latent intellect and energy now within her, she will excel in the arts of peace and in the cultivation of the Muses, as she has already done in those of war and of statesmanship. Let the young men of Virginia believe that it is their part to adorn and illustrate what their fathers have done, and to render greater their deeds, by proclaiming them; let them think with Sallust, that "while to act well for the State is glorious, to write well for it, is not without its merit;" let them esteem some pleasure, and honor too, to exist in the creative talent of the artist, who makes a block of marble or a piece of canvass to speak in universal language to every age and people, the glories of meritorious deeds, and to excite by their dumb eloquence to the imitation of patriotic men. Let them know that the poet's page is as a leaf of immortality, and that fame of lasting character can be won by the pen as well as by the sword or the tongue.

Let them know and believe these things, and we shall soon see that we have among us the mind to execute, as we have the material to work up into histories and poems, and to be represented in marble and on canvass. The plough, the pen, and the pencil; the sculptor's chisel and the artist's lute, all have or may have full employment in enriching and in illustrating Virginia and her history.

It is much to be regretted that there is in Virginia so little attention paid to collecting libraries. The State Library, in the Capitol, numbers only 14,000 volumes; a small and even in significant one for the State, although it is compactly and carefully arranged and is under excellent supervision.

The Library of the City is one of the most insignificant ones that could be collected in any place as large and prosperous as Richmond; it may be classed among the curiosities of the city, as it scarcely deserves mention as any thing else. How easy would it be for Richmond to have a building devoted to the uses of a library, well furnished with books, and under the care of the present excellent librarian; affording a place where citizens and strangers might visit and find amusement and instruction in its well-filled shelves. The Apprentices' Library, in Philadelphia, plan-

ned and begun by Franklin, is a fit model for our imitation in this respect.

It would be considered a shame in any country, that its capital city should be without an extensive public library; and that shame now attaches to the capital of Virginia. Lord Bacon has well said that "Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed." May we soon see a large and well-attended shrine in the good city of Richmond. Dr. Johnson has said, and it passes for an axiom, that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors." If so, then Virginia is lamentably deficient in glory. Her wealth of intellect is wasted in political strife, and she now struggles vainly for that importance which she formerly possessed. We wish to see her attain importance in another manner, and employ all her powers in becoming great by developing her own resources. Although her sons are just as capable now as their fathers were, they have not the same field for labour which they had; the country has outgrown her, and she no longer occupies, either really or comparatively, her former position or influence. Her sons have migrated to other states, and many have risen to honours, which it may fairly be asserted they would never have obtained at home. In the founding of new commonwealths, and in the exercise of political offices thence arising, they found a field of fame, and have risen with circumstances to renown. Yet although Virginia has in much degree lost her influence directly as a state, the influence of her people and her principles, sown broadcast throughout the South and West, will remain forever, and through her offspring she will make lasting impressions on our country. Hitherto she has had more power than any other State in the confederacy. The eldest born, her birthright has been to rule; and her sister States have bowed down to her in reverence, and looked up to her for direction. With the vast strides that our country is now making, and the rapidly increasing importance of the western part of the confederacy, she will be left behind, and be forgotten in the race of improvement, unless she now endeavours by renewed and varied effort to attain another supremacy. Her former power seems to be somewhat merged into that of her two children, Kentucky and Missouri;—these States she seems specially to have settled, for there is in them less admixture of the men of other States. In fact, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, from their position in the middle line of our Union, from their conservative tendencies, from their lying between abolitionism on the one hand, and ultra slavery sentiments on the other and partaking of neither;

and also from the pure-blooded race of men who settled them, form the Backbone of the Union. The glory of the mother State may be swallowed up in that of her offspring; from them will come forth, as from her have already arisen, the men moderate in sentiment, and strong and firm in mind and principle, under whose guidance this land will be successfully ruled.

In all Virginia there is no Museum. Many decry these collections of curiosities as of little value, serving only as amusements for children of a larger or smaller growth. It has ever seemed to us that filial reverence is one of the chief virtues; and the same feeling, that makes the children of an honored and much-loved parent preserve mementoes of that parent, would lead us to preserve the relics of our great men with filial and patriotic care. No man can object to a collection of those things that bring to mind the great and wise men of former days; and it is too much the case with us, that we neglect the graves, and preserve scarcely any memento of the existence of our greatest benefactors. Even if Museums contain only simple curiosities, and appear fit for the amusement of children alone, I would still advocate them, and urge their collection. Children make three-fifths of the human race, and eventually become the entire mass of men and women. Counting them, grown and ungrown, they form nine-tenths of mankind; and it is right and proper that these should be amused, even if nothing better result.

The value of a well-filled Museum is that it excites inquiry by stimulating curiosity; it is food for the mind; it gives rise to reflection, and causes comparisons to be made, calling up the past and exciting the imagination to supply the deficiencies of memory. It teaches morality and religion; by looking over the relics of the dead and gone, we are reminded of the uncertain tenure of life, and of our own departure. As sources of historical knowledge, the Museum takes high rank; it cannot lie as history is said to do; nor can it exaggerate beauties or defects, as do painting, poetry or sculpture. We learn more of the men and manners of the ancients from the curiosities collected in Pompeii, than from all their writings; and even now Layard is opening to us the history of the Assyrians, in his researches among the ruins of Nineveh. Museums would destroy much of the romance that now lingers around many periods of history, by bringing down to the standard of the present, all past ages. They would make the golden fleece to appear like ordinary lamb's wool; the club of Hercules would be a common quarter staff; and the sword-Balmung (that cleft men completely armed so nicely, that they never knew they were severed until on

moving they fell apart) a well-tempered Andrea Ferara.

The cast off shirt and toga of old Cato would teach us more of Roman dress than their books do; and the private letters and a file of *Acta Diurna*, (posted placards of news,) would give us a knowledge of the domestic manners and the home language of the men of old that we do not now possess. Museums would prevent, by correcting, the lies of chroniclers, and thus purify history.

In a state possessing so much material, and so proud of the past too, it is strange that no full and extensive Museum has been made, to carry to succeeding generations mementoes of our great men and their deeds, as well as of the manners and customs of former times.

For many years after this period, nothing of interest occurred in the city or in the government of the State to attract attention; it was the era of good feeling, quietness and prosperity pervaded the community, and there was nothing in such a time of happiness for the historian to record.

We now come to speak of some matters of domestic interest, that have been overlooked in this narrative; matters relating to the city in its bridges, docks, canals, &c. Mayo's Bridge had been built some years before this time, and is still kept up; it is a striking instance of the result of persevering effort, in the face of discouraging prognostics. The bridge was built by Col. Mayo, in spite of the advice of friends and the predictions of failure from enemies. It brought him revenue instead of ruin, and silenced completely the cavils of those who opposed its commencement.

It is a wooden bridge; its length about 930 yards; its platform some sixteen feet above water level; the piers are about 55 feet asunder, made of timber and filled in with stone. The toll-gate keeper's house is in the middle of the bridge, where, by means of a causeway it crosses an island, and looks like the houses of Holland, built upon piles and elevated above the water.

This bridge, although much needed at the time, is now a nuisance to the city, and should be abated; it is old, in bad repair, and the tolls upon it are too high. Richmond requires a free bridge to Manchester, and to the opposite counties, and one more handsome and substantial than this old and rickety tax-gatherer of a bridge.

The James River and Kanawha Canal has its termination in Richmond. It was begun in 1788, and is not yet completed. It is a noble state work, and when finished will pour through our state the rich commerce of the West, and at the same time develop the mineral and agricultural wealth of Virginia. This work is the first effort made in this country to connect the Eastern

and Western waters; and had it been completed early, it would have so added to the wealth and importance of the State, that she would have been the most populous and the richest commonwealth in the union.

The completion of the work, and the consequent prosperity of the State, lies in the unknown future; no man dare risk his reputation as a prophet by predicting its completion. It would have been far better to have considered it one of the fine arts, and devoted the whole effort of the State to excel in it. Such a work as this, extending throughout the entire State, cutting the layers of mineral formation, opening the agricultural districts, tapping its coal fields, and making a safe and easy passage-way to men and products from every part, would be to the State what the great artery is to the body, the current along which its life-blood passes. Any check or stoppage to such a current or channel, must induce ill health in the man; and any hindrance to the work, an undeveloped or impaired vitality in the State. The city termination of this canal is in the basin; it covers some five or six acres of ground, and is in some places fifty feet deep; many large mills are turned by the water passing through it; and locks are now being made which will connect it with the dock, and allow boats to pass up and down from the river to the basin. Lumber-yards, coal-yards, and places of business of every kind lie around it, and the commerce that passes through it is very valuable.

The Richmond Dock Company was chartered in 1816, for the purpose of opening the navigation of the river from Rocketts landing up to Mayo's Bridge; they were empowered to use locks, or any means which they judged expedient, and were required to keep in the upper basin, or dock, at all seasons of the year a depth of water of ten and a half feet. It was also required to have a boat navigation up to the mills, and to improve the navigation of Shockoe creek. This work has been completed, and vessels drawing eleven feet water, have since come up to the wharves of Richmond.

A singularly built bridge was thrown across the river in 1816 by Edwin Trent Esq., a popular and wealthy citizen. This bridge was made near where the Petersburg Rail Road Bridge now stands; and was built because the only one across the river was low down, and because the rate of toll was high. The platform did not rest on piers, but on sleepers, which were riveted into the rocks only a foot or two above water level; thus the river when it rose soon passed over the bridge, and by covering protected it. A hand-rail was placed on it that could be removed when necessary; and the floor was made to slope, so that the up-stream edge of the bridge

was some eight inches lower than the other; the result would be, that in a freshet the water would rise on this upper edge, and keep the whole structure firm. It was 1,654 feet long, and 18 feet wide; and when completed promised to last a long time; it was however finally destroyed by a strong and high freshet.

About this time the spirit of land speculation was rife in Richmond; the changes made by the war in manufactures and commerce, the uncertainties of European affairs, and the general depression made men afraid to invest money in many kinds of business, or in usual speculations. There was a general distrust of stocks, and it was believed that to lay out money in the purchase of land, was the only safe investment. It was expected also that Richmond would speedily become a large city; and accordingly, the price of lots went up rapidly, and men bought and sold in the fever of speculation, as if fortunes could be made by giving an imaginary and immense value to the poorest land around the city. It was amusing to witness the progress of the fever; a new town was laid off on paper above the city, called the town of Sydney; lands sold readily for one thousand dollars per acre that would not now bring one hundred; some, for which that price was refused, were afterwards disposed of for sixteen dollars. One wealthy citizen, who had made in one year's trade five hundred thousand dollars, invested it all in these valueless lots at these exalted prices. Another purchased for a large sum a lot, which was then, and is still, occupied by an immense ravine; a possession not likely to yield income to the purchaser! Another speculator laid off a town on Navy Hill; proposed to have erected a monument commemorating the exploits of our sailors in the war of 1812, and actually built up a log monument as a shadow of that which was to come, and as a recommendation and invitation to purchasers. His efforts availed not; the monument has not yet been built, nor the town which was to surround it!

CHAPTER NINTH.

CONVENTION OF '29—'30.

Richmond had seen no great debate since the trial of Aaron Burr had filled her courts with excitement. She was now, in common with the whole State, agitated by the elections for members of the Convention to reform the State Constitution, and became again a most interesting arena whereon was exhibited the reputation of great names, and the powers of some of the greatest minds in Virginia. In October, 1829, this able body of men met in Convention, in the Hall of the House of Delegates;



they were picked men; every district sent its best and favorite son, and certainly no legislative body, save only the Congress of 1776, excelled it in the imposing array of mighty names. Madison, Monroe and Marshall form a trio of intellects and reputations that no Congress or any other assembled body of men could exhibit; and besides these, there were Randolph, Giles, Upshur, Doddridge, Johnson, Leigh and others, equal to the intellects of any part of our country.

Complaints had been made for a long time, that the former constitution was unfair in many of its effects, and changes were desired and urgently called for. As under it the right of voting was restricted to those possessing free-holds, many, because of their poverty, were prevented from exercising that right, although otherwise well qualified. This was a subject of complaint both east and west. Another, and a sectional cause of complaint, was that the slaves of the east were estimated in apportioning the representation, and that thus the western part of the State, although excelling in white population, had fewer representatives in the Legislature. This was the chief reason why the Convention was called. From real and fancied grievances, from the restless desire of change peculiar to the American character, and from the hope of bettering the condition of the State, Virginia selected her mightiest men and sent them up to take counsel for her benefit. They met with the best wishes and with the highest expectations of the people of Virginia; they remained in session a long time; they examined the former constitution in all its parts, and carefully and thoroughly deliberated upon the business for which they were sent, yet it is universally acknowledged that the result of their labors was not satisfactory. So much disappointment was felt that it has justified the opinion of John Randolph when he called this Convention "The Slaughter-House of Reputations." Many a man entered it with reputation as a man of great talent and statesman-like ability; and came forth from it shorn of his honors, only to sink into obscurity. There were many men in it of made reputations, and who cared not to risk them in proposing or advocating changes, fearing lest their fame might be impaired; old men too, who are generally averse to change, esteeming the former times better than the present, and unwilling to advocate measures which they might not live to see carried out.

Others again, who were highly esteemed, in endeavoring to make changes, made such as pleased no party or section and thus lost reputation. The West was not satisfied, because it did not gain its object, and accepted grumblingly the extension of the right of suffrage; the free-

holders of the east were dissatisfied that the right was extended, and thus the Ultras on each side were disappointed and angered, and the only thing in which they were brought together was in a union of complaint and condemnation.

The Convention presented the appearance of an irresolute man, who has neither decision nor courage, and who in endeavoring to satisfy two contending parties, displeases both. In looking over a file of old newspapers, we are struck with the excitement existing throughout the State; during the long interval of quiet that had pervaded the community, men had become unaccustomed to such discussions; and, never having enjoyed the luxury of taking to pieces and putting together again the Constitution of the State, seized upon the opportunity afforded, as men to whom an unknown pleasure had been offered.

Changes of all kinds and of every degree were proposed by some, and busy canvassing was carried on throughout the State; until at length the Convention, like a huge hatching machine, was put in operation; and the brood that issued forth did not at all please the owners.

The Constitution that was to be thus dissected and repaired, was the work of George Mason, and was made during the Revolutionary times of 1776. ~~Jefferson~~ wrote the Bill of Rights for it, and the General Assembly of that day, containing our best and wisest men, amended and adopted it. Madison was the only member of the Convention, collected at this time to amend, who had sat in the Assembly that formed the Constitution. Marshall and Monroe had, with him, sat in the Ratifying Convention of 1788; when, with so much difficulty, the Constitution of the Union was adopted.

Fifty-five years had elapsed since James Madison had given his assent to the work of George Mason whom he had since pronounced the greatest statesman that this country ever saw. As the aged man sat in the Hall of the House of Delegates and thought over the times past, what singular sensations must have crowded on his mind. The half century of political life which he had lived, with its continual whirl of events and its great and lasting changes, had been equal to centuries of the usual still life of nations. That half century had changed entirely the whole political world; and the mind of man had been forced from its old sluggish channels, and urged with the force of a torrent into new courses, as if a river, acted on by earthquake power, had left its old bed and cut for itself a new and better channel, along which it rushed with irresistible force. In that half century had lived and acted Washington in this hemisphere and Bonaparte in the other; two men of mightier influence than any other two the world ever saw.

Edo. Fisher

In that half century thrones had been toppled down, the power of priestcraft over nations assaulted and impaired, and, better than all, the principles of republican government understood and carried out.

The human mind had been powerfully stimulated, and had made rapid advances in every branch of science and art. From the lightning rod of Franklin, depriving the storm-cloud of its danger, through the intricate mazes of chemistry and its kindred sciences, in the glorious art of war, in the revelations from the poet's page and the historian's pen, in all the walks of literature and science, even up to the discovery of Champollion, that rendered legible the obscure hieroglyphics of Egypt, the mind of man had exercised itself in conquering difficulties and in producing results for the instruction or amusement of the race.

In that half century the world had renewed its youth, and commenced an entirely fresh existence; new in the principles that were henceforth to govern it, and the measures of policy to be adopted; new in the class of men who were to take the lead among its civilized communities; and new in the effects and influences that were to result throughout the entire world. All these mighty changes had taken place since the time when a few men, assembled in the village capital of Virginia, had organized resistance, formed themselves into a State, and adopted the first written Constitution the world ever saw.

Now that feeble yet wise colony had become a great state, and, in the midst of a free and extensive country, her wisest men had assembled to alter and amend their constitution. James Madison was the Nestor of the convention. At his advanced age it was not expected that he would take upon himself any active part in the proceedings; nor did he; for his work was all finished, and he left to younger men the chief labors of the occasion. He is thus described by one who was present, "Mr. Madison sat on the left of the speaker. He spoke once for half an hour, but although a pin might have been heard to drop, so low was his tone that from the gallery I could distinguish only one word and that was Constitution. When he rose, a great part of the members left their seats and clustered around the aged statesman, thick as a swarm of bees. Mr. Madison was a small man, of ample forehead and some obliquity of vision, (I thought the effect probably of age,) his eyes appearing to be slightly introverted. His dress was plain; his overcoat a faded brown surtout." The opinion expressed in this speech was in favor of the federal number in forming a basis of representation; and he recommended it for its simplicity,

its stability, and its permanency. It was a sensible, lucid argument.

James Monroe, who had figured in the former convention, spoke but seldom. He is described as "very wrinkled and weatherbeaten; ungraceful in attitude and gesture, and his speeches only common-place." His mind was not of the first order; he was rather a practical man of great energy, than a man of genius or a philosophic statesman. Yet his mind was well qualified to work with that of his friends, Jefferson and Madison. No intellect was more philosophic, more clear or more far-reaching than Madison's; no better and more efficient party leader or sagacious politician ever lived than Monroe. He possessed the talent for business, and another equally important, that of conciliating; his rule as President was the era of good feeling.

He had filled every office that the State and his country could bestow; he had fought in her cause, had sat in her councils, had assisted in forming her constitution, had served her in foreign embassies, and in negotiating the acquisition of Louisiana; he had been Governor of our State and President of the United States; he had done much to fix the policy of this country; had acquired Florida; had acknowledged the independence of the South American colonies, and had proclaimed to the world our intention as a people to suffer no foreign nation to interfere with the affairs of states or nations on this continent. Lastly, he possessed so little false pride and knew so well the duties of a good citizen, that after passing through all these honors, he exercised the office of Justice of Peace in his own county. He proposed by way of compromise that of the two Houses, forming the Legislature, the party holding to the white basis should have their principle carried out in electing the House of Delegates; and that the combined basis should be that by which the Senate was chosen. Ill health compelled him to leave before the convention closed its session.

John Marshall had devoted himself to the law, as entirely as Monroe had to politics, and his fame will be a lasting one. That he was one of the finest, strongest, clearest minds in the country is acknowledged; for directness, power of condensation and effect in argument no man ever excelled him. "Whenever he spoke, which was seldom, and only for a short time, he attracted great attention. His appearance was revolutionary and patriarchal. Tall, in a long surtout of blue, with a face of genius and an eye of fire, his mind possessed the rare faculty of condensation; he distilled an argument down to its essence." His professional pursuits had engrossed him and allowed no time for politics; yet had his party been triumphant, it is probable that he

would have been called out. His efforts in the House of Delegates, in defending from censure Jay's treaty and other measures of Washington's administration, showed that in politics as in law he possessed the power to accomplish whatever he undertook. His services as envoy extraordinary to France, and the papers drawn up and addressed by him to Talleyrand, excited admiration from all, and gave promise of great political success. Had he devoted himself to obtaining political honors, he would have obtained them. Perhaps no man in his party could have taken up the mantle of power that Washington laid down, except John Marshall.

Although he took but a slight part in the debates, yet his *Life of Washington* shows him to have been well qualified for such discussion. The work is too much neglected now; its style is rather dry and the subject somewhat heavily treated; yet it is the weighty production of a mighty mind; and contains, beside covering the whole ground historically, an account of the science of government, with the principles regulating it, as then going on in the world. A *Life* of so great a man, written by another great man, containing a narrative of events the most interesting in the world's history, and with dissertations by so able and learned a jurist and constitution-maker, is surely one of the most valuable legacies that could be left to any people.

In his speeches he proposed a compromise; the West was in favour of the White Basis alone, and the East in favour of the Basis of population and taxation combined. Judge Marshall's opinion was this: "I think the soundest principles of republicanism do sanction some relation between representation and taxation. Certainly no opinion has received the sanction of wiser statesmen and patriots. I think this was the principle of the revolution; the ground on which the colonies were torn from the mother country and made independent states." He offered, however, a compromise between the two parties, and to obtain it proposed that the white population should be combined with Federal numbers and thus form the basis of representation. This would make the concessions mutual and equal.

Two parties had been very early formed; and indeed the question, on which they differed, had been raised and the parties formed out of the House, and brought into it. The East and the West were arrayed in hostile attitude on the question of representation, and the discussion was warm and long continued. The East possessing many slaves, subjects of taxation, was in favor of the representation allowed in Congress to the Southern States and sanctioned by long custom in Virginia; the West, with few slaves, and a large and increasing white popula-

tion, advocated representation according to numbers alone; rejecting the slaves as so much property.

On this question the Convention divided off; yet the lines were not geographically distinct, as some advocates of the White Basis were from the Eastern side of the Ridge, which, dividing the State, was supposed to divide the parties also; and General Taylor, one of its most prominent supporters, was from Norfolk.

The parties seem to have stood thus; for the combined Basis the chief men were Madison, Marshall, Randolph, Leigh, Upshur, Tazewell, Giles, Coalter, Bayly, Nicholas, Stanard, Gordon, Scott, Green, Samuel Taylor, Lucas P. Thompson and others; for the White Basis, Monroe, Mercer, Doddridge, Robert Taylor, Cooke, Johnson, Powell, Henderson, Baldwin, Summers and Campbell.

These were the chief men who took active part in the discussion; there were many others who had some share in it, men of ability too, yet who were not among the prominent men.

Benjamin Watkins Leigh was the leader of the Eastern or Lowland party in the House. He was then in the zenith of his powers, and always stood high in Virginia for his excellence of disposition, frankness of manner, integrity and capacity. "His diction is clear, correct, elegant, and might safely be committed to print just as spoken. Yet high as he stands, he is not perhaps in the highest rank of speakers. He never lightens, never thunders; he can charm, he can convince, but he can hardly overwhelm." This is the opinion of one who heard him in this Convention, yet it does but scanty justice to the powers of this eminent man. He was vehement in his defence of Eastern Virginia, and of the basis of representation, consisting of population and taxation combined. Although not powerfully eloquent, still his real ability, thorough training in debate, earnestness of manner and confidence in the justice of his cause made him a formidable opponent to the reformers in the House; while his zeal won for him the approbation of many friends and paved the way for future honors. His seat in the United States Senate may be traced to the services rendered to the State in this body; he here proved himself a sound and safe counsellor. Many of the other changes, proposed in the Convention by the reformers, were opposed by him, and he advocated and defended the old Constitution in most of its parts; it was mainly owing to his efforts that the county court system was not swept away. He spoke with sharpness of "the reformers, who were willing to make the experiment on the body politic, how large a dose of French rights of man it could bear without fever, frenzy, mad-

ness and death." And in his speech in favor of retaining the combined basis of population and taxation asserted, that "no government will be just, or wise, or safe for Virginia that places the property of the East in the power of the West." "The preservation of the commonwealth, in its integrity, is only the second wish of my heart; the first is that it may be preserved entire under a free, equal, regular, republican government, founded in the great interests that are common to us all, and on a just balance of those interests that are conflicting." Some went back to the formation of society, and deduced arguments therefrom in favor of the White Basis; on whom he sarcastically remarks that "it seems to be imagined that no government is a civilized one unless it be founded on the natural rights of man in a savage state."

He led the van of his party, and was decidedly the most prominent man in the House.

Abel P. Upshur spoke early in the debate, and his speech ranks him among philosophic statesmen. It showed not only ability to form opinions and elegance in expressing them (for it may be considered the most elegant speech delivered during the session) but it was also a philosophic essay on the science of government, emanating from a mind naturally strong and thoroughly informed on the subject. In discussing the principles of government, he reverted to those principles that govern man in the formation of society and of law; showing that there was no foundation in the law of nature for the dogma advanced by its advocates that a majority of numbers alone should rule; proving that numbers alone never made a state; and that the majority should consist of persons and property, which together constitute a state. The Constitution of Virginia was a pact made by all for the benefit of all, and as in it there was no such majority rule, it followed that neither according to the law of nature, nor the Constitution under which we lived was it recognized that a bare majority of persons alone should have entire rule. His argument was essentially, that as property was that which first brought men into a state, and caused them to make laws; moreover, as property could not defend itself, but was ever liable to aggression, it was right and proper that this, the most essential part of a state, should have fit representation to defend it. Judge Upshur served for some time on the bench; in 1841 was made Secretary of the Navy by President Tyler, and in 1844, being then Secretary of State, was killed, with his colleague Gilmer and others, by the explosion on board the Princeton. His appearance was that of a man of middle stature, stout in person, with light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion; he was graceful and easy in manner

and gesture; his style of oratory possessed nothing impassioned or vehement; yet clear, calm and convincing, it transported its own ideas into the minds of his hearers with a power that made them appear to belong there. He had, in a very great degree the faculty of obtaining and keeping the sympathies of his audience. Indeed, as an orator he may be said to rank very high; his intellect was well trained, and his mind stored with knowledge, and highly accomplished; his style of speaking was unexceptionably good, his arguments forcible, and set forth in language remarkably terse and sententious; in it there appeared nothing superfluous, and nothing misplaced. He was also an able writer, contributing much to the periodical literature of the day; his pieces were good in manner, style and matter. Had not his life been prematurely cut off, he might have risen to even higher political honor, than he had already attained.

Philip Doddridge, of Brooke county, was the most powerful man in the House from the West, and was the acknowledged leader of his party. His reputation and his influence were very great in his own section of country, and, in point of eloquence, he was considered by his constituents a second Patrick Henry. Born of humble parentage, and with few opportunities of improvement, he possessed so much native vigor and brilliancy of mind and such ardor of application, that he obtained a good education, and became one of the leading men and most powerful speakers at the bar, or in the political arena of Western Virginia.

He came to the House the hero of many triumphs, with the avowed intention of changing the basis of representation; and much was expected from his known ability.

In person he was of medium stature, thick set and large, yet not ungraceful in carriage or figure; his face wore a frank manly expression, and his disposition well corresponded with its indications. Possessing a mind well-trained in classical lore, and with abundant knowledge of all kinds; acute, logical, argumentative, accustomed to debate at the bar, and familiar with parliamentary rule from long service in deliberative bodies; confident in the justice of his cause, and assured of its success; with the eyes of the whole West fixed in expectation on him as stimulant to his exertions, he came into Convention, a champion so well armed and appointed, so confident in himself and his cause, and so well sustained by his constituents, and supported by his colleagues, that few men could meet him without some misgivings. He was eloquent in his denunciations of the government as it existed; and bore down upon his adversaries with the impetuosity of a torrent. In denying the fact sta-

ted by Mr. Upshur, that our Constitution was a pact made by all for the benefit of all, he asserted, that it was made in a time of difficulty and danger by the old House of Burgesses, elected with a new name by freeholders, and that the mass of people had but little to do with its formation. And that in this Convention the people, for the first time, had a voice in organizing their own system of government. Although powerful and eloquent, he failed to accomplish his purpose; he was ably met in argument and in vehemence; far surpassed in the disposition to compromise and conciliate; overcome and outvoted.

Leigh and himself, though decided opponents, were still very much alike in disposition; jovial and free in manner, they were men who would enjoy life's pleasures, and take a momentary lead in politics or party. To each belonged similar faults and excellencies; sociable, lively and agreeable, their company was too much sought for their own good. Neither accomplished as much as was expected of him, or filled that place to which his powers seemed to call him.

General Robert Taylor of Norfolk, made some able speeches in favor of the White Basis, and opened the debate on this question. His constituents expressed dissatisfaction at a course so contrary to their interests, and he resigned his seat in consequence.

During the war with England he had commanded the militia on the coast and in Norfolk, and it was mainly owing to his diligence and skill that efficient resistance was offered to the British forces. He was famous for his colloquial powers; no man in Virginia equalled him in agreeable, fascinating and instructive conversation. His appearance was that of a large, portly, and fine looking man.

John R. Cooke of Frederick, and Chapman Johnson of Augusta, were both able lawyers, the latter resident in Richmond. They were elected and employed by their respective counties to represent them in the Convention, and to advocate the basis of the West.

Each made a powerful speech in favor of the views of his constituents, and took a very active part in the debate. They brought to the discussion minds well-trained in every description of debate, and argued their side of the question with the pertinacity and skill of lawyers engaged in an important suit.

The latter was one of the ablest men in Virginia, and might have obtained political honors, even the senatorship, had he desired them. He was, however, devoted to his profession; it suited his quiet studious disposition; and he remained in it, attaining high reputation, and excelling all rivals.

Alexander Campbell, the Baptist Reformer,

mingled in this debate, and contended stoutly for the Western plan of representation and for the spirit of reform generally. A stout, rugged looking man, a Scot by birth, yet brought up in the mountain region of Virginia, he possessed much vigor and originality of mind; he was learned too in many languages, and had his national shrewdness and keenness increased by the excitements of American culture, and improved by the workings of an intellect deeply exercised on religious subjects, and fully inspired with the great idea of reforming the church and the world. He presented that singular spectacle—a cool and cautious Scotchman, thoroughly imbued with, and active in carrying out, the most enthusiastic ideas. And this enthusiasm was accompanied by the firm decision of character, instinctive wisdom, honorable fairness of conduct, abiding sense of religious truth and persevering resolution which honorably distinguishes the Scottish people. It would be better for the world if a people so honest, firm, and wise had more enthusiasm; for we may be sure that it would be exerted in advancing the cause of religion and morals, and thus benefitting the race of man. Mr. Campbell was too much carried away by his love of reform; and his views, embracing every subject, made him, like most reformers, too much a citizen of the world to be a perfectly safe counsellor for Virginia.

He was evidently out of place in this body, and as he stood very much alone, as well in his religious opinions as in his political views, it might be said to him more truly than to a wiser man, who meddled not in politics, "Thou art beside thyself."

The clause in the old Constitution prohibiting clergymen from serving in the Legislature was continued in the present one after debate, and was evidently meant to exclude one who possessed such radical notions and was so anxious to enforce them.

Charles Fenton Mercer of Loudoun was one of the best informed men in the House, and advocated the Western side of the question with much force of reasoning, and a formidable array of facts and figures. He has the honor of having originated the scheme of colonizing the negro race in Africa; and of having labored zealously to carry out that philanthropic plan.

An enthusiast on all subjects, he was even more than usually enthusiastic on this, and made eloquent reference to the services rendered by Western Virginia to the East during the war of 1812, as well as many fervid appeals to both parties to lay aside prejudice and settle amicably their differences.

Henderson of Loudoun, and Powell of Frederick also made several able speeches on this side of the question.

There was one man in the Convention who wore a crutch, and suffered evidently from bodily indisposition; of middle size, and stoutly made, there was nothing in person or appearance to excite attention, except the finely formed head, heavy brows and bushy eyebrows with the dark, keen eyes underneath them. It was at once apparent when William B. Giles opened his mouth to speak, that if the body was crippled the powers of mind were in full activity, and that compensation had been made for impaired power in the one case by increased and peculiar abilities in the other. "His style of delivery was perfectly conversational, no gesture, no effort; but in ease, fluency and tact surely he had not there his equal; his words were like honey pouring from a eastern rock." He had mingled largely in the politics of Virginia and of the Union; and was esteemed, and justly too, one of our ablest men. As a debater in Congress he had no superior; and in knowledge of business, clearness of views, and ability to explain those views satisfactorily, he took the first rank. His influence in his own district, and throughout the State was very extensive. Although born of humble parentage, incapacitated by ill health, and hindered by natural disposition from being a seeker of popularity, honor and fame had sought him out; and as Representative in Congress, as Senator, as Delegate in the Legislature, as Governor of the State, and now as member of this Convention, he had served faithfully, and occupied a prominent place in the affairs of the State and Nation.

No man possessed better conversational talent, or was more willingly listened to; as his style of oratory was conversational, so his conversation was somewhat oratorical; he spoke as if he expected attention, and he was listened to uninterruptedly.

His chief fault was a certain narrowness of mind, the result of strong prejudices early acquired, and increased by the confinement of ill health and the absence of that expansion of intellect which travel, observation, and intercourse give. His intellect worked with tremendous power within a limited space; like a huge hammer swung on a pivot, within its sweep it crushed all opposition, and even the wind of the blow was felt at some distance, yet beyond this circle it had no effect. He is to be esteemed among the first of a class of minds often found in Virginia; strong, subtle, influential in native power and extensive acquirement, yet narrowed down by prejudice or indolence.

This class of minds attain their highest culture, and exercise their full powers only when transplanted. Had Governor Giles possessed bodily health, and had he emigrated early to the Mississippi Valley he would have acquired full

growth, and have possessed an influence unequalled by that of any man who left Virginia and rose to honor in the West. To this class of men we owe, in great measure, that spirit of intense nationality which possesses the Virginians; and makes them to esteem their own State, their own men, and their political principles better than all others; and which, by giving rise to emulation and effort, fosters state pride and tends to produce the effects it makes boast of. It is this very spirit that has led so many from our State into the highest offices: and has made us as a people to occupy so important a place in the affairs of our nation. Virginia owes much to William B. Giles; elevated to the highest offices she could bestow, with nothing save his own merit to recommend him, he loved her devotedly and served her faithfully. Laboring through life for her sake, by his talents rendering her respectable in the councils of the nation, defending her policy with his pen and his tongue, and inspiring with state pride all whom he could influence, he spent his last years in her highest chair of state, and in doing duty in her Convention.

Littleton W. Tazewell, formerly Senator and afterwards Governor, esteemed deservedly a man of reputation for statesmanlike ability, ease, grace, and power as an orator, sound judgment and integrity, also took part in this great debate. His graceful, persuasive oratory was well set off by his tall, fine, gentlemanly looking person, and a voice powerful and pleasant. He reviewed the constitutional history of Virginia, as exhibited in formation of counties and in extending the representation, showing that this extension was based on the protection of the mutual interests of all; and that the alterations made from time to time were made as different interests arose or declined.

He asserted that capital and labor are the two great elements of the prosperity of every state; for without labor capital is worthless, and without capital labor would be useless. Between these two a struggle had always existed, and to reconcile these jarring interests, and confine each within its proper sphere, is the business of good government.

Judge Coalter of Stafford was appointed in place of John Taliaferro, who resigned because of ill health. Having been born and bred in the West, and having lived in the East, he was well qualified to give an opinion in a question affecting both. Shrewd, sagacious, learned in the law, and accustomed to conflicts, his opinion was of value; decided and energetic, a Scotch Irishman as he called himself, he was likely to maintain firmly any opinion that his reason might dictate. His ability and candor as a judge are too well known to require comment or eulogy.

In the debate he took his position, and briefly and clearly made it known. His wish was to conciliate; yet, when he found that western men refused to come into the compromise offered by Marshall, and when Doddridge spoke of having planted his standard and refusing to give way, he spoke out thus, "Gentlemen have planted their standard—I now plant mine firmly in lower Virginia, I think she has law, justice and sound policy in her favor, and much of the spirit of conciliation." He was very deliberate and emphatic in his utterance; his words were all spoken in a sententious manner, and nothing discursive or diffusive appeared in his speech; it was an argument simmered down and delivered boiling hot. His remarks produced sensation.

The most remarkable man in the Convention was John Randolph. "He articulated excellently and gave the happiest effect to all he said. His person was frail and uncommon—his face pale and withered—but his eye radiant as a diamond. He owed perhaps more to his manner than his matter; and his mind was rather poetical than logical." It is not necessary to speak fully of the peculiarities, nor to describe the appearance of one so well known and so much talked of. Every day he could be seen dressed in a full suit of black, with crape upon his hat and arm; and when questioned, answered that he wore mourning for the old Constitution of Virginia, and that in this Convention he expected to witness its death and funeral.

As might be expected, he opposed violently every change proposed; defending the constitution as it stood, and esteeming every reform an innovation. Especially was the freehold qualification in a voter the object of his special affection; and he advocated its retention as if he thought it imperatively necessary for the safety of the State.

According to his usual custom, his eloquence was exerted in satire and invective; his shrill and pipe like voice, musical in its lower tones and like a clarion in its upper ones; his expressive use of the long bony finger, "that javelin of rhetoric;" his whole appearance, and the sarcastic bitter character of his speech, always commanded the attention of the House. One gentleman had spoken too long, and displeased Randolph by the tenor as well as the length of his remarks. "The gentleman told us the day before yesterday that in fifteen minutes of the succeeding day he would conclude all he had to say; and then kept us two hours, not by the Shrewsbury clock, but by as good a watch as can be made in the city of London. (Drawing out and opening his watch.) As fifteen minutes are to two hours—in the proportion of one to eight—such is the approximation to truth in the gentle-

man's calculations." In another speech he spoke of the effort made to attack some of the positions taken by Chief Justice Marshall, and asserted that to overturn those positions would be impossible, and the attack on them as abortive and puny as it would be to assault the Rock of Gibraltar with a pocket pistol.

In the close of the Convention, when the Constitution as amended was about to be submitted to the people, so much dissatisfied was Mr. Randolph, that he proposed that it should be submitted only to those qualified to vote under the old Constitution.

The extension of the right of suffrage, admitting those who were not freeholders to vote, would thus be prevented. The proposition was voted down.

He was one who in Federal and in State politics aimed more to prevent evils than to originate good. In this respect Giles and himself were alike; neither advocated that absurd system called the Progressive; they were constantly striving to check and control the efforts made by other politicians to introduce changes. Both possessed that peculiar nationality spoken of, and were admirable types of the conservative spirit of Virginia.

There were many other men of note in the Convention, of whom I have not spoken; it is difficult to do them all justice, and I have chosen but a few to represent the rest. James Monroe presided at first over its deliberations; being obliged however to resign and leave the Convention on account of ill health, Judge Barbour was appointed in his place and presided with dignity and ease.

This Convention met on the 5th of October, 1829, and adjourned on the 15th of January, 1830; it met at first in the Hall of the House of Delegates; and, when this was occupied by its proper assembly, continued its sessions in the old African Church on Broad street. In the Convention the Constitution passed by a majority of fifteen only; and in the State, out of 42,000 votes cast, a majority of 10,500 only made it to be received by the people. The western members in the House voted against its passage; and the western counties, by a majority in that section of the State of 7,300, voted against its ratification. The second Constitution of Virginia, like the first one, resulted from the efforts of eastern men in the House and eastern votes out of it. The west has never had any decided influence in the councils of Virginia. Thus ended the unsatisfactory labors of the Convention of '29-'30. In it there sat of men who had then, or afterwards, obtained office, three Presidents of the United States, four Governors of Virginia, seven Senators, eleven Judges, and fifteen Rep-

and conditions of poetry may be somewhat altered,) poetry itself will not be sacrificed, or impaired; but, on the contrary, refined and invigorated—exalted to new dignity, endowed with higher powers, and admitted to a nobler and wider dominion. But while we may not convince those, whose poetical faith has been formed so as to exclude every element of christian piety, yet we can state the grounds of our own belief, and show reasons to prove the delusion of those who cherish an unworthy prejudice.

There are two ways in which christianity may extend a propitious influence to poetry; by supplying new trains of thought, and opening a wide field of truth before its view. And again, by its direct influence on the heart, purifying, harmonizing, and elevating its tastes, affections, and aspirations. Both these influences, however, may be regarded as one. Both unite in moulding christian character. Truth transforms and sanctifies, when it is believed; and it is mainly by its moral effect on the tastes and sentiments of the soul, that the benigu influence of religion is extended to poetry.

1. *The spirituality of religion releases the mind from the dominion of the senses, and elevates the range of its faculties to a level with the higher regions of truth.* Man, possessing a two-fold nature, stands related to two worlds—the one material and visible; the other, comprehending this—as an island amid an encircling sea—immaterial and spiritual. Piety is the habit of the soul, holding communion with invisible and spiritual objects. Faith is a complex spiritual exercise, at once intellectual and emotional, by which the mind converses with that invisible sense, the existence and glory of which have been revealed by divine inspiration. It is not an exercise prompted by a vague impulse of curiosity, to explore the wonders of a region, remote from our sphere and disconnected with our interests. The objects and beings of that invisible world are associated with man in the most intimate moral relationship—bound to his heart and conscience by the strongest ties of obligation and interest. There is the glorious dwelling-place of the great Father of our spirits; the holy habitation of high orders of angelic intelligence and of beatified spirits of the just from earth ascended; there is the final home of all the pure and faithful from amongst men; where the raptures and glories of an immortal destiny shall be unfolded through eternity. Consequently the tastes, the sentiments and the aspirations of the pious heart are inseparably connected with the vision of faith, which surveys this invisible scene. The devout mind is habitually drawn thither by the strong fascination of love, desire, and hope. “Walk-

ing by faith and not by sight,” “looking not at things seen and temporal, but at things unseen and eternal,” the humble believer moves abroad on the earth in the light of a higher existence, and walks among his fellowmen, encompassed by a cloud of nobler witnesses from heaven. To this sublime and boundless theatre the kindling vision of faith habitually turns. It is not the dull and dreamy gaze of an empty mind, fixed on a region of vacancy and gloom. It is not the downcast scowling glance of a morose spirit, looking along a cold and narrow avenue, from which the light and love, the sights and sounds of the living universe are all excluded. Nor is it yet, the illusory vision of a poetic genius, exploring the Elysian fields of ancient mythology, conversing with the gods and heroes of a departed faith, or constructing in the air some floating fancy-realm, peopled with fairies, muses and genii—the transient sport of a capricious imagination. No. It is the intelligent, believing, devout apprehension of a scene of existence, the reality of which is amply attested; the beauties and wonders of which infinitely exceed the noblest creations of human fancy; inhabited by beings of surpassing intelligence and radiant loveliness; by swift-winged ministering spirits, angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, amid “thrones, principalities and powers;” where, “in light inaccessible and full of glory,” the great Eternal Spirit presides, veiled in the awful mystery of his infinite nature, crowned with the radiance of his own perfections, and dispensing light and love over a dependent universe.

It is true, every mind familiar with the disclosures of divine revelation, has some vague discernment of this invisible scene and these spiritual beings. But their existence and glory are not fully realized—they do not become permanent objects of affection, desire, and hope, until they have first become objects of enlightened christian faith. Now it is mainly through the medium of the affections that ideas and associations impress their image on the character. Society, natural scenery, and the events of personal experience stamp their impression on the mind, by means of a fusion, produced under the glowing emotions of the heart. The society must be that of endeared companionship. The scenery must lie around the home of our youth. The events of personal experience must be connected with our deepest emotions and fondest hopes. In a word, there must be fascination, as well as familiarity, in order to produce an assimilation of character. When we survey this infinite expanse of vision, with its sublime grandeurs and dazzling glories, with its lofty intelligences, and its incomprehensible Deity, what mighty conceptions exalt the mind and expand the heart! And

when we remember that, in the case of the devout christian, this scene is surveyed, not by occasional transient glances, such as a traveller in a foreign land might cast over the surrounding country; but with the prolonged, eager, loving gaze, with which one beholds the scenery of his native land; and that this prospect, in all its elevation and grandeur, is habitually within the range of his vision; so that his character is matured and moulded under its presiding influence! how can it be otherwise, than that a mental, as well as moral assimilation, should take place in his experience? How can it be otherwise, than that under this transporting prospect, there should be a progressive transformation of the mind and heart—when “beholding thus with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory?”

This course of reasoning is amply sustained by the testimony of facts. There may have been contracted and greivelling spirits, who under the mask of piety, have displayed the fruits of superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism; but the humblest and rudest capacity has never yet been quickened by the light, warmed by the love and animated by the hope of the gospel, without manifesting a visible mental enlargement. The mind may remain ignorant as to the details of human science, but there is a liberality of sentiment and a loftiness of conception on general subjects, which bear testimony to intellectual improvement. Indeed, religion as we conceive, forms the basis of true mental independence; and fosters the noblest growth of the intellect. The progress of the mind is shaped by the moral tastes and sentiments; and by a reference to these, we may distinguish the various grades of human intelligence. There is a *secular* turn of mind—with a proneness to seek its gratification in the region of politics, commerce or agriculture. This is shaped by a love of wealth; and all its exercise is subservient to accumulation. There is a *scientific* turn of mind—exploring the lifeless forms of matter, and spurning all spiritual inferences, as lying beyond its peculiar province. This is swayed by vanity—and collects its stores for the purpose of ostentation. There is again a *romantic* or *poetic* turn of mind—inconstant and vacillating, unless when joined in meet fellowship with piety; actuated by a love for the sublime and beautiful, but untaught, as to the sphere of their highest manifestation; seeking in vain its fruition amid present and visible things, and swayed perpetually from its aim, by the controlling spirit of worldliness. All these grades of intelligence fall short of the higher regions of truth. They are associated with no pure spiritual taste—sustained by no lofty desire or hope,

which would incline the thoughts to mount to such an elevation.

When any worldly interest is made the reliance and refuge of the soul, for the most part, the time and attention are engrossed in secular pursuits; and seasons of leisure are devoted to frivolity and dissipation—the false glitter of unseemly wit, or the gaudy fascinations of sensual pleasure; and when any intellectual exercise is attempted, beyond that which is directly subservient to physical necessities, (as in the case of those scientific explorers, who fail to discern God in their scrutiny of his works, and who disown the obligations of piety and the hopes of a future life, in their observations on man's nature and destiny.) what else can it be, but the blind exhibition of mere power—the false triumph of fruitless skill, converging in self, and terminating in vanity? The mind looking to the present scene alone as a source of satisfaction, encumbered by downward moral tendencies, is destitute of that high aspiration toward a congenial element—that fervent admiration and homage of the soul for truth, in its spiritual manifestations, which alone can properly invigorate its energies, and sustain their worthy and consistent exercise. Its movements are crippled and abortive. It either crawls sluggishly on the ground, or its flight is lowly and broken; like the ineffectual struggles of some mighty bird fettered to the earth, and free to rise only as far as the length of its chain will permit. Vain is the wide sweep of its wing! Vain the elastic energy that nerves its frame! Its strength is expended in futile and frantic volutions in a contracted circle. Its plumage is soiled by a ceaseless contact with the dust. It can take no continuous flight. It can rise to no becoming altitude. It cannot give full scope to its native capacities; nor inhabit that high element in which it was formed to move. The lofty summits of truth are unscaled. The ethereal regions of a higher life are unexplored! In the experience of the devout christian, the mind, released from the enthrallment of a worldly spirit, finds its congenial element in this exalted sphere; and is sustained in its sublime excursions by the higher habit of religious faith.

II. But not only does this spiritual scene, with its glorious beings, as contemplated by faith, extend an elevating and inspiring influence over the mind. *The scenery of nature, and the events of human life are, at the same time, invested with a spiritual atmosphere.* Some may be ready to ask—“will not religious devotion to unseen spiritual objects weaken the ties and affections that bind us to the present scene, and produce a frigid insensibility of soul to the endearments of nature and life?” By no means! Religion, it is true, breaks the bondage of a blind and sordid idola-

try to this world; and teaches the estimation of its true value; but at the same time exalts its objects to a nobler attitude, and endows them with a higher significance. It connects them with spiritual associations, and crowns them with the light of an immortal destiny. No! We degrade, when we idolize the present scene. We mar its beauty, we destroy its dignity, we dispel the charm of its high poetic interest when we look upon surrounding nature, as a moving mass of unconscious matter, isolated from all spiritual existence. Human life sinks to an inferior level of mere animal being, when disjoined from the prospect of immortality. Beauty and sublimity are not material qualities. They are the visible expressions, in the type of matter, of some veiled spiritual element, which assumes this mode of manifestation. They find their interpretation in those trains of association which lead the mind to moral qualities, or to the glorious attributes of God. Religion sanctifies and renders immortal the tenderest ties and best affections of our nature. They may be subject to earthly vicissitude. They may seem to terminate at death; but they will be restored and perpetuated on another scene of being. As some mountain streams flow for a short distance in their channels, then suddenly sink under the surface of the earth; and after holding a subterranean course rise again and flow along the landscape in deeper, stronger and brighter currents, so the affections which spring up in this life, if sanctified by faith, though they sink in the grave, will rise again and flow with greater depth and power over the fields of immortality.

What sublime associations surround the scenery of nature under the pervading presence of God, as a reconciled Father, "whose tender mercies are over all his works!" The earth with its vales and mountains, its caves and cliffs, its fields and forests, its rills and rivers, its lakes and oceans becomes radiant with His glory and vocal with His praise. "The spacious firmament on high," with sun, moon and "stars which are the poetry of heaven," beams with a brighter splendor, and peals forth the music of a nobler anthem. The events of human life, and the revolving train of the variegated seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter, with infancy, youth, manhood and age, as they roll along under the guardianship of a merciful providence and bear the soul onward to an immortal paradise, all by their transporting testimony, prompt the exclamation from the pious heart—

"These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God, the rolling year
Is full of thee!"

How cold, dim, and cheerless, in comparison

with this glorious reality of faith, is that abstract creation of an undevout fancy, so languidly invoked and so listlessly adored by its poetic worshipers, under the title of NATURE! At best but a dreamy, superficial admiration of certain vague qualities, floating like shadows on the air; such as power, wisdom, goodness—the unconscious fragments of a God, disjoined from moral attributes; without the purity, without the majesty, without the personality and the prerogative of God! How meagre and frivolous the fabled beings of ancient song, as reproduced in modern poetry, in contrast with those "quick spirits of the universe," beings of spotless purity and towering intelligence, leagued in sympathy with man, which, in radiant ranks, bow and veil their faces with their wings before the throne above; or bend from Heaven to hail with joy the return of every prodigal; or encamp in watchful guard around the habitations of the just; or on missions of love and mercy to man, traverse the air with winged speed, or "walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." How free the access of the christian to the temple of nature—how close his approach to her shrine—how intimate his communion with her veiled mysteries! How legible to him her sacred lessons, as imprinted on the page of every landscape!

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his to enjoy
With a propriety which none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all!'"

* * * *

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works! Admitted once to His embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before.
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thy heart
Made pure, shall relish with divine light
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought!"

III. Connected with the views already presented, there is another propitious influence springing from christian piety to foster the genius of the poet. *It preserves the sensibilities of the heart pure and fresh amid the perverting influences of life; and perpetuates the capacity of admiration amid the deadening encroachments of familiarity and experience.* Religion implies purity of heart. It corrects unworthy tastes, harmonizes discordant passions, and arrests evil propensities. It opens the fountains of right feeling, directs the affections to proper objects, and awakens lofty aspirations in the soul. The indulgence of corrupt dispositions hardens the heart,

blunts the sensibilities, and produces a state of premature torpor and decay. The same law applies to the moral as to the physical constitution. The regular healthy action of its powers promotes the tone and vigor of the system, while irregular diseased action gives place to succeeding languor and feebleness. Impure passions produce a subsequent apathy proportionate to the degree of their excitement. Their evil fires scathe and burn and desolate the soul, and the victim of licentious indulgence soon sighs over the ruin of a spirit, shrunk, shrivelled and blasted within him. The testimony of all experience has demonstrated the truth, that piety fosters and invigorates, while vice sears and hardens the human heart. Insomuch that, if forgetful of all higher considerations, it would still be the policy of a poet in order to success in an art which so much requires the exercise of our finest sensibilities, to obey the dictates of piety, and cultivate purity of heart. An erring poet has left a beacon in his own verse to warn the world of these hidden rocks, on which many a gallant vessel has been wrecked.

"I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing.
But och! it hardens a' within
And petrifies the feeling!"

Coleridge has defined genius to consist in the capacity, "to carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood—to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty, with every day appearances which experience has rendered familiar." Macaulay, in a passage which we noticed in an early part of this discussion, has advanced substantially the same idea; although it is done with a design to disparage the dignity of poetry. He says: "he that, in an enlightened age, aspires to be a great poet must first become as a little child." This remark is based on the recognition of a melancholy fact in human experience. His error consisted in regarding this fact as the honorable distinction of wisdom, instead of a shameful result of infirmity. The character of man changes unconsciously as he advances in life. But alas! if he grows wiser he seldom grows better in his experience. Many, in moments of sad review have sighed more over what they have lost than they have exulted over what they have gained in the transition from youth to manhood. Indeed that acquired wisdom is of most questionable dignity and worth, in attaining which we part with what may be called the youthful poetry of our nature. It is rather a partial and superficial knowledge which has assumed the title of wisdom. It consists not of deep and full supplies from "the Pierian spring," but of those "slight draughts which intoxicate

the brain." Yet as the world goes such wisdom carries the day. "Nil admirari," is the motto of modern science and philosophy. But the ardent enthusiasm of youth is not entirely the offspring of ignorance and weakness. Nor is the stoical indifference of mature age altogether the result of accumulated knowledge. It is well that the superstitious fears of childhood should vanish away, for *they* spring from ignorance, or rather they are perversions (caused by ignorance) of a principle as yet not developed or matured amid sufficient light. But the vivid emotions and the glowing admiration characteristic of early life are not disproportionate to the objects which call them forth. They are the ready responses of a nature not yet benumbed by familiarity, nor corroded by care, nor blinded by habit, nor stiffened by pride—at once the vivid realization of the present, and the prophetic intuition of a future state of felicity and wisdom.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of our prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy!

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

In childhood visible objects are coloured with hues of loveliness and glory, reflected from an invisible sphere. The inquisitive mind looks beyond the horizon of our senses. It extends to unseen spiritual relations. It asks of every passing, phenomenon—whence?—why? and whither? These silent questionings, these far-reaching, exploring glances of an immortal mind as it moves abroad amid scenes of novelty and wonder, are the rational sources of that quick susceptibility and kindling admiration peculiar to the morning of life: and these, when matured into the powers of manhood, constitute the high prerogative of genius. But, alas! man soon learns to stifle and smother these inward questionings, as absurd and extravagant, and in their stead to cultivate more *practical* and *substantial* qualities, as better adapted to success in life! He plucks the eagle wing of his spirit, to avoid the flights of a wayward imagination! He dims the eagle eye of his mind, to prevent its rolling in poetic phrensy; and at length adapted to his sphere, he learns to strut upon his dunghill, a tame companion of ordinary fowls! As man grows up under the dominion of a worldly spirit, and engages in the pursuits and passions of earth, a thousand causes combine to darken the generous susceptibilities of his heart, and blot out the bright capacity of admiration from his mind—without concluding them to be eclipsed and ex-

tinguished, as glimmering night-fires, by the meridian light of perfect knowledge!

We are supposing the case of one destitute of vital piety. And when we look at the dark array of hostile forces with which genius, unsustained by the quickening energy of faith, is called to contend in its earthly career, it is no cause of wonder, that it should be dimmed, and soiled, and wounded in the conflict, even if it should not be overcome and taken captive. Familiarity, custom, the sway of fashion, the influence of society, corroding care, conflicting passion, pride of intellect, and worship of Mammon—all these attend the career of man, and gradually consume the susceptibility and vigour of youthful genius. When associated with these qualities, even progressive knowledge tends to destroy the capacity of admiration. Knowledge in such a character must be superficial. It may be exact as to the details of science. It may be clear and comprehensive as to the compass of philosophy. It may cover a wide range of subjects, in every department of human discovery. And yet it may be profoundly ignorant of all. There are questions, connected with every topic of investigation, left untouched. There are depths unfathomed, in every quarter of that sea, over the surface of which he has sailed, marking its tides, dotting its islands, and defining its coasts. "There are things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in such philosophy." Truth is perceived only in its visible form and substance. The trunk of the tree is measured, and its roots as they penetrate the earth are explored; but its invisible branches stretch abroad in every direction, adorned with leaves and blossoms; and its viewless top towers to heaven, laden with fruit. Hence, because the trunk alone is visible, and the top and branches reach out of sight, the tree is considered nothing more than a dry and lifeless trunk! There is profound falsehood under that stupid self-flattery, which induces the belief that increasing experience and knowledge destroy the capacity of admiration—that science and learning are incompatible with genius—and that a poet cannot exist in an enlightened age! What has the age to do with the poet? Does it breathe and eat for him? Does it think and feel for him? No! His thoughts and feelings are his own—independent, self-conscious, thrilling, high above the heads of the multitude! The true poet is always in advance of his age. He stands alone, on an eminence, "and sees the distant tops of thoughts, that men of common stature never saw." There may be familiarity, without knowledge. Nay, there may be a familiarity, which opposes knowledge; inasmuch as when once induced, it smothers future investigation. The mind may be familiar with the surface of facts, and yet re-

main ignorant of the profound truth involved therein. Its knowledge may be like the acquaintance a stranger would form, with a company of foreigners residing in the same house, but of whose language he was totally ignorant, and with whom he had no means of intercourse. He would at first feel some curiosity in beholding their singular appearance and dress, and hearing the strange jargon in which they conversed; but at length accustomed to this, he passes them by in silent indifference, familiar with their faces, but ignorant of their minds. It is such *ignorant familiarity*, and not thorough knowledge, that destroys the sense of novelty and wonder experienced in childhood, and blights the bloom of poetic genius. Many of those early questionings of the mind are never answered in the subsequent attainments of the man. He learns to disregard them, as childish or extravagant, and having acquired the habit of indifference to such topics, he confines his attention to what he conceives a *more important* and *practical* range of inquiry. In his superficial attainments in secular and scientific knowledge, he becomes *intellectually proud*. His penetration is *so keen*, his knowledge is *so extensive*, that little remains for him to discover, and nothing to admire! For what remains unknown he can easily adjust by an intuitive decision as to what it *ought* to be, and consequently what it is! His intellect is *so towering*, that it can perceive nothing *higher* than itself, to which it can *look up* with admiration! All its glances are either directed around on its own level in self-complacent indifference, or bent down on things beneath, in stupid contempt. Such is the character of that worldly wisdom, which scoffs at the higher exercise of genius, as eccentric and visionary. But genius has a brighter eye. Its glance penetrates beneath the outward surface of things, and reaches beyond the boundary of the senses. It looks upon objects more in their true light. It traces truth in its remote relations—in forms of beauty and sublimity. And there are heights all radiant with glory, continually rising before his vision, as he advances; so that his kindling eye is ever lifted upward in admiring wonder and delight! Thus while genius preserves the vigor of its powers, it maintains an humble and child-like attitude.

But if genius be destitute of faith, if the poet be a stranger to vital piety, there are manifold and mighty causes in operation to crush the vigor of his powers—causes that arise, not only around him, in the habits and customs of society, and the sobering influence of time and experience; but causes that originate in the evil habits of his own life, and the perverted state of his moral nature. His heart clings to earth. His affections bind him to visible things. His desires

like an opposing current, resist his ascending progress. He has no high, constant aspiration, tending upward. He has no immortal hope, "anchored within the veil"—no "correspondence fixed with heaven." He has no habit of high communion with God—no confiding filial trust in Him, as a tender and compassionate Father in Heaven! Under all these disadvantages, through all these *opposing* influences, his genius must *force* its way to find a congenial element. And if, *intellectually*, his gifted spirit still mounts toward the higher regions of truth, and converses with spiritual forms and associations; it wanders thither *as an exile in a foreign land!* *The ties of his heart—the attractions of his home are not there!* And if, *as a poet*, he should still cherish a child-like capacity to *feel and admire* amid the surrounding glories of the universe; alas! it must be *as an orphan child!* God is not known and loved as a Father. And without piety, man exists in a state of moral orphanage!

But in the case of the devout christian, all such considerations become propitious to poetic genius. The entire frame and habit of his piety inclines in the same direction. The moral change which constitutes him a christian, is described as a return to the state of childhood—"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." In the subsequent experience of the christian, God is recognized as an-unseen but ever-present father. The confiding spirit of adoption, and the humble attitude of a child, are maintained through life. And not only does the awful mystery and infinite glory of the divine character, like a pillar of cloud and fire, attend the christian through all his journey; but the visible works of nature are associated with the divine perfections, and every part of the vast universe is pervaded by the presence of its author. Adoration of the character, and admiration of the works of God, are the habitual exercises of christian faith. Under these high and sacred influences, the susceptibility and ardor of poetic genius find the most fostering encouragement.

Other considerations, sustaining the views advanced in this essay, must be reserved for another number.

W. C. S.

EPIGRAM—*By a Conservative. On seeing the State Flag upon the Capitol upside down the first day upon which the Legislature met under the new Constitution.*

The flag upside down! as the emblem one sees,
The effect, to our thinking, quite odd is,
For lo! as the folds are unfurled by the breeze,
The tyrant is over the goddess!
Virginia! this typifies rightly thy fate
To day when your children are "smarter"—
For, all topsy-turvy appears the old State
Beneath her new popular charter!

THE HEMLOCKS.

All poets who with thoughtful awe
Walk the green earth, as men advised
Of holy ground, some sweetness draw
From things of other minds despised;

And understand the hidden springs
Of love and hate in human kind.
And yet, 'tis said, a linnet sings
The sweetest when its eyes are blind.

The city ladies' eyes were wet,
Or treated with no show of scorn
His lines: they touched me nearer yet,
Although I am but country born.

My cheek was pale for lack of life,
And paler for my mourning gown;
And when he came, the winds at strife
Had brought my heavy tresses down.

And I was leaning on my hand
In listless mood: The pines below
Made solemn music through the land,
Quite up to where the hemlocks grow.

I saw a shadow move across
The cliff, before I met his look,
His noiseless foot was on the moss;
An angler by his rod and book.

The hemlock trunks were rough and tall,
Their fibrous roots, thrust forth to drink
The moisture of the waterfall,
With lichens hid the awful brink.

I would have called in my affright.
My coward tongue was stricken mute.
—It was as swift as thought or sight,
A sudden gap within the root.

And if he cried, the cry was lost,
And I was kneeling on the sod.
And wept to see the chasm crossed,
And in his grasp the broken rod.

There swung a vine with clusters brown,
Between two trunks from each to each;
With all my strength I drew it down,
With all my might I bore it down,
Until it fell within his reach.

And when he thanked me with grave eyes,
And with a pale but gracious lip,
I felt as when a maiden spies
The pennon of her lover's ship.

The ship that from a foreign sea
Brings the true heart of which she dreamed
But yesternight. A Mystery
Grew up between us then un dreamed.

I little thought of love before;
I knew he won my heart with ease.
The rustic swains who shunned my door,
Had thought me coy and hard to please.

Their laughter seldom moved my mirth
Because it was as grainless sheaves;
I better love the gala earth
And songs of birds among the leaves.

The dewy sward, the misty height
Slow purpling in the morning gleam,
The copses where with footsteps light
He came to angle in the stream.

And sat whole hours at my knee
Repeating from some pleasant book,
While tangled in a stooping tree
His line detained the guiltless hook.

And once he read beside the rill
Some verses with a cadence sweet,
And when I praised the writer's skill
He laid the poem at my feet.

And smiled and said the lines were his,
And written for a lady fair,
Who loved all Nature as it is
Better than breathing city air ;

But that she far excelled his rhymes,
And might have worn a civic crown
If she had lived in Roman times ;
And how her lovely eyes were brown.

And that he loved her more than life
Itself or fame : this much he said,
When stricken in a playful strife,
Sickening, I turned my head—

I turned my foolish head to hide
The tears that would not be repressed ;
But when my altered mien he spied,
He drew me blushing to his breast.

And I, because I understood
The story, and its purpose then,
In that brief moment,—as he would,
Turned my wet face to his again.

'And do you love me,' so he cried,
'And are you not the lady fine ?'
I knew in all the land beside
There was no lighter heart than mine.

J. M. LEGARE.

Aiken, Dec., 1851.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

FEMALE EDUCATION. THE SOUTHERN FEMALE
INSTITUTE AT FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

The new Constitution which has just been adopted with so much unanimity, inaugurates a new era in our history. The "old Constitution" has been overhauled and condemned as unseaworthy, and a new ship of State, after a new model, has been turned out from the stocks. The old officers have been dismissed, and the "new Constitution" has just been launched upon the popular wave, amid the vociferous cheers of an enlarged crew, with orders to leave the old landmarks, and stand out to sea in search of that Utopia which has hitherto eluded the researches of the political philosophers.

Whether the voyage upon which we have start-

ed, shall be attended with favorable winds, and conduct us in safety to the haven of our hopes, or terminate in disastrous wreck, "time, sole philosopher," must determine. No human sagacity can solve the problem. In the mean time it is useless to indulge in vain regrets and waste our breath in sighs for what has passed away never to return.

Let Conservatives and Radicals, Whigs and Democrats leave the things which are behind, and press forward to those which are before. We are all embarked upon a common bottom, with common interests and a common destiny. Let us take a calm survey of our position, and address ourselves like men to the work which lies before us. Our political opinions do not affect our moral obligations. We owe allegiance to the Commonwealth, and Virginia expects every man to do his duty in that sphere of life which Providence and the Constitution have assigned him.

For the first time in our history our theory and our practice coincide, and our new organic law proclaims with authority the "Kingdom of the People." Our bill of rights has always affirmed that all power is vested in and derived from the people, and that magistrates are their trustees and servants and are at all times amenable to them. Hitherto these political axioms have been naked abstractions. The new Constitution has clothed these abstractions with the venerable forms of law, conferring the right of suffrage upon all citizens who are in a condition to exercise an independent judgment, and express their free will, and making all Magistrates, Legislative, Executive and Judicial, eligible by those among whom they administer their functions.

This is certainly a broad base for the fabric of government. But it is not too broad for those who hold the American doctrine of the capacity of man for self-government. For ourselves we avow our faith in that doctrine, and proceed to expound some of the conditions upon which in our judgment it depends. We do not believe in the capacity of all men to govern themselves—the native African for instance, or the untutored savage. We have serious doubts about the fitness of many of those people in Europe who have been awakened to such a deep sense of their wrongs, and have struck such bold blows for their long-lost rights. We admit their right to subvert existing despotisms, but we doubt their capacity to re-construct from the ruins a fabric that will endure. We fear that they are destined to pass through a long series of revolutions and relapses into despotism, before they attain to the stature of freemen. We, Virginians, were more fortunate, we inherited the great principles of civil liberty. Our Colonial

infancy was a long probation—our revolution a baptism of blood. Even after we were able to stand alone, our fathers did not think it safe to carry out our principles to their logical consequences, and it is only after the lapse of three-fourths of a century, that we have admitted all our citizens, with certain necessary exceptions, to equal political privileges.

And now that we have taken this bold step, it seems to us to be incumbent upon all patriotic men, and especially upon those to whom has been committed the high trust of legislation, to do all that in them lies, to strengthen and to perpetuate those institutions, in whose success are involved the sacred rights, which are declared in the fundamental law, to be the inalienable heritage of the sovereign people.

Wise builders look to the foundation. This in the present case is broad enough—it is composed of the mass of the people. But breadth is not the only condition of a safe foundation. Prudent Architects regard quality, and prefer the solid rock to the shifting sand. Wise statesmen too will look to quality, or if you please, to qualification. These are prescribed in the constitution and have already been enumerated, and the enumeration is perhaps as comprehensive as it was possible to make it. Among the qualifications of a voter, are a “sound mind,” and a freedom from “conviction of criminal offences.” Here is a distinct recognition of intelligence and moral character as necessary qualifications of a voter. It would not have been possible to discriminate with perfect accuracy between the degrees of intelligence and the shades of morals which should qualify or disqualify a man for the exercise of the right of suffrage. Mind and moral character are too intangible, and inappreciable, to be weighed in human balances. Of course we do not suppose that this provision means more in legal contemplation, than is expressed in the letter. As to moral character, our law in mercy presumes every man to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, and it therefore only excludes those who have been “convicted of criminal offences.” The spirit of the provision extends to those who are guilty. So also the term “unsound mind” refers only to those who in the language of the law are “*non compos mentis*”—have no mind. And yet we are glad to see any recognition of mind, even in its faintest glimmerings, and of moral character, though it just keeps out of the Penitentiary, as necessary qualifications of a voter. But since we have left the land, and discarded property as an element of political power, and look only to mind and moral worth, as constituting men, it follows that these should be objects of the State’s fostering care, and that whatever tends to raise

man in the intellectual and moral order, should receive the approbation and aid of the Legislator, within the sphere of his constitutional obligations. That education has this tendency will not be denied. Accordingly our Legislators have freely incorporated and liberally endowed institutions of learning of all grades, from the humblest village academy to the Military Institute, and the University of Virginia, two of the proudest monuments of the far-reaching forethought of our ablest statesmen and patriots. This beneficent legislation is, we trust, the token of still greater things to be done for the development of man’s moral and intellectual nature, in that new dominion which has just been inaugurated, and which is predicated upon the idea that man and not money is the only legitimate element of political power, and the basis of the fabric of government.

But there is an interesting class of society which has been most unnaturally excluded from all participation in the State’s parental care for the education of her children. We mean the daughters of Virginia. This we believe is the result of a mere prejudice, for which no good reason can be given. Fearful has been the penalty which woman has paid for aspiring to be wise in the garden of Eden. Greatly has God multiplied her sorrow, and long has been her penance for her fault. But even in her humiliation, her influence has been felt. She has been alternately the slave and the mistress of man, and the governors of the world have been often the automata of whose movements she has been the secret spring. It was Christianity which removed her curse, and taking her by the hand placed her by the side of man, who with one consent acknowledge her as the mother of their peace and joy. Henceforth there is no more opposition between them, than between a planet and its satellite, each moving in his own orbit, the lesser is subordination to the greater, and both in obedience to a common law.

If woman is an intelligent, moral agent why should not her mind be developed, disciplined and beautified by culture? Can it be that an educated woman will be less useful or ornamental as wife, mother, or daughter than an ignorant one? Is not the very definition of education the drawing out the powers of the subject, and does it not comprehend all that series of discipline which enlightens the understanding, corrects the temper, forms the manners and habits of youth, and fits them for usefulness in their future stations? The thorough education of females cannot be opposed but by those who have mistaken the nature and end of education, which is to qualify a woman to do with the greatest

wisdom and modesty, efficiency and ease the duties resulting from all her relations in life.

To have a smattering of science, to spout fluently a few French phrases, to keep time with the fingers in unison with an Italian song, or with the feet in the mazes of a voluptuous dance is not education. It is such accomplishments as these falsely so called, that fill men of sense with disgust, and create a prejudice against attempts to raise the standard of female education. It is the want of thorough discipline, that makes women as well as men vain, flippant, and pedantic, and disqualifies them for the sober duties of life. The time is past when slipshod feet and untidy attire are the signs of a literary woman. We agree with Miss Martineau in the sentiment, that it is a proof of greater and more varied talent to bring up a family well than to write a good book. And the discipline for which we contend would drive the whole generation of Blue-stockings from the land.

But it may be said that private enterprise is competent to raise up literary institutions of sufficient merit to attain these ends. We would not say one word to depreciate the many schools which are doing much and perhaps all that is possible, with their limited means, for the education of females. And yet we do not hesitate to express the opinion that no amount of talent and personal worth can compensate for a full corps of instructors, adequate apparatus, and the other facilities which are furnished by public bounty, for the benefit of our young men. Upon this point read the testimony of Mrs. Phelps, one of the most experienced teachers in the union. In many schools, she says a single teacher often has the charge of 40 or 50 pupils in one room, where writing, rhetoric, philosophy, painting, arithmetic, chemistry, and spelling, are all mingled together in chaotic confusion. The teacher, with no kind of apparatus for illustrations, no leisure to investigate—with scarcely time to hear a rapid recitation from memory of the lessons of each class—and this too while governing the school, called upon to make pens, to look over sums, and point out the proper shades for the embroidery of a flower. She adds that there are many schools in our country, where such scenes are daily presented. Now the teachers are not to blame for these things, they do what they can with their limited means, and deserve credit, not criticism for their praise-worthy labors. But how can such schools be compared in point of efficiency with our colleges for young men, furnished at the public expense, with an adequate corps of thoroughly educated instructors, each having his own *specialité*, and instead of hearing mechanical and parrot-like recitations, im-

parting instruction with ample time for prelections, lectures and daily examinations.

But it is said by some that the mother is the best instructress of the daughter, and that the character, mind and manners of a young lady are best unfolded in the shade of her home, and under the watchful eye of her mother. Whether this opinion be true or false, it is certain that mothers have a large share in the education of children, and are the sole teachers of many. And this fact is a conclusive argument in favor of increased facilities for the education of the present generation of young women, who are to be the mothers of the next generation of men and women. But the duties of a wife, of a mother, and of the mistress of a family, the daily cares of the household and the demands of society, are, in most cases, utterly inconsistent with the systematic and thorough instruction of their more advanced children. In such cases it becomes necessary either to send their children from home, or to have private tutors and governesses in the family. There is at the present moment a great demand for these in Virginia. This demand has hitherto been supplied from the North. But for the last few years a serious objection has been felt by many of our best citizens to the importation of governesses for their daughters from a region, where society, in all its gradations, is more or less infected with a fanaticism, which is at war with our peculiar institutions, upon which depend as the effect upon the cause nearly all that is distinctive in our habits, our manners, and our governmental policy. Sympathizing as we do with these objections, we greet with a hearty welcome "the announcement of a Southern Female Institute at Fredericksburg, Virginia," which seems designed to supply the very desideratum we have been discussing, and to carry out the foregoing principles and opinions.

A memorial was presented to the last legislature asking an appropriation to erect suitable buildings and provide a library and apparatus for this institution. Although the objects of the memorial were commended by Governor Floyd in his message, and seconded by the leading newspapers of the State, its prayer was not granted.

And yet it seems that the enterprising professors have put the school into operation at their own expense, and such we understand has been the successful working of the plan, under many disadvantages, as to have extorted the approbation of many who doubted at its first suggestion. From the "Announcement" which lies before us, we extract some of the distinctive features of this interesting institution, referring those who desire information more in detail, to the pros-

pectus. It seems to be a combination of the course of instruction and discipline of the University of Virginia, and the Military Institute judiciously adapted to female education. It is under the management of sixteen trustees, representing the different christian churches, and political parties, so that it cannot be perverted to party purposes in religion or politics.

The trustees choose the professors, one of whom is an alumnus of the University, another a graduate of the Military Institute, and the third a Frenchman—all reputed to be men of fine character and attainments. The course of instruction is by prelections, lectures and textbooks, with rigid daily examinations, and comprehends natural, mental, and moral philosophy, chemistry, history, mathematics, rhetoric, Belles-Lettres, philosophical criticism, and the Latin, French, Spanish and Italian languages.

We understand that the application to the Legislature has been renewed, and we trust that our good old mother who has done so much for her sons will not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of her daughters.

But some men may say *cui bono*—to what good end are our young women to be taught all those sciences whose hard names have been enumerated. We have already replied that the young women of the present will be the mothers of the next generation of men and women, whose office it will be to teach at least the rudiments of these sciences to their sons, and all experience proves how much depends upon this early instruction. But the objection which this question implies evidently rests upon a fallacy which it may be well to notice. There is an idea lurking in the minds of some men that the sciences have no correlatives, no corresponding realities in the practical world, or if they have, it is something which is the peculiar property of men, and with which women have nothing to do. Now we beg to remind the objector that these sciences (or knowledges) are very harmless things, and that a woman cannot think, nor reason, nor speak, nor read, nor write, nor do any household office out of the domain of the sciences. They are merely a true account of the world within us and of the world without us, and serve to make us better acquainted with these two worlds, more useful in our several spheres, and at the same time open to us new and higher sources of enjoyment. For example, all things are either material or immaterial—belong to the world of matter or of mind. Physics treats of the former and metaphysics of the latter. The one acquaints us with the nature and properties of bodies—the other with the faculties of mind. Mathematics is merely the science of magnitude and number—of measuring and of counting from

one to infinity, and from an atom to a world. Logic is the art of reasoning, and is designed to direct the mind in searching for truth and to aid in communicating it to others. Rhetoric teaches the art of speaking with precision and clearness, with elegance and force; and criticism is the art of judging with propriety of what is spoken and written by ourselves or others. This knowledge is useful as well as ornamental—it strengthens the mind—accustoms it to systematic arrangement—gives habits of discrimination and observation, and has, moreover, important, practical applications to the daily duties of life. But independently of these uses, we can see no good reason why women who are rightly excluded from the spheres of politics and business, should be debarred the rational pleasures springing from an intelligent contemplation of the works of nature, testifying as they do with so many eloquent voices to the being and attributes of the Divine Architect who made them by his mighty power, watches over them with His all-seeing eye, guides them with His unerring wisdom and blesses them with His boundless love.

This application, deemed so novel by some, is not without two imposing precedents in history. Early in the nineteenth century Napoleon Bonaparte founded a similar institute at St. Denis, for the instruction of the daughters of the Legion of Honour. And, in the year 1818, DeWitt Clinton earnestly recommended to the Legislature of New York a plan for a female institute which had been matured by the celebrated Mrs. Willard, who founded the famous female seminary at Troy, and who, by her writings, has contributed so much to the edification of her sex. Governor Clinton's recommendation was founded upon the acknowledged principle, that mothers have great influence in forming the minds and characters of men, and that no good reason could be given why they, being endued with the attributes of mind in common with the other sex, should be denied the enjoyment and added means of usefulness attending on mental culture. The measure was supported in debate by John C. Spencer and other leading members of the house, and opposed by other members, upon the ground that learning would not help women "to knit stockings or to make puddings."

This measure, in a modified form, was passed at the next session of the Legislature. The consequences of this legislation, says the Historian, were soon apparent in the increased number of competent female teachers in New York, and in the imitation of her example by several of the new states which have made similar appropriations. So that Governor Floyd, in commending the policy to the Legislature, was following the example of two men, who have made the deep-

est impress upon their generation, and left to after-ages the most enduring monuments of their wisdom.

And now it remains to be seen whether a new Legislature, fresh from the people, and breathing the spirit of progress, will illustrate their first session, with this act of justice and beneficence, and which is in such perfect concord with the policy of "Southern Development." Right glad are we to see the awakening of the public mind upon the subject of developing the resources of the South. While we have been reposing upon the laurels won by our fathers, and living at ease on the possessions which they bequeathed us; thousands of our less fortunate citizens having exhausted the bosom of mother earth, have forsaken the tombs and altars of their sires, and have gone to strike their ploughshares into the virgin soil of the West, leaving their native fields to be covered with forests of pine, the evergreen memorials of Virginia's Prodigal sons. In the mean time the hum of industry has been heard in the Northern hive, whose enterprising inmates, with the instincts of their great prototype, the busy bee, have swarmed to the sunny fields of the South.

They take the timber from our very doors, and conveying it to their workshops, convert it into implements of agriculture for our farms, articles of furniture for our houses, and toys for our children. They take our cotton and wool, our furs and skins, and clothe us from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet. They penetrate our rivers with their ships, and carry our produce to foreign markets, and bring back the proceeds in the form of articles of necessity and luxury to our very doors. Their pedlars have invaded every county in the commonwealth and put the people under tribute for their ingenious wares.

Not content with employing their handicraft in the material world, we have done what we could to subject the realm of mind to their dominion. We have exported our sons and daughters to be trained in their schools, or have imported their sons and daughters to be tutors and governesses in our families. But whether our children are educated at home or abroad, the whole series of school books, from the last "illustrated alphabet" up to "science made easy" are of northern manufacture. Indeed out of the sphere of politics in which our best minds move, we have scarcely any Virginia literature. Accordingly we have acquired a habit of looking to the North for the supply of all our demands. So that even our magazines, which, on the ground of their intrinsic merit, as well as from considerations of sound policy, deserve the patronage of all our people are too often superseded by such trash as the

Lady's Book and Parlor Magazines. Let any one enter our book-stores at the present season, and he will find the "show-tables" covered with bouquets of exotic annuals—the "Amaranth," the "Iris," the "Hyacinth," and "Leaflets of Memory," spread out before him, in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. We can scarcely procure an un mutilated foreign book, they nearly all come to us abridged or overlaid with the additions, corrections and annotations of northern commentators.

If any one asks what is the objection to these things, in their worst aspect, they only prove that southern men find it more profitable or agreeable to follow other pursuits? We answer, much every way, but chiefly because, under these exotics, there is often an unseen serpent which distils its venom into the minds of our unsuspecting youth. For an example, take one of our most respectable and widely circulated school-books, Wayland's Moral Philosophy and turn to the chapter on the duties of masters and servants, and he will understand our meaning. The truth is that with the confidence of the strong man we have been sleeping in the laps of our Northern brethren, until they have shorn us of our strength, and we have become objects of mockery and derision in our weakness. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that some of our Hotspurs have threatened like Sampson Agonistes to put their shoulders to the temple of the Union, and overwhelm us all in one tremendous ruin.

But happily more moderate counsels have prevailed, and our wise men are turning their attention, as the most efficient means of self-defence, to the *development* of our own rich resources.

Let us hope that our ears will not grow weary in hearing that word, before our eyes see any corresponding realization of the idea in our state policy.

We cannot believe that the stirring appeals in our newspapers, the vigorous speeches in our legislatures, and popular assemblies—and the long series of resolutions in our Southern Rights Associations, are all "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Accordingly we expect to see the present legislature pushing forward with vigor a judicious system of internal improvements; making our seaboard accessible to every county in the commonwealth; establishing a direct trade with foreign markets and giving encouragement to individual and associated enterprises for the conversion of our raw material into all desirable fabrics, and thus put a check to the periodical running to the North to meet every demand of necessity, and every caprice of fashion.

But we should not confine our views to the development of material wealth. The material

is subordinate to the spiritual. Matter is inert—it is the bland and unreasoning instrument of mind, which gives to it form, direction and value. "Men, high-minded men—these constitute a State."

Our true policy is to build up in the language of Mr. Garnett, "a manly, original, indigenous literature." Our very self-respect demands that we should have a race of men who have faith in Southern institutions and opinions; who believe them with all their hearts to be in harmony with all our civil and religious obligations; and who will stand in their defence upon the basis of principle, and not upon the shifting sands of expediency.

That far-seeing statesman, Thomas Jefferson, saw this cloud in the horizon, when it was not bigger than a man's hand, and lifted up his warning voice in these prophetic words. "The reflection that the boys of this generation are to be the men of the next—that in establishing an institution of wisdom for them, we bring home to our bosoms the sweet consolation of seeing our sons rising under a luminous tuition to destinies of high promise; these are considerations which occur to all, but all I fear do not see the speck in our horizon which is to burst on us as a tornado sooner or later. The line of division lately marked out between different portions of our confederacy, is such as I fear will not be obliterated, and we are now trusting to those who are against us in position and principle, to fashion to their own forms the minds and affections of our youth. If, as has been estimated, we send \$300,000 *per annum* to Northern seminaries, for the instruction of our sons, then we must have there 500 of our sons imbibing opinions and principles at discord with our own. This canker is eating on the vitals of our existence, and if not arrested at once, will be beyond remedy. We are now furnishing recruits to their school." This warning voice was heeded, and the result was the establishment of the University and other schools, which are now annually turning out young men worthy to take the reins of government from the hands of their sires, as they daily pass from the stage. In the language of one of her distinguished Alumni,—“Although the University has just attained her majority according to the civil law, yet her sons are found in the highest offices of the country. They are seen in the Senate and house of representatives; they throng in the Legislature; they govern sovereign States; they shine in the pulpit and at the bar; they are professors in our colleges, and teachers in our schools. These academies taught by them, will aid the University in turning out an army of teachers for primary schools, and thus will be established a great system of popu-

lar education, on the only plan consistent with the principles of free government, and the rights of private property." The same remarks might be applied to the Military Institute, and perhaps to other colleges in Virginia, which have received aid from the State.

In our judgment, one thing more is wanted to perfect the system of popular education so happily begun, and that is, a competent provision for the instruction of females in Virginia, and particularly with reference to the supply of the existing demand for Southern Female Teachers.

The objections which are felt to the education of our young men at the North, have even greater force when applied to our young women. The minds of females are more ductile, and are more easily moulded into the forms of the society into which they happen to be cast. That Southern people have distinctive traits of character, which they desire to transmit to their children, will be admitted by all—there are many among us who glory in them, and who grieve to see them passing away, as the venerable forms of the "old Virginia gentlemen" and ladies sink into their graves. Assuming then that Southern men admire the structure of Southern society, and prefer that their daughters should be trained in the habits, manners, principles and tastes of the social sphere in which they are destined to move, we should offer them institutions upon our soil in which thorough instruction will be imparted, and where they will be surrounded with associations, from which they will receive daily impressions of the sound principles, the pure tone of morals, the modest manners—the simplicity and the delicacy, which are the glory of Southern women. Independently of the considerations of economy involved in the case, we ask is it wise, is it self-respectful to send our daughters, at a period when their imaginations are most vivid, and when their feelings are stronger than their reason, to be infected with that sickly sentimentalism, which seems to be epidemic at the North; and which generates such monsters as the Abby Kellys and the Fanny Wrights, who stand with the Douglas's and the Garrisons upon the platforms of "Anti-Slavery Societies," and "Women's Rights Conventions;" clamoring not merely for the dissolution of the Union of the States, but also of the holy bands of marriage; and praying for the advent of that millenium when the servant shall be free from his master—the wife from her husband—the child from the parent—the citizen from the sovereign, and humanity that had been washed in the baptismal waters of christianity, shall return to its wallowing in the mire of barbarian licentiousness.

In these remarks, we mean no unkindness to

any section of this great confederacy. We would, if it were safe, break down every wall of partition between North and South, East and West, except those which are prescribed in the constitution. We desire to see all the States moving around one common centre, in a harmony as beautiful as that of the solar system. To secure this end, each State must keep within its own orbit. That not one of them may ever shoot madly from its sphere is our fervent prayer. But come what may, let us at least keep unstained our vestal virgins, that they may keep alive upon our household altars, those sacred fires which when once extinguished can never be relumed but at the eternal source of light and life. S.

Some Things about Windsor Castle and its Grounds. From my Note-Book.

Thursday, Aug. 7, 1851. At the terminus of the South-Western Railway, we took the cars, which carried us to Datchet, about a mile and a half from Windsor, twenty-four miles from London. It required an hour and a half, to make the distance—a very slow rate, but all the better for us, as it gave us almost as leisurely a survey of the country, as if we had been in a stage-coach. The suburbs of London are uninteresting, but the country becomes more beautiful as you proceed, and is very lovely when you reach the Castle. Before you reach Datchet, the terminus, you pass Vauxhall, Kew Gardens, Richmond, Twickenham, and some places of inferior name. Datchet will ever be famed as the scene of Falstaff's submersion into the Thames, hissing hot, from the buck-basket. Not very far off is the celebrated oak of the Hunter Herne.

Windsor is the most splendid of the palaces of the English monarchs, was the favorite residence of George IV., and is occupied by her present majesty during the winter. Here too is the cemetery, where have been deposited the remains of the dead of the royal family, since 1810. Windsor is a structure of great antiquity, originally built by William I., and enlarged by his successors till the reign of Edward III., who caused the greater part to be pulled down and rebuilt. Subsequent monarchs considerably enlarged it, and many great improvements were effected in the reign of George IV. I was not prepared, by the descriptions in the guide books, to see a building so imposing. Nothing of the castellated order that I have seen can for a moment bear comparison with it. The Castle has two

courts, called Upper and Lower Wards, separated from each other by the Round Tower, or Middle Ward. This Round Tower was built by Edward III., by whom it was intended as the keep or donjon of his castle, and also "for the assembling of a fraternity of knights who should sit together on a footing of equality, as the knights of romance sat at the Round Table of King Arthur, and as the Paladins sat at the table of Charlemagne." It is approached by a covered flight of 100 steps, commanded by a piece of ordnance fixed in the wall at the summit. This old tower has held at different times some notable State prisoners—among others, John, king of France, David, king of Scotland, as well as James I. of Scotland, the chivalrous Earl of Surrey, the lover of Lady Geraldine, and the victim of the jealousy of Henry VIII., and the well-known Duke of Buckingham, the last of the name of Villiers. The terraces of the Castle form a promenade of unrivalled magnificence. The North Terrace was the work of Queen Elizabeth, and a long succession of monarchs after her often enjoyed from it one of the finest prospects in the kingdom. Contemplating this glorious scene, Pepys in his diary bursts forth into admiration—"But oh! the prospect that is in the balcony at the Queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure." I will not attempt further description of the exterior of the Castle, yet cannot forbear quoting two paragraphs; the first from a modern writer, the second from old Camden. The Modern says somewhat ambitiously, "Windsor with its towering castle, the ancient and magnificent abode of English sovereignty—its noble parks—its beautiful, expansive, and richly varied scenery, constitutes one of the grandest attractions of our heaven-favored island, within an easy distance of the metropolis." How differently Camden writes—"Windsor enjoyeth a most delightful prospect round about, for right in front it overlooketh a vale, lying out far and wide, garnished with corn fields, flourishing with meadows, decked with groves on either side, and watered from the most mild and calm river Thames; behind it arise hills everywhere, neither rough nor over high, attired as it were, by nature, to hunting and game."

Within the walls, the chief attractions are the apartments containing pictures. One of the rooms is called the Van-Dyck room, containing nothing but pictures by that celebrated master. They number more than twenty, and are almost all of them portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta, and their children, several times repeated. The face of Charles is melancholy, and that of Henrietta not handsome. There is

also a Rubens room, devoted to pictures by Rubens, and a Waterloo room in which the portraits are only of persons connected in some manner with that battle. In England, from a vase to a triumphal arch, all intermediates included, every memorial speaks of Waterloo. Undoubtedly that was a most important victory, and the Duke of Wellington is a great hero, but really it seems to me that the English do themselves injustice, by dwelling so much on this success. It seems as if this and Trafalgar were the only ones they have to be proud of, whereas in fact they have many.

In the Guard chamber, or Armory room, is a fine display of ancient armour, but I had examined a better one in the Tower of London. The ornamental arrangement of the arms was however better here. Over the chimney-piece of this room, is the elaborate silver shield inlaid with gold, by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII., when they met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In St. George's hall are placed full length portraits of the sovereigns of England from James I. to George IV. Many of the apartments are of imposing size and fine proportions, and in some the frescoed ceilings by Verrio are very attractive.

From the apartments, we went to visit the Queen's stables. Her majesty has about forty carriages here, when she is at Windsor, and horses in proportion. The number of her steeds is in all about 200. The stables are handsome buildings of stone, the floors are of the same material. The stalls are wide, of stained oak, with coarse straw matting under the horses, and abundance of clean litter; the mangers have an iron rim around them, and there is a hydrant of water in each stable. I was very much pleased with the general arrangements, as being complete, but not ridiculously expensive. Indeed, I do not see but that every gentleman, who keeps a pair of horses, would do well to have a stable of just the same sort, if he could make his servants attend to it properly. The only thing that seemed ridiculous was that the groom, who was rubbing down the horses, was dressed in drab tight and fair-top boots, which were shining as if he had just come off Piccadilly. The horses are very fine; some ponies, some saddle-horses, and some coach-horses. Each horse has his name painted over his stall, and I took the trouble to note down some of the names as matters of curiosity, and specimens of royal taste in onomatology—*les voûci*—Beauclerc, Perrot, Deacon, Ahmed, and Omar, Zuleika, Stella, Spanker, Ariel, Wildfire, Wildrose, Banter, and Dora. There are four horses of what we sometimes call milk and cider horses—that is, bays with large white splotches on them. Of course there are

carriages of all descriptions, from the large travelling carriage, with a dickey furnished with holster pistols, down to the pony-phæton, and even something smaller for the royal juveniles, as well as a garden-carriage for her majesty; this latter, however, is drawn by hand. Prince Albert also has his collection of shooting carriages. There is a very showy looking thing presented by Louis Philippe to the Queen. It is a long carriage, somewhat upon the *char-a-banc* order, with four seats, each seat holding three persons. It is entirely open, and has overhead as a covering, something like the tester-top of a bed. I cannot say that I admired it; it looked too much like a dandy omnibus. Nor, indeed, do I think that among her forty carriages, her majesty has one which she might not, with considerable gain, exchange for some that might be picked up in Broadway. It is amazing what heavy stage-coach looking things, perched up on immense, old-fashioned springs, they like to drive here. And to make them look still more like stage-coaches, they paint the running-gear red or yellow, and sometimes the body also, though this latter is generally dark. This clumsy heaviness is the less excusable here, because they have certainly the most delightful roads in the world; indeed, if this were not so, their horses, over-sized as they are, could never drag along their lumbering vehicles. It must be noticed also, that their coachmen are as magnitudinous as their carriages. There is among the Queen's carriages one handsome, light curricule, of which the dash-board, and the front of the leather-top, are bound with ivory, with very handsome effect. Among the ornaments of her stables, is a pony sent to her majesty from Java, which is certainly the smallest specimen of horseflesh that ever I saw, though of course I have seen a good many Shetland ponies in the circus. There is also, chained to a bench, a prodigious Angora cat. The attendant told us, with a manner that showed he expected to awaken emotions of wonder and of reverence, that her majesty would often come and sit for an hour upon *that bench*, and play with *that cat*. The English are not a servile people—the farthest from it in the world; but they are very, very loyal. Doubtless they look upon the sovereign as the representative of the nation, and thus in honoring her, think they honor themselves, but besides this, there is a personal veneration for a sovereign, which is obvious enough to our American eyes, and looks strange enough. It is a nation of classes, and they love classes, and they do think that some how or other, if not *jure divino*, in some other way quite as efficacious, the royal family are better flesh and blood than themselves. While, as at present, the sovereign is a delightful lady, the mother

of a fine family, that she loves and cares for as a mother ought to do, and is every way most exemplary in her domestic relations, this devotion, if not reasonable, is not ungraceful, and while we Americans cannot see why the Queen must have hundreds of horses, scores of carriages, dozens of palaces, and thousands of acres of pleasure-grounds, yet if these things must be so, we are so much accustomed to honor the sex at home, that we rejoice that the crown falls upon the head of an interesting woman, and join with our British brethren most heartily in shouting in the street, or more solemnly praying in the church, God save the Queen. After leaving the royal stables, we would gladly have visited her majesty's *dairy* and *aviary*, and especially the *Queen's private kennel*, containing dogs of various species, brought from different countries, and presented to her majesty. But we were there at the wrong hour, and thus were hindered much to my disappointment, who profess some small show of judgment in such matters. I will say here, though it is a digression, that I was very much disappointed in not seeing fine dogs in England. I had often read of the English mastiff, but the only specimen that I saw was an overgrown, stupid looking brute, shut up like a wild animal in a cage at the Zoological Gardens. Indeed, some gentlemen told me that they believed that the breed was extinct, or nearly so. The bull-dog—but really, I must reserve until another time a talk about dogs—I suppose I did see a dog that was a dog, though this was not in England, but on the Rhine. But from dogs, *revenons à nos moutons*.

We went to St. George's Chapel, which is regarded as the finest specimen in England of the florid Gothic. There is in it some very fine stained glass, and an altar piece of the last supper from designs by West. St. George's Chapel shares with Westminster, the honor of being a place for royal sepulture. Here repose the remains of Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Jane Seymour, and of Charles I., whose head severed from the body, was verified here by the Prince Regent in 1813. Of later monarchs, were buried here, George III., George IV., and William IV., with other members of the Royal Family. There was one monument which struck me a good deal, and even amused me. It is one to the memory of the Hon. Lt. Col. Harcourt, and on one side in bas-relief, is depicted a scene which is described to be: "the Hon. Lt. Harcourt, with thirty dragoons, taking the American General Lee prisoner on the 13th of Dec. 1776." I thought that this accidental surprise of a general who was imprudently sleeping away from his army, was a small exploit to be sculptured upon a monumental mar-

ble, and yet, as it was probably the greatest ever achieved by Lt. Col. Harcourt, I did not begrudge him the record of it. An American in England, meets with nothing in the way of pictures, monuments, or sculptures, to offend his national pride. In the two struggles between the countries, England accomplished nothing which she remembers with self-glorification. Her columns and statues tell of victories over the French and other nations, but none over America. On the other hand, our national days, the 4th of July, 22d of February, and 8th of January, and the few monuments we have, tell of our glories at the expense of England. I remember that in Westminster Abbey, I drew nigh to the monument erected to the memory of Major André with the inward reverence due to the memory of a gallant and an honorable man, and with true sorrow for his untimely death, but withal with a feeling of curiosity, to see if his friends had not on account of his death, or the mode of it, cast some aspersion upon our Washington. But there was not a word like this in a long inscription, which closed by saying that "employed in an important but hazardous enterprize, he fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 2d October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes." But a truce to my recollections of Westminster for the present; Windsor is a theme more than sufficiently ample. We made a pretty good dinner for which we paid enormously, at a hotel in the village of Windsor, and then took a carriage (that cost us near \$7 for about three hours,) for a ride through Windsor Park, to the celebrated Virginia Water. Our coachman rode postillion, and was dressed in white buckskin tights, and fair top boots, so that we were rather stylish in our turn-out. I will not attempt any elaborate description of our ride, though we all agreed that it was the finest that we had ever enjoyed, any of us. It conducted us through the longest and finest avenue I ever saw, and probably the most so in England, to the superb equestrian statue erected by George IV. to his father. The statute is upon a crag, and the horse paws over the precipice. Thence we continued our ride for several miles through the park, on which, perhaps, thousands of deer were grazing, amid a high growth of fern, that found as it is, in the haunts of the wild deer with us, seemed quite appropriate. These deer are tame as sheep, though they are sometimes made to furnish sport for royal sportsmen. They are driven across the park to a spot where there is a shooting lodge, and where a long fence projects into the park, and necessarily brings them

to its extremities. Of course this is not the exciting sport of deer-hunting in the wild woods, but as this cannot be obtained here, this may give some idea of it. Sometimes, (as I was told) they take a deer, and keeping him up for some time, feed him on corn, which makes him vigorous, and then they carry him off some distance into the country, and letting him loose chase him with dogs. I observed among the multitude of deer, some black ones and some white ones, though they were generally of a species very much like our Virginia deer. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly during the ride, and our pleasure was heightened by the fact that we were six Virginians in one carriage riding across Windsor Park, a thing which probably had never occurred before. As we approached Virginia Water, there was a long stretch of old field covered with dead grass, and interspersed with small pines, and we took off our hats and shouted, hurrah for old Virginia! What if it reminded us of the most indifferent parts of our loved state? We felt that the poorest portion of Virginia was more worth reverence, than all the glories and beauties of this, one of the noblest pleasure grounds that regal wealth had ever procured, or even than the old castle itself, where reposes so much royal dust. And when again would six Virginians have the opportunity of waking the echoes amid those ancestral oaks, with so strong a cheer for the beloved old commonwealth? So we let them have it with a proud good will. Virginia Water is, where it is, in the midst of this park, a striking and beautiful object; if seen elsewhere, it would hardly command a second look. It is something between a stream and a sheet of water, and is clear and of a pretty outline, while the banks are of green turf, with the underwood and trees coming, in many places, quite down to them. One of the most striking things however, in the vicinity of it, is an artificial ruin, composed of columns, capitals and other classic stone and marble, *actually brought from Rome and Greece*, and the shores of the Levant, and here so arranged as to give a picture perfect as truth, of the ruins of some vast old temple, situated at the rocky entrance of a little vale, which concealed by a turn of the hill-side, seems to stretch away in sylvan beauty. So careful is the imitation to nature, that upon the tops of some broken columns, are growing shrubs of considerable size, while fragments of columns are scattered about as if they had but just tumbled down. In the midst of all this loveliness of outward nature, we were forcibly reminded of the depravity of human nature. A woman came along and offered to tell our fortunes, and, thinking that she would afford

some sport, one of the party held out his hand, when instead of wit, she poured forth such an unbroken torrent of hideous obscenity, that it made one feel defiled for having heard it. Had I the skill of Dickens, how could I make this incident tell against the state of morals in England? And with the poor skill that I possess, had I his unfairness, and were I willing to give an exceptional example, as a fair type of the whole, I could make of it a picture that would be an offset to many a one that has been offered as truth about America.

I think I did not mention, that when we were in the apartments in the castle, looking at the paintings, we came suddenly to an end window which commanded a view of the wide spread landscape across the Thames, of Eton spires, of trees, and lawns bounded by the distant hills, and all spotted by a bright veil of mist thrown over it. And we exclaimed simultaneously—O, how much more beautiful that which is without, than that which is within! Here we see the pictures that are the cunning works of the old masters, but it is an older hand, and one infinitely more skilful, that drew the picture that stretches out before our eyes. I remember having just the same feeling, when I looked out of a window at St. Cloud, and also at Chatsworth, and I have experienced something of the same sort when coming out of the Crystal Palace, and looking at the plain trees and grass of Hyde Park, which certainly can lay no claim to ornamental beauty. The beauty of nature how refreshing, how satisfying! Often we forget it, but it never offends by wearying us. This beauty and majesty of the works of His hands, was intended to fill us with admiration and reverence for the Creator, and to inspire us with a longing (I trust it has had this effect upon me,) for the fields of living green beyond the swelling flood, the beautiful city, the new Jerusalem, and the Temple not made with hands, eternal and on high.

S. C. L.

M. D. F. R. S.

The keeper of a paltry Scotch alehouse having on his sign after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S., a physician, who was a fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Why, sir," said the publican, "I have as good a right to them as you have." "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the Doctor. "I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I was Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fusileers."

Notices of New Works.

A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS, or Paris in 1851. By *Sir Francis Head*, author of "Bubbles from the Brunness of Nassau." *Authorized Copyright Reprint from Mr. Murray's Proofsheets.* Two Volumes complete in One. New York: George P. Putnam, 156 Broadway, 1852.

The title of this volume is one of the happiest conceits that ever entered the head of Sir Francis Head. A Faggot of Sticks is suggestive of only one possible use that can be made of it—to be burned. And we cannot help thinking that the very best disposition one could make of the greater portion of Sir Francis Head's volume, would be to consign it to the usual receptacle of faggots—the fireplace.

The worthy old baronet, who has hopelessly fallen into the garrulity of three score and ten, seems to have determined upon the production of two plethoric volumes at all hazards, and has accordingly given us a profusion of uninteresting details of the most frivolous character. In one respect, his work is certainly remarkable. In the line of *book-making* no traveller of our day has done anything that approaches it. We are made acquainted with every article of clothing worn by every individual whom Sir Francis Head saw in France, from Prince Louis Napoleon down to that other more harmless monkey, which suffered military execution under a tent of the Champs Elysée, upon the fete-day of the Republic. In these descriptions of personal appearance and apparel, Sir Francis rivals the fidelity of that portraiture of the poet, when he would set before us the ghost that startled Molly Dumpling,

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes;
Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks!

In like manner, wherever Sir Francis goes, he "makes a note" as Capt. Cuttle says, of everything, however insignificant or trifling. The omnibus horses, to the number of several hundred, are exhibited to us as developing very nearly the same intellectual traits in Paris as in New York, as having the same complement of legs, and tails very similarly disposed. Statistics, too, are supplied of French babyhood, calculated to afford great interest to young mothers, as for example, how often the babies cry daily in the public nurseries, and how many nurses find employment in taking care of them. Apart too from the painful minuteness of our baronet's sketches, we are constrained to say that occasionally they transcend that delicacy which an amiable, well-bred, excellent, inoffensive, though garrulous, (we drive for once his 'substantive and six') old English nobleman ought always to observe.

That there is some useful information agreeably conveyed in the "Faggot of French Sticks," we most readily admit, but if we were compelled to pronounce upon them, by the "faggot," in a single sentence, we should turn to the preface and adopt the author's own language—"They are thin, short, dry, sapless, crooked, headless, and pointless."

This volume is a handsome specimen of a new style of publication which Mr. Putnam has begun, and may be obtained of Messrs Nash & Woodhouse.

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON. *A Romance of the Hartz Prison.* By *Frederick William Shelton, M. A.* New York. John S. Taylor. 143 Nassau Street. 1852.

We have seldom met with a more agreeable child's book than the little volume whose title we have copied above. But like the immortal works of De Foe and that mighty master, Bunyan, the tale before us is equally well adapted to the childish and the full grown intellect. A boy of ten understands and appreciates the beauty and truth of the Pilgrim's Progress; the matured and erudite man of middle age follows with delight and admiration in the footsteps of one mightier than himself. Any work which produces effects of this nature upon minds so wholly different, we may safely conclude is something more than those ten thousand ephemeral "brilliant productions" which issue in floods from the press; and when we say that "Salander and the Dragon" is calculated to please a child and instruct a grown-up man, we have paid it the highest compliment in our power.

The *Hartz Prison* is kept by *Goodman*, under the supervision of the Lord of *Conscienza*, and *Salander*—the dwarf-hero—is imprisoned there. How *slander* having entered the heart of the good man, prompts him to deny his master conscience, and the results, are beautifully related. The allegory is carried out with a spirit and fidelity—more, a high moral truth, which should place Mr. Shelton among the very first writers of his class. The humor of the work is also very striking, and if we know anything of children, is precisely of that clear, objective nature which they delight in. We think, however, that the farce is at times too broad, and that a considerable softening of the hideous little dwarf, would both make the story more attractive and improve the moral. *Slender* does not always show its full hatefulness; Mrs. Candours it above all things loves.

The engravings of the volume are in good taste, the typography and binding very neat. We have received it from Mr. Taylor, the publisher, who will send it to any part of the country post-paid, upon the receipt of a remittance of Fifty Cents.

A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD; A Selected Translation from the German of Ida Pfeiffer. By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. No. 82 Cliff street. 1852.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer is not one of those lady tourists who keep within the range of Murray's Guide Books, and travel snugly in first class railway carriages or in their own coaches-and-four, only to tell us for the fiftieth time how people dress for the opera at San Carlo, or eat their dinners in Venice. Madame Pfeiffer is, on the contrary, a born traveller, a predestined wanderer over the face of the earth, an adventurer by "circumstances over which she had no control," whose eagerness for sight-seeing has carried her out of the beaten track of ordinary wanderings, and made her acquainted with regions 'beyond the Ganges.' Embarking at Hamburg for Rio, she lingers a short time in this Brazilian capital, whence she sails for China, by way of Valparaiso. Reaching the Celestial Empire, she moves about with the utmost independence through the streets of the principal cities, and makes herself acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. From Hong Kong she goes to Calcutta and thence over land, by a most perilous route through India, Persia and Turkey to continental Europe. We have no space to borrow any passages from her sprightly narrative, but would advise such of our readers as enjoy fresh books of travel to read it for themselves.

A. Morris has the work for sale.

PUTNAM'S LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE:—HOME AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. *First series.* New York: G. P. Putnam. 165 Broadway. 1852.

This is a first of the series of reprints from Dickens' "Household Words" which promised to be full of interest and value. Mr. Putnam's design is to republish in a cheap and portable form "all those valuable, pithy and entertaining essays which relate to domestic and social economy, familiar illustrations of natural philosophy, and kindred topics;"—he will follow up the present volume with others which, under the titles of "*The World Here and There*" and "*HOME NARRATIVES*," will embrace travellers' relations and entertaining stories;—and thus, when the series is finished, we will have, classified and in a permanent form, all the papers of any value in this little journal, which has achieved so high a degree of popularity.

We are much pleased to see such a work undertaken. "Household Words" with much ephemeral and worthless matter contains many papers of true value for the condensed information they supply:—others as worthy of perusal for their genial humor and wit, as any sketches of Mr. Dickens' we have read. We suspect that the "edited by Charles Dickens" means scarcely more than the "edited by Thomas Carlyle" on the *Latter Day Pamphlets*;—for we recognize his pen beyond all doubt in many of these short articles.

AN ADDRESS to the *Graduating Class of South Carolina College*, at Commencement, on 1st of December, by Francis Lieber, of the French Institute. Columbia, S. C. Steam Power Press of A. S. Johnston. 1851.

"The Necessity of Continued Self-Education" is the subject which Dr. Lieber selected for his address to the graduating class of South Carolina College at the late Commencement, in his capacity of *temporary President* of that institution. The effort is marked with so much depth of thought and eloquence of utterance, that we could wish for room to lay before our readers copious extracts from it. One single paragraph may we quote, equally graceful and touching in which the orator refers to the late President W. C. Preston—

"Where, in fact, am I standing? I stand here where as orator has stood of wide and high American repute,* whose wealthy eloquence has often gushed forth from this very spot in all the native energy of his Saxon idiom, perfumed with the fragrance of a scholar's mind and the aroma of a cultivated taste—a speaker whose oratory is yet fondly remembered by the humblest classes of our people. It is not more than a twelve month ago that one of them, as they assemble around the house of justice, on judgment days, said, within my hearing, when your late President passed by, with his infirm step, with which, unfortunately, you are familiar—pointing at him, the humble man said to his neighbors: "That man used to talk like a mocking-bird." And may I not add to this graceful testimonial, spontaneous like our graceful jasmine in the uncultivated woods, the words of the greatest Italian poet, when he addresses Virgil as "the fount whence issues forth a broad, deep stream of speech?"

Our thanks are due to the distinguished author for a copy of his address.

* The Hon. William Campbell Preston.

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. Browne, A. M., Prebendary of St. Paul's and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. *Greek Literature.* Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1852.

He who takes the literature of ancient Greece for a theme, will certainly find scope enough for the indulgence of his fancy, for although history may be supposed to confine an author within certain limits, yet in the discussion of the Homeric controversy, the critical examination of the tragedians, and the attempt at dissipating some of that cloud of fable which hangs around the earlier writers of that classic country, the most imaginative of authors will find himself untrammelled. Mr. Browne has given us a volume of rare interest upon this fruitful subject, one which not only proficients in the Greek language, but lovers of literature everywhere will appreciate and enjoy. J. W. Randolph has it for sale.

THE LADY KILLER. By Rebecca Hicks. Philadelphia. Lippincott, Grambo and Co. Successors to Grigg, Elliott & Co. 1851.

A Christmas present from the fair authoress! In the name of all the muses at once, we ask what chance is there of an unprejudiced opinion from us of the merits of the volume? Besides, the authoress invokes, in the preface, the protection of the public against the critics, of whom she stands in great fear. How then shall we be critical? But here, oh! most timorous and charming of authoresses, why talk of the "customary impertinence" of the critics aforesaid, who after all are to render their verdict upon the result of your labours?

'The Lady Killer' has made a sensation, which is more than can be said of four fifths of the publications of the day, and has received the warm commendations of better judges than ourselves. It can need, therefore, no praise at our hands, and as for dispraise, we should as soon think of running a tilt at the lady herself, as to look for faults in her volume, after the passage in the preface to which we have referred. We may say as a critic, however, that the story is written in the easy, unambitious style of the Virginia lady, and gives indications of a mind of rare sprightliness, such as all who enjoy the acquaintance of the authoress, know her to possess.

That obliging bookseller, Mr. Morris, is able to supply the Richmond public with 'The Lady Killer.'

NICARAGUA; *Its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the Proposed Inter-oceanic Canal.* With Numerous Original Maps and Illustrations. By E. G. Squier. Two Volumes. New York. Appleton & Co. 1852.

Mr. Squier seems to us to write altogether too much in the grandiose style of diplomatic correspondence, to be as agreeable in his present work as it is evident he might have been. The *Chargé d'Affaires* is a much less entertaining companion than the *voyageur*, and we could wish that many passages in his volumes had been tied up carefully with red-tape, and laid away in some oblivious pigeon-hole of the State Department, instead of being sent to the printers. This apart, the work is every way worthy of praise. Abounding in antiquarian research and personal adventure, it supplies us with much highly valuable information concerning Nicaragua, and many pleasant descriptions of social life in Central America. The sumptuous and expensive style of the publication reflects great credit upon the enterprising publishers.

It may be obtained of A. Morris.

DREAM LIFE: A Fable of the Seasons. By IK. MARVEL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

We confess to a feeling of disappointment in this new book of "Ik. Marvel," not because it is in itself undeserving of warm praise, or unworthy of its author, but because we had looked for something quite different—something which should have about it, as the French say, *l'air fraîche*. "Dream Life" is certainly not fresh. One is reminded on every page of the "Bachelor's Reveries" and is apt to think—notwithstanding the uniform affluence and purity of the author's style, and the genuine pathos with which he frequently moistens the eye of the reader—that Aunt Tabithy was right after all, the dreaming of friend Ik. is somewhat overdone. We should sadly fail to do justice to our favorite, however, if we did not assure our readers that they will find in this, his latest, production much agreeable reading, and some sketches of American life that have not been surpassed by the best of our writers. The work is well printed and may be obtained at the bookstore of A. Morris.

1. **LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND ARCHITECTS:** *Translated from the Italian of Giorgio Vasari.* With Notes and Illustrations, chiefly selected from German and Italian Commentators. By Mrs. Jonathan Foster. Vol. IV. London. Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1851.

2. **Lucretius on the Nature of Things.** A Philosophical Poem, In Six Books. Literally Translated into English Prose. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M. A. To which is adjoined the Poetical Version of John Mason Good. Same Publisher.

3. **PETRIFACTIONS AND THEIR TEACHINGS; OR, A Handbook to the Gallery of Organic Remains of the British Museum.** By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F. R. S. Same Publisher.

4. **A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF MODERN WINES.** By Cyrus Redding. Same Publisher.

These handsome volumes, in different coloured bindings, and treating of somewhat diverse subjects, are the last four publications of that celebrated London publisher, Mr. Bohn, and belong respectively to those well-known series, the *Standard, Classical, Scientific, and Illustrated Libraries*. The reprint of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* we have already had occasion to notice, upon the appearance of the first volume, and had we not done so, its fame as a standard work is too well established for it to need any commendation here. The prose translation of that bitter Latin poet *Lucretius*, seems to us exceedingly spirited and faithful, and the book makes an excellent companion to the versions of Horace and Virgil, which Mr. Bohn has recently given to the public. Of course it is quite unnecessary to say anything of the poetical rendering of *Lucretius* by John Mason Good, which is adjoined to Mr. Watson's Translation, as it is widely known and valued. Mr. Mantell's "*Fossils of the British Museum*," which seems to have been compiled with great care, and is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, is likely to afford much satisfaction to all who are given to researches into the *arcana* of geology, and who have made the acquaintance of those interesting members of the ancient Saurian family, with the high-sounding names of *Iguanodon*, *Hylæosaurus*, *Pterodactylus*, &c. For ourselves, we must say that these wonders have never greatly interested us, and we therefore turn with pleasure from a treatise so dry, to one whose very title is racily suggestive of pleasant

associations—*Redding on Wines*. Within this volume is compressed a vast deal of curious and agreeable information concerning the vintages of Europe, from the *Johannisberger* of Prince Metternich—a rare and ambrosial essence which has moistened half the treaties of the European powers during the present century—to the *Montefiascone* of the Italian States, of drinking too much of which, the Latin epitaph tells us, the German Bishop died.

"Est, Est" propter nimium "est,"
Dominus meus mortuus "est."

On the other hand, Mr. Redding gives us some intelligence which is *not* agreeable, of the adulteration of wines and brandies. His facts and statistics on this head might furnish our total abstinence friends with good matter for commentary. Altogether, the book is a valuable addition to the library, and will no doubt command an extensive sale.

We have received these volumes from the New York Agents of Mr. Bohn—Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., through J. W. Randolph of this city, at whose book store they may be obtained.

SCHIMTZ & ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES. HORACE. Philadelpia. Blanchard and Lea. 1851.

After a careful examination of this work, we have simply to say of it, that the typography is extremely faulty—altogether inexcusable; while the Notes of Zumpt, the younger, are well-timed and judicious. Intended as it is for a text-book, he has steered between the two extremes and given notes which, while they do not aid the pupil too far, yet aid him at the proper time, and in a very effective way. We express the hope that the publishers will take care in another edition, to rectify the palpable errors of print which disfigure the present edition.

Of books designed for the young, we have seen nothing better for many a day, than the recent publications of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union. We have received quite a package of them from the General Agency, 26 John street, New York City, where they may be procured in any quantity. The tone of these little works is religious, but not sectarian, and their contents are of a most agreeable variety. Among the persons mentioned as authors of the stories, we observe the name of Mrs. Alice B. Neal. We subjoin some of the titles of the works—*Timid Lucy*, *Norton Hargrave*, *The Prize*, *The Way through the Desert*, *Watch and Pray*, *The Cherry Stones*, &c. These works may be found at the store of Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

From Harper & Brothers, through A. Morris, we have received, just before going to press with the last sheets of this number, several of their latest publications, which we can only briefly notice. Among them is a portly volume entitled *Lectures on the History of France*, by the Right Honorable Sir James Stephen, in which the politics of that country are elaborately treated down to the reign of Louis XIV. It will no doubt command a large attention. A new work from the pen of Isaac Taylor, the author of the '*Natural History of Enthusiasm*,' is another of these publications. It is entitled *Wesley and Methodism*, and embraces a historical review of this branch of the Christian Church from its foundation, with sketches of the most distinguished of its ornaments. Nos. 16 and 17 of Mayhew's '*London Labor and the London Poor*,' and No. 19 of Lossing's '*Field Book of the Revolution*,' are in no wise behind their predecessors.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. XVIII.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1852.

NO. 3.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER III.

An old record; Troubles about a cot; First impressions; Steerage treatment of sea-sickness; Holy-stoning; Jack at breakfast; Reckoning of time at sea; Sick-list; How to make it twelve o'clock; Serving-grog; Can the spirit-ration be dispensed with?; Who shall decide?; Quantity not enough to do harm; "Splicing the main brace;" Grog a panacea; Intoxication defined; How alcoholic poison causes death; Diseases caused by excessive use of alcohol; How regarded by life-insurance companies; How the question would be solved by a ballot; Wear of the animal machine; Object of digestive organs; Elementary constituents; Animal heat; Its uniformity under different circumstances; Fuel for animals; Combustion; The animal furnace; The use of blood discs; The use of the liver; Why a mixed diet is necessary for man; Composition of Alcohol; Sugar and oil; Hydrogen; Sense of fatigue; Comparative influence of beer-drinking on brick-making; Use of spirit in sustaining men under great fatigue; Under mental labor; in Cold; in Heat; As a protection against malaria; Moderate use of Alcohol; Useful as medicine; Moral effect of abolishing grog; Prevalence of drunkenness among privates in the navy; Conclusions; Water-filters and air-substitutes for grog; Spirits not a corrective of bad water; Opinion of Commodore Stewart; Iron tanks useful in the preservation of water.

In connection with the inconveniences of life at sea, I think I may present the following record without any risk of a charge of plagiarism. It was made very many years ago; but is as applicable now as it was then.

"You can scarcely conceive the many things I had to learn on entering upon my new life on board ship—for it certainly is a new life. Had I been told of all the little matters annoying in their nature that I might expect to encounter, I doubt whether I should have believed; and if I had believed, I would have remained on shore.

"When I first came on board, the first lieutenant told me I must sleep in a cot, and an officer

standing by said, 'let it be a large one, that you may be comfortable.' Three days were allowed me to make my preparations for sea; on the third I crossed Brooklyn ferry with all my baggage on a porter's cart, and I was about proceeding up the street, when I met an officer of the ship, who stopped, and with a look of amazement and jocularity cried, 'What do you intend doing with that cross-legged machine with the canvass nailed over it?'

"'That is my cot; and it is the largest I could find in New York;—you told me a large one would be most comfortable,' said I, in perfect simplicity. At this his countenance swelled, and at last he burst out into a hearty laugh, for which I was at a loss to account, as my acquaintance with the gentleman did not warrant him to take liberties; in fact I felt disposed to be a little angry.

"The officer having suppressed his laughter with difficulty, said, 'My dear fellow, you must send that shore-cot of yours back.' Here he laughed again, and I asked why I must send it back.

"'Then throw it in the river, or in the street, or do any thing with it rather than carry it on board ship, if you value your peace during the cruise; it will be a ceaseless joke at your expense as long as you hold a commission.'

"'But what am I to do for a cot?'

"My friend laughed again most immoderately, and asked how I proposed to secure 'such a soldier-like machine on board when the ship should be at sea, rolling and pitching.

"I now began to open my eyes, and enquired what he meant by a cot.

"'Oh, you'll see very soon; the ship supplies cots and hammocks; you have only to procure for yourself mattress and bedding. Take my advice and say nothing about your mistake, and I will hold my tongue too, though I confess the joke is too good to be lost. Good morning, sir, good morning;' and he hurried on board the ferry boat, laughing as he went.

"I immediately suspected there was some trick about being played on me, for I had read 'Peter Simple;' nevertheless, I determined to deposit my cot in a store, and go on board with my baggage, and, if necessary, send for the 'soldier-like machine,' which had already become an offensive object in my sight. Still, I could not imagine any other piece of sleeping furniture under this name, and was equally at a loss to

know in what manner such a one should be secured when the ship got to sea.

"Immediately after reporting myself on board to the first lieutenant, he directed a midshipman to order Mr. —, the sailmaker, to prepare a cot for me, which assured me I had done right in leaving mine on shore. I was all anxiety to see the article known on board ship by the name of cot; therefore I followed the sailmaker with my eye, and found it to be an oblong frame of wood covered with canvass, having sides and ends of the same. To each end of it are attached the clues, which are a number of cords, bearing in their disposition some resemblance to an open fan, the small end having a ring in it, by which it is suspended from a hook, driven in a beam of the vessel. When hung up it forms an oblong canvass box, which yields to every motion, and you are in no danger of being tossed out of it. When I saw it all prepared and suspended, I did not wonder at the laughter of my friend, but I felt under a constant apprehension lest he should tell the story, and my ignorance or greenness become a jest for the whole steerage. However, he has kept me thus long under obligations by his silence, and I hope he has forgotten the affair altogether. It is strange we should be so fearful of being laughed at, and yet idle time away in the country, which, if properly employed, would enlighten us on many subjects of which we often find ourselves ignorant. Indeed, I have found great difficulty in telling this joke on myself, finding, as Rousseau says, '*Ce n'est pas ce qui est criminel qui coûte le plus à dire; c'est ce qui est ridicule et honteux.*'"

"This *faux pas* made me keep a 'bright look out' for the future, and I fell into very few errors; it was some time, however, before I got to be *au fait* in the many little matters that are peculiar to a sea life. I soon became too cunning to expose my ignorance, always waiting patiently and observing attentively, till I felt sure of being correct before venturing a remark.

"To me, who had spent but a little time on the seaboard, and never had visited a man-of-war, the getting under weigh was an exciting event. Every thing seemed in a most chaotic confusion; the officers gave their orders, the midshipmen repeated them, the boatswain and his mates piped, the sailors ran aloft and down again on deck, the capstan was whirled round, the anchor was up, the sails were spread; we began to move, the leadsman cried 'by the deep, nine,' the quarter-master 'dice no higher,' which a green middy interpreted 'Christ no higher,' wondering that such profanity should be allowed,—in short, we were 'standing,' that is, sailing down the bay very fast, leaving New York enlightened by the rising sun.

"My head was all confusion. I could not comprehend any thing of the various movements around me. Yet away we went. Past Sandy Hook, and I saw the skies kiss the ocean for the first time. This thrilled me. I looked back on the receding shores of my country, and I could have wept; but Hope pointed to the ocean, and I sighed farewell, farewell. I hurried below and wrote a hasty note, and felt like cramming my whole heart into it, and perhaps I wrote more warmly than I ever did before, as they say I am very cold.

"The ship began to rise and sink as she moved gracefully over the bosom of the boundless blue waters. I was on deck again, and gave my note to the pilot, and then thought how much more I might have said, had I found words to express my feelings. Oh, how gentle was the breeze and how sunny was the sky on that April morning. But this buoyancy did not last long. I gazed around me, and felt in a glow of admiration,—then my head grew heavy,—I imagined a string was binding my temples; next came a nausea,—heavens! I would have given worlds for a permanent piece of terra firma to rest my legs upon. I bethought me of my cot, and requested that it might be hung up. The reply was a hearty laugh,—'You are very pale, you are *only* sea-sick, and your cot cannot be got till after sunset.' *Only* sea-sick, thought I, as if that were not enough. Nevertheless I had not courage to acknowledge it, and said I was very unwell,—that I was at sea, and they might fancy my indisposition to be sea-sickness,—at which all within hearing laughed heartily.

"I went below, and rolling myself in my cloak, dropped like a bunch of half-dressed flax into a corner of the steerage, hoping to get some relief, but in vain. Dinner was placed on the table close to me, and its fumes were to me disgusting. I peeped from my hiding-place, and loathed the very sight of the cheerful countenances of the middies, swallowing quantities of roast beef and potatoes, and laughing at the gay sallies in their own conversation. They seemed to me more horrible than cannibals. The corners of my mouth involuntarily stretched themselves downwards in disgust; I started up, and with a groan hung my head over a bucket. What a shout saluted my ears! 'Give him a piece of pork tied to a rope-yarn,' cried one, and in a moment the odious morsel was dangled under my nose,—'Take it,' said another, 'even if you are a Jew; the Jews only reject one part of a hog, and that is the hoofs,—so swallow manfully and you will be better.' Oh, the inhuman brutes,—not a spark of compassion in their bosoms,—phrenologists would find the organ of destructiveness largely developed in their heads I am sure.

"Escape seemed to be my only salvation ; so I belted the moment I thought I might depart from the bucket in safety, and sought the upper deck, where the cool breeze somewhat revived me. I remembered having been told by a sea-faring doctor that sea-sickness was a nervous disease, for which cold water to the head was the best remedy ; so I applied it, and I thanked heaven for my memory, blessed the doctor for his sagacity, and laid my hand on my stomach and found all tranquil.

"Soon after sunset I reached my cot, and, blessings on cold to the head, awaked next morning quite myself in spite of the motion of the ship, and the din which awakened me. I looked from my cot and beheld a number of men scattered about in different places on their knees, rubbing and grinding the deck with pieces of flag-stones and sand, while others were jerking a very large stone backwards and forwards, by means of a rope attached to either side of it ; and some were dashing water about in every direction. This operation is called holy stoning, I presume, because the men work on their knees, and is performed every morning. The noise I leave you to imagine ; and you may wonder, too, how people maintain their health in such wet dormitories ; how they managed to sleep through it all was to me a matter of astonishment ; but now I am so enured to it by habit, that I am not at all disturbed.

"After rubbing and grinding for a sufficient length of time, the master's mate of the gun-deck cried, 'Get your squillgees, and squillgee and swab up the deck.' The next thing was, that the men removed the holy stones, and applied instruments of wood resembling somewhat a garden hoe, with which they pushed off the water, while others followed them with great swabs of rope-yarns, striking to the right and the left, leaving the deck comparatively dry and very clean.

"At half past seven, or as they say on board, at 'seven bells,' a midshipman went to the officers in bed, saying to each, 'It is seven bells, sir ;' which I soon learned, was the official way to inform them that it was time to get up, or in technical language, 'to turn out.' At the same time the boatswain and his mates winded their shrill pipes, shouting, 'Up all hands, ahoy—up all hammocks ahoy.' The sailors leaped out, and began 'lashing up' their beds, and at once carried them on deck, where they were packed all round the ship's side in the 'nettings.'

"Curiosity had carried me on deck at an earlier hour, and I had time to observe every thing ; and though the ocean and sky, rivalling each other in azure blue, were grand in my eye, I was more attracted by the scene passing before me on board.

So soon as the hammocks were stowed away, the mess cooks spread out their tin pans and pots between the guns, and made every preparation for breakfast, which consists usually of cold salt-meat, sea biscuit and tea, the latter served in a tin bucket, or camp kettle, and drunk out of the tin pots, while the tin pans serve for plates, unless he prefer substituting a biscuit. Jack carries his knife always about him, secured to a button-hole by a rope-yarn, that he may be ready to cut a rope or his rations, as occasion may require. At eight o'clock, or eight bells, the boatswain and his mates piped to breakfast, and the men seated themselves in groups upon the decks between the guns and began eating. It was cheering to see the hardy fellows swallowing their beef and pork, cut in slices, on a biscuit, with such a healthy gusto. I felt no particular appetite, and I had not got what they term my 'sea-legs aboard' yet—that is, my gait was not accustomed to the motion of the ship.

"The sea day commences at meridian, and the twenty-four hours are divided into five watches of four hours each, and two dog watches of half that period. The dog watches are from 4 till 6 P. M., and from 6 till 8 P. M. Each watch is divided into eight parts, marked by a stroke of the bell : so that at half-past twelve o'clock, for instance, it is one bell ; at one o'clock it is two bells ; and thus at four o'clock it is eight bells. This manner of 'taking note of time' is at first novel, but one soon becomes accustomed to it. A marine, always stationed at the cabin door, near which hangs a watch, reports to the quartermaster the half-hours as they pass. So much for time.

"At two bells,—nine o'clock,—'the hands were turned to' by the piping of the boatswain and his mates, and the men were busied in their various avocations. The next moment after the piping, a little hand-bell was rung on the berth deck, and the surgeon with his assistant were seated at a little table near the dispensary, where they heard and prescribed for all who felt themselves indisposed. And amongst two hundred souls, there are always some who require medical advice ; indeed, I am told that five per cent. of a ship's crew is the usual number of sick on board of men-of-war. At ten o'clock, the surgeon carries a written report to the captain, and the assistant makes a list of the names of the sick and hangs it near the cabin door. This is the 'binnacle list,' and is referred to by the officers to ascertain who are excused from duty, and by the purser's steward, to avoid serving grog to men who may be taking medicine.

"At 'seven bells' (half past eleven) the sailing master and the midshipmen were on the quarter-deck 'looking out for the sun,' quad-

rants in hand. 'This was an interesting half hour, for all seemed desirous of knowing the position of the ship on the globe; and to obtain the earliest information, were sauntering about the deck, while the 'master' sat upon the taff-rail, swinging his legs over the stern, with the vizor of his cap turned behind to have his vision unshaded, alternately gazing at the sun, and reading off the figures on his instrument. The midshipmen were near him, ever and anon asking each other, as they took the instrument from their eyes, 'well, how much do you stand on.' At last the master walked to the officer of the deck, and touching his hat, said, 'It is twelve o'clock, sir; the latitude is 39°.'

"The officer of the deck called a midshipman: 'Mr. — let the captain know that it is twelve o'clock, and that the latitude is thirty-nine.' The captain was standing only a few feet from the officer; and the midshipman turning round, saluted the captain: 'It is twelve o'clock, sir; the latitude is thirty-nine.'

"'Very good, sir,' replied the captain, 'tell lieutenant — to make it so.'

"'Make it so!' I repeated to myself; 'it is twelve o'clock, and if the captain do not like it, how can he help himself.' Still I was curious to know how this order was to be obeyed.

"The lieutenant put his speaking trumpet to his mouth, and in a loud voice cried, 'Strike the bell eight, pipe to dinner, roll to grog.' And the next moment the bell was striking, the boat-swains piping, and the drums rolling—it was a Babel-like sound—and that was the way 'to make it' twelve o'clock.

"The grog was served out to the men on the gun deck, from a tub, in tin cups holding exactly a half pint. They all were standing in a crowd, separated by a rope stretched across the deck from the grog tub, and the purser's steward, or clerk, as he is now called, who called the names, and each man as he heard the summons, stooped beneath the rope, removed the quid of tobacco from his mouth, and wiping his lips with the back of his hand, grasped the tin measure and carried it carefully to his face. The feeling of recognition beamed from his eye for an instant, his breath was drawn in, and his lips kissed the cup as its contents were poured into his mouth, the head retreated backwards, till at last, he seemed to be looking at something immediately above his head. There was an expiration and a smack of the lips that declared the gueto with which the draught is swallowed. Grog is sometimes called 'gabble water,' because it makes them talkative."

Prior to the act of August 29, 1842, to regulate the navy ration "a half pint of distilled spirits" was allowed to each ration. By this law

the spirit ration was reduced to one gill for all persons over twenty-one years of age, and they were permitted to commute it for its money value. Minors are not entitled to spirits.

Since the reduction of the measure of whiskey, it is customary in very many ships to divide the ration into two doses, one of which is exhibited before breakfast, and the other before dinner. On board of some vessels it is given before dinner and before supper. Generally it is drunk undiluted.

"Oh! whisky, dear whisky! it joys and cajoles;
Lies close to the heart, like a friend, and consoles."

It is doubtful whether whisky has any other virtue than its power to cajole. It is doubtful, because the question has been asked by high authority in the government, "Can the issue of spirit-ration be dispensed with, and what substitute will answer in its stead?" The ability to dispense with the daily use of spirit must rest on the solution of another question: Is distilled spirits an essential article of diet under any circumstances? Who should be relied upon to answer this inquiry? Your old men who have tipped fifty years and more, who always "take something" to celebrate the daily triumph of the sun in arriving at the meridian, would be recreant to themselves if they do not quote their own experience to sustain the opinion that "a glass of grog is a clever thing in its way." Is it an essential article of diet? For those who have never seen any male of Adam's race live without it, grog is of course essential. Ask an Irishman if man can live without potatoes, or a son of the Celestial Empire, whether tea and rice are not the essential elements of life. From the answers the conclusion would be inevitable that without grog, potatoes, tea and rice, men must surely perish. But let us gather facts, and after comparing them, form an opinion, a rational conjecture on the subject.

If the quantity contained in the ration were never exceeded, it might be drunk possibly without any very perceptibly injurious effect. But the ration is not enough to satisfy the appetite; it is just enough to create a craving for more, and to grog-drinkers an additional glass of grog is rarely unacceptable. This fact introduced the decanter and glass among the implements of hospitality: "the only difference betwixt the teetotalers and us," said a learned gentleman distinguished for the highest qualities of head and heart, "is, that they *kant*, and we *decant*." Whether that will always be the only difference, no philosopher has ventured to conjecture.

Commanding officers, in the exercise of a discretionary power over this part of the naval ration, by what law or authority I do not know,

sometimes issue or rather prescribe an extra or duplicate ration of grog to the crew, either because the weather is very wet, or very dry; or because it is very cold, or very hot; or because it is very calm, or is blowing a gale of wind; or because the ship has made a short passage; or because she has been long at sea, or simply because she has arrived in port. These public donations of grog are made under the name of "splicing the main brace." By some gentlemen they are supposed to be proper on every marked occasion, such as crossing either of the tropics or the equator, or doubling either the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn. In special cases grog is given to reward extra duty or unusual service. The national holidays, and days of festivity, cannot be properly celebrated without "splicing the main brace." It might be well for those who are curious in statistics to enquire how much it costs the public treasury annually for whisky "to splice the main brace" afloat.

The various usages in relation to grog show that it is, in the opinion of the naval community, a harmless panacea for all the ordinary ills of body and mind, for fatigue and sorrow. That part of the law which makes a gill of spirits an ingredient of the daily food endorses this opinion. According to their acts in relation to it, navy officers and legislators must believe that whisky has great good qualities. Submissive to superior intelligence, seamen should not be reproached for supposing the more they can drink the better; but they might learn that to the same intellectual source they are indebted for the discovery that drunkenness is a crime, which can be prevented by the use of the cat-o-nine tails.

The subject is worth a brief but systematic examination. The word intoxication is derived from the Greek word *toxikon*, poison, and by medical writers is used in its literal sense. They speak of arsenical intoxication, or poisoning from arsenic; opium intoxication, or poisoning from opium, and of vinous and spiritous intoxication, or poisoning from wine and from spirits. But in common parlance intoxication means drunkenness, and no one entertains a suspicion that a man is poisoned when he is drunk. Nevertheless, that condition known as drunkenness is only a manifestation of poisoning from fermented or distilled spirits in common use. It is the only form of poisoning which is supposed to be curable almost exclusively by flagellation, or some other form of penal infliction.

It is not necessary to discuss whether poisoning by spirits or alcoholic intoxication can be dispensed with; the law forbids it, and legislators have prescribed a routine of treatment for all cases in the naval service.

When death follows in a case of alcoholic intoxication, the spirit has, in some instances, been found in the substance of the brain. Hence it is inferred that spirit taken into the stomach in considerable quantity enters into and mingles with the current of the circulating blood. Life is destroyed by alcoholic excess much in the same way as by hanging and drowning; death takes place by *asphyxia*. But it is not necessary here to enter into details upon this branch of the subject.

It is generally believed that the excessive use of alcoholic liquors produces various diseases—*Delirium ebriosum*, or temporary paroxysm of insanity, characterized by violent excitement—*Delirium tremens*, or *mania a potu*, the "Horror," a form of disease to which habitual drunkards are obnoxious—*Insanity*, or persistent mental derangement—(it may be estimated that twenty per cent or one fifth of all cases of insanity are caused directly by intemperance)—*Oinomania*, or that form of mental derangement which is characterized by an uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic potations. Inflammatory diseases of the brain; Apoplexy, Palsy and Epilepsy are frequently caused by alcoholic intoxication. Diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, skin, &c., are caused by intemperance. Spontaneous combustion is also among the fatal effects of habitual drinking.

The influence of the intemperate use of alcoholic stimulants on the duration of life has been studied with a view to pecuniary profit. It has been felt by the "pocket nerve" of insurance companies. Insurers assume as little risk as possible, and therefore they insure the lives of those who are most likely to reach advanced age. Intemperate subjects they will not insure. At the age of forty years the annual rate of mortality for the whole population of England is about 13 per 1000; and the average mortality for all ages between 15 and 70 is about 20 per 1000. According to the records of life insurance offices, the rate of mortality at the age of 40 is about 11 per 1000, and among those insured in Friendly Societies, it is about 10 per 1000. In the Temperance Provident Institution, with several lives insured above 70 years of age, the average mortality in eight years for all ages above 15 has been only 6 per 1000.*

The inference is that intemperance is opposed to longevity; and that total abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks is favorable to the dura-

* On the use and abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in health and disease. Prize essay By William B. Carpenter, M. D. Blanchard & Lea. Philadelphia. 1850.

This essay is conceived in a truly philosophical spirit, and seems to have been written without prejudice or party views. It is worthy of attentive perusal by all who may be interested in the subject.

tion of life. Life insurance companies prefer for insurance those whose health and habits are indicative of length of days; their rules, founded on observation, exclude the intemperate.

Is alcoholic liquor, either from distillation or fermentation, an essential article of diet? The practice of the various communities which constitute the christian world answers this question in the affirmative; but the dietetic habits of Mahomedans, Budhists and Brahmins reply most decidedly in the negative. If the question were to be solved by a ballot of the entire world, the total abstinence party would be largely in the majority, because there are very many more religious misbelievers than christians. But we may approach the truth, perhaps, by a mode which, although less democratic than the ballot-box, may be, in fact, quite influential in the formation of opinion.

Every thought which the brain elaborates, every action caused by the motion of muscles and their appendages, causes an expenditure of nervous and other matters entering into the constitution of the animal body. Mere existence is associated with wear of the machine, which cannot continue in operation without a certain degree of temperature is preserved in it. To supply the expenditure and waste of matter, and keep up the required temperature or animal heat, resources have been provided by the Creator of all things, in food, in repose and in respiration.

An apparatus, consisting of various organs or instruments, is furnished to prepare food and render it fit to be incorporated in the material of the body in place of that which is worn out and lost. Without a set of digestive organs food could not be appropriated in this way; there would be no nutrition, or in other words, no supply of fresh matter in place of that consumed in the wear of the machine. The function or action of these several digestive organs is, as it were, to select and separate from the food such parts as are required to form nerves, muscles, bones, &c., and to combine their elements into the several compounds we denominate nerves, and muscles. It is essential to nutrition that the substances taken as food should contain all the elements which, in combination, form the various textures or tissues found in the animal. Chemistry has taught us that these tissues consist of several elementary or simple substances in various conditions or proportions of combination. They are chiefly oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, which are also the chief constituents of plants. They are called elements because they have never been decomposed, or found to contain more than one kind of matter. The four elements above named form, by combination, what are termed organic elements or constituents. They are placed in

two classes. The first class includes only the nitrogenous constituents, or those which contain nitrogen. The chief of these are albumen, fibrin, and gelatin. The second class embraces only the non-nitrogenous constituents, or those which contain no nitrogen. They are the various animal sugars and animal fats and fatty acids. Besides these organic constituents there are several inorganic or mineral constituents which enter into the composition of the animal body. They are water, lime, magnesia, phosphorus, soda, iron, manganese, silica, alumina, copper, in form of salts, oxides and acids.

In order that food shall furnish nourishment, that is, the material which is expended in the multitude of actions constantly carried on by the animal machine, it must contain the elements or constituents of that material. In other words, the food must contain the organic constituents of both classes, as well as the mineral constituents in the requisite quantity. It has been ascertained that all these constituents are contained in the flesh of animals used as food by man, and in various plants.

Besides the digestive apparatus for the purpose of nutrition, or supply of expended materials, there is another for maintaining the proper temperature. Respiration and circulation of some kind are essential to every form of organic existence, whether animal or vegetable; but every kind of respiratory and circulatory apparatus does not produce appreciable heat. The organs of respiration and circulation found in the bodies of mammals, man included amongst them, constitute a furnace or heating machinery. It is so nicely balanced in connexion with the digestive organs and skin, that the animal heat of man remains at the same degree independently of the changes of temperature of the air. The animal heat of men, under the tropic sun, is no greater than that of men within the arctic circle. But their animal furnaces require different kinds, or different qualities of fuel under different circumstances, to maintain the required degree of temperature within the premises. Fuel for animals? Fuel and food are necessary to preserve animal life. Fuel implies a burning or combustion, accompanied by an extrication of heat and also of light. Wood and coals are fuels for ordinary furnaces, but animals do not consume those articles. Wood and coals constitute fuel only in a ratio to the amount of carbon they contain; their combustion consists merely in the combination of oxygen with this carbon, and the degree of heat which combustion yields depends upon the difference of capacity for caloric, between the compound formed by their combination, and carbon and oxygen separately. For illustration, let us suppose that carbon and

oxygen, when separate, will each contain two measures of caloric; but when they are chemically united, the compound resulting from their union called carbonic acid, has a capacity for no more than two measures. It is evident, from these premises, that as the combustion, that is, the chemical union of oxygen with carbon, proceeds, two measures of caloric are turned out, set free at every step to be applied as occasions may require. This is the gross rationale or explanation of what takes place in every ordinary furnace or fire producing heat; the oxygen of the air, with its two measures of latent or imperceptible heat, unites with the carbon of the coal or wood, also with its two measures of latent or insensible heat, to form carbonic acid, which cannot contain more than two measures of latent or imperceptible heat; consequently, of the four measures of latent heat brought together, two are turned out to seek another abode, and in this way become exposed and perceptible to our senses.

The animal furnace in man is the lungs. The air reaches those organs, and every one of their thousands of minute cells, through the mouth and wind-pipe; the air goes into these minute cells or sacks composed of oxygen and nitrogen; but it comes out from them without its oxygen; the nitrogen returns to the atmosphere mixed with carbonic acid, the result of combustion. But how is it that there is carbon in those minute cells of the lungs? Where does it come from; how does it get to them?

Minute veins and arteries, continuations of the great trunks connected with the heart, ramify over the walls or sides of the little cells of the lungs. These sides are too thick to permit blood to leak through them, but still thin enough to give free passage to oxygen and carbonic acid. The blood-vessels are merely two sets of canals; every blood disc in the veins is merely a barge carrying carbon to the furnace, while every blood disc in the arteries is an unloaded carbon barge freighted with heat and oxygen, returning to the minute capillary locks in the distant structure to be there loaded with carbon and again returned through the veins to the furnace. The heart, by its alternate contraction and expansion, keeps these discs, or carbon boats, in constant motion, as long as there is carbon to be found in the tissues, or oxygen in the cells of the lungs, to unite with it there to form carbonic acid, and thus furnish heat for the animal.

The food must furnish carbon for combustion in the lungs; and the digestive apparatus deposit it in the most convenient situations to be taken up by the blood discs for conveyance to the place of combustion. This animal fire cannot go down without diminishing the powers of the ani-

mal; if allowed to go out entirely for want of fuel, or want of air to sustain combustion, the animal dies.

Indeed all the vital actions have been supposed to be explained on a theory of combustion. The attrition and reciprocal action of parts on each other produce carbonized matter which is, as it were, poisonous or deleterious, and produces death if not removed. For this purpose the blood becomes arterialized, that is, loaded with oxygen, in the lungs, which it carries through every part of the system as an antidote to the carbon, or as above stated, the blood in the lungs loses the carbon, and goes back with heat and oxygen to be again freighted with carbon.

It is also presumed that the conversion of the worn-out materials of the body, into carbonic acid in the minute blood vessels, called capillaries, is attended by an extrication of heat. But be this as it may, the function of respiration in the lungs is the chief source of animal heat.

The means of conveying carbon out of the body are abundant. The two largest organs of man are engaged in this work: the lungs and the liver. The latter organ forms bile, which consists almost entirely of carbon. That fluid plays an important part in digestion, in the intestines, on its way out of the animal.

Carbon is necessary to maintain animal heat; all things being equal, the greater the quantity of carbon which the lung-furnace can burn, the warmer the animal will be.

But man's body requires nitrogen and oxygen, besides carbon and other materials to enter it and be consumed, or rather to enter new states of combination, which are continuously changing in regular and systematic succession, in order to maintain its vitality. For this reason, man requires a mixed diet. He cannot live upon sugar alone, because, although it consists of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, it contains no nitrogen. Besides, these ultimate elements must be in various forms or proportions of combination; fat and sugar differ from each other only in the different proportions of their ultimate constituents, which are carbon, hydrogen and oxygen.

The food of animals may be said to be literally burned in their bodies, and this, as in the case of other combustibles, for the purpose of producing heat. The gaseous products of the combustions are sent through the skin and lungs, while the smoke, soot and ashes are represented by the excrements and urine.

"The food required by animals must bear a certain relation to the waste of matter, and to the heat required. Thus, a hard working man, in whom the change of matter is rapid, requires much more food, (blood, or proteine compounds,)

than a sedentary person; and in cold climates a much larger quantity of food rich in carbon, especially fat, blubber and similar matters, is necessary than in warm climates, where, indeed, such food excites invincible repugnance. Any misproportion in the amount or nature of the food has a tendency to induce disease. Thus, Europeans who often eat and drink as at home, when they go to tropical climates, pay the penalty of their ignorance in the very frequent liver complaints observed among them. For the same reason, hepatic disease is more frequent during summer than during winter.”*

Alcohol consists of four parts carbon, six parts hydrogen, and two parts oxygen. It may therefore be considered simply as an animal fuel; but inferior in quality to solid fat or starch; for while the latter furnish a far larger amount of carbon, they are free from the stimulating properties of alcohol, which are prominent in all its various forms. The articles of food containing carbon without nitrogen, and which are free from intoxicating or poisonous qualities are so numerous, that it is not necessary to include any of the alcoholic preparations among them, in order to furnish the quantity of carbon required for the production of animal heat. Sugar or oil might be substituted for alcohol, both being rich in carbon.

Hydrogen is a combustible which furnishes a very considerable degree of heat, even greater than carbon itself. Its union with oxygen to form water is accompanied by an extrication of heat; but an explanation of this point is not necessary for the present illustration. It is enough to remember here that alcohol contains two combustible or inflammable elements. The red men of the West, it is presumed, were not aware of the chemical constitution of whiskey, although they so appropriately named it the “fire-water of the pale faces.”

It is not necessary to consider here the articles of food which contain albumen, fibrin and gelatin, all of which contain nitrogen.

Waste of animal material is in proportion to bodily as well as to mental exertion. The sense of fatigue is in fact a natural demand for a supply of matter in place of that which has been consumed. When the muscles are exercised there is an expenditure of muscular substance as well as of nervous substance; because every action of a muscle involves also the action of its appropriate nerves. The basis of muscle and nerve consists of albumen and fibrin. There is not the slightest relation of composition between the spirit part of the ration and muscular substance. Consequently it has no nutrient pow-

ers, and is therefore not essential to enable men to endure great and long-continued bodily exertion.

The following statement bears upon this point. It relates to brick-making, which is commonly accounted one of the most laborious of all outdoor employments. “Out of upwards of twenty three millions of bricks made in 1841, by the largest maker in the neighborhood, the average per man made by the beer-drinkers in the season was 760,269; whilst the average of the teetotalers was 795,400, which is 35,131 in favor of the latter. The highest number made by a beer-drinker was 880,000; the highest number made by a teetotaler was 890,000; leaving 10,000 in favor of the teetotaler. The lowest number made by a beer-drinker was 659,500; the lowest number made by a teetotaler was 746,000; leaving 87,000 in favor of the teetotaler. Satisfactory as the account appears, I believe it would be much more so, if the teetotalers could have obtained the whole ‘gang’ of abstainers; as they were frequently hindered by the drinking of some of the gang; and when the order is thus broken, the work cannot go on.”*

Dr. Carpenter relates that a ship, on a voyage from New South Wales to England, sprang a leak after passing the Cape of Good Hope, and to keep her afloat during the remainder of the voyage, a period of nearly three months, required the continued labor, not only of the crew and officers, but also of the passengers. “At first, the men were greatly fatigued at the termination of their ‘spell’ at the pumps; and, after drinking their allowance of grog, would ‘turn in,’ without taking a proper supply of nourishment. The consequence was, that their vigor was decidedly diminishing, and their feeling of fatigue increasing, as might be expected on the principles already laid down. By the directions of their commander, (who, although very moderate in his own habits, at the time of the writer’s acquaintance with him, was by no means a disciple of the Total Abstinence school, which renders his testimony the more valuable,) the allowance of grog was discontinued, and coffee and cocoa were substituted for it; a hot ‘mess’ of these beverages being provided, with the biscuit and meat, at the conclusion of every watch. It was then found the men felt inclined for a good meal of the latter, when the more direct but less effective refreshment of the alcoholic liquor was withdrawn; their vigor returned; their fatigue diminished; and, after twelve weeks of incessant and severe labor, (with no interval longer than four hours,) the ship was brought into port

* Carpenter. On the use and abuse of alcoholic liquors. Lea & Blanchard. Philadelphia. 1850.

* Gregory. Organic Chemistry. London. 1845.

with all on board of her in as good condition as they ever were in their lives."*

That the aborigines of our country, prior to the introduction of intoxicating drinks amongst them, were capable of long endurance in the chase is generally admitted. Carefully tried experiment has led to the common practice of sailing the merchant ships of the United States without giving grog to their crews. Indeed, grog rations are now almost entirely discontinued in the merchant service, in which the endurance of men is as severely tested, as it possibly can be under any circumstances.

Both theory and experience show that the spirit part of the ration is not necessary to enable men to endure extraordinary labor.

The use of alcoholic drink is very generally supposed to be of essential assistance in enabling men to endure mental exertion; but its stimulation is invariably followed by depression of mental power. Experience shows that literary men, who have been in the habit of laboring under this kind of stimulus, have been enabled to achieve more after acquiring the habit of abstinence.

Experience confirms the conclusions derived from physiological study, that alcoholic drinks are not essential to sustain the vital actions when the body is exposed to very low degrees of temperature. The Esquimaux and Greenlanders depend upon oleaginous food to furnish the necessary quantity of animal fuel when the temperature is very many degrees below zero. Men who have engaged in the arctic and antarctic exploring expeditions, have borne the severest cold without the use of the spirit part of the ration. When men are supplied with solid food and hot coffee, they will endure cold with less suffering, and for a longer period, than when they depend upon alcoholic drinks for animal fuel.

Alcoholic liquors do not assist the body to endure a very high temperature. They supply animal fuel to the interior furnace, when it is not required in large quantity. It has been found that English soldiers in India enjoy better health and fewer perish from disease, since the establishment of temperance societies amongst them. On this point the evidence is abundant. The native inhabitants of the tropical regions of the earth, it is well known, consume very little alcoholic liquor of any kind. It is safe to assert they enjoy better health than acclimated Europeans who indulge even moderately in the use of wines or spirits.

Dr. Moseley, who resided several years in the West Indies, says, in his work on Tropical Diseases; "I aver from my own knowledge and custom, as well as the custom and observations of many other people, that those who drink noth-

ing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience, and are never subject to troublesome or dangerous diseases."

Spirit drinking is set down by the most philosophical writers on the diseases of India, as the most prolific cause of various diseases of the liver.

Nor is the use of alcoholic liquors essential to protect men from morbid agencies in malarious situations. All the protection required under such exposure is found in hot tea, coffee, or cocoa. In the island of Java, near the coast, where intermittent fevers and dysenteries constantly exist, Europeans are protected by taking a cup of hot coffee before exposing themselves abroad to the early morning air.

The habitual moderate use of alcoholic liquors impairs the powers of perfect digestion by stimulating the appetite, and thus inducing a much larger consumption of food than the body in health requires for its nourishment. It cannot be reasonably doubted, that habitually over-feeding a healthy man will induce disease. Any excess in the quantity of food taken into the stomach, produces a corresponding excess in the action of all the various organs concerned in the process of digestion and nutrition. Excessive action of the machine in its parts, or as a whole, hastens the exhaustion of its powers. Health and duration of life will be in a ratio to the perfection of equilibrium between the supply furnished through the organs of nutrition, and the expenditure of the animal material. All things being equal, a well constituted animal will live longer in proportion as its respiration and nourishment are perfectly balanced, by the exercise of its muscular and nervous systems. Starvation and repletion are merely relative to the normal demand for nutrient matter, and this demand is measured by the degree of habitual exercise of the physical powers of the animal. Sedentary and idly listless persons require less food than day-laborers; the quantity which would be repletion for the former, would be inadequate for the latter, and place them in a grade of starvation.

The spirit ration is usually administered just before meals; it creates a false demand for food, while itself affords no nourishment, and adds nothing to the physical power of the man. The speed of the horse may be augmented very much for a limited period, by the application of whip and spurs; but their application adds no more to the physical powers and endurance of the horse, than the administration of the spirit ration augments the physical powers and endurance of men. The stimulus of spurs in one case, and of spirit in the other, are somewhat analogous: the

* On the use and abuse of alcoholic liquors.

armed heel alone cannot sustain the speed of the courser, nor can the spirit enable the digestive organs to dispose of an excessive quantity of food without impairing their powers. Its effects would be less prejudicial, if grog were drunk an hour after meals.

It is not to be denied, however, that alcoholic drinks, both distilled and fermented, including of course all the varieties of spirits, wines and beers, are valuable medicines. There are some few persons of feeble powers of digestion, either from original defect of constitution, or from long continued chronic disease, to whom spirits, or wine, or beer, are very important, if not essential. But this class of valitudinaries forms an exception, and should never be found among the privates of an army or navy. The discussion of the necessity of the spirit ration has been entirely in reference to men in health; it is not necessary to consider it either as a medicine or a prophylactic, that is, a means of preventing disease.

It is presumed that the abolition of the spirit ration would not be in the way of recruiting men for the navy. It is generally abolished in the merchant service; therefore those seamen who are attracted to the navy solely on account of the grog, if there be many such as has been asserted, would be left the alternative to labor on shore or to go to sea without grog.

Is it expected that the abolition of the spirit ration will abolish drunkenness among those employed in the navy? Not immediately. The present race of adult seamen will not be reformed in this respect; but it may be reasonably conjectured that the young and rising generation will become adults without acquiring the habit to drink, which is now taught by example. In the estimation of boys and minors on board, admission to the grog-tub is one of the privileges and signs of manhood. They are prone to imitate whatever is considered manly, and therefore they often anticipate the time of manhood and exhibit their precocity by drinking themselves drunk on the first favorable opportunity.

It will not be denied that a rigid practice of sobriety and temperance is desirable in every vocation of life; but it is feared this will not be brought about solely by taking away grog from sailors. The habits of men frequently spring from imitation of those whom they regard as superiors. Dr. Robert Jackson, in his work "On the Formation, Discipline and Economy of Armies," pertinently remarks: "The officer may lead by example; he cannot drive by authority. If a general of high reputation in war, instead of courting popularity by a sumptuous table and high-flavored wines, had the resolution to cover a simple board with a plain repast, similar to the soldier's mess, and measured in quantity, in pro-

portion to the number of the guests, he would have the merit of being a reformer; and if his example serves to eradicate the national propensity to sumptuous living, which is the most prominent defect in the character of the English military, he would be regarded, and justly regarded by posterity, not as a visionary reformer, but as a national benefactor of the first distinction. The plain repast is sufficient for sustenance; and a plain repast gives all the gratification to the palate of an hungry and thirsty man that a soldier ought to permit himself to receive; and, while it does this, it leaves his organs as not overwhelmed by turtle and claret, free for impressions of military glory and pursuits of military science."

"Economy, or a just measure of means to ends, lays the foundation of individual and national prosperity: adherence to it alone insures the performance of happiness. Dignity of mind and real military virtue have no connexion with sumptuous living. The conqueror is ordinarily frugal and homely, that is, the bold barbarian emerging from savage life: the conquered is ordinarily rich, luxurious, and what is called refined; that is, the creature of the appetites of corporal sense. The Spartan nation was temperate and frugal. It was august in the assembly of nations, and warlike in the field of battle. The Spartan mess-room presented little furniture that was costly, no service of plate, and few silver or gilded utensils. It presented veteran heroes teaching lessons of warlike virtue to youth, an equipment of infinitely more value than the inside of a jeweller's shop. The precedent is good, and it is not difficult to be followed. Cleomenes, one of the Spartan kings, found, at his accession to the sovereignty, that, instead of Spartans of the school of Lycurgus, a degenerated race filled the military ranks—men corrupted by the luxuries of Asia, and absorbed in the pleasures of the table. The moral virtue was lost, and even the military virtue was obscured. He meditated reform, and the first step in reform was the reestablishment of the public mess and frugal meal. Cleomenes was plain in manner and frugal in expenditure at mess; but no sovereign, whose record stands in history, was more dignified in mind; and no one—not even Louis the magnificent in all his grandeur—commanded a devotion equal to what was voluntarily given to this simple and meanly attired Spartan. The English military are perhaps more under the influence of the pleasures of the table than any other military in modern times; but they are not beyond the possibility of reform. It is reported that General Wolfe, who, while a man of superior goodness, was perhaps the most perfect soldier of the age in which he lived,

never gave an elegant, and rarely an eatable dinner to persons of the *haut gout*. The epicurean was disgusted, the soldier was regaled. General Wolfe's table was said to be an epitome of a Spartan mess-room. No one rose from it without having been furnished with the opportunity of carrying away a military lesson; and few left it without feeling an accession of military importance communicated to the mind by the impressive influence of a hero's spirit. The example was almost solitary. The career of General Wolfe's life was short; his virtues were, notwithstanding, of such force, that the impression remained long with the 20th regiment which he formed, and at one time commanded. The example of a frugal mess-table is not, the writer is aware, adapted to our present habits; but man is the child of imitation; and, if frugal regimen were the regimen of high authority and acknowledged military talent, simplicity of living might again become a fashion in the army. The young soldier, instead of exerting his genius in the improvement of a ragout, or the dressing and carving of a duck, might be formed to eat his ration of beef and bread in silence; and, instead of thinking it necessary to be intoxicated with wine, might be led to imbibe the spirit of Wolfe and Cleomenes, and thus become a soldier." (p. 337-8.)

The prevalence of drunkenness among privates in the navy may be estimated very accurately from the "report of punishments in the naval service for the years 1846, 1847" and part of 1848.*

During those three years the average mean strength of the navy may be estimated not to have exceeded 8000. Within that time those 8000 privates suffered 5761 individual floggings; of this number, 1882, or 30.93 per cent were inflicted for "drunkenness," for "smuggling liquor," for "doubling the grog-tub," and for "stealing liquor," or, in a word, for offences directly arising from grog. If to these be added the punishments indirectly connected with spirit drinking; those for insolence, turbulence, quarreling, fighting and riotous conduct, it will probably increase the number of floggings on account of the spirit ration to one half.

Careful examination of the question, in its several relations, will lead to the following conclusions.

1. A ration of spirit is not an essential item in the food of a healthy man: therefore it may be dispensed with.

2 Spirit is not essential, nor in any manner indispensable, to enable men to endure very great

cold, or very great heat, or to sustain long continued and extraordinary labor.

3. As a general rule, the habitual moderate use of alcoholic stimulants tends to impair the powers of life, and to render men more obnoxious to the influence of malaria.

4. The use of spirituous drink is directly or indirectly the cause of about one half the punishments necessarily inflicted heretofore in the naval service.

5. All kinds of alcoholic drinks should be considered rather as medicines than as articles of diet.

6. As the spirit ration affords no nourishment, is not essential in cases of extraordinary exposure to cold, heat or fatigue; as it leads to conduct requiring penal correction, and as the experiment has been extensively made in the merchant service, in workshops and manufactories of all kinds, among slaves on sugar and cotton plantations, it may be entirely dispensed with in the navy advantageously to the health, discipline and efficiency of the service.

An excellent substitute for the spirit ration would be found in a supply of filters for each water-tank, and an augmented ration of water and of atmospheric air to sleep in. Modern invention has furnished filters for water well adapted to use on ship board, far superior to the old fashioned drip-stones or analogous contrivances. Indeed there is no common necessity of life afloat which can be supplied in better condition or longer preserved than sweet palatable water. It is probable there is no material in nature less liable to spontaneous change; its constitution is as constant as the granite of the everlasting hills. Even when it contains in mechanical mixture mud and vegetable debris, they fall to the bottom, are precipitated, and the water remains entirely pure. Vegetable and animal matter in a state of putrefactive fermentation would not render water in which they were forever unfit to drink. I refer to such river waters as, when taken on board ship for use, undergo fermentation from the vegetable and other matters mingled in them, evolving fœtid hydrogen or other gaseous compounds. Water, in the offensive states alluded, should not be drunk. It is not probable that spirit essentially changes the unwholesome properties of such water, although it may render it less nauseating or less repugnant to the drinker of it. The addition of spirit serves to disguise or rather to modify a disgusting dose; but it does not render such a potation less noxious as nutritious material. It is desirable to obtain and preserve for use on board ships wholesome and palatable water, because it is one of the most essential of the constituents of animal bodies. Water which contains putrescent matters mingled in it, or saline substances in consid-

* Punishments in the Navy. Ex. Doc., No. 51. House of Representatives. Thirtieth Congress. Second session.

erable quantities dissolved in it, cannot be made wholesome by simply rendering its taste more agreeable. Diseased or decomposed flesh can not be rendered an eligible article of food by subduing its flavor in a coating of aromatics or condiments; nor can we render rosy, wormy, or putrid water a proper or wholesome drink by adding to it whisky or brandy.

All substances in a state of minute division contained in water can be removed by the process of filtering; but that which is dissolved in water cannot be separated from it by a filter. No process of filtering can remove the various salts dissolved in the water of the ocean, nor can we ever hope to render it a wholesome ordinary drink, even if we find a means of concealing its taste. Castor oil mingled in the foam of ale or porter may be swallowed without disgusting even a delicate palate; but the influence of the oil is in no degree modified by such admixture.

To retain the spirit ration under the pretext that it is necessary to improve the taste of impure or dirty water, is as absurd as to argue that it is also necessary to obviate the evil effects imagined to result from drinking water of the various temperatures at which it is found in different latitudes from the equator to the pole. If the addition of spirit be necessary to render water wholesome in very cold regions, and the same addition be necessary for its salubrity under the blaze of a tropic sun, the ration of spirit is too small. Enough should be allowed to add a little to every draught of water a man may require. Instead of a gill (the present allowance) at least a pint should be furnished for the daily consumption of each man, if we assume that a gallon of water is not more than sufficient to satisfy a laboring seaman between the tropics. It will not be contended that taking a half gill of spirits undiluted twice daily, which is the practice on some vessels, will enable men to satisfy thirst through the entire twenty-four hours on dirty or impure water when the temperature of the atmosphere is above 85° or 90° F.?

Where water becomes "as cold and chilling as the northerners," less is required to be drunk. If this comparatively small quantity be objectionable on account of its low temperature, possibly there may be some who would recommend, on aboriginal notions, raw spirits instead of water, as being less dangerous. It has been stated, upon what authority, however, I am ignorant, that the body of an Indian was found frozen upon a high way. A council of his tribe was assembled to ascertain the cause of his death. After long and serious consideration of all the circumstances, it was the unanimous opinion of the inquest that the Indian had lost his life by imprudently

diluting his whisky with water which had been congealed within him by the cold of the preceding night, and thus extinguished the fires of life.

There are men of exalted station who entertain opinions on this subject wholly at variance with those above set forth. Among them is the senior captain in the navy, the distinguished Commodore Charles Stewart. In an official letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, dated "Bordentown, N. J., March 11, 1850," he thus expresses himself on this point:

"At this late period of naval history it would be difficult to discover the origin of the introduction of spirits as a component part of the ration into the navies of Europe; it seems they always had and still have such an allowance. It is, however, varied in kind, so as to suit the habits of their own seamen, and the policy of their respective governments who allow its use, in rendering it subservient to the various products of their own country or colonies. England furnished rum from its West India colonies, Holland furnished gin, France issues one day wine and the next brandy alternately, Sweden and Denmark rum from their colonies," &c.

On similar grounds the English made war upon China to enforce the consumption of opium; and now His Holiness, the Pope, under stringent regulations, encourages the consumption of tobacco by all the subjects of the Holy See. It will not be disputed that an extensive popular use of rum, brandy, gin, wine, opium, tobacco, &c., is of a pecuniary advantage to the manufacturers and producers of these articles, and of a corresponding advantage to the governments which derive revenue by taxes upon them. But this fact has no influence in deciding whether any one or all of these articles are necessary either to health or comfort. Commodore Stewart continues:—

"All persons who have been much at sea are aware of the impossibility of keeping up a supply of good or pure water. Sometimes it is brackish, at others rosy or putrid, and oftentimes from long confinement in close vessels, it is found in a state of decomposition, and any fixed air it originally contained wholly separated and expelled. In the hot latitudes, it becomes in the heated holds of vessels so warm that the stomach will almost reject it; and in the higher latitudes, as cold and chilling as the northerners; thus the almost daily varying of cruising ships' positions brings with it a like variance in the water, and from these circumstances oftentimes deprives the water of its refreshing qualities. This may have originated the issue of the spirit ration in vessels of war, as a means of ameliorating this essential article of life amongst those who go down to the seas in great ships. I know that, in addi-

tion, (from experience) to be sometimes absolutely essential to the sustaining the energies of the men, when great efforts are to be made under emergencies, or to sustain them from sinking entirely after great physical exertion, influenced by excessive excitement.

"If, therefore, it in any measure form an essential to a sailor's comforts, (of which he has so few at sea,) why should the very many be deprived of it, because two or three per cent. of the whole number will, when an opportunity offers, abuse themselves and their service through an inordinate use of it? This would seem like punishing the many good men for the faults of the few."

Although my acquaintance with the naval service commenced little more than a quarter of a century since, and therefore is less than half as ancient as that of the veteran commodore who claims "an experience of nearly sixty years' sea-service," I believe that water which is pure when obtained, may be perfectly preserved for an indefinite period. I have drunk water which has been kept on board ship more than three years; it was as limpid and sweet as that from the Schuylkill or Croton after passing through the best modern filter.

The general employment of iron tanks for water in the British navy dates from 1815, and in our own service from about 1825. Upon the subject of supply of water for ships' companies, I subjoin an extract from the "Statistical reports on the health of the Navy" of England, collated by John Wilson, M. D. R. N., and published by the House of Commons in 1840 and 1841. Dr Wilson says:—

"Palatable water in sufficient quantity, is essential to comfort, and influential on health; and in no article, at least in the manner of keeping and preserving it, has there been greater improvement than in this indispensable one, in recent times, in ships of war. When water was kept in casks, it became slightly foetid, from the disengagement of hydrogen, in a few days, and, in a fortnight or three weeks, so loathsome, as to be swallowed with repugnance, even when called for by urgent thirst. The progress of decomposition, and its nauseating results, were especially rapid and offensive, when the water was most pure at least, when it contained the smallest portion of mineral admixture, and the temperature was high. When the solid food at sea consisted almost exclusively of very salt beef and pork, biscuits long baked, and puddings made of salt suet and flour, the desire for, even the necessity of abundance of water, was great. No one who has not felt it can imagine the distress that was often endured, within the tropics, setting aside the effects on health, from

the intense thirst thus excited, and the only means available for quenching it—water so putrid, and offensive, often so thick, and green from vegetable admixture, and decomposition, and emitting so strongly the factor of rotten eggs, as to disgust at once the sense of smell, and of taste.

"Happily all these evils and inconveniences are banished from the navy, by the substitution of iron tanks for water-casks. Water suffers no change in these iron vessels, however long kept, at least no change in itself, from decomposition. The metal becomes oxydised to a certain extent, and the oxyde in the interior of the tank mixes with the water, but, from its weight and insolubility, falls to the bottom, and does not, except in stormy weather, discolour the water, till the tank is nearly empty. When the water is taken from the tank in stormy weather, or from the bottom, it has a brownish color, on account of a portion of oxyde of iron being suspended in it, the greater part of which soon falls to the bottom of the vessel into which it has been drawn. It is not tainted with any thing offensive either to the palate, or the nose. There is no reason to suppose that the slight chalybeate admixture is injurious to health; it may be in such minute portions beneficial.

"It is of importance, not only that water should be kept without deterioration in ships, but also that it should be wholesome when sent on board. The first object is fully obtained by iron tanks; the last must depend on the means of supply, and care, and judgment in selection. At home, and generally in British Colonies, there is little difficulty in procuring good water, but in some of the many places visited by ships of war, it is not always easy to procure it free from mineral solutions, deleterious in quality, or quantity, or from various vegetable additions. In such cases, care and labour should not be spared in choosing and procuring the best. In some foreign ports a small charge is made for supplies of good water, to save which, bad water has been taken on board, at the expense of considerable labour to ships' companies; this is poor and injurious parsimony, which should never be practised. The acuteness and philanthropy of Captain Cook led him to lay much stress on abundance of wholesome water for the preservation of health, and to use every means for obtaining it. It may be thought that it did not require much of either quality to arrive at that conclusion; but, looking at the general practice then, and long after, it was not so self-evident as it now appears to be."

Commodore Stewart is in error to say that it is impossible to keep up a supply of good or pure water at sea; he is also wrong in attributing

the disagreeable odor and taste of water to "long confinement in close vessels," also in saying that water is "found in a state of decomposition" from such cause, and also in the notion that water contains "fixed air" (the vulgar name of carbonic acid gas,) the loss of which renders it unpalatable or unwholesome. Water contains a small quantity of atmospheric air mingled with it under ordinary circumstances, but no "fixed air" or other gas. Palatable water becomes vapid, insipid by boiling, but its flavor may be speedily recovered by agitating it in contact with atmospheric air, which becomes enveloped or mingled in the liquid.

It is notorious that the inhabitants of many towns are supplied with drinking water from tanks exclusively, and that rain water is preserved in them for years in a perfectly wholesome state. This fact alone should be sufficient to show the error of Commodore Stewart's statement and the fallacy of his whole argument. But the influence of opinion entertained and expressed by men holding distinguished positions, cannot be efficiently met by the simple contradiction of obscure individuals, and for this reason I have ventured to state why Commodore Stewart's opinion, on this point, is not entitled to the confidence of the public or of legislators. His first argument is simply this: An allowance of spirit has been given to the privates of all christian navies: the antiquity of this allowance is a guarantee of its propriety; hence it is clear that the spirit-ration should be continued in the navy of the United States. A parallel form of this reasoning will show its force. Drunkenness has been permitted in all christian navies; drunkenness is sanctioned by long custom, and hence it should be continued in the navy of the United States.

His second argument is simply this:—Impure or unwholesome water only can be obtained on board ship at sea; the mixture of spirit with impure water renders it palatable and consequently wholesome; therefore, a gill of spirit taken raw in two doses daily will correct the disagreeable taste and odour of a gallon of impure water drunk from the scuttle-butt, and at the same time bring said water to a standard temperature whether the ship be at the equator or the poles.

CHAPTER IV.

Penalty of going aloft the first time; Bat on board 800 miles from land; Flying-fish; Dolphin; Cetaceans; Dolphins not fishes; Changing colors of the dying dolphin explained.

March 18th. Lat. 59° 22' North, Long. 54° 56' West. Fresh breeze; ten knots an hour. Gulf weed floating past. It was generally be-

lieved we were in the N. E. Trade winds, but at night it rained and the wind changed.

20th. The carpenters are at work; they are altering the arrangements of the berth-deck, which will improve the ventilation and contribute to the comfort and health of all. This evening a gentleman who has never been afloat before, ascended to the mizzen-top to enjoy a moonlight reverie, where the captain of the top demanded "footing" in accordance with the custom of the sea. The rule is that the new comer shall pay an initiation fee, in the shape of a glass of grog to the top-men, or its equivalent, or submit to be tied fast in the rigging for the sport and amusement of all beholders. It is cheaper to pay the grog than risk the alternative.

March 31st. Last night a leather-winged bat was flitting about the gun-deck to the amazement of many who surmised the animal must be excessively weary after its long flight from land, the nearest point of which being at least eight hundred miles distant. But the animal probably came on board at New York during the autumn, became torpid in the winter cold, and roused into life by elevation of temperature, had emerged from its hiding-place.

March 23d. Latitude 24° 41' north, longitude 52° 33' west. Temperature of the air 78° F., and of the sea 75° F. To day the first flying fish was seen, and a dolphin was caught under the bow with a harpoon. The animal was speedily butchered and distributed to the cooks: the flesh is white, dry, and not very savory, but may be satisfactorily eaten at sea.

Flying-fishes, called *exocetus*,—(one who sleeps out, or as it might be rendered by the policemen of large cities, "a night lark")—which means a fish which sleeps on shore, not that the name describes the habit of the animal, but the ancients are supposed to have believed that flying-fishes slept out of the water:—Flying-fishes are found in various parts of the world, but abound most in warm regions. There are several species; that most frequently met is the *Exocetus volitans*. These fishes are from six to twelve inches long, with a bluish back and silvery white belly. Their pectoral fins are very large and expanded, so as to serve the purpose of wings to a limited extent. They bound out of the water and skim along three or four feet above the surface of the sea, a distance of three or four hundred feet, occasionally rising and falling in the course of their flight. Sometimes hundreds together are seen upon the wing, presenting a beautiful spectacle, their azure and silver sides glittering in the sun. They rarely remain out of water longer than a half minute. At the expiration of this time, it is probable their gills become dry, and they drop again into the

sea to take breath. The common notion is that they cannot fly when their fins become dry.

This feeble, brilliant, graceful little fish enjoys no little sympathy, because it is a victim of so many pursuers. It springs from the sea to escape from voracious fishes, only to fall a victim, very often, to rapacious birds. But it is wrong to suppose that it is never seen in the air except when pursued in the water: it is probable the animal flies for its own pleasure as well as safety. It feeds upon animal and vegetable substances. Want of strength alone prevents it from being as great a depredator as any inhabitant of the ocean.

The dolphin, be it remembered, is not a fish, although it dwells in water: it is an aquatic mammal, being included by naturalists in the order of Cetææ, which embraces dolphins, narwhals, porpoises, grampuses, whales and porquails. The cetæceans are formed for living exclusively in water; but they resemble fishes in nothing else. Like other mammals, cetæceans respire air by means of lungs, and cannot remain under water more than twenty-five or thirty minutes: they are therefore obliged to come to the surface to breathe; fishes on the contrary respire, by means of gills, the air which is mingled in sea and river waters, and are not under the necessity of coming into our atmosphere to preserve life.* The blood of fishes is cold, and is circulated by a heart having two cavities; but that of aquatic mammals is warm, and is moved by a heart which has four cavities. The blood corpuscles of fishes are elliptical; but in mammals they are circular. Fishes propagate their species by means of eggs, but cetæceans, like all mammals, bring forth their young ones alive and suckle them during infancy. I am assured by whalers, who have killed mother whales when nursing their

* M. Leroy states that whilst the water of rivers contains per litre, (about a quart, or 61 cubic inches,) 40 cubic centimetres, (about 15 3-4 cubic inches,) of gas, that of the ocean contains only 20 centimetres: and that this quantity varies according to the hour of the day at which the experiment is made, as he shows by the following table:

	Morning.	Evening.
Carbonic acid,	3.4	2.9
Oxygen,	5.4	6.0
Azote or nitrogen,	11.0	11.6
	19.8	20.5

The Statement of M. Leroy has been verified by a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The portion of oxygen varied from 32.5 to 34.4 per cent; that of the carbonic acid from 12.0 to 19.4 per cent; that of azote from 48.1 to 53.7 per cent.

This gaseous compound, mingled in rivers and seas, is doubtlessly adapted to the physiological wants of the animals which inhabit the waters, and furnishes them the exact quantity of vital air required for their respiration.

infants, that they have seen acres of ocean whitened by their milk, effused while in conflict with their pursuers.

Generally considered, cetæceans constitute a distinct, well-marked order in the animal kingdom. They all inhabit the water, and their structure is such that they cannot leave it; for this reason the ancients mistook them for fishes. The enormous size of their bodies would prevent progression on land; besides the weight of the superior parts would crush those which happened to be next to the earth. This is seen when these monstrous animals are stranded; they are flattened, and their internal organs are so far effaced by the great weight, that they can no longer perform their functions. Respiration becomes at first laborious, then interrupted, and the animal dies from asphyxia or suffocation in the only element respirable by his organs. His muscular power is not in proportion to his enormous size; and this is in accordance with a general law of nature, which provides a diminution of this force inversely and proportionately to the development of stature in all animals.

In order that cetæceans may move and change place, they require an element which sustains their mass without too much compressing it, and while affording the necessary support, does not offer too much resistance to its motions. This element is water. None of them have inferior extremities, (hind legs,) but the body, which is more or less cylindrical, always elongated, terminates posteriorly by a thick tail and cartilaginous fin, placed horizontally, which admirably perform the duty required of them. They swim by means of this tail, which pushes them forward; and the fore-fins serve to preserve them in a natural attitude, or to direct their motion to the right or to the left. The horizontal position of the tail-fins makes their manner of swimming altogether different from that of fishes; the latter, having the tail-fins vertical, push the water from side to side, while cetæceans push it from above downwards and from below upwards. This structure gives them great facility in diving, but at the same time renders their motion on the surface undulatory, which is so strong in porpoises that they seem to be always turning somersaults. The head, generally very large, is attached to the body by a neck, which is so thick and massive, that they appear not to have any. The anterior extremities are composed of short, flattened bones, covered by a tendinous membrane; they have the form of true fins, the functions of which they in fact perform.

Compared with terrestrial mammals, cetæceans are not very intelligent. Different genera and species confine themselves within certain geographical limits respectively; and it is said, that

like other animals, when driven away by their pursuers, they return again to the region of their birth. Some live in rivers exclusively, some in bays and gulfs, and others are only encountered in the open sea. There is a dolphin which never leaves the waters of the Ganges, and another which never passes the limits of the Orinoco. There are several genera which inhabit the northern parts of the Atlantic, and never go south of the 40th parallel of north latitude. White dolphins are seen in the China sea, and black dolphins in the seas of Japan. There are whales of the Cape of Good Hope, of Brazil, of Japan, of the North and of the South Pacific oceans.

The order of cetaceans is divided into three families: 1st, the Dolphinians, which includes porpoises, several varieties of dolphins and narwhals; 2nd, the Physeters, and 3rd, the Balanians. The last two families include all the various kinds of whales as they are generally called—spermaceti, black-fish, right-whale, blowers, &c., &c.

Cetaceans are very useful to human society. They furnish oil for lamps and machinery; adipocere or spermaceti for the Chandler and druggist; whalebone for milliners, mantua-makers and umbrella manufacturers, and their teeth supply an ivory used in many branches of the arts. And lastly, statesmen and politicians perceive that the pursuit of animals of this order constitutes an excellent school for the education of seamen, essential to the navy in time of war.

In the opinion of the ancients the dolphin was an amiable, good, grateful animal, which was sociable with those who treated him kindly; he obeyed them and became so fondly attached as to die of grief, when, from any cause, he was abandoned by the object of his affections. Pausanias relates that he himself saw a dolphin which, having been wounded by fishermen and cured by a child, manifested gratitude. He would come at the sound of the child's voice, and would carry him on his back wherever directed. The melodious notes of Arion subjected dolphins to his purposes; and the pastoral tastes of Oppian's dolphin was so decided, that at the sound of the shepherd's flutes he left the sea to join the flocks in enjoying the quiet and shade of the woods.

But the dolphins of the present day are stupid, brutal, voracious beasts, with only intelligence enough to devour their prey and propagate their species. It is suggested that the histories of the dolphin given to us by the ancients belong more properly to the shark. Be this as it may, the dolphins formed a very ancient race; their fossil remains are found in the marine tertiary strata of the earth.

Naturalists divide the family of dolphins into seven groups: 1, Delphinorhynchus; 2, Delphinus

proper; 3, Inias; 4, Porpoises; 5, Hypérodons; 6, Narwhals; 7, Globicephales.

The following list will show how numerous the dolphin tribes are.

Delphinorhynchus coronatus,

- " *frontatus,*
- " *rostratus,*
- " *maculatus,*
- " *malayanus,*
- " *micropterus.*

Dolphins Proper.

Delphinus delphis,

- " *tursio,*
- " *capensis,*
- " *superciliosus,*
- " *Novæ-Zelandiæ,*
- " *plumbeus,*
- " *longirostris,*
- " *Kingii,*
- " *leucopleurus,*
- " *truncatus,*
- " *cruciger,*
- " *dubius,*
- " *velox,*
- " *frænatus,*
- " *cephalorhynchus,*
- " *Pernettyi,*
- " *Boryi,*
- " *albigenus,*
- " *lunatus,*
- " *minimus,*
- " *santonius,*
- " *abusalam.*

Planista gangetica, or Delphinus gangeticus.

Delphinus Peronii,

- " *Rhinoceros,*
- " *Mongitori.*

Porpoises.

Delphinus communis,

- " *grampus,*
- " *compressicauda,*
- " *hastatus,*
- " *Homei,*
- " *obscurus,*
- " *cæruleo-albus,*
- " *deductor, vel, globiceps,*
- " *globiceps,*
- " *intermedius,*
- " *leucas,*
- " *Desmarestii,*
- " *spurius,*
- " *niger.**

It is hoped the reader is satisfied that dolphins are not fishes. The broad and marked differences in organization between the class of fishes

* See Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire Naturelle.

and the class of mammals are recognized by slight observation; but it may not be easy at first sight to regard cetaceans which belong to the latter as any thing but fishes, for a simple reason. The fact that fishes are peculiar to the waters is so familiar, that it is perhaps difficult to believe any animal which lives only in the ocean is not a fish. The medium in which animals dwell does not indicate their structures, organization or habits, nor, as a consequence, to what rank in the classification of animal existence they belong. All animals found in the waters are no more fishes, than are all animals which live in our atmosphere birds or insects; a quadruped is not more distinct from a toad, both inhabitants of land, than is a whale or dolphin from a shad, all inhabitants of water.

The iridescence, the changing colors of the dying dolphin, is a theme of poets, and is a spectacle very generally admired. In the minds of wonder-loving people, these changes of color shadow forth in some manner the intense agony of the animal in its death struggle. It seems to them a mystery that it should have this power; but the fact is susceptible of easy explanation.

The animal has very minute scales, which are marked by very diminutive lines. This structure, or mechanical arrangement of the scales, is the cause of the phenomenon under consideration.

The scales of the dolphin are about three tenths of an inch long and one tenth broad; they are paraboloid in shape, and marked by lines about one thousandth of an inch apart, forming numerous parabolas, which seem to have a common centre. This structure is revealed by the microscope. To understand how this arrangement explains the phenomenon, it is necessary to know that if a ray of light fall upon a plate of glass which has been ruled so as to have lines upon its surface very close together, a thousand or fifteen hundred to an inch, the ray of light will be refracted and the surface of the glass become iridescent, showing all the colors of the rainbow. The beautiful play of colors seen on the surface of the haliotis shell after the outer covering or epidermis has been ground off, is owing to a similar cause. The shell-matter is deposited by the shell-membrane of the animal in extremely thin lamina, not more than one thousandth of an inch thick. When the epidermis is ground off, the edges of these lamina "crop out," as geologists say, and form numerous, extremely minute parallel lines, which, refracting and decomposing white light into its primitive colors, as may be seen on ruled glass, produce the iridescence so much admired. The lines on the little scales of the dolphin have the same effect: and as the contortions of the ani-

mal in the agonies of death of course continuously change the angle at which they are seen by the beholder, a different hue is perceived by every alteration of position of the scales. How perfectly simple is the cause of this phenomenon, which excites almost universal admiration and wonder, to say nothing of superstition in the minds of the ignorant and vulgar!

MICHAEL BONHAM:

OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS. IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHRON.

PART II.—SCENE I.

Interior of Chamber in the palace of Don Esteban de Monteneros, Governor of San Antonio de Bexar. The Governor, solus, in military costume, writing at table. His chapeau bras, and sword lie before him among papers. He looks up from his reading.

Don Esteban. There! *Madre de Dios!* It is done. It is well done! It is written! The record is made. I may now take my rest. I may sleep. I have fought successfully. The battle is over. The field is won: The laurels are gathered. They enwreath my brow for ever! I defy, thee, Time! Immortality, thou art mine! I clutch thee! Oblivion, I mock thy spiteful arts! . . . Yet, let me see! Let me read once more what I have written! Despatches are not like ordinary letters. They belong to history. They make history! They answer all the purposes of fame. They are fame! Through such as these she speaks, and confers glory upon great heads! *Sic itur ad astra!* And I am not alone. Napoleon lives in his bulletins, rather than his battles! Great example that! Let me see how I have followed it.

[*Reads aloud.*]

"To his Excellency Don Lopez de Santa Anna, President, &c.

"Excellency! I have the honor to inform you of the complete defeat,—I may almost say, the total annihilation of the Texian invading army, by the small but gallant forces under my command. So complete, so sudden was the rout, that I may, without exaggeration, appropriate as my own, the language of the mighty Roman. We had but to come, and to see, to conquer! It did not even need that he should see us! The enemy disappeared at our approach. He shrunk from every encounter, and is now flying, with all speed, to the barbarian homes from which he emerged. The hateful Yankees are gone forever!—Our soil no longer blushes beneath the tread of their infamous and rebellious hordes. This defeat, so utter and complete, is due entirely to the terror inspired by our arms! So conclusive was this terror, that I cannot now be sure that any of them perished. Their slain and wounded have not been reported to me. Their flight was quite too rapid for pursuit. Ours was a victory without a blow; one of those victories in which the Generalship of the leader, sustained by the bearing of his troops, discourages in the enemy every idea or feeling of resistance. Your Excellency will rejoice with me, that the war is so

happily ended. San Antonio de Bexar is safe. We need no succours. May your Excellency live a thousand years. God and Liberty! Done, at this our Castle of Montaneros, this, &c.

There!

[Seals the Letter.

That I say is well done! Simple and expressive. To the point, without childish epithet or womanly circumlocution. In the very spirit of Napoleon's Dispatches! He could scarce have done it better! And, for the facts? Are not the Texian Rebels dispersed? Who can say where they are? Who has seen them for a month? Not I? Can I answer for what I have not seen? No! If I see not the Texans, and hear nothing more of them, am I not to suppose that they are dispersed? What more natural? And who should disperse them but myself? To my glory be it written! Caesar was a Captain—Cortez was a Captain—Napoleon was a Captain—there was a Captain among the States of the North, named Jackson or Johnson—I'm not sure which, and rather think that both are the same;—but—What ho! there Luis.

Enter Luis his Secretary.

There! for Mexico,—see that the Courier has dispatch. Life, nay, more than life depends upon his speed!

Luis. Excellency, Señor Don Pedro de Zavala, has just come in from Tuscasito and begs to kiss your hands.

Don Esteban. What! My son that is to be? I wait him here!—Fine fellow, that [Ex. Luis.] Son of mine. A little too fiery, perhaps, too warlike, at a season when bulletins can be made so expressive. Ah! here he is. Don Pedro, welcome. [Enter Don Pedro.] I rejoice to see you. My household is at your service. All that I have is yours.

Pedro. Your Excellency is too generous. Do I disturb you?

Esteban. Not a whit. I was just closing my despatch for the President, announcing the late glorious victory.

Pedro. Victory!

Esteban. What! do you ask! Have you not heard?

Pedro. Of a victory?

Esteban. Ay, indeed! Can it be that you have heard nothing?

Pedro. Not a syllable!

Esteban. What! nothing of our victory over these Texian Yankeyos!

Pedro. Not a word till now!

Esteban. Oh! Fame! O glory! What is there now worth living for! But, really, my dear Don Pedro, have you heard nothing of this glorious triumph?

Pedro. There was some rumor of a small force of Texian rebels, but it was said they were dispersed by famine.

Esteban. Famine, indeed! When will the world do justice! And our valor and skill, by which they were dispersed, must go for nothing.

Pedro. My dear Governor, suffer my congratulations. These are truly pleasant tidings. It was feared that these outlawed wretches would give you trouble. Fortunately, there were few of them.

Esteban. Few! Four thousand men at least.

Pedro. Can it be possible? And your force?

Esteban. But a poor three hundred. But they are soldiers as you may suppose. Brave fellows, I admit. You will suffer me to add that they were admirably managed! War is a science, Don Pedro.

Pedro. This alone suffices to prove it! But three hundred to four thousand! Your success was truly miraculous.

Esteban. Miraculous! Is a man, now-a-days, to get credit for nothing? Is Fate to be the enemy of Fame? I shall begin to dread lest the honor of this victory will

be ascribed to Saint Iago, as in the days of Hernan Cortez. People will begin to fancy that they saw his white horse leading the pursuit of these cursed Pagan Yankeyos. But, you are surely too wise for such notions, Don Pedro. There was, let me assure you, no other miracle in the affair than such as belongs to good Generalship—such as a true military genius may effect at any moment. The miracle lay in my successful strategy; and that you may call miracle, if you will.

Pedro. Glorious strategy indeed! But tell me, my dear Don Esteban, where was this battle fought? It is so very strange that I should have heard nothing of it before.

Esteban. [Hesitatingly.] Fought! Where was it fought? Why, I may say, everywhere! It was a sort of running fight in which, from the panic of the fugitives, the parties did not absolutely come to blows. For that matter, the rebels are supposed to be running still. They have had a prodigious fright, I assure you. It was quite in vain that I endeavored to pursue them. I could not hope to overtake them. Never did panic stricken scoundrels better use their legs. It is through their fears that you have the sufficient proof of their danger.

Pedro. Most conclusive testimony! And now, my dear Governor, of other matters. How is our fair cousin?

Esteban. We shall surprise her as I would have surprised the Texans. With this view, I have said nothing as yet of our little arrangement.

Pedro. Indeed! But my dear Don Esteban—

Esteban. A part of my plan, Don Pedro! I am none of your rude, direct, undivesting, matter-of-fact persons, to speak out abruptly to the simple point before me. This requires no sort of genius. I am for a stratagem in most things, as a matter of art and refinement.

Pedro. But, my dear Don Esteban, where's the necessity of stratagem in a case like this?

Esteban. Necessity! Where's the necessity of my daughter marrying at all! It is matter of taste purely. Now, my tastes lie in stratagem. I never broke my egg, or ate my supper, or kissed my wife, or did any other natural and necessary thing, without a stratagem. Stratagem is to action what the wine is to the feast,—the oil to the dressing; the salt to the salad; the sugar to the cake; beauty to the woman; wisdom to the man; glory to the saints, and tail, hoof and horns to Don Sathanas! If you deny me my strategy, Don Pedro, I deny you my daughter,—and there is an end of it!

Pedro. But, my dear Don Esteban, will you not make some allowance for the impatience of a lover?

Esteban. To be sure! so I do! so I will; but you must suffer me to say too, that I require, in turn, some allowance to be made for my genius as a strategist. This is my life, my passion. You shall have my daughter: but only after a process of my own; and I tell you that, as yet, she does not know you in the character of a lover. I shall surprise her with the fact—an agreeable surprise, as I shall design it—though surprises of this sort usually operate pleasantly on the fancies of young damsels.

Pedro. I hope they may in this instance.

Esteban. Never doubt it, Don Pedro. Only, don't be impatient. Hear my plan! First, for the masked battery.

Pedro. The masked battery?

Esteban. Exactly. I speak in military parlance;—and a masqued ball may fairly be considered a masked battery.

Pedro. I begin to see.

Esteban. Don't attempt to anticipate. It's quite impossible that you should divine my expedients. A few explanations shall enlighten you. Now then, and firstly,

as she is, by the favor of Holy Mother, a christian damsel, you shall assail her as a Turk!

Pedro. As a Turk! I' faith, Don Esteban, your stratagem promises to be somewhat intricate.

Esteban. Intricate! To be sure. This is the very nature of all stratagem, to be intricate. But patiently. Look you then. I propose a Bal Masqué, at the Palace, this very night, solely to bring about this stratagem.

Pedro. But shall I not see Olivia before to-night?

Esteban. Oh! ay! See her, to be sure, as often as you please; but not a word of your passion, or of our purpose, till I give the word. I am Governor and Commander here, in Chief, and we must proceed in all things, in military fashion. I must give the signal,—my hand must fire the train.

Pedro. Well, Governor, I hope you will not by your stratagems succeed in compelling my cousin to a flight as rapid as that to which you forced the Texians.

Esteban. Well hit that! Very good! No! no! To prevent that danger, let us go to her at once. Ho, within there!

[*Enter Luis.*]

Esteban. Say to the Señorita, Donna Olivia, that Señor Don Pedro de Zavala of Tuscacito, and myself, present ourselves to kiss her hands.

Luis. The Señorita has gone to the Plaza, your Excellency.

Esteban. To the Plaza! Good! The day is a fine one. We will follow her, Don Pedro. [*Luis assists him with hat and sword.*]

Pedro. With all my heart.

Esteban, [bowing him to advance.] Your servant, Señor.

Pedro, [bowing and retreating.] Pardon me, your Excellency, but your politeness must not make me forgetful of your rank.

Esteban, [aside.] Excellent young man! He was born to be a courtier. [*Takes the arm of Don Pedro, and together they march stately out.*]

SCENE II.

The Plaza, or Public Walks in Bexar. A gay scene of trees and shrubbery. Prolonged vistas filled with groups of well and variously dressed people of both sexes. The ladies with parasollets and head-dresses and veils, but without bonnets. A frequent sprinkling of the military, and occasionally a peasant. Bonham enters as a gay Mexican cavalier, while Crockett is garbed as an arriero, or mule driver.

Bonham. All goes as we would have it. You appear the very person that your habit speaks you; A yeoman of the States, a wagoner, May well beseem the Mexic muleteer, And play the part with all the natural grace Of our brave western hunters. A good bronze, Is that upon your cheeks. Renew it often When the chance favours. We must separate now. You hurry to our lodging. 'Tis not well We should be seen together. I will join you Within the hour and bring your last instructions; Meanwhile forget not you were born a Mule!

Crockett. Mum is the word!—the uncongressional word:—

It's mighty hard not to forget it, Major, But I am in for it now.

Bonham. And must go through!

'Tis but a day. Away! We separate.

Crockett. Ah, ha! You're for staying awhile longer

among these beauties. Well! I'm tough and gristly now, but I was tender enough once, and there was a time when the very sight of a pretty gal used to make my heart thump agin my ribs, for all the world like a cracked drum at a Nashville muster. I like to look at the critter still, but she don't make the old drum beat any longer. But, mum's the word; the Major's looking wolfish! I'm off. [*Exit Crockett.*]

Bonham, [solus.] She comes not! And I look for her in vain.

Bright eyes, sly glancing through their falling veils,
Like stars through pliant folds of floating cloud,
Shine on me as I pass; and swan-like forms,
Swim in spiritual movement 'mongst the trees.
But here—among the thousand still supreme,
Leaves them to fruitless triumph. Can it be
That she has play'd upon my foolish passion
And mocks me with her promise? Idle fear!
She cannot thus do wrong unto herself,
And to that angel purity of glance,
Needing no sweet assurance from her tongue—
Though that were angel's too. She must be here!
Why do I seek the crowd? In some lone spot,
Hallow'd by solitude from the vulgar mood,—
'Tis there that true maid would receive her lover;—
There, by yon silent groves that skirt the river,
Methinks she wanders now: and—Ha! she comes,
Even now, from thence. I will conceal myself. [*Goes aside, while Olivia enters, looking anxiously around her.*]

Olivia. I see him not! No form in all the Plaza,
Tells me of him. He has forgotten me!
How should I move so proud a heart as his?
What charms are mine that I should make this conquest,
Oh! wherefore should I hope—yet wherefore tremble
Lest he forget me? Can it be, my heart,
I love this stranger?

Bonham, [behind her.] If you do, dear lady,
It were the blessing, which, beyond all others,
His inmost spirit prays for.

Olivia. What have I said!
Ah, Señor, you surprise me.

Bonham. Sweet surprise!
At least, to the offender! Ah, forgive me
If, stealing on thy steps, mine ears grew happy
With what they drank from thy unconscious lips.
Oh! let me make complete the dear assurance,
By the frank homage of a heart that brightens
In the sweet glimpse vouchsafed me of your own.
I love you, lady!

Olivia. Ah! Señor, do you love me?

Bonham. With all my heart, with all my strength and soul,
My thought, my hope, mine eyes, I love thee, lady.

Olivia. Ah, Señor! Oh! my foolish heart be still,
Nor in the sudden trouble of this joy,
Declare your foolish fondness. [*Aside.*]

Bonham. Not a word,
Nor look of blessing, lady? Did'st thou hear,
The faith my worshipping heart has offered there?

Olivia. Did I not hear! Can I believe thee, Señor?

Bonham. Say, shall I swear it, lady? By what star,
Brightest and sacrest in Beauty's eyes,
Purest in Heaven's! Prescribe to me the oath,
And by the stars—and by those eyes, I swear,
And on this hand;—nay do not keep it from me.

Olivia. Oh, do not swear! It needs not—will not prove

What you declare so fondly. Do but speak—
Or look—the words once more, and—

Bonham. Speak, O! speak!

Olivia. And—I'll believe you!

Bonham. Will you believe me!
Ah! sweetest, never did a maiden's faith
Less peril on a lover's! From that hour
When my most fortunate eyes, by Lova's rancho
Beheld your beauty—

Olivia. Señor, by that rancho—
That scene of strife and dread, I still remember,
Never to lose it—when the wild Camanché,
Smote me to earth, and 'neath his savage fury,
Hopeless, I shriek'd for succor, and—I found it!
Nor succor only! You came, you conquer'd, Señor,
More than the desperate savage.

Bonham. Dear Olivia,
The same eventful victory made me yours,—
Captive to those dear eyes, and witching beauties,
That seem to sadden o'er their own swift triumphs,
As if the world had nothing left to win.

Olivia, [softly and in low tones.] To me it hath not,
now.

Bonham. My prize, my precious angel!

Olivia. And did you love me then?

Bonham. That very moment!
Ah! sure you must remember how I held you,
Close lock'd in my embrace,—the danger over,—
Feigning belief that, in your feminine terror,
Your strength had left you.

Olivia. And it had, believe me,
Else I had never suffered such embrace,
Even from the one so—

Bonham. Wherefore on the word,
So full of precious promise do you pause?

Olivia. Oh, no, I should not speak; but you were
right,—

The strength of will, at least, if not of person,
Had left me when I trembled in your arms.
Nor would I chide you with a show of rigor
That needed no display. I heard your voice;
Its gentle accents soothed me;—saw your form—
And in your loving tenderness of look,
Felt any thing but weakness. I was strong,
And—but 'twere most unmaidenly to show,
How great my weakness now.

Bonham. Speak on! Speak on!
Give to each dear emotion fitting speech,
That I may feel, how bless'd o'er other men,
This fortunate moment makes me.

Olivia. Oh! no more!
Here comes my father.

Bonham, [aside.] Then my trial comes!

Enter Don Esteban and Don Pedro.

Olivia. My dear father!

Esteban. How now, Señorita! It's as hard to find
you as the gold mines of Gallipango. We have met with
every body in all Bexar, but yourself—among others,
with your good aunt, the ever-to-be-loved-and-honored-
at-a-distance, Donna Elvira Teresa de los Flores y Ba-
namos, who would have held on to an antediluvian himself
had he only come in the guise of a bachelor. These old
maids keep their hold upon a single man, as if every nerve
had a tooth of its own. It's only when I meet with her
that I am painfully reminded that I am a widower. But
I shook her off finally, by a stratagem, calling to her side
Don Vincente Trueba, who is more certainly a marrying
man than I am. She took to him as a hungry serpent
to a drowsy frog. A most happy stratagem, that of mine,
eh! Don Pedro.

Pedro. Truly, a most happy stratagem!

Esteban. Who have you here, Señorita? Señor, your
health.

[Bonham bows in silence]

Olivia. This, my dear father, is the brave gentleman
who saved my cousin Donna Maria and myself from the
Camanches, at the fountains of Loro.

Esteban. Indeed, Señor, I rejoice to see you. My
daughter has already made me acquainted with your valor,
and the great service you rendered herself and cousin. I
love men of valor. I am one myself. I hate ingratitude,
and will show that I am grateful. Señor, I kiss your
hands, and beg to assure you that all that I am, and have,
is at your command.

Bonham. You do me too much honor, your Excellen-
cy; the small service—

Esteban. Small service, do you call it? What! to save
my daughter, Señorita Olivia de Monteneros, from a horde
of rascally Camanches, a small service! By the wisdom
tooth of my great grandmother, I would not suffer your
enemy to speak of it so lightly. It was a great service,
Señor, and you managed the rascals famously. It was a
nice stratagem! You took them by surprise—I can see
that. Pray tell me how you planned it: a very nice
stratagem, no doubt—worthy to be studied.

Bonham. Nay, your Excellency, but there was no
stratagem at all. I simply heard the screams of women,
hurried to the spot, and had the good fortune to extricate
your daughter and her cousin from the savages.

Esteban. Bravely done, and told with rare modesty!
Still, I should have preferred that you had operated a
little more by the rules of art—a little more strategically.
At all events, the affair tells for your valor. No small
odds, Don Pedro, one man to some fifteen or twenty Ca-
manches.

Bonham. But two, your Excellency.

Pedro. The Camanches are very cowardly scoundrels.
One good man, with half a heart, is equal to a score.

Bonham, [to Pedro.] Did you ever manage a score of
them, Señor?

Pedro, [fiercely.] Hey! Señor.

Esteban. Indeed, Don Pedro, but we differ very much
in that opinion. But the subject of Camanche valor will
serve for future discussion. Meanwhile, this noble gen-
tleman—Señor—[to Bonham]—I would bring you to the
knowledge of my excellent kinsman, here, Don Pedro de
Zavalo, but that I have not the honor of your name.

Bonham. I am known, sir, in Mexico, as Don Armador
de Aguilar.

Esteban. Don Armador de Aguilar! A good name—
an historical name, as I may say. Your family came in
with the conquest.

Bonham. They did, your Excellency.

Esteban. You will inherit their fortunes. You are a
conqueror also. You look like a man who has been used
to conquest.

Pedro, [half aside, at Bonham.] "Great as he is in
dust he lies.

He meets a greater, and he dies!"

Bonham, [aside.] Truly I think, this gallant jeers at
me:

We'll fathom him anon.

Esteban. What is't you said, Don Pedro?

Pedro. Truth, Señor, nothing of much. A poor jest,
On a much poorer subject.

Esteban. A wise business that. But let me bring you
to know this gentleman, Señor Don Amador de Aguilar.
You should be friends. Both young, and brave, and of
ancient family. Ah, if it had not been for the success of
my stratagem—if we had not utterly annihilated these
Texian rebels, scattered them to the four winds of heaven,
how I should have rejoiced to see you two, rivals for fame
and smiting hip and thigh among the runagates.

Pedro. These Texians are no Camanches—not easily
driven by fine caparison and the mere show of weapons.

It will require blows, absolute blows, with strong arm and good metal, I can tell Don Amador, whenever he shall meet with them! [*Touches his sword.*]

Bonham. Don Pedro thinks as I do, your Excellency. He has probably met these Texians in battle. They have felt his sword. He knows them, or rather he has made them to know him by the strength of his arm. Ha! Señor, isn't not so?

Pedro, [*laughingly.*] No, Señor.

Bonham. Texians are not Camanches. They will require good weapons, and it is part of my business here to seek them with mine. I am indifferently ready for any enemy, and keep up the practice sometimes with a friend behind the walls of La Guayra. It is my favorite place of practice, when in Bexar, at sunrise every morning.

[*Touches his sword and looks significantly to Pedro.*]

Olivia, [*aside.*] These men mean mischief.

Esteban. Well! well! whether Camanche or Texian, I feel sure of both of you. My strategies, and your valor and vigor, would soon bury the whole banditti of Texas in the Gulf. You must go with me, Señors. My home shall be your home. Don Pedro, it has long been yours. Don Amador, it must be yours from this moment. Come!

Pedro. You must pardon me, your Excellency; but an engagement—an engagement of honor. [*Looking to Bonham.*]

Esteban. Indeed! but this will never do. We must find another engagement for you. You must come with me. I must know Don Amador better: and you, Don Pedro, must unite with me in securing his friendship. Two such gallants are not met with every day in Bexar. Ah, Señors, we are quite too far from the great centre. The rays of Mexico seldom reach, and never warm us; and when we can lay hands, as now, upon one of its choice spirits, we must not suffer him to escape. Hear you, Don Amador. Come along! Come with me—I have a most delightful stratagem in progress.

Pedro. I too have a stratagem, your Excellency. It is very like, your friend, Don Amador, has his also. If he be the gallant that you speak him, as I do not question, he can scarcely well be without one.

Bonham. True, I have my stratagem, Señor, and am always ready for a good one, such as your Excellency and Don Pedro may propose. It is possible that I may match you both with something in return. At present, however, I have an engagement, your Excellency, and must beg you to excuse me.

Esteban. By'r Lady! but I take this ill, Señors.

Olivia. I see that I must interpose, at last, To end this struggle. Señor Don Amador, Give me an arm, I pray you: nay the other—Don Pedro will support me on the right—You must attend me Señors; I too have My little stratagem,—to wake the envy Of all the Plaza. Not a maid that passes, And sees me thus so gallantly attended, But sickens with vexation. 'Tis so seldom That I have chance to move them to this measure, I must not lose it now. You are kind, Señor Don Amador. [*Takes the reluctant arm of Pedro.*]

Bonham, [*offering.*] Cheerfully, I yield me, Dear lady, to the sweetest despotism, And know not how to murmur.

Esteban. Well managed, Olivia. Ha! ha! You have your stratagems also. It is a gift in the family.

Pedro, [*to Bonham, looking behind Olivia.*] I trust, Señor, that you will not forget the claims of your friend. If my engagements are thus interrupted, I can assure you they are by no means forgotten.

Bonham. Never doubt me, Señor. My friend will not, and I have usually been found true to friend and foe.

Esteban. Pshaw, gentlemen, your better friends are here;

Would you seek truer? Come with me; I'll find Friendships enough, and, may be, warmer feelings For any dozen cavaliers. Lead, Señorita, The day is leaving us.

Olivia. My triumph, Señor, Must be complete. The woman's stratagem Must make me without rival on the Plaza, Though the day leaves us. See, they pass us by, Nor spare the show of inward grief they feel, At such unwonted conquest. Oh! gentlemen, You make me proud to-day.

Bonham. It is man's pleasure That Beauty should be proud.

Olivia, [*bowing first to Pedro, then to Bonham, while they are respectively menacing each other, and thus they go forward.*] Don Pedro!

Pedro. Señorita!

Olivia. I am too happy, Señors.

Bonham. That you should be so, with my ministry, Leaves me still happier, lady. At your will Let friend and enemy wait. As I am true To Beauty, I will be as true to friendship, And not less true to hate. Let them both know That truth and valor need no better plea Than beauty's laws prescribe. Then take me, lady, And still the time that keeps me in your service, My heart shall hold too short.

Esteban. Well said! Well said! How dextrous are these Mexican gallants. What says't Don Pedro?

Pedro. Why, that I am no Mexican gallant. Fine speeches are not my vocation; but I can strike hard blows when the time comes for it.

Esteban. Let the time come before you speak of blows.

Bonham. At least my speeches tell not of my blows. They speak for themselves.

Pedro. And mine!

Olivia. Sirs, must I wait you?

[*Exeunt omnes. The Governor leading the way, and the two rivals still supporting Olivia, and preserving an exterior of courtesy in her eyes, pass out, exchanging sinister glances at every opportunity. She turning alternately upon them, and with a smile, watching and striving to discourage their hostility.*]

END OF PART II.

SHORT SERMONS.

FROM PARISIAN STONES.

NOTRE DAME.

Nineteen hundred years ago, Julius Cæsar, then on his victorious march towards Britain, conquered the Gallic tribes, known as the Parisii, and took possession of their stronghold. It was a small island in the river Seine, called in the Celtic tongue, "*Louton-hezi*," or dwelling of the waters, and in the centre of the huts which

covered its surface, stood a Druidical altar, cemented with human blood. Naming the island "Lutetia," Cæsar erected forts at the extremities of the bridges which connected it with the main-land, and the Gallic idols were dethroned, that a trading company known as the "*Nautæ Parisii*," (the *bourgeoisie* of those days,) might substitute a votive altar to Jupiter. *Optimus Maximus*—the "Zeus" of the Greeks. This, in its turn, was changed into a christian chapel, and was duly dedicated to St. Stephen, soon after St. Denis, the Areopagite, set out upon his miraculous pilgrimage, carrying his head under his arm. And it was there that Julian, the indefatigable apostate, was proclaimed Emperor by his soldiers in the year 360. Gallantly did the Napoleon of those days lead his cohorts to conquest and to victory, but he fell at last, far beyond the Euphrates, pierced by a Roman arrow.

The island was soon covered with buildings, and as the walls of Lutetia were extended on either bank of the river, the faithful enlarged and added to their shrine. But the Merovingian race were alike unable to repel their Norman foes, or to foster civilization, nor did Paris prosper until Charlemagne, with his fair-haired Teutonic warriors, came to conquer peace. Goths, Huns, Normans and Saxons were driven back to their homes, and one iron edict was every where proclaimed to the conquered—a sword was planted upright in the earth, and every head had to bow lower than the hilt as its owner passed—or it was at once lopped off. The sword, as the protector of the cross, thenceforth was honored at "Notre Dame."

Next came the Capet race, and under their fostering devotion, the Metropolitan church rose to its present proportions, with lofty nave and massive towers, brilliant windows, and quaintly carved altars. Hither, for nearly eight hundred years, came the "legitimate" sovereigns, to worship in state, and in the adjoining palace, the Arch-primate of France signed those edicts which stretched victims upon the rack, to prove the dominion of the church over the human mind—doomed them to pine in dungeons, to prove that the church was sovereign of the human heart—and crushed thousands of Protestant hearth-stones into desolation, to prove that at Rome alone was the entrance to Heaven.

Proudly from the tower-top, waved the Royal flag, golden lilies studded its pure white field, and often the vaulted roofs echo with *Te Deums*, chaunted in honor of French victories. At one time, to gratify a wanton favorite—at another to revenge a fancied insult—and often to uphold the church, war was the ruling passion of the Capet race. And it was the ruling passion of the French race, from the day when the astute

Richelieu resolved to humble the feudal aristocracy, by making military renown the only title to honor and fame. Even the churchmen buckled on armor and followed the white pennon to the field, as we learn from the old distich.

"Un archevêque est amiral,
Un gros évêque est caporal;
Un prelat preside aux frontières,
Un autre a des troupes guerrières;
Un capucin pense aux combats,
Un cardinal a des soldats."

Louis XIV, who never knew any other rule but his own will, and who united to the madness of arbitrary power the fury of intolerance, fanned the war spirit into a flame. Often did Notre Dame echo with solemn thanksgiving for victories—on the Rhine, on the St. Lawrence, on the Moselle,—and the people, charmed with captured standards, toiled to sustain the armies sent forth. The history of France during that period is but a record of wasted blood and treasure, poured forth by the lavish hand of her rulers, and during the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, the French armies were absent forty-six years on hostile expeditions, interfering in the politics of neighboring nations in the genuine Kossuth style. Gradually, the licentious habits of the camp pervaded society, and France became noted for brute force, reckless expenditure, and unblushing dissipation—"her dark Bastille, her bankrupt exchequer, and her shameless court."* And, rising above the roll of drums, or the hum of the city, the great bell of Notre Dame rang forth its joyous notes, as Royalty came often in state, to kneel in penitence, and bow humbly before the delegate of the Roman Pontiff. Religion, like a whited sepulchre, covered a rotten and vile state of society.

The bell next pealed forth a different note, and the "tocsin," which was the death-knell of the Bourbons, introduced a new set of performers at Notre Dame. Years of warfare, that evil school, had engendered a frightful indifference to the Divine command, "thou shalt not kill," and so lowered the standard of morality, that the social bond was easily broken, and full sway was given to individual passions. A naked wanton, elevated upon a triumphant car, and surrounded by a radical host, received at Notre Dame the homage of Paris, as the "Goddess of Reason."

The white flag of France no longer floated from the towers of Notre Dame, and its Gothic aisles were barracks for armed men, who worshipped Mars and Moloch. Monarchy had been overthrown, but the Temple of French Liberty, like that of Juggernaut, was known by the im-

* Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer.

molated victims with which the road leading to it was overlain. Faction after faction rose, struggled, and fell. The Constituents, the Girondins, the Terrorists, the Thermidorians, and the Directory, succeeded each other like the slides in a phantasmagora. It was reserved for a small iron-nerved Corsican, whose life proves the superiority of the sword over the pen, to restore order, and to command peace. One of his first acts was the abolition of the philosophic rite of theophilanthropy, and again did the solemn ritual of Rome echo through the vaulted roofs of Notre Dame.

In vain did other nations seek to intervene, and fruitless were seven successive international coalitions. The tri-color waved in triumph on many a victorious field, annihilating Italy, crushing Austria, humbling Prussia, and bringing a score of vassal-kings to pay homage at the coronation in Notre Dame. There, with high pomp, was christened the imperial heir, and there, after gall-ing reverses, did the Austrian Empress make her last "confession" in France. The Bourbons again made their appearance—then were banished for a time—and then, hedged by foreign bayonets, returned thanks in Notre Dame for their "restoration" to the throne of St. Louis. England, to bring this about, spelt "that little word, w-a-r," during twenty bloody years, and her wretched artisans now groan beneath the load of six millions of pounds sterling, added to their national debt.

The old church was again restored to high honor. Thither walked the royal family, in long monkish processions, and the minister of war gravely informed the army, (the army which Napoleon had commanded,) that the 16th Infantry was excellent at prayers, or the 10th Artillery incomparable at Easter service. The great bells, for some fifteen years, greeted royal worshippers, but the "tocsin" at last warned them that it was to seek safety in flight. Their crafty cousin, with an umbrella under his arm, walked into that caravaneray of rulers, the Tuileries, and again the tri-color waved from Notre Dame.

Slowly and sadly did the great bell toll, and Notre Dame was filled with sincere mourners, around the corse of the Prince of Orleans. An amiable husband, an exemplary citizen, a brave soldier, he would have modified his father's rule, and, when called to succeed him, have proved himself "worthy and well qualified" to govern France. Deprived of his counsels, the infatuated old man runned a career of nepotism, avarice and selfishness, until the outraged Parisians sent him forth in a one-horse carriage, to seek disguise and exile.

Theorists now reigned in France, and Notre

Dame was deserted for "fraternal cook-shops," "political clubs," and other instruments for threshing to the very chaff the elements of society and human nature. Utopian syrens, singing "reform and popular rights," were ever chiming up some new idea as a ladder of life, endeavoring to stand upon the topmost round, and draw the ladder up after them. Real reforms were unheeded—above all, that blasting spirit of Federal centralisation, which makes the schemer who can muster the strongest force in Paris, monarch of France. The money-making bourgeoisie feared radicalism—the royalists rushed to pave the way for a Bourbon—the speculators had their coffers filled with government securities, purchased at low rates—and Louis Napoleon, having no claims to support but the nose and the name of his warrior uncle, drew in the meshes of his net.

Notre Dame was again the scene of a gorgeous spectacle, as the "President," having chastised France with fire and sword, defied the law, and trampled a constitution into the dust, received the sanction of the church. The *corp d'œil* as described by a correspondent of the *London Times*, was imposing indeed.

"The pillars of the great nave, adorned with purple-colored banners, sprinkled with stars of gold—the velvet draperies and enormous garlands of foliage and flowers, which covered and fell from the galleries—the richly decorated flags, carrying the arms and names of the chief cities of the empire—the columns of the sanctuary, covered from base to capital with silk brocade of crimson and gold—the altar in the choir, with its rich and gaudy ornaments—the benches for the authorities, and the constituted bodies—and the galleries on either side crowded with persons *en grande tenue*—the orchestra of 500 executants, vocal and instrumental, disposed in the galleries at the extremity of the choir—and, the principal feature of all, the lofty dais, with hangings of crimson and gold doubled with white, surmounting the *estrade*, which faced the altar and supported the *siège d'honneur*, whereon sat Louis Napoleon with his "*prie Dieu*," the Archbishop of Paris (who officiated in the service) to his right, and the attendant bishops to his left—these, and other objects too numerous to specify, all glittering in the light of the countless wax candles, which pained the eye to look upon, gave to the ancient cathedral, one of the architectural glories of Paris and the world, a strange and fantastic aspect, which made it difficult to believe oneself in a place of worship. The general effect, indeed, was quite as theatrical as it was brilliant. It was, nevertheless, a surprising and intoxicating spectacle."

What will be the next ceremony at Notre Dame? Will it be the marriage of Louis Napoleon to some princess, or his oath of allegiance to a Barbary King as "High Constable of France"—"legitimate" sovereign saying mass, or a "Goddess of Reason" presiding over socialist anarchy? Who knows? No one! The picture is dark behind and obscure before.

Meanwhile, the "nephew of my uncle" is endeavoring to prepare a foundation for his own or some other sway, by casting massive edicts upon the moving quicksands of Lamartine's revolution. So long as it may last, his despotism, like that of Napoleon the great, will be terrible, but then it will be so glorious, and so warlike, and so gigantic—that Frenchmen will adore it—until they adore something else.

PERLEY.

PONCE DE LEON'S DREAM.

BY T. BIBB BRADLEY.

Inscribed to W. Gilmore Simms, L.L. D.

What emotions of joy pervaded the breast of Ponce de Leon, when first he beheld Florida, the land of sweet flowers and limpid streams! Confident now of finding his long-sought Fountain of Youth, his joy knew no bounds. Often he wandered from his companions, and roaming alone in the blooming forest, gave himself up unrestrainedly to his delightful musings.—*Wash. Irving.*

PART I.

Within fair Florida's domain three hundred years ago,
How solemn stood the lordly oaks, how hoar the mistletoe,
That clung and deftly nestled there, upon those monarch
trees,
As woman's constant love to man, defying storm and
breeze.

O'er valley, vale, and sombre mount, dispelling dismal
shade,
O'er river, rill and sparkling fount, in every secret glade;
On drooping vine and cypress tall, on ash and aspen light,
In loveliness the sun at eve cast golden beams and bright,
A parting smile then threw o'er earth, his farewell glance
then gave,
And sweetly lingering gently sank within the waiting
wave.

Then rose with mild serener beam the golden-cinctured
maid,
A mellow light within her eye, in fairest garb arrayed.
For briefest space alone she paused to view the fairy
scene,
Ere called her star-decked maiden train, right fitting train
for Queen;
In circles small then waved her hands, with golden brace-
lets bound,
And summoned all who owned her sway, her glittering
throne around.

Each handmaid saw the gorgeous gem from out the dis-
tant space,
Each joyously obeyed the sign, and paused in proper
place.
Such happy smiles dame Nature cast upon her fav'rite
land,
E'er flowers bloomed and budded there by gentlest ze-
phyrs fanned.
Bright sank the sun, fair rose the moon, fair was the river's
flow
Within fair Florida's domain three hundred years ago.

Brave Ponce de Leon wand'ring there, by fond delusion
driven,
In quest of vernal Fount of Youth, sure found alone in
Heaven,
At eve reclined in pensive mood, beneath a cypress tree,
Forgetting toil and weary march in pleasant reverie.
"Amid magnolia blossoms here sure fairies often creep,
And agile elves and blithe some sprites fantastic revels
keep!
In summer midnight still and calm, sure gambol they in
glee,
Sure many a llesome dance they have, in sportive
frolic free!
Or weary with their lively play, their perfumed couches
make
Of bud, and leaf, and flow'et soft, and elf-like slum-
bers take."

So mused the Spaniard passing there, from painful roam-
ing free;
Well pleased, he deemed it fairest spot that on the earth
might be.
Each moment added increased joy; and raptured at the
scene,
He called it habitation fit for elf and fairy Queen.

Well skilled and apt De Leon was, well trained and quick
his eye,
To view such winning landscape o'er, new beauties to
descry.
On other lands had rested oft his raptured, lingering
glance,
On fairest spot of Italy, on vine-clad fields of France;
Reclined on banks of Spain's fair streams, at sunset's
quiet hour,
He pensively had marked the waves, and felt their
soothing power,
As native cot to peasant boy, familiar to his sight
Was each dark grove that saw the flow of Guadalquivir
bright.

A wanderer from his joyous youth, he well had learned
to brave
The direst perils landmen fear, all dangers of the wave—
Strong hope to cheer, brave soul to dare, and might with-
in his arm,
Not dangers met in any land, could give him hurt or harm.
Each lonely isle in ocean's waste, from kindred islands
baun'd,
The mourning breezes sighing o'er, his waving hair had
fann'd.
Yet spot like this, so pure, so calm, had Leon never seen,
Caressed by wind as soft with balm, his forehead ne'er
had been.

Upon the vale, he gazed awhile, in velvet garb arrayed,
A moment with the straying brook his joyful vision strayed,
A while he glanced with raptured look, at aspen glitt'ring
bright,

Wah quivering leaves on every bough each tremulous
with light,
A moment hearkened to the song of wanton mocking-
bird,
'Mong whispering pines and vocal oaks in dulcet meas-
ures heard,
Then watched the small retreating lights by sparkling
fire-fires given,
Then counted fav'rite stars of his, as shone they in the
heaven,
By sight and song then soothed to sleep, soft drooping
closed his eye,
With gentle riv'lets foaming near, and love winds mour-
ing by.

Thus gently breathed De Leon worn, in calmest grateful
sleep,
With moon to guard his weary form and stars their watch
to keep.
When sweetest dreams of purest bliss, in thronging troops
and fast,
Within the chamber of his mind in brightest guises passed.
The captive chained in dungeon deep, and sighing for the
air,
Bereft of light and hopeful soul ne'er dreamed a dream
so fair,
As welcome sound of gliding boat, bestowing strength
and life,
To sinking sailor battling waves, nigh ceasing hopeless
strife,
As bright as seems in pilgrim's dreams, on grim Saha-
ra's sand,
The well-remembered brooklet's flow, within his native
land,
So stole upon the Spaniard's soul, as if by angels given,
A vision blest of heavenly joy that quiet hour of even.
Surpassing this in joyous bliss, ere vowed his marriage
vow,
Such hopeful dreams ne'er lover had as Ponce De Leon
now.

PART II.

They say that Ponce De Leon often told his compan-
ions of enchanting visions which visited his slumbers.
He frequently asserted that a beautiful spirit-maid came
to him in his sleep, and told him of a certain isle called
Bimini, where he would find his Fountain of Youth.
There the earth is always green, the flowers are ever
blooming, the waters limpid and delicate; not rushing in
rude and turbid torrents, but swelling up in crystal foun-
tains and winding on in peaceful and silent streams.
There no harsh and boisterous winds are permitted to rav-
age the beauty of the groves, there prevails no melan-
choly nor darksome weather, no drowning rain, nor pelt-
ing hail; a perpetual youth and joy reigns throughout
all nature, and nothing decays or dies. Would God I
were there!—*St. Basilus.*

Of Heavenly mien beside him seemed, to fancy's misty
sight,
A woodland nymph of sweetest form enrobed in snowy
white.
Her trailing garments fell behind, reposed in graceful
fold;
And near with gentlest dalliance strayed the wooing night
winds bold.
In eye as deep as deepest spot in ocean's azure blue,
Where sailing seaman pausing still his fathom line o'er
threw,

A mild subduing mellow light in quiet splendor lay,
As if her orbs from heaven had ta'en some purest, holiest
ay.

Reflecting moonbeams' willing light a circling golden
crown,
Her forehead bright, of Parian white, with loving pres-
sure bound;
And many a sparkling effort made enamored glance to
throw,
At dewy lips with nectar fraught, in rosy mouth below.
Upon her swelling bosom strayed, dark-flowing curls nor
few,
Full o'er her face with loveliest grace a gentle shadow
threw.

A purer bloom on smile-lit cheek reposed in healthier hue,
Upon beloved Dian's face, ne'er fond Latona knew.
With martial leap from parent brain, young Pallas burst-
ing armed
With queenlier form or finer grace, approving Jove ne'er
charmed.
As fair in mien ne'er Dido seemed, when bold Aeneas
came,
By single glance enkindling fast love's quickest, fiercest
flame.

As erst of old with fleetest haste from high Olympian
heaven,
To speeding wings by thoughts of love, a bolder impulse
given,
Sweet Venus fled, nor gazed behind each sulky glance to
view,
That haughty Juno's vengeful eye in ireful envy threw;
On, darting on with speediest sweep, as arrows cleave the
air,
O'er shoulders smooth as ivory far-waved her auburn
hair:

Nor ceased her eager course nor paused, till neath in
green array
Fair Ida's cherished bowers of love, in soft repose she lay.
A moment brief then poised in space, sustained on out-
spread wing,
As calmest lull of Spring-winds soft, which bounteous
showers bring,
She glanced her eye o'er wood and grove, with eager
wish to see
Anchises dreaming dreams of her, beneath her myrtle
tree.

When viewing with far-reaching sight, in graceful out-
lines traced,
Her slumbering lover's cherished form, with plumed hel-
met graced,
In waving circles drooping down, her earthward course
she tends,
With balmiest sighs a fragrance soft to perfumed breezes
leads,
With noiseless footfall she alights, her dreaming love
one by,
And on him turns a glance that burns, with flame-enkin-
dled eye.

Thus fair, thus graceful seemed the Nymph to Leon's
wildered sight,
As if escaped from fairy land, in swift impetuous flight.
And as she paused near Leon's form with rosy lips apart,
With tiny hands on trembling breast to still her trem'ulous
heart,
So gently pressed the velvet grass her little fairy feet,
That grateful blades beneath unsoiled, bestowed their
kisses sweet;

And eager moonbeams softly crept from ash and cypress tree,
And hastened on through orange bowers, such glorious sight to see.

The woodland maid serenely gazed, and pitying glances threw.

From eyes like angels sooth may have, but mortals very few,

Upon the war-worn warrior's form encased in coat of mail,

That form that many a storm had braved, and many a winter's gale ;

That torn by many a battle long, by many a siege harassed,
Tho' scathed ne'er bent, tho' scarred ne'er bowed, unyielding to the last.

Then still advanced with tread subdued and slowly leant her there,

Until the slumberer's breath disturbed her curls of floating hair.

Upon his forehead, rough and high, her twining fingers placed,

And touched with care the wrinkles there by direst hardships traced.

Nor lingered long the maid to note how fleeting time's decay,

Had solemnized her raven hair with sacred strands of grey,

But utterance gave to dulcet words with full delicious tone,

From lips as soft as Cashmere's rose, her rarest rose full blown.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT MAIDEN.

De Leon, De Leon, why sleepest thou now,
With tokens of sorrow traced over thy brow ?
Is care thy sad portion by night and by day,
And will not soft slumber sooth sorrow away ?

Oh ! swiftly I've speeded from Dream-land this night,
Ne'er pausing a moment, on ever in flight,
I've journeyed o'er mountains and swam o'er the sea,
Awake thee, awake thee, I've tidings for thee !

In Bimini island green-crested and fair,
Where cypress and palm trees e'er blossoming are,
Where Zephyrs enamored the sweet flowers woo,
The solace of sorrow lies waiting for you.

On many bright lands thy bold footsteps have been,
Fit homes for the weary thy vision hath seen,
Gem island by fond waves of ocean caressed,
Where tempest-tosted seamen from danger might rest.

For storm-nurtured petrel, though wanderer he,
Ne'er journeyed more fathoms alone o'er the sea,
Than thou with brave Colon, the mariner's king,
Whose requiem ever the billows shall sing.

Yet island so cheery, so lovely to view
Ne'er welcome hath offered to Colon or you,
As Bimini island where alway the surf,
With gentlest obeisance approaches the turf.

The rarest of flowers so plenteous there grow,
That withered leaves falling, when spicy winds blow,

In circles borne upwards, float cloud-like for miles,
'Till odorous ocean receives them with smiles.

There myrtle, magnolia and cypress combine,
To give to the island a beauty divine ;
And birds of fair plumage in trills ever sweet,
Fond praises of Bimini softly repeat.

Gay ever with blossoms, caressed by the breeze,
In sunshine all glittering bloom alway the trees.
By tempest uninjured, full branches they bear,
Nor leaf-stopping autumn, nor winter they fear.

There leapeth in beauty, and sparkleth in glee,
Thy fountain of youth overflowing and free,
As mirror of silver, bright burnished it seems,
Forever emitting its clear limpid streams.

At roseate matin fast hastens the sun,
To cast his first beamings this fountain upon,
And Luna above it oft pauses in flight,
To see her form mirrored in waters so bright.

A velvety margin the blue waters have,
Where roses and lilies, sweet suppliants, crave
Permission to droop them, and gently bestow
Their lingering kiss on the surface below.

De Leon, De Leon, if more thou wouldst know,
Awake thee from slumber and with me come go,
Ere star-light hath faded, ere moon-beams may pale,
O'er mountains and forest, o'er valley and vale,

Where wooed by the ocean, by Zephyrs caressed,
In vernal bloom budding, in happiness blest,
E'er sparkling in verdure, 'neath balmy skies,
Queen-bride of old Neptune, sweet Bimini lies.

PART III.

The waters of Helicon and Parnassus have no sanative power, nor other stream gliding on our earth. But hard by the eternal throne of God, our ever-blessed Maker, the true Fountain of Life gushes up and thereof the Angels and Arch-angels forever do drink. *Vicesimus Knox.*

With cadence soft and musical the maiden ceased her song,

But 'mid the forests still and calm, its echo floated long,
Now ling'ring 'mid the cypress boughs, now whispering with the pine,

Then fleeting, fleeing, flowing on in fitful measures fine,
'Till mingled with the rippling noise loud murmuring brooklets gave,

In stronger tones of dulcet sound it found its fitting grave.

Ah ! see the slumberer moving now, the sleeper's pulses thrill,

And inspirations fast and deep his heaving bosom fill !
A smile his forehead dallies o'er, as in his happiest mood

And furrowed cheeks yet all suffused with warm Castilian blood;
With eager impulse open now his sleep-refusing eyes,
And straight before he gazeth long with look of mute surprise.

As feels the sinking mariner, when swiftly floating by,
Huge, broken spars elude his grasp and leave him there to die,

As prisoner lone in dreary cell, with iron fetters bound,
Whose list'ning ear hear Chauncleer, with shrillest matin sound,

Announce to him Aurora fair, slow ushering in the day,
That ere its close will view his form a lump of lifeless clay;

As feels the mother when she knows that stern unpitying death,

Upon her child, her only child, hath breathed with noisome breath,

Upon those eyes once sparkling bright, his icy seals hath placed,

And on that snow-white purest brow his mournful token traced,

So felt De Leon, conscious then that visions fond and vain,

Had sported with his hoping soul, and left him sad again.

Alas! alas! that waking sight such bliss could e'er destroy,

The maiden sped, to dreamland fled, and with her bore his joy,

His holiest joy without alloy on winged pinions bore
And left him weeping, wailing there in agony full sore!

Protracted sighs that well bespeak the anguish of his soul,
From out his sorrow-laden breast in slow succession roll;
From eyes that oftener far were wont in generous pride to gleam,

Large trickling tear-drops down his cheek in rapid torrents stream.

Ah! Ponce De Leon well for thee, broad-breasted man of oak,

No human eye beholds thee wail for this thy saddest stroke!
Thy lordly pride could never brook to yield to melting mood,

If witnessing thy helpless grief a comrade near thee stood.

For ne'er has freeman seen thee shrink, nor mortal seen thee quail

In strife, or siege, in woe or war, in tempest or in gale.

Yet weep De Leon, freely weep, alone and desolate,
Let every willing tear drop sad pursue its trickling mate!
There's little fear of prying gaze, thy sole companions are
The solemn forest-trees around, that in thy sorrow share.
Beside thee wave the willows lone all sadly to and fro,
As if lamenting buried dead the cheerful earth below;
About thee grieving night-winds sing their slow and serious lays,

Above in sparkling sympathy sad stars pour down their rays.

Then weep, deluded Leon, weep the hope hat cheered thy heart,

That far hath led thee o'er the sea and bade thee early part

From kindred race and native land, sweet joys of love forego

Thy pining, yearning, longing soul may never, *never* know.

Amid the many gifts to man for mortal uses meet,
Abundant found in every land is water ever sweet.

The tired laborer owns it sweet with irksome toiling spent,

And sated prince when gen'rous wines afford no nutriment.

Oh! fair to view this liquid pure wh'er'er it hath its birth,
In crystal goblet flowing free or bounding o'er the earth!
In glitt'ring rain drops falling fast, transparent globes that form,

In passing shower of early spring or in the winter's storm!

In sparkling tear by purest joy from eye of maiden led,
In pitying streams from angels' eyes for human woes e'er shed!

Or in the morning's trem'lous dew soft quiv'ring in the light,

Which God the Giver ever spreads to cheer our mortal sight!

Upon our bounteous mother-earth what copious waters glide!

Capacious seas upon whose breast large navies safely ride!
Majestic rivers rolling on with right baronial mien,

And fairy lakes reflecting each fair Luna's roseate sheen!
How many a fountain gushes up with murmur and with song,

And many a brook soft warbling makes as journeys it along;

And silvery streams, or large or small, their fertile windings take

'Mid pleasant fields of waving grain, their burning thirst to slake.

Yet ah! vain dreamer, none of these, tho' pure the waters be
May give to man perpetual youth, from danger set him free!

Not limpid draughts from clearest streams in fairest lands that leap,

Not famed Bandusia's joyous fount where guard sweet Naiads keep,

Such precious priceless boon may yield, to mortals e'er denied:

Our native earth for all her sons hath resting-place supplied.

Or ever silver cord be loosed, or broken golden bowl,
From crumbling tenement of clay departs the immortal soul.

Then search, oh! mortal, not on earth such vernal fount to find,

But *upward* look with eye of faith and calm and trusting mind

Encompassing Jerusalem, blest city of our God,
A city girt with sapphire walls by angel footsteps trod,

Where toil, nor woe, nor death is known, nor darkness there, nor night,

Celestial waters ever flow, and gleam in golden light.

One draught from that divinely source, a single drop if given,

Will yield thee never-ending youth, and life fore'er in heaven.

When this thy soul hath tasted once, thy voice will ever sing

Amid the sons of God on high, "*Hosannah To Our King.*"

Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 1851.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER TENTH.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS.

We are fortunate enough to have in our possession a series of letters dated from Richmond, appearing to have been written some few years since, and to have passed between two young friends. The package, for some time, lay stored away, wrapped carefully up, and endorsed "A Week in Richmond." From it we make extracts; leaving out, of course, matters of a private character, as well as much unnecessary description, and many unmeaning soliloquies and meditations. Some characters are here spoken of, and some persons described; let it not offend any one now in Richmond, nor let it be imagined that persons are thus dealt with who live among us. For we have been careful not to publish here any extract in which the present citizens are spoken of; but have selected only descriptions of the dead or the living absent, who formerly flourished in Richmond. We would not excite the vanity by praise, or hurt the feelings by censure, of those with whom we daily associate; and shall therefore defer to some future period any further extracts from these letters. With this explanation, we enter upon the office of editor; and, if we might hazard an opinion, would say that the writer of these letters must have read, and with close attention too, "The Letters of the British Spy."

LETTER I.

Richmond. Friday.

"You are curious to know, my dear H., my impressions of Richmond; and to ascertain whether all that you have heard in its favor is correct. My silence makes you think me to like the place and the people; or else, I would find a voice for my complaints, if dissatisfied. You are right; to be disappointed is to complain, and as I have not hitherto complained, you infer that I am well pleased. My time has been well spent in looking through Richmond; in making the acquaintance of its men of note, in mingling quietly in its society, and in admiring the beauty of its natural scenery, and of its public buildings. As I have seen this people under all circumstances; when collected for political discussion under the excitement of an election—when gathered in their churches to listen, or to sleep, as drowsiness or devotion might dictate—in their business employments—in their courts of justice, or in their gay assemblies—I may be supposed to

know something of them; and my impressions shall be detailed now for your benefit. My first view of the city was from a point of observation where it appears most beautiful, and the sensation of pleasure then received by me will never be forgotten. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in its situation and its buildings that I have ever seen. As the cars came bowling along, approaching the river and the city, the whole scene burst on me at once, and Richmond lay like a panorama before me. As we slowly approached and traversed the bridge, I could take in all the points of beauty, and note the crescent-like shape of the city as it lay along the river, flanked by Church Hill, crowned with buildings, on one side, and the hill, intended for the cemetery of Hollywood, covered with tall trees on the other; the capitol rising in finished beauty in the centre—and spire, and dome, and handsome edifice combining to make up a *tout ensemble*, the equal of which my eye has no where rested on. It wants only a few noble cathedral-like buildings, and a few tall and well-proportioned monuments to the great men our State has given to the world, to make Richmond the equal of any of the beautiful places of even the old world. The capitol of course first strikes a stranger's eye. I had heard much of its imposing appearance, and was prepared for something beautiful and grand. Nor was I disappointed; high above all stands this majestic structure, the first and the chief object of attraction. I could almost exclaim with an enthusiastic German who, after he had viewed this model of beautiful and antique architecture from every side, finally crossed the river, and mounting a hill some miles distant, that he might see the capitol standing alone, and apparently high in air, declared that it was 'a palace built upon clouds.' I have walked around it again and again, inspecting every part and admiring it from every point of view. It is to me a source of constant pleasure, and I often ramble out into the square by moonlight to see the increased and softened beauty of this masterpiece of Grecian architecture. Let me describe it to you; imagine then a building 90 feet long, 50 high, and 60 feet broad, standing on the brow of Shockoe Hill, surrounded by trees, grass, gravelled walks and flowers, alone and high, built in imitation of the Maison Quarree of Nîmes in the purest Grecian style. A handsome portico stands on the southern side, fronting the brow of the hill, overlooking the river and the city. This portico is covered by an extension of the roof, supported by massive columns. Neither entrance steps nor balustrade is on this point; on each side broad flights of steps lead up to the first floor; underneath these are entrances to the offices of the

Treasurer, &c., in the basement. On ascending you enter a large hall lighted from above; on one side is the Chamber of the House of Delegates; on the other a passage leading to the portico, into which passage opens the door of the Senate Chamber, and in the centre, surrounded by an iron railing, stands Houdon's statue of Washington. The figure is placed on a pedestal, is of natural size, and is said to be a correct likeness in face and form. It represents him in the dress of a General, leaning slightly against a bundle of Roman Fasces, over which a military cloak is thrown, the right arm extended, the hand grasping a cane, the head bare, and the attitude one of ease and dignity. The form is robust and manly, the face a calm, thoughtful and determined one. My opinion of his carriage and appearance, that he was one of the most dignified and manly of men, was fully confirmed by this statue. Ascending a broad flight of stairs you reach the upper story, and enter a gallery running round the open space, through which light is admitted from the roof to the floor below; into this gallery open the doors of the State Library, the Governor's office, and other offices. The Library is a well selected and well kept one; it contains on its well arranged shelves 14,000 volumes, consisting chiefly of law books, historical works, and political records for the use of the Legislature. The librarian I have found a courteous and obliging gentleman; through his kindness I have spent many pleasant hours in this rich storehouse of knowledge. The view from the windows of the capitol, on every side, is a fine one, and the southern view is peculiarly so. Below you is the town stretching up and down the river, over the hills and along the shore—the river itself, with its falls, rocks and islands, and the bridges spanning it—the town of Manchester opposite, the water glistening like silver in the sunlight as it winds its way, now disappearing and then shining through the trees that cover the islands and stand on the banks—the dock and the shipping in the distance—the stir of men busily engaged in their avocations—St. Paul's church sending its tall spire into the sky—other churches and handsome edifices in various parts of the city—the white walls of the Penitentiary, whose inmates representing every class of villainy, form a complete congress of crime, and the square itself, with its green sod and broad walks, covered by a review of troops and crowded with citizens—all these taken in from one point of view form a picture most interesting and most beautiful.

LETTER II.

Saturday.

I have walked much about Richmond; it is a

most difficult city to perambulate, as most of its streets are a succession of ascents and descents, and although the steepness of its hillsides is very much cut away, still it is a rough city to walk in. In many places I noticed that in leveling the streets, houses were left standing on a bank above; and in some instances another story had been added under the house where the cellar stood. On Main street, upon the lower side, between 11th and 12th streets, are two old looking wooden houses, with the lower stories of brick, which had evidently been thus built from this cause. The upper part of this street was once cut away in grading it, so as to leave the houses on their old foundations high above its level.

"My walks led me to the lower part of the city, that I might inspect 'the old Stone House.' It is a plain, even rough, one story house, the oldest in Richmond, standing on the Main street, and made of stones not very well cut or worked for the purpose of building; it presents an ancient and rather unsightly appearance. Jacob Ege, of Germany, settled here, and built this house previous to the erection of Byrd's Warehouse; his descendants still occupy it. Some of our greatest men have resided in it, when it was used as a tavern; Monroe boarded in it when he went to school in Richmond; Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Henry, Lee and others have made it a stopping-place. I looked on it with reverence, as the unsightly predecessor of the present beautiful and well furnished hotels of Richmond, and as a place honored by the residence of our great men.

"In my ramblings about the city, I have been struck with the number of handsome private residences; in no city of its size have I ever seen so many, and it might very justly be called 'the city of handsome houses.' I noticed three styles of building among the habitations of the better classes, and many among those of the lower orders, from the shanty upwards. The most ancient is the large, square, two story brick house, roomy and massive, yet of somewhat clumsy appearance; and possessing more solidity than elegance. Specimens of this class are found in the Governor's House, and in many other of similar appearance and greater age scattered throughout Richmond. Another style is a very singular one in appearance; it seems to have been an imitation of the English bay window style. Many squarely built houses have this bay window style added to them; part of the wall bulging out in the form of a half hexagon on one side. Others appear to be triangles made of three two story hexagonal towers, with a portico filling up the open space at the base of the triangle, and the pointed roofs joining one another. Of this latter kind there is a specimen on the corner of 9th

and Marshall streets, just opposite the residence of the great Chief Justice, and on the same square with the residence of Chapman Johnson, Esq. This style seems to have affected a large number of the houses of the city of any great age, giving them and it a singular appearance. The third style is that of modern houses, where men have taste and wealth. I have been in most of the streets of the city, and seen the outside of all the public buildings, and the inside of many. I would weary you with descriptions of them all, and must therefore leave many out, or give you a general account of them all.

"The Market Houses cannot boast a very imposing appearance, or much elegance of structure, or cleanliness of keeping; they are rather dingy looking affairs, yet large and commodious. They are well supplied, although many things are brought from a distance, and there would appear to be a dearth of market gardens and fruit orchards around the city. Indeed, in my rides in the country I was surprised to see so much uncleared land, and so little of that minute cultivation in small farms and gardens that might be looked for near a large city. The Hotels of Richmond are numerous and well appointed. They mark the advance of a people in civilization, for it is only in communities highly cultivated and possessing the spirit of trade and travel, which seems to spring from a state of civilization, that we find the science of entertaining, like other sciences, to flourish. The hospitable habit of the age, and the absence of much travel in former times, prevented the hotels from being more than places of occasional entertainment, and resorts for political or for frolicking purposes. The hotel system of Europe and the North is now the adopted policy of Richmond, and is necessary in a city of its size; it is in fact filled with large hotels and boarding houses. To speak of them all is impossible without wearying you; I will mention one or two—the most superior. The Exchange, standing on the corner of Franklin and Pearl streets, first in extent and superiority of arrangement. Although well built and presenting an imposing front, it is badly situated. If it had been placed on one of the vacant lots fronting Capitol Square it would have formed quite an ornament to the city and the chief place of resort to travellers. This is the only thing wanting to render it perfect, as in every other respect it realizes that sensation of comfort which is expressed by the question, 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' The American and the City Hotel, on Main street, are well kept houses. The Columbian, on Cary street, is much frequented and well furnished. The Powhatan House is deservedly much patronized, because it is kept in the best style and on temperance

principles. These are but samples of them all. There is one drawback to the pleasure a traveller has in visiting Richmond, and that is in the great inconvenience experienced at the Depot of the Richmond and Potomac Rail Road Company. You would scarcely believe it, yet it is surely the fact, that this company, actually allow passengers to land from their cars in the middle of the street, without shelter from the pelting rain or burning sun, in the midst of noisy porters and hack drivers, and then to pass through the mud or dust to the sidewalks. This is a convenience I have noticed in no other place; it is an honor peculiar to Richmond, and a contrivance to secure the comfort of travellers which the managers of affairs for this company, alone of all other companies, have the honor of originating and carrying out.

"The public square, on which the capitol stands, is a great place of resort for strangers. As it is in the centre of the city, and a place from which many fine views may be seen; as well as being also the actual seat of government, it is much frequented. The grounds are laid out in a stiff style, with walks straight and well gravelled, cutting one another at right angles; boards are put up here and there directing all persons to keep off the grass; and everything looks as nice and prim as if under the special guardianship of some maiden lady of antique age, cleanly habits and vinegar countenance. I had always imagined our good old mother State to be more of a matron, and that she would allow her sons free liberty to walk or roll on the grass plats around her house without let or hindrance. The old lady, or some of her agents, has shown bad taste in ornamenting the grounds around the mansion; I always thought her patriotic, and yet she has scarcely put a single American tree near her house. They are foreigners all. Now, I think she has shown good taste in building her place of residence after an ancient and foreign model, and I am perfectly satisfied with it, because it belonged to a free people, and she never had taste enough to make any thing better. But really she has carried it too far, for such a domestic character as she is, to have nothing but European trees, when she might have had the finest looking and most shady trees in the world out of her own woods. She might have known that they would not thrive as well, nor stand the climate as her own would do. Most of them are lindens too—a tree devoted to witchcraft and magic,—and, therefore, however much they might flourish in Salem, Massachusetts, or in Kinderhook, New York, are totally unsuited to her plain, straightforward, upright and sagacious character. The result is as might have been expected; these European, magic loving trees, have not

flourished on the soil of this American, candour-loving old dame. They look stunted and withered; if not yet dead, they are already a prey to worms, and would make far better fuel than ornament. I would advise her to shear them all down, and plant in their stead plenty of hickory and ash, with other such trees of native growth, and let the little boys climb up after nuts, and roll on the grass to the fullest extent, like young sovereigns as they are. She might have, if she wished it, in the small surface of her pleasure-grounds, every tree that grows in our woods; as her sons have lived, and acted well, too, in every part of the country, she might fitly represent the extent of her influence, by gathering around her mansion every kind of tree, from the live oak of Florida to the fir and pine of the north, from the cypress of her own coasts, through the various kinds of oak, buckeye and cottonwood of the west, to the stately and beautiful forest trees of California. How much better would it be to do this, and to take advantage of the natural beauties of the situation, by making the walks serpentine instead of straight and stiff. I found another instance of very bad taste also; in or near two of the walks there are found, standing near as many hydrants, two singular looking structures, which obstruct the path and mar the beauty of the place. What they are it would puzzle any one to decide. Our old mother is clearly not responsible for their erection, as I am informed they were put up by one of her agents, who was fond of doing things in an extra manner, and did this without her knowledge. They cannot be altars; as although surrounded by woods and near fountains, the naiads and the dryads are not now adored; nor have I ever heard their erector accused of any tendency to devotion. They might be meant as altars to Bacchus; which the running water near and the inverted copper bowl on the top seemed to deny. Altars they must be, as I can make them out nothing else; and for want of a better I dedicate them to the god of Folly.

"In another part of the square stands a stump tower, crowned with a bell, from which alarms of fire are given. It was doubtless intended as an ornament to the city, and for the sake of contrast, was made as much unlike the capitol or any other elegant piece of architecture as possible. The idea by which it was built, was evidently taken from that beautiful specimen of art, a Dutch pigstye. In these, the inhabitants are placed in the different stories, and are fed from the top so that nothing is lost in going through; the fattest hogs being always found at the bottom. Very economical, no doubt, and suitable exactly for the purpose; yet why it should be imitated in a building placed upon the public

square, and near an imitation of the Maison Quarree, is a more puzzling riddle than any I have yet encountered. I have looked in vain over the State annals for the name of some enthusiastic Dutch Governor, by whose order it might have been erected; and must leave it to men of more historical research than myself. By way of atonement, perhaps, for this unsightly object, the City Hall, where the United States Court is held, stands opposite the capitol, and is a most beautiful piece of architecture. It is the most perfect in the city; even more so than the capitol, as that is somewhat disfigured by the long and narrow flights of steps leading to an entrance on each side, and by a tall flag-staff topped with a gilt ball which protrudes from the centre of the roof. Neither of these, I am sure, ever entered into the conception of the Greek artist. This building, however, has nothing to interfere with its perfect beauty. It is admirably proportioned in length and height; at each end is a columned portico of the Doric order, with broad and low flights of steps extending the breadth of each. The roof is concealed by the arrangement and the width of the cornice, so that only the dome of its centre can be seen. The exact proportion and perfect finish of the building would make it, if constructed of marble instead of freestone, among the best specimens of ancient style in this country.

LETTER III.

Sunday.

You ask me of the pulpit in Richmond—how it is filled—and whether men of eloquence and power are in it. I have noticed the churches and the church-goers in this city with some care; as a correct opinion may be formed of the character of a people by observing their regularity, or their want of it, as church-goers. For although it is true that,

'Some go to church, just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God;'

still, it shows a habit of morality, and this habit acts as a restraint on men. The church is then a means of making good citizens, and as such, even if no higher motive prevail, ought to be encouraged by all who wish prosperity to the State and good order in the community. This motive, my curiosity also, and, I hope, a better one than either, devotion, led me into many of the church-

es of the city. The one that I entered first was a plain looking building, both inside and out; rather old, and at no time very handsome; the congregation had gathered with seriousness in their faces before I entered, and the minister had risen and was choosing his text as I took my seat. His appearance was singular; tall, so as to appear almost gigantic, with a frame of great physical power; a countenance stern and even harsh in repose, with an eye, that unless lighted up with some humorous thought, appeared dull in its repose, and a manner at first quiet and heavy. His subject was the final judgment; and as he seemed to rise with the awful grandeur of his theme, his form would dilate, his countenance become lighted up, the dull eye looked like a furnace that had received fresh fuel and blazed with intense expression; it seemed to open and brighten as he developed the subject he had in hand. The vehemence of his gesture and the stern expression of his face, added force to the words as they flowed from his lips; and his voice like his appearance, harsh and strong, seemed under no control in its lower tones, although it rung out like a trumpet call in its powerful, startling bursts of sound. No man in appearance, voice, and gesture, or in the compact, vehement and massive power of his intellect, as well as in force of reasoning and felicity of illustration, ever so impressed me with the sense of power as this man has done. I felt what was meant by the term Boanerges, when I heard this thunderer speaking forth in tones of majesty the folly of resistance to God's will, and placing before men the consequences of their delusion, and painting in fire words the day of final judgment, until the lurid flames could almost be seen writing on the clouds of darkness, ascending from the pit of terror, the words 'Harvest past,' 'Not saved,' to a despairing multitude. He recounted their crimes, as in a court of justice, brought up before each one his sins and errors in all their magnitude and in all their aggravations, and then laid open the punishment of the law. I never saw any man more the master of powerful invective, following on the most conclusive reasoning urged in the most effective manner. The power of sarcasm too was not wanting, and was used with tremendous effect. What struck me most forcibly, was the ease with which he passed from one emotion to another, rousing and allaying the passions with the same master-hand. The awful, the terrible, the ludicrous even, the sarcastic and the pathetic; all that was gentle in the lovely character of Jesus, and all that was grand and fearful in the idea of an avenging God, were expressed and vividly represented. I cannot give you any idea of the man by quoting his words, although there were startling bursts of eloquence

and impressive sentences uttered forth; yet it is not in isolated phrases or single sentences that this man can be measured, any more than a specimen rock could exhibit the grandeur and the massiveness of Gibraltar. So impressed was I with the manner and force and meaning of the man, that I could not put down his words in my memory. To compare him with the mass of ordinary preachers, is to institute a comparison between a milldam, that has accumulated waters for a week, and in turning a wheel exhausts itself by the effort; and the constant and resistless flow of a mighty river. This man would possess influence anywhere and in any occupation; I never yet saw a man who exhibited so many elements of power.

"In the afternoon I walked up the street and looked over the various churches; entering some of them rather to inspect their appearance than to hear discourses. The most beautiful are the Gothic church on 5th street, and St. Paul's on Grace street, near the square. The first is the most perfect and beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture I have ever seen even in our northern cities; some may surpass it in size and grandness of appearance, none in its internal arrangements and perfect finish. A critic might notice, yet would not condemn, a departure from the usual style in its galleries. St. Paul's is a handsome specimen of the Grecian style of architecture of the Corinthian order, and is quite an ornament to the city; yet upon the top of this handsome Grecian temple I found a modern church steeple; a bringing together of things new and old that rather surprised me. This adds, however, to the appearance of the city. Richmond would look much better if all its many churches had steeples. This church was closed and I did not enter it. I am informed it is as handsomely furnished within as it is beautiful without; its congregation is the richest in the State, and the church is the most popular of any in Richmond. How much better would it have been if the style of building for these two churches had been reversed; the beautiful Grecian would have suited both the size and the situation of the present Gothic; and the large, massive looking St. Paul's would better become the Gothic style of building. Then, too, as it is near the capitol, a Grecian structure, each would have appeared more beautiful by contrast, had the church been Gothic. In walking around the square the number of mean looking buildings surprised me; there were some few good looking ones it is true, yet the mass of them were not so. This square is the central place of the town, and the place where strangers naturally go; to give effect, it should have been either kept bare of houses that thus the capitol might

stand out alone, or it should have been surrounded by the city churches, by the public buildings, by splendid residences, or by extensive and nobly built hotels of different and beautiful styles of architecture, that thus each might set off the beauty of the other and add ornament to the city. The capitol would thus stand like a pearl of price surrounded by a circlet of gems; and no city of the world would possess a more beautiful promenade than Richmond. To-night I went to the Monumental church and heard another of the great men of the city; this, as you are well aware was built on the ground occupied by the burnt theatre. Need I describe the sensations that crowded on me as I sat in the place and thought of that scene of merriment so suddenly turned into mourning, and of the cries of anguish from the sufferers and from those bereft of friends. Truly this was a place right and proper on which to erect a church, wherein were to be preached the consolations of the Christian religion. A place where thus the memory of the dead was kept in constant remembrance, where the ministrations of the church were a continual funeral sermon, and a spot of earth dedicated to levity and blasphemy, baptized in the tears and the groans of the living and the dying, where death had been in all its horrors, was a fit place for the life-giving words of the gospel and the hope of immortality to be promulgated. The church is of a singular shape; octagonal, with three porches. In the front one stands a monument to the dead, with the names of the sufferers on it; it is a plain, altar-like structure, being only intended to bear the names of those who perished; the church is their monument. The side porches afford entrance to the body of the church; and also, by winding stairs, to the galleries above, without encroaching on the octagonal shape of the body of the building. The internal appearance is very striking; imagine a perfect octagon of large size, the galleries filling up seven of the sides, leaving one for the pulpit and reading desk; opposite these a large, handsome and well-toned organ with a well-trained choir; the octagonal shape making some singular pews on the lower floor, and giving a peculiar appearance to the whole church; the roof rising to a dome lighted from above. Now imagine this handsome church filled closely with the beauty, the fashion, and the wealth of the city, making up what we so rarely find under such circumstances, an attentive, devout congregation. After the sublime service of the Episcopal church was over, the preacher rose; I was prepossessed with his appearance, and the feeling increased as he spoke. Tall, dignified and graceful in person, carriage and gesture, with a countenance expressing gentleness and kindness of heart, a voice sweet and finely modulated, a mind classically educated and rich in stores of learning, in the literature of his own profession and in general knowledge, he possesses a suavity of manner that would make him a favorite in or out of the pulpit, and in any society where worth, courtesy and intellect are passports to attention. The discourse was in keeping with the appearance and character of the man; elegant in diction, sweetly persuasive in manner, he sought rather to touch and soften the heart than to break it; love and mercy were the accents on its lips, and not the harsher notes of terror and of guilt's punishment. His subject was the raising of Lazarus from the dead; and he so pictured the grief of his family, the sympathetic tears of Jesus, and his consolations to the afflicted sisters, the joy and gratitude as well as the amazement of the multitude, that we could almost see Christ standing at the open grave, and at his voice the dead coming forth in life and health and purity. He possesses, with all his gentleness, that manly elegance as an orator that Campbell does as a poet; and that finished and polished diction, combining strength and beauty. I find it difficult to compare him with the former speaker from the total dissimilarity of the two men. Perhaps a comparison might be sought in the ancient reputations of Hercules and Apollo, the several representatives of strength and elegance; or, if we compare them with speakers of whom we have heard, the comparison instituted by Wirt between Patrick Henry and Lee would suit better. One I described as the most forcible speaker I ever listened to; he was like a torrent forcing its way, overthrowing everything in its course, and leaving prostrate all opposition; the other, like a mild and gentle river, flowing through banks rendered fertile and beautiful by its waters, glancing in the sunlight and passing on its course with joy. One swept every chord of the lyre with a master's hand, yet excelled in the higher notes; the other filled the ear with sweet, low tones that touched the heart without terrifying. The eloquence of the one swells and rolls like the powerful sound of some mighty organ that fills the ear with the its thunder-tones, and hushes us into silence by its power and its richness; the musical diction of the other, like the sweet sounds of the Eolian harp, attract attention by their melody, and fill the soul with harmony. To conclude—one possesses strength and the other elegance; one has grace and sweetness of expression, the other force and fire; one touches the feelings, the other overpowers both heart and intellect; one must have a mighty subject to grapple with, he requires opposition to draw forth his full powers, and never moves so forcibly and majestically as in the tumult of debate, when attacked by

fierce and well-appointed foes; the other passes gently along, shunning opposition and tumult, and suits better the professor's chair than the angry forum. The one would lead a column into battle undauntedly and rejoice in the shock of arms, had his training been different; or he would have been an unflinching partisan and commander in political warfare, or an effective leader of opposition in Parliament or Congress; the senatorial dignity, or the foreign mission, would suit better the character of the other. One would have preached and struggled with Luther: the other have written and prayed with Melancthon.

LETTER IV.

Monday.

Among the most beautiful views in or about Richmond, that which is seen from the top of Church Hill strikes me as superior to all others. As a walk around Calton Hill in Edinburgh is said to have first suggested the idea of a panorama, from the varied beauty of landscape presented on every side of it; so here we have at once suggested the same idea, because of the exceeding and diversified loveliness of view that nature and art have combined their efforts to produce. No man of taste has ever stood upon the point of Church Hill at sunset, while the summer sun was shedding its yellow radiance over the beautiful scene before and around him, without being enraptured with the exquisite beauty of the view, and struck with the panorama-like character of the picture presented to his gaze. The city stands opposite, rising on the steep sides of Shockoe Hill, or lying along the river bank, or filling the valley between the hills—the village of Manchester, resting on the ridge, from which its former name of Rocky Ridge was derived, and the green or cultivated slope of the Falls plantation, spreading over the opposite shore—the river rolling off in the distance—the capitol standing in its beauty—the antique Egyptian architecture of the Medical College—the port filled with shipping and various water craft—all objects of interest and beauty in themselves—while over the whole scene the gorgeous hues of a summer sunset give coloring and softness and finished beauty to the picture. lighting up in a golden glow the countless windows of the city, rendering more yellow the turbid water that rolls down the falls, and enriching with its flood of light the combined view of city, river, and country landscape. Campbell's beautiful lines. (written in a scene of similar beauty, although visited at another period of the day,) involuntarily came into my mind.

'Ah! long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn,
When I climbed the Danube's height
To the fountain of the Thorn.

'And beheld his waves and islands,
Flashing, glittering in the sun,
From Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the mountains of the Hun.

'There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around,
And where'er it turned, the eye
Fell on rich historic ground.

'Over Aspern's field of glory
The noontide haze was cast,
And the hills of Turkish story
Gleamed with visions of the past.'

Another very fine view of Richmond is presented from the upper extremity of the city. Here I climbed a hill that rises on the river bank near the reservoir, and sat down to enjoy the beauty of the view. The place on which I sat is intended to be laid out for a cemetery. It certainly will make a most beautiful one, as the ground is covered with forest trees, and instead of the dead level that seems to be chosen usually for burial places, is beautifully undulated. I wish no harm to the citizens of Richmond, yet I should like to see this ground handsomely laid off, and showing here and there appropriate monuments. They have exhibited but little taste hitherto in their public cemeteries. It was late in the day when I reached my place of rest and sat down to enjoy the view. Here the river rushes down the falls, and you sit above the murmur of them—opposite are several islands—the pump-house, raising water for the city reservoir is beneath you—near by stands Belvidere, the residence of Col. Byrd in former times, when Richmond was a village and a plantation—farther off, the Penitentiary, with its white walls, the Armory, and the many mills and factories worked by water-power are seen—the bridges crossing the river in various directions, with the evening train rushing over one of them, strike the eye, and the busy city seems more distant than it really is, as the evening landscape becomes obscure and the confused sound of man comes like the hum of bees faintly to the ear. It was a mingling of sights and sounds that struck forcibly on my senses, and gave rise to many reflections. This is the time and place when I naturally fall to moralizing on the vanity and shortness of human life and effort; when the contrast between the quiet of nature and the bustle of man is shown, and when the evening of day naturally reminds us of the close of life. It is good then to muse and moralize, to look over the past and to think of the future. I thought over in my mind the scene this place, now tenanted by thousands

must have presented when Powhatan ruled and Smith visited here. Surely, if we now believed, as the wise ancients did, in tutelary divinities, we should hold that the spirits of Smith and of Pocahontas preside over the destinies of Richmond. The Roman or the Greek would have reared altars to their memories and instituted funeral games in their honor. As I sat and thought of their lives and their influence, and remembered that here they first met, I thought how happy it would be if their remains, which now moulder unnoticed in different parts of England, could be here brought together to adorn and honor the great city of the commonwealth they both aided to build up. In my mind's eye I placed a monument to Smith on the highest point of Church Hill, where he might appear to watch over the good of the commonwealth, and to stand as a sentinel on guard against its foes. And one to Pocahontas on the spot where I took in this goodly view, the high hill overlooking the river in the new cemetery—where she would stand the Minerva of our State—and, like her great prototype, overlook her favorite city in its progress in arts and arms. Smith was buried in London, and his remains lie in Saint Sepulchre's church, Skinner street. 'A large flat stone in front of the communion table engraved with his coat-of-arms, is all now remaining to the memory of Capt. Smith. The three Turks' heads are still distinguishable, but in a few years more they will be entirely effaced by the many feet which every Sunday unconsciously trample upon the tomb of so famous a man.' Pocahontas lies buried at Gravesend where she died. I doubt not that their remains could be removed, and funds soon raised to erect for each a noble monument. Is it not strange that those to whom we owe so much honor should have nothing of it rendered them? And now while I am thus building monuments, the great mover in the scheme of colonizing deserves one also. I mean Sir Walter Raleigh. We do not pay sufficient honour to the memory of our benefactors; what American has ever made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Raleigh, or sought out the resting place of Pocahontas or of Smith? If the remains of these three were among us, and deposited in our city, what a trio of worthies we would possess. I should like to see them brought over in pomp, and with appropriate ceremonies buried in our midst; and stately monuments to represent the memories of the chivalrous and accomplished Raleigh, the resolute, energetic Smith, and the gentle and lovely Pocahontas, erected over their remains. Pocahontas at least deserves this at the hands of the women of Virginia; she was a most beautiful and worthy type of her sex in our State. But in this utilitarian age, how can we

expect anything of the kind, when trade and speculation attract all attention, and leave none for the good and great of past ages. Perhaps, however, as these are elevated situations, there might be a combination of the useful, the ornamental and the reverential, by making these monuments very high, and attaching to each the apparatus of a windmill; thus we might have served out to the citizens of Richmond the Pocahontas corn meal, the Raleigh flour, and the Capt. Smith bran and shorts; the names would at least render them popular, and a thriving trade might be thus driven; doing honor to our benefactors, ornamenting our chief town, and filling our pockets by one and the same operation! The occupation would not be altogether inappropriate; as Capt. Smith seems to have spent most of his time in obtaining corn for the colonists, and Pocahontas was never so much greeted as when she sent in abundant provisions to our starving ancestors!

LETTER V.

Tuesday.

You know my fondness for examining graveyards, and inspecting closely those places where the dead are buried, and where the living build monuments. The House of the Living, as the Israelite styles his cemetery, has always been to me a place of very great interest. I have always held it as a decided mark of civilization to take care of the dead; and I think that a scale of the progress of humanity could be well made by tracing the mode and style of burying, and the funeral ceremonies, with the inscriptions upon tombstones. What a change and what progress from the first rude efforts of a tribe to commemorate the death of a chief, by raising a tumulus of rock over his remains—or by slaughtering captives and animals around his tomb as servants and companions in the world to which he had gone—while the poor follower was committed to the earth with scarcely a stone to mark his resting-place—from the time of the Greek and Roman burning his dead, that the ethereal part might pass off in flame to heaven, and that corruption might not touch those they had loved—in the embalming of the Egyptian, faintly foreshadowing their belief in a resurrection—and the Parsee exposing his dead on high towers, that the sun might draw up to himself the remains of those who had spent life in his worship—down to the present time of enlightenment, when the ornamented grave-yards, the tomb over the humblest individual, and the inscription of love and of hope in death and in eternity, show that death has lost his terrors. In the graves and the tombs of man we see his belief in immortality, instinct-

ively appearing in earlier ages, clearly taught and believed in now. A history of the modes of burial of different ages and nations, would show a history of man's religion.

The oldest grave-yard in this place, is that around the old church on the Hill. I walked over it, and entered the church so famous in our annals, where Patrick Henry's eloquence roused Virginia to arms, and where he so clearly spoke the voice of the nation when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death." I sat within this venerable place, and pictured before me the scene as it occurred 72 years before; the clear March morning in 1775, when there met here the delegates from all parts of the colony, and when the church held the concentrated wisdom and intelligence of the State. Had I the painter's pencil you should have the scene when, after a few days of doubt and indecision, Henry rose and electrified the Assembly by his eloquence and his daring. From that time the voice of this people was for war. I was more impressed than ever with the power of a single man in influencing the mass of a people, and directing or changing the course of events. A few obscure men gathered in a country church, are impelled to undertake a mighty enterprise, such as the world never saw before, by the eloquence and earnestness of an untaught rustic. It was as though a spark had fallen on a mass of gunpowder. The man came and the hour—and lo! the explosion that resulted shook monarchs on their thrones, waked up the spirit of enslaved nations, cleared away the mists of prejudice, broke down the barriers of oppression, raised to life the submerged principles of classic liberty, and still echoes and reverberates from nation to nation, and from age to age, until that voice, thus spoken, shall go round the world changing and improving wherever it goes. How great a matter a little fire has kindled.

The graves lie around the church; some well built and ornamented, others scarcely raised above the sod; many chief citizens of Richmond lie here with sculptured praises, yet none of our great men of national or State celebrity. The monument that most struck me was one bearing the inscription, "Dedicated by Filial Piety to Parental Love." The beloved wife, the kind husband, the affectionate father, the worthy citizen, the stranger from England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Italy, France and Germany; the professional man of eminence, the unlettered man of poverty; the wise and the wealthy; the man of sorrows to whom life was a burden; the young and joyous with bright hopes and strong anticipations; the infant that knew nothing but its mother's look of kindness, and the old man who had outlived all his kindred; hearts that have

felt every emotion, that have been wrung with passionate grief, or beat tumultuously with joy; eyes that have beamed with gladness, or been drowned in tears of sorrow; tongues eloquent in words and mighty in influence, whose voice has given rapture or destroyed peace; all that the living suffer, feel, think, love, hate, fear or desire, all lie here. In one common resting-place or caravanserai of the dead, they wait until the trump of doom shall summon them forth. To such a spot how truly Longfellow's words apply,

"This air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead."

The other cemetery is on Shockoe Hill, and is very large, and more ornamented. It is regularly laid out, whereas, the one on Church Hill has no regularity, or paths, or ornaments, except the few old trees that stand in it. The regular walks, the exact division, the ornamental trees, and the handsome monuments, render this a place of some beauty. The situation is, however, unsightly; a dead level at the extremity of a street, with the Poor House in front, and the rough sides of Union Hill nearly opposite, are all the beauties of situation that appear. The ground, however, is well inclosed, and well laid off in walks and roads, divided into lots and planted with trees and flowers. The monuments are many of them pyramid columns; this seems to be the chief style used. Very few are of that exquisite and costly character we see in places where cemeteries have been long established, and where it is as fashionable to ornament tombs, as it is to excel in the beauty of carriages and horses, or to take pride in a handsome house and furniture. I sought out the burial-place of John Marshall, and with some trouble found it. A plain, massive tombstone, covered the grave, made of the finest marble, and with this simple inscription.

JOHN MARSHALL,

Son of Thomas and Mary Marshall,
was born the 24th of September, 1775.

Intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler
the 3rd of January, 1783.

Departed this life
the 6th day of July, 1835.

Near it stands the tomb of Daniel Call, the brother-in-law of Marshall, and not far off is that of Wickham, both distinguished lawyers; the latter one of the most eminent in Virginia. The marble records neither the fame nor the services of Marshall; there is no laboured pomp of eulogy, and nothing special to mark the spot where this great man lies. His tomb is as simple as his

life was pure. Bishop Moore, Judges Carr and Stanard, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and many others of talent and eminence are buried here. Peter Francisco, the strongest man in Virginia, and an efficient soldier in our Revolution, lies here without a stone to mark his resting-place; surely this man deserves a monument better than many of those whose real or imaginary virtues are sculptured here. The State owes him one; and that it has not been made is proof of the oft-repeated adage, that republics are ungrateful. There is great need in a city of the size and with the future that Richmond has, of a large and better place of burial; and I am pleased to hear that it is intended to lay out a large and handsome cemetery on the river bank.

In crossing the valley to visit the church on the hill, I came on an old building called the Pine Apple church. It has belonged to several denominations, has been sold and left by the different congregations, and now is the only church in Richmond unoccupied, and looks deserted and desolate indeed.

It is a square house of brick, with a steeple stuck on one side of it, crowned on its summit with a singular pine apple like piece of work, that has given the name. The entrances are at the corners, the galleries are reached by circular stairs outside the building. The house looks like a square block of brick work, with no doors at the sides, at each corner a column, and these corners, thus cut off into small porches affording entrance to the body of the building. Added to this singular church and queer-looking steeple, to complete the ludicrousness of the picture, there is a small railed flat on the top, by way of giving finish and completeness to the building! It looks, indeed, as if the church had belonged to different denominations, and been under the charge of a succession of eccentric pastors, who had each added some oddity of his own, and had succeeded in making it more like a temple of Momus than a house of devotion.

I passed also the Jews' place of worship; they have two plain and neat synagogues in this city. I like a zealous Jew, and admire their ancient and renowned faith. They have seen the rise, the decay and the fall of almost all religious forms, and think themselves proudly preëminent as containing within themselves the original form of faith, and the elements of reproduction. Judaism is the true Phoenix; it will yet arise from its ashes in a purer, nobler form, and the hope of both Jew and Christian be realized in its resurrection and in its extended and useful influence.

Somewhat to my surprise I found a Quaker meeting-house, and saw several of the brethren in the street. I have often thought that, if this sect were not so ascetic as to forbid literature,

or so much devoted to trade, no finer field of contemplation could be afforded for the exercise of thought than their silent meetings. To see many hundred of them in a room, sitting in deep silence, so that even a full-drawn breath could be heard, the only sound that breaks the silence being the sob of some penitent as the tear rolled down his furrowed cheek; then, too, no eye of man fixed on you to disturb the current of your thoughts, but solemn stillness in the presence of others, tending to wrap the soul in devotion, or to stimulate the intellect; surely no better time could be afforded for the entrance and the evolution of thought.

If the system of faith and education which these men possess did not narrow the mind and cramp the expression of thought and feeling, if their customs did not prevent the writing or preparation of sermons, and if their dialect and mode of expression was not a stereotype one, we might look for the production of some wonderful mental effort that would astonish the world. As it is the spirit of the age has left them. Like the cast off garments of former times, they serve but to remind us of the past, as relics of what has been, and of what is fast hastening away never to return.

A revival of Quakerism would be of all phenomena the most curious, and the most improbable. Their dress, and speech, and mode of thought, like their form of religion, is of the antique order, and is venerable as a singular ruin—the relic of a mode of religious thought. They conjugate the verb to 'be in' its past tenses.

If you ask why, in a letter intended to treat of the cemeteries of the city, I speak of these modes of religion: I answer, that I consider them well placed among the dying and the dead.

How singular, and how well filled too, is that grave yard which contains extinct forms of faith!

LETTER VI.

Wednesday.

I have noticed closely the professional men of this city during my short stay here, and it gratifies me to say that both in the legal and medical professions there are many eminent men, fully able to keep up the former reputation of the city. To draw comparisons would be impossible, as I have not heard the lawyers in the courts of justice, and fortunately have been kept from the pulse feeling fingers of the physicians. They have been pointed out to me; and as it might please you to know them, I will describe some of the most eminent, as they appear to me and as their friends describe them. Here, as everywhere else, the men who deal in health must

yield to those who have the control of property; the doctors must give precedence to the lawyers. Mr. — is a tall, fine looking man, although now advanced in life, he still possesses a fine face and vigorous form; age has not dimmed his eye, nor impaired his capacity, either mental or physical; studious to a great degree, and therefore closely confined at home, he is nevertheless sociable and agreeable in the circle of friends. Possessing native good sense, an intellect strong and plodding rather than powerful and brilliant, he has improved it by the study and enriched it by the close application of his whole life. In fact he may be said to have devoted himself to the study of the law as we are required to devote ourselves to our God; with his whole heart, and mind, and strength. What his style of eloquence might have been when he practised in other courts I know not; the practice in the Court of Appeals has certainly tended to remove all flowers of fancy, all the beauties that imagination could gather, all the ornaments that historic research, or the facts of daily intercourse and reading, and all the illustrations that poetry or science might bring. It has cultivated the mind, removing all extraneous brain not needed in its own exercise, and thus treating the intellect as the jockey or the fencer does his body; removing by training and diet all superfluous flesh, and bringing the man down to nothing save bone, sinew, nerve and hardened muscle.

The dry diet of the Court of Appeals produces a similar effect; and no man can come forth from that arena a well-trained champion, and possess either the flow of fancy, the fire of imagination, or the eloquence of diction he once possessed. He is intellectually mummified for life. Nor does the voice and gesture improve but rather deteriorate in compass and variety; there is no occasion to please an audience by mellifluous tones, or by graceful carriage, or by elegance and appropriateness of gesture. It will not surprise then, when I say that the subject of this sketch, who was eminent in this court,—first among its foremost,—possessed with this intellectual dryness and hardness, incident to his profession, a voice intended only to address the judge who sat before him; and that to those on each side its tones, now a whisper and then a roar, had in them any thing else than pleasure.

The skill required in this court is something like that learned by a top sawyer. When one of these useful individuals is standing and laboring over a saw-pit the up and down fling of the saw is all that is seen, the grating harsh sound of the saw is all that is heard, and the result is that the tough log is cut through, knots and all, and of the planks thus made houses are built wherein men dwell comfortably, and fences are

mended through which trespassing had been done. The public think it a very necessary thing and praise the top sawyer; yet neither grace nor melody came from his work, and those approaching too near were liberally sprinkled with saw dust. Even the habits of this court, however, could not affect the dignity and grace of Mr. —'s carriage. No man in Virginia perhaps has higher reputation as a lawyer; no man has devoted himself so thoroughly to the intricacies of his profession, and no one deserves better his reputation.

Mr. — is another great lawyer at this bar, well known in the State Legislature and in Congress; of a short thick set figure, active and vehement rather than graceful in manner he yet possesses dignity; lively and fond of company, he is not and never has been the same close and heavy student as the great lawyer just spoken of; yet he possesses more fancy and more vehemence, and at times rises into a high strain of eloquence; he can when he pleases touch the feelings and stir the heart, and possesses evidently so much personal popularity as to be a great favorite with the public. His appearance is now that of a man much broken; his head is nearly bald, yet his broad sensible face and keen bright blue eyes still indicate vigor. He is a man well suited to act as mediator or pacificator in any cause, or on any mission that he might be sent; his popular manners, sound sense, and warm heart would give him every probability of success in such an undertaking. I will not enumerate his political services; they have been many and various; although from mingling together in himself the lawyer and the statesman, occupations each of which requires the whole attention where a man desires eminence, he did not obtain the highest place in either. Still he has done much and it has been well done; his name will be classed among Virginia worthies and associated honorably with those who labored for the union in troublous times.

From what I can learn of his style of speaking, I judge him to have had two styles; the first and best was when he was young; then, ardent, impassioned and vehement, he moved his audience by the fire and earnestness with which he took up a cause, by the rich play of fancy, and by the storm of words and vehemence of gesture which marked him when most roused; without, however, much grace of manner or distinct logical power.

In later years when his mind had been logically trained in the Court of Appeals, and, when from his habits and natural disposition to indolence, he had neglected close and continuous study, the power of fancy had left him, the vehemence of manner was gone, the power to

move and interest an audience had very much departed, and the faults rather than the benefits of his course of training were apparent. Had he retained the force and power of his earlier days, cultivated his talents and increased them by industrious application, added the voice and grace of oratory and the logical acuteness acquired in this court, he would have been among the very first of Virginian orators.

Both of these gentlemen should be held up to our young professional men; the first as a model for imitation, showing how far industry and close, persevering labor will carry a man who possesses rather good sense than talent; the second is an instance of talent impoverished by the want of industry, and powers directed to various pursuits, wasted for want of concentration, and diminishing instead of increasing in their progress.

But let the men of the bar, yield to the men of the bed side. Dr. — came to Richmond many years ago, a tall, ruddy, blue eyed, light haired and fine looking man; you would perceive that he is from the Emerald Isle, for he possesses somewhat the accent and the real Irish frankness and power of blarney; full of fun, anecdote, wit and humor, he would make a pleasant acquaintance anywhere. He is a very popular physician, and possess a very large practice.

I tried to analyse him and to ascertain wherein lay his power and skill, and how he obtained so much fame and such a lucrative practice. He rather decries heavy students, and those who pay great attention to the minutiae of the profession; who think, by profound scientific knowledge, to carry their way in the practical science of medicine; saying that good common sense, close attention and experience are the only requisites for success. He is an illustration of his own theory, for he possesses great shrewdness, good sense, power to observe and remember, and certainly his practice has been so extensive that he has also much experience. I cannot think his theory a perfect one, although I see its correctness. If he made scientific knowledge the basis of his theory I would be satisfied with it; the fear is lest others, not so well qualified in every respect as he is, should, by neglecting to inform and to train themselves properly, become those legalized murderers that every uninformed physician or quack must be. The doctor's manner in the sick room is good; his native sense enables him very quickly to ascertain in what manner to comport himself, and so versatile is he that he can suit in voice, language and manner the roughest Son of the Brogue, or the most courtly and polished gentleman. With his suavity and liveliness of manner, fund of droll anecdote, friendliness and real skill he is a favorite

among the sick, and commands and deserves an extensive practice.

There is another physician of age and eminence, who has high reputation here. Of him I cannot speak so fully; the public know but little of the qualities of a physician's mind; his profession is a private one, there is no opportunity of public display, and he can only be judged of by two things, his success in practice and his attention to the sick. They esteem him a man of talent, therefore, if he possess a good manner, and if his patients generally recover. Doctor — is remarkable for his fluency and for his conversational power; he certainly is a most agreeable talker and one of the most courtly gentlemen I have ever seen.

His skill is acknowledged, and his practice extensive. I am told that in the sick room nothing can equal him in softness of manner and kind attention; his presence is a balm to the sick, more soothing than any emollient, and if no other sedative can have power to calm, the charm of his conversation and presence will.

I would continue these descriptions as there are many others as worthy of note; yet I will not weary you by speaking too long of so dry a subject as that of the lawyers, or so unhealthy a one as that of the physicians. The number of young aspirants for practice in medicine and in law is very great; I fear many of them have a very limited constituency. It does not, however, seem to depress them, as a pleasanter set of men I have rarely met with.

Quacks of various kinds flourish here, save only the water curers, and the Homeopathists, the muddiness of the water,—preventing success to any physician who prescribes much of it,—prevents the one; and the disposition to give twenty grain doses of calomel in cases of bilious fever, hinders the infinitesimal doses of the other from becoming popular.

LETTER VII.

Thursday.

You are curious, my dear H., to know something of the society of Richmond, and especially of the ladies; and you ask whether it holds the preëminence in respect to the beauty and loveliness of its ladies, that it does in beauty of situation or of view, and in position as capital. As you will not let me off then, I must speak of the society here, and as carefully as possible of the ladies; you will not show my letter, I am sure, to any one from Richmond, lest my free-speaking pen should bring me into trouble when I again visit this city.

I have been struck with the number of fine looking middle aged man, and portly gray-haired seniors in this city; and I am pleased to see

many of them on horseback. It is a pity that this good old Virginia custom does not more prevail here; sure the inequalities of the town itself should require it, as there is very little inducement to walk in this up-hill and down-hill city. The military and the fire companies please me by their manly and well-trained appearance; the collected bar presents many fine looking heads, and contains a great mass of intelligence and talent; the men of the lancet, really, when we consider their killing propensities and profession, have a very benevolent as well as a very intelligent look; the ministry is able and the pulpit well supplied. Richmond has the materials of good society in it, and although my short stay here has prevented my entering much into its society, I can yet see that these materials are well worked up. But, "the ladies," you say; "pray tell me of their beauty." Well then—very few of these ladies possess the art of walking well; indeed, it must be said they are awkward walkers. The streets are but badly adapted to exhibit the graces of fine walking; and to this cause alone the want of much grace in this exercise must be attributed. How is a lady to walk with ease when she walks up and down hill? it necessarily gives her a manner of walking that shows the sole of the foot; stepping on the heel in going down, and on the toe in going up, the body is thrown either forwards or backwards, and this gives the carriage an ungraceful appearance.

Richmond is famous for beauty of situation and of scenery, and for handsome houses, and, as I mentioned, for fine looking elderly men; an impartial Providence does not give all favors to the same place, but distributes them; it would be strange then if Richmond bore away the palm for beauty; that is, if the number of beauties that she possesses should so stand forth as to overcome all its other attractions.

That there is much beauty here I believe, yet as there is no promenade a stranger would not perceive, nor find it out. In many other places, there is nothing to boast of save the beauty and grace of the ladies; Richmond has much else to boast of in its trade and its position. I say not that there is no beauty here—there is much; only that the beauty of Richmond does not surpass that of other places, as the scenery and the buildings do. It is not the capital of the State in this respect. I am informed that if the ladies of this city do not walk well, they are most dignified and graceful in the dance.

The society is delightful. Although there is that air of business about the mass of the people, which is always found in a place of trade; yet no people are more fond of amusement and of sport; the winters are very gay and full of

liveliness; parties and amusements of every kind are in vogue; the theatre is much frequented and every source of pleasure eagerly sought after. For many years past there have been clubs formed here for amusement of different kinds. One, the Quoit Club, meets at Buchanan's Spring near the city. Joining in the sports of this Club was a favorite amusement with Chief Justice Marshall; every Saturday evening the gentlemen who compose it, and they are among the first citizens of Richmond, assemble to pitch quoits and dine together, spending the day in exercise and hilarity. The old man was as eager in the game as any boy could have been; he was a good player, hurling a heavy quoit with much certainty, and enjoying the fun and jokes as one of the youngest of the party. This is the parent club of many others of a similar kind; a grove of trees, with a fine spring near it, affording shade to all and water to those who like to drink it, is selected; the ground is levelled and marked out for pitching; cards, wine, religion and politics are alike forbidden, because among men they are apt to engender strifes; quoits, mint juleps, shirtsleeves, and all the materials of a good dinner are allowed. These, with numerous picnic parties for the ladies, form some of the summer amusements; convivial clubs of various names are in vogue during the winter months. Of these last the Owl Club is best known; its name indicates its time of meeting; it is made up of wits and fun lovers of all kinds; wine, cards and backgammon are brought in to aid the festivities of the evening.

The circle of fashionable society in this city is so large that it has some inconveniences; there is but one circle, and this has been increased with the growth of the city, until now a fashionable party is a full house. Richmond is too large for one, and not large enough for several circles of fashionable life. One injurious result of this state of things is, that as all cannot be invited to a fashionable party, the young married ladies are left out, to their own loss of enjoyment, and to the detriment of society itself; for their culture and experience is always needed to give tone to the character, and to prevent flippancy in the conversation of fashionable society. By dividing into many circles there would be more real enjoyment; yet this will not take place until the city has very much increased in numbers and in wealth. Society then in Richmond is not literary, is not of scientific character; it lacks the tone a due mingling of the middle-aged and the married give; yet it is of a joyous character—that of youth—and consists chiefly of a fun-loving, merry-hearted, time-killing set of young folk.

There are few promenades in this city, and very little disposition to make use of those that

exist. The capitol square, and some of the most handsomely built streets are made use of by the ladies as promenades; it is but seldom, however, that they are frequented. A beautiful place of exercise might be made of the railroad bridge; it is high and uncovered, so that it affords a fine view of the city, of the river both above and below, and of the country beyond. As one has to pass through the dust and turmoil around the Depot to reach it, and as the footway upon it is a very disagreeable one, these are probably reasons why the ladies have not frequented it. Yet there are so many advantages connected with it, and it is so fine and breezy a place, that it is worth some sacrifice to enjoy them. This city needs other squares to be laid off for exercise and pleasure, beside the one already existing. The upper part, which is now rapidly increasing, especially requires this improvement; if the ground was now secured and planted with trees, it would soon be surrounded with handsome blocks of houses, and the adjoining lots be very much increased in value. If more attention was paid to out-door exercise, if the dust of the streets, which very much prevents promenading, was cleared away, and public squares laid off for the purpose, we should see fewer pallid countenances and dispirited, languid forms among the ladies of Richmond. I have been astonished to see so few of these ladies on horseback. As they do not walk much, I looked for them to turn out in the saddle, and to gain health and beauty in the inspiring gallop. They do not know that a graceful form never appears so well as when on horseback; and that, although without leaf or branches, no tree bears so beautiful a flower as the saddle tree. I wish to see the time when the sight of a lady on horseback would not excite surprise in Richmond.

Among the places of amusement here is a reading room; not as much frequented as it should be. The Library Association contains 2,000 volumes of books; some of which are common-place, nor can the collection be said to be very creditable to so large a city as Richmond. I regret that there is no chess club in this place; (you know my fondness for the game;) on enquiring I learned that the game was not played here except in private circles. Some very excellent players are found; yet none whose reputation, as skilful players, has gone abroad. Such a club would attract strangers, and train into skill and reputation the good players of the city. Chess has never been a favorite in Virginia, as backgammon and cards have prevented much attention to it; as, however, it is a game that all, even the most scrupulous, might play at, and is withal so improving as an exercise of pure intellect, I hope to see it becoming a favorite among

the good citizens of Richmond. A club formed in one of the coffee houses of the city, and a few games played in public, would give a commencement to the fashion; and after a time the young men of the city might think it more an object of ambition, and perhaps one requiring more intellect, to play a good game of chess than to dance gracefully. A library, a reading-room, or a restaurant furnished with chess-boards, would be an attractive addition to the city.

One thing that I have noticed here, is to my ear very disagreeable; it is the prevalence, among certain classes of the population, of the northern mode of pronounciation. I find no fault with it when spoken by a northern man, because to him it is natural; and I know that many valuable citizens of Richmond were born and bred on the other side of the Potomac. What I object to is to hear this dialect aped and imitated by native born Virginians, and, I am sorry to perceive, especially by young ladies who have acquired this foreign speech where they have also obtained their education. Would you believe it, not only is the full broad sound of the alphabet's first letter wofully diminished by this economical mode of speech, (which appears of so saving a character, that it will not spend much breath in words,) not only are Virginia peculiarities of dialect abolished, and even by some laughed at as unfashionable; but even such elegancies of expression as the "hull" (whole) State, the "rice" (rise) of the river, the Chinece nation, the fall of the *doo* (dew,) &c., are occasionally uttered. I think too that I have heard the *wig* (whig) party spoken of as assembling in some 'ouse. What would the stately dames of olden time have said to this; those honorable matrons who were taught in youth to bear themselves with propriety in speech, person and behaviour; in whom the domestic virtues shown so unassumingly and yet so brightly, like the quiet, yet warm hospitality of their own firesides; whose busy knitting needles, and whose active superintendence of their families showed that, like the virtuous woman of Holy Writ, they worked willingly with their hands, and looked well to the ways of their households; whose descendants now rise up and call them blessed; who were instructed how to walk from the parlor to the kitchen, and back again; who could as well direct in one, as pre-side in the other; and who would as soon have uttered a solecism in language, such as those I have mentioned, as have dropped a stitch in their knitting work. Peace and honor to their memories! Surely, if there are some things in the habits of the men of former times that this generation has improved upon, we cannot boast any superiority now to the ladies of the past. Nor can the character of the Virginia matron of

the Old Dominion be equalled or surpassed by that of any generation of women in this or any other land. I look upon these changes that are now occurring among the young women of our cities in their language, habits and manners, as more important than questions in government; for they exist among those who rule and direct the men who carry out the government; and who, influencing all around them, are themselves uninfluenced by those whom they affect. Woman can alter the dialect, change the manners, dictate the dress and habits of life, and control the morals of every community. More potent than the law, and more influential than the bayonet, she rules by persuasion where man cannot conquer by force. The cartridge-box is mighty; it has overturned empires and destroyed millions. The ballot-box is mightier; it has regenerated nations, called into existence, and given a voice to the will of the people, silenced an oppressive rule, and animated the spirit of good government. Every one will admit, however, that the band-box is mightiest of all; it is the oldest, the most universally felt, and will be most enduring! From the time, anterior to that of fig-leaves, when our beauteous mother Eve combed out her tresses, using some brook as a mirror, and her slender fingers in place of tortoise shell, down to the present, and as far as we can imagine into the future, through every age, clime, country, nation, kindred, tongue, and individual man this influence has been, and will be experienced. Whatever the head-dress, whether natural or artificial, beautiful or ugly in the abstract, the eye and the tongue underneath it have justified its adoption, and proved it to be a crown of more power, and more universally and reverently bowed down to, than that of king, pope or emperor; and more an object of attraction and desire, than is the laurel crown upon the head of him who has linked his name to honor by immortal verse. Great is the power of woman! I wish much in this age of so-called improvement and progress, (although much of the improvement is retrograde, and much of the progress circular,) that it could be impressed upon the minds of those Virginians who use this drop-stitch style of speaking, that there are some things fixed and settled. Religion and morals, for instance, are determined by the law of the land and the word of God; grammar, language, and pronunciation, by the literature and the practice of the highly educated classes of a country. Our rules of grammar and mode of pronunciation ought to be those of the literature of England, and of the Court, the Parliament, and the Universities of that country. Tried by their standards, it will be found that the broad Virginia dialect is that which the gentlemen's sons, who

settled the Old Dominion, brought with them across the Atlantic; and which still prevails in the elegant circles of the mother country. We still find in the good old country neighbourhoods of Virginia that this is the dialect of the upper and educated, and the other of the lower and ignorant classes; it is there, as it formerly was in all parts of the State, a perfect shibboleth. Now, with many the tables are completely turned, and the pronunciation of the inferior orders is declared right and proper. The evil already exists, and the impression has been largely made upon that class of society most difficult to reach by remedial measures. Young ladies who have received educations in northern schools, or who have gone to northern cities for the purpose of obtaining "an air," (airs, not graces, are thus received,) are the subjects of this disease. Upon such brains, as on other soft substances, impressions are easily made; and they retain the foreign ideas, and the mincing, clipping dialect of their school-fellows, instead of our native-born thoughts, and full, rich and sonorous mode of speaking. The complaint is not only of frequent occurrence, (being of an eruptive character, breaking forth on all occasions,) it is also contagious, and therefore calls for legislative enactment. Or perhaps the medical society of the State should take it with consideration, and extend a *cordon sanitaire* upon our border, as well as administer curative doses of sulphur to all who show the symptoms. Doubts, I learn, are entertained by some of the learned faculty whether, (as an alteration of the voice, as well of the words spoken, generally indicates greater danger in disease,) the prevalence and persistence of this complaint may not show more serious disease than we imagine. It may not be, say they, simply an affectation of the tongue, but may be more deeply seated, and have its origin in the brain. Others again liken it to that elegant disease, the dance of St. Vitus, affecting the organs of speech, and assert this strong point of comparison—that both are very much diseases of imitation. Others again, trace it to hysteria, affecting the throat, and direct *asosœtida* and garlick. I should suppose that change of air would have a good effect; travel expands the mind and is an excellent means of cure in many diseases, especially in those last mentioned. An Atlantic voyage and a residence in those circles, among whom the refinements of education and the elegancies of conversation still exist, might cure; or perhaps some of the watering places might have power; some spring of Parnassus, or that "well of pure English undefiled" may prove a last resort in hopeless cases.

I should omit some of my most pleasant evenings spent in Richmond, if I did not speak of

the friends I met with in its various and well-attended Masonic Lodges. I am very happy to say that our glorious science flourishes here, and that there has been lately quite a revival of it among the brethren. There was a Lodge working soon after I came to the city; and, as I was unknown to any of the craft, I had to work my way in. And having proved myself a mason, it was enough; my reception was that of a brother, and I who came here with scarcely an acquaintance, found myself surrounded by troops of friends. I never felt more gratified, and never saw more reason to rejoice that I was "a brother of the mystic grip and word."

Men whom I had never seen, and on whom I had no other claim, came round me; and I found myself at once in the midst of real friends, bound to me by every tie that community of sentiment and sacredness of obligation can impose. In sickness or distress I could find aid; and in a place of strangers, where but a few hours before I had no friendly eye, or voice, or hand, by the revelation of our peculiar language I found myself possessed of as many friends as there were masons in Richmond.

I saw the benevolent working of our Order in its charity to the poor, the widow and the orphan.

Some years ago several officers of our Navy were in a small sail-boat off the coasts of Sicily, and as a storm, sudden and fearful, came up, they found themselves on a dangerous shore, unacquainted with the coast, and unable to get into harbour. Their situation was seen, and their signals of distress also, yet so high was the sea and so dangerous the attempt, that no one ventured to their assistance. The shore was covered with multitudes watching with interest their progress and their probable fate. Only one officer on board was a Mason; he stood up in the bow of the boat, and made the sign of the Master Mason in distress; no voice could be heard; nor, if heard, could the language be understood. Instantly a dozen men ran down to the beach, launched a boat and put off. Their friends and families clung around, and with all the vehemence of the Italian gesticulation, urged them to stay. They flung them off, and with difficulty and toil, beaten back by the waves, and their boat half swamped, succeeded at length in reaching those who so much needed aid, and in bringing them into harbour. These men were Masons, and in running this risk to save the life of a brother Mason, simply performed a duty. This is but a small part of the praise that belongs to an Order which has existed for ages; which is a bond of amity and friendship among men of different conditions, and of various nations and occupations; which not only cares for the sick, buries the dead, protects the widow and orphan,

but also endeavors to prevent strife among men, to bring peace on earth, and to make men not only good citizens, but excellent in all the relations of life. You never hear of two Masons fighting.

It is a singular fact, and speaks highly in favor of Masonry, that all the chief officers of the Revolution, with one exception, were Masons; and that exception was Benedict Arnold. I believe no author has mentioned this remarkable fact; although all who have written of those times have remarked the wonderful unanimity and harmony that prevailed, and have expressed surprise that men from totally different sections of the country, and from colonies jealous of one another, should have conducted themselves in the trying and harassing events of the war with so much perfect internal peace. Washington is well known to have been made a Mason in Frederickburg, (near which town he was brought up,) and to have acted as Master of the Lodge in Alexandria, near his place of residence.

Such an Order, I think, is necessary in so extensive a country as ours, to serve as a strong and secret bond of union between the far separated and disunited parts. Certainly I judge that this city will show a strong hand for the union; the number of Lodges is great and the interest in the science of Masonry on the increase. It is the headquarters of our Order; and I anticipate much pleasure in seeing the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. This is said to be the most dignified and intelligent body of men that meets in Richmond; consisting of the choice men of the State, gentlemen by birth and breeding, trained and taught in the dignified ceremonies, the ancient mysteries, and the charitable and heart cultivating practices of Masonry.

The citizens of Richmond will at once perceive that changes and improvements have been made since these letters were written. The Pine Apple church, which seems to have diverted this letter-writer so much, is now opened for religious services, having been altered, painted, and improved. It is no longer an object of ridicule. The Capitol Square is undergoing great changes and improvements; trees have been planted and serpentine walks laid out, a fountain built with a *jet d'eau* shooting up a column of spray in its centre. In fact, the square just now looks like a beauty who has only half finished her toilet, and is playing the agreeable with one side of her face, and upon this side still stands an ugly wart in the shape of the unsightly Bell House. May it soon toll the knell of its own destruction! Other squares have been laid off in various parts of the city, and no place will now be better supplied with promenades than

Richmond. A beautiful cemetery has been laid off in walks and lots on the ground referred to in one of the letters. It is almost untenanted, however; the citizens of Richmond being afraid that the dead bodies, if buried there, would in some unknown manner affect the water of the river and the reservoir, or, what is perhaps a more probable conclusion, fearing that the noise and tumult of the Falls might disturb the repose of the dead. It, would, perhaps, render more fashionable this place of burial, if the hint given in regard to the remains of Pocahontas was carried into effect.

THE MADONNA DELLA GUARDIA.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

The Madonna della Guardia
Stands on the mountain height,
Outside Genoa's ivied gates;
The boundless sea in sight.

In the old, monastic city,
On canvass may be seen,
A peasant low on his bended knee,
His staff upon the green.

He was praying on the mountain,
To his lips the cross was prest;
The Madonna shone in a silver cloud,
With Jesus on her breast.

"Why dost thou pray in the open air,
With no priest to shrive thy soul?"
"No altar is here where the faithful kneel,
No priest in purple stole."

Then spake the heavenly visitor:
"Build up a chapel here;
Let the incense burn in the holy vase
Through all the sainted year."

"Santissima Madonna,
I am poor; it were a sin
The arch should show the unhewn stone,
Where the faithful enter in."

"Then go thy way believing,
Thy mission tell," she saith,
"To the villages down in the valleys below,
All things are done by faith."

So he rose and went his journey
To the villages known for thrift;
And the chapel's rich domes and cupolas
Bespoke the costly gift.

The Madonna della Guardia,
In fresco set with gold,
Is worshipped still; while beneath the nave
Lies the peasant-builder cold.

SHADOWS OF THE MOUNTAIN-PINE.

THE SOLITARY PINE.

Sunnyslope, 14 Dec.

This morning a beautiful sunrise kindled the eastern trees, and now the full flood of day is pouring along the mountains. The pines stand out in clear relief upon the peak yonder, and their slender stems—were it sunset—would cut for you the crimson disc into two hemispheres of fire. One stands apart, and above the rest. It has stood there long like a lofty soul above the lowlands; and in it I find ample food for reverie. By degrees surrounding objects fade, the white clouds float across the tender blue of the deep sky without attracting, in any degree, my attention;—the solitary pine—a lofty human soul—is there alone, and half aloud I murmur to it, as though like the Talking Oak it indeed had power to hear me and to answer.

Pine! that standest ever there above the lowlands, art thou not the counterpart of a lofty soul—if such indeed thou art not in good sooth—in many things?

First, for thy calmness and resignation. With these the thunder and the sunshine come to thee alike, as the merciful gifts of heaven. The storm may burst above thee with its awful roar, the wild blasts howl and shriek in the dark night, when all is deep weird gloom, and unimagined terrors thunder round thee;—yet thou heedest not. Well dost thou trust that merciful Providence will "cause the day to dawn"—that all is for the best, since heaven decrees it; that through the dark stern night the sunrise yet must burst, and that all gloom will fly before its warm, clear, hopeful smiles. With these great gifts—thy calmness and resignation—all changes of the seasons and the years are nought to thee. Thou knowest that the heavy clouds which blot the heavens, and shadow all the fair, bright earth with sorrowful gloom, hold yet within their bosoms healthful rains, which falling on thy brow, will give to it new life, as to all kindred brows. In the darkest and stormiest nights, though the great thunder roar, and the live lightning break above thee like a heavenly curse, thy faith is firm and steadfast:—though the trunks of a thousand forest comrades crash down and lie shattered, like so many poor wrecks there before thine eyes, thou tremblest not; but fixing on the wrathful heavens thy calm and prayerful eyes, murmurest in tones which mount above the thunder and the storm, "Father, thy will be done!" Thus long hast thou in hope, not fear, been ready for the appointed hour—whether it come in early spring when tender airs blow gently

round thee, and the little flowers are nestling at thy feet; or in the fruitful summer when thou shadowest from the sultry sunlight springing shrubs; or in the autumn, or the winter, when, with feeble limbs and snowy head, thou standest—mighty old!—thy brow turned up toward heaven;—the appointed hour through all thou long hast looked for; and the stroke of fate,—sooner or later doomed to fall on thee alike with all,—brings nought of fear to the heart whose old worn trunk alone, it knows, will crumble into earthly dust, oblivion.

Like a great soul in many things.

Again for thy bounteous hands! All seasons come to ripen thee and give thee power;—thou gatherest it in spring, when the fresh mornings sink into thy heart; through long, dark, quiet, dewy nights in summer-time; in autumn days, when the bright sun perfects that strength which elsewhere dies away. A strength and richness alone for others! For when the winter is passed and spring hints of its coming in every glance of violet eyes; then all those cones which waxed in size from little tender buds, and thrust out from the green rind their scaly leaves; and all those tassels which waved around thy head, thy ornament and vesture;—all are freely given by thy bounteous hand, and—cast upon the earth,—there die away into the soil which nourishes the wood beneath thee.

Like a great soul that takes to his breast the tender forms of little children, loving them the chiefest among all, thou claspest to thy bosom the little twittering birds which fly to thee, and cheep and play about thee making in the air their perfect natural music for thy gentle, kindly words;—the solitary dove, so long “in firry woodlands making moan,” comes to thee confident of love;—the poor, lorn owl, falls heavily, sorrow-laden on thy shoulder, and in uncouth notes tells of the afflictions of his lone life with the whole world for his enemies. They know—ah! well know—that thy mighty heart has room enough for all! And the little summer birds go darting joyfully, rising and falling on the waves of air; the melancholy dove forgets to moan; the solitary owl is lulled, by thy murmuring, into quiet sleep, wherein his woes and griefs are lost to memory.

Thou lovest all! oh mighty power which heaven has granted to the lofty soul! And loving all, thy trust is ever steadfast that thou too art loved. With clasped hands, and earnest, hopeful eyes, thy thoughts are of the brighter world through all—through darkness, and through storm—and on thy brow a golden glory rests, nor flits, nor wanes, which speak of heaven to all!

Pine! that standest ever there above the lowlands, art thou not the counterpart of a lofty

soul—if such indeed thou art not in good sooth—in many things?

THE SECRET OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Sunnyslope, 15 Dec.

I know not how it is with others but to me all sorrows and heart-sinkings come with far less poignancy amid the fair, calm, silent mountains. They seem to afford the soul that consolation which the ever-surgings sea of life, breaking on rugged shores, yearns for in the far southern solitudes, where stretch the golden sands, and the flowery savannahs roll their gentle grassy slopes to the lip of the weary waves. Above the level lowlands, with their broad sail-dotted rivers, their marts of traffic and never-ceasing toil, the mountains seem to breathe a purer atmosphere, and the heart turns to the true in life with less distraction. Like the down-tied carrier pigeon which struggles and beats the lower air for liberty, and being loosed soars steadily towards heaven—more and more steadily moves as it reaches upper air—the soul soars here in a calmer ether, almost above the obscuring clouds of life.

In the long evenings of December, it is true, all this is partially forgotten beside the dying, white-hooded ember, which wafts the restless mind back over the sea that has been past, to its storms, its shipwrecks, its despair. Then, it is true, the whitened brand, which we thought the gray crumbling ashes had extinguished, burns again upon being moved and blown upon by the breath of memory,—and the heart, like a stricken moor-fowl, suddenly droops its wing from the skies and drops to earth, cut down by a thought that flashes through the half-darkness of its gathering oblivion.

But when morning dawns upon the mountains, and the wide valleys are steeped in the shadows of the lofty pines, and nature seems to smile with her large, bright eye upon the world, the heart again revives. Revives in joy and peace with all those roseate recollections and inspiring dreams which beguile us of the ills of life. In the clear golden sunlight sorrow seems to wane and fade, and again we see through a clear and healthful atmosphere the various forms which God has sent to beguile us of the ills of life,—the tranquil hopes, the serious joys, the calm and tender love of woman and of friends; that greatest solace to the poor heart, torn and wounded by the thorns along that path of life it is doomed to tread. Like the image of the river-pine whose outline reflected in the stream is stirred for a moment by some passing keel, but settles again se-

renely in the blue vault of heaven below, the heart again subsides into a calm, happy peace—heaven-born.

The mountain-nations, through all history have ever hoped, and bent their eyes upon the great mist-shrouded future:—in Spain's old Moorish, and in her modern days; in the times of Hassan in Arabia; in Saxon England, and Gaelic Scotland; in Hungary from the times of Saint Stephen; and in Switzerland, which, all mountain, is another name for liberty and hope. The men of Grütli hope still in their mountain cave, meet often to take counsel on the midnight heath; and the Switzer tells you they will one day rise in their old-world might, and shape the destiny of their country.

It is not difficult to explain this hope, give a sufficient reason for these mountain influences; but the heart only could estimate justly the explanation. Unless the enquirer has stood above the lowland, amid the clear, fair sunshine, and felt upon his brow the joyous inspiration of the mountain wind; unless he has forgotten, thus placed, the small, soul-obscuring harassments of life, and felt there, before nature and nature's God, the high, clear, trustful hope of better and brighter things for all, whether his country, or his heart-friends, or himself; unless banishing from his memory all evil thoughts, he has gone thus high up upon the silent peaks and seen the sun climb slowly, or at setting write its hymn of praise in golden letters on the blue heart-moving heavens—I fear it is wholly beyond my power (as it was beyond the power of the helmsman seen by Count Arnaldos) to tell him in what lies the secret of the mountains.

ON THE "BLUE BALL."

Sunnyslope, 20 Dec.

From the window of the room in which I trace for you upon perishing paper these lines which—like footmarks upon melting snow—I can scarcely hope will last much longer than that paper soon to be torn or thrown aside, you have in clear relief against an azure sky that conical peak which is called the "Blue-Ball."

It had long stood there beckoning to me with those waving, tasseled arms, its long pine boughs on which the unmelted snows (upon a nearer approach) gleam like diamond bracelets on the wrists of beauty; and had said to me more than once with its silent lips, "Come—come!" So to-day I traversed slowly the scant league which separated us, scarce heeding the idle Shenandoah, scarce glancing on the fir-clad mountain-steep above, my eyes fixed only on the soli-

tary peak, which—another Vesuvius—plunged its shaggy summit in a smoke-like cloud. At last I reached the top, after body-labor, as toilsome as the mind-labor of arriving at the zenith of some great science; and then I saw what certainly repaid me for my trouble, the far-and-wide-stretching lowland of the great Valley.

Stand in thought at my side and look! To the right a country of rolling hills and fertile meadows is traversed by the glittering riband of the river. At intervals the white houses of little villages are scattered like handfuls of snow in gentle depressions of the valley, under hillocks, which the folks there honestly tell us are lofty hills. The glance gliding onward like an arrow past the mark at which it is aimed, rebounds from the distant line of blue, which, far beyond Winchester, has merged its lofty oaks into the azure vapor of the sky. To the left the mountains stretch again; but this is our old Blue Ridge; and the Shenandoah, were it to run backward like Hezekiah's shadow, would seem to strike against the tall, wave-like Fort mountain, instead of rolling as it does at the feet of little Strasburg. The fleecy clouds float above village, field and stream—float ever like those ocean birds which, never alighting, sleep, and dream, and live upon their wings. You would fain soar—for wings grow to your shoulders—like those clouds above the lowland fields;—but hold!

You stand upon a precipice which is as sheer a descent as the trunk of the lofty tree which, taking root at its foot, waves its long boughs within ten feet of your hand. It is the clear shaft of a mountain pine, and its ever-moving tufted head (winds never rest upon the "Blue Ball") seems almost to brush your face. A hunted bear or deer might with an easy bound alight in its bushy tassels; and even a runaway negro (were it in Cuba) might leap upon and cling to its stem and so descend, before the bloodhound, baying on his track, could, by the circuitous path, arrive at the steep precipice's base. A rugged and gnarled pine (all is pine, pine!) rears its knotty trunk from the rocky bed—with tassel-covering—on which you stand; and, with one hand clinging to it, you may look far down and wonder that the mast-like tree below, so swaying in every wind for long and stormy years, has never felt its roots, though deep struck in the mountain's heart, give way.

Forget the precipice on whose rocky shoulder you are perched like a bird, and look again. Along the mountain side are scattered enormous rocks apparently thrown there in careless sport by some youthful Titan. They each weigh something like a hundred tons; between their sides, and in the crevices you might walk upright, as in winding passages; and though dwarfed by

the height, they look vast, and cold, and cruel, if you but reflect that were the limb to snap on which you lean, you would be dashed in pieces on their surfaces as easily as the porcelain toy of a child let fall upon a marble step. Beside them are large trees which benighted hunters or gay parties have kindled; and with their burnt out hearts they return a hollow sound to the haud, like the voices of unhappy souls with human hearts, burnt out by the fires of misfortune. Beyond these old stonehenge rocks the eye falls upon a little white mountain cottage, nestling like a snowy rabbit, with its ear-like chimneys and windows through which the fire light blazes, like red eyes, beneath the shadow of the peak.

Beyond all, at the mountain's base, the river leaps gaily toward the white-armed drooping sycamores, but gurgles on, like a child who makes pretence to fly into his mother's outstretched arms, but darting suddenly aside runs laughing by. These sycamores are large—one cost me eleven trides to encircle it, and, hollowed, would contain a small family.

Pardon my string of hobbling similes, and for want of a better, take this slight sketch of the "Blue Ball" mountain landscape; which, indeed, like most landscapes cannot be described, but must be seen.

The smiles of the blue heavens, like human smiles, have more and deeper meaning in them than can lie in any words.

SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Sunnyslope —.

The old unwearied sun who has looked with his calm changeless eye on so many scenes of sorrow and joy, beauty and deformity in his pilgrimage from the infancy of earth, toward the goal of time, is pouring upon the mountain land the glories of his unclouded brow. The dewy grass glitters like an emerald sky inlaid with stars; the smoke gently curling from white chimneys against an azure heaven—deep, cloudily tender azure—is a flood of gold in the warm light, and resembles to the musing eye naught so completely as a gentle loving soul, which imprisoned for a time in an earthly body (that grew gradually old and dry, and finally was struck down by the axe) has taken at last its flight in the presence of warm, loving hearts, and leaving behind the worthless ashes of its mortal state, gone up to the far blue heavens.

The birds twitter on a thousand boughs; the tender grass peeps from beneath the thick oak-leaf carpet, woven by the swift fingered autumn wind; the face of all nature is mild, tender,

happy, and the smile of the holy sky lies reflected not in all streams, and meres and river floods alone, but in the earth, the flowers, the dewy grass, the tall old ever-waving pines. On such a day you do not read Ecclesiastes. These gentle winds and tender grasses, all sprinkled over with early flowers, are very, ah! very far from whispering "all is vanity." What vexation of spirit rather is not turned by such fair morns into holy calm repose of spirit—a repose in which an all-embracing love comes to the heart like the smiling sun-shine through a forest-roof upon the earth below—a love heaven-born? No! poor heart! *all* is not vexation of spirit, nor yet all vanity! Throw off the clouds upon the heart as yonder sky throws off the mist, as yonder mountain, rearing its serene brow to heaven, casts down the river vapor above which its green peaks soar. If some still linger far too heavy and stormy to be thrown aside, borrow from the poor Mohammedan his battle-cry, whether in scimitar-strife, or that other strife wherein the blows cut deeper than any scimitar's edge; and with resigned submissive heart, murmur his "Allah Akbar," which is prayerful hope. Poor mourning, suffering humanity, tossed upon a sea of doubt and anxiety; buffeted by stormy winds; struck by the billow-blow of fate until every fibre of the worn wood cracks, and the keel which ploughs the surge of life trembles and well-nigh parts—there is a quiet harbor for all tempest-beaten hearts.

And through the clear atmosphere of such a day as this we see it on the distant horizon; and so seeing it may still dare hope, nor heed the mountain billows yet between!

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Sunnyslope, 23 Dec.

Yesterday, on rising or rather waking, I saw pass downward by my window a stream of downy flakes like feathers from the breast of a white pigeon struck in mid-heaven by the huntsman's fowling piece. Rising I was suddenly aware, as the last remnants of my dream—of smiling fields and joyous country-side excursions—disappeared, that all, the fields, the trees, the far-stretching mountains, were one white bridal veil. Snow is commonly likened to a shroud, but it does not present itself to me in that light. Beneath it the rich earth is not dead, but holds within its bosom the hope and the faculty of a joyful and glorious rejuvenescence. When the bridegroom spring shall come to kiss the lips of his bride, he will raise the bridal veil, and the charms of the fair earth will reveal themselves in smiling joy; her downy cheeks; her tender vio-

let eyes; her smiles reflected from her gentle lord.

Soon the great sun soars above the mountain-tops, and the whole landscape is awakened from its silent, darkened sleep. Over the snow run long shadows of lofty trees, jewels glitter on every bough, and the mountains stand out like giants with snow-clad shoulders.

As the day advances innumerable snow-birds and other small twitterers enliven the out-door chill, clear air; and in the garden you may trace the regular footmarks of the rabbit, driven thus close to human habitations by his hunger, though the downy snow has nearly obliterated the traces of his delicate feet.

As the evening comes on, you look upon the landscape in its white vesture and think that nothing could be more superb. The sun sets in a blaze of fire, reddening the rippling cloud-sea, like a burning ship, and far up shoot long golden plumes which—fixed in the white cap of the mountain by the fiery carbuncle of the planet—sweep like gigantic feathers of tropical birds from the horizon to the utmost zenith. The rich crimson radiance streams along the snow, pierces the delicate mist which defines the course of the river, and flooding the whole fair scene in rich light, melts in the obscure depths of the eastern forest. Every moment changes in the landscape strike the eye, for the sun, upon the mountain, is but the half of a broken shield of gold, and the winds drive on the shiplike clouds—as they die away like the sound of those faëry “horns of Elfland faintly blowing.”

Finally the sun raises their golden crowns from the mountain trees, plunges below the horizon, and the black wing of night obscures the whole of the fair scene which you have gazed on so admiringly:—night which, shutting out the beauty of the external world, impresses upon us so forcibly that softer and more heart-entrancing beauty of the inner, fireside, domestic world—the heart's domain alone. You abandon without regret the mountain view, for you have a scene more sweet and dear than any landscape, though the variegated bloom and tender air of spring, instead of bare boughs and snow, attracted you. The happy fireside and its happy faces!

Listen! The logs are roaring a changeful bass like the wild organ-tones of the wood from which they were hewn, when the mountain-wind waked up their sorrowful hymn of suffering and grief; and a cloud of sparks incessantly glitter like shooting stars. The small hale hickory logs, writhe and complain as the blaze seizes on them like young souls for the first time tried in the fires of adversity,—hurled against the repellant strength of the great world. The wind moans

and cries around the gables—a poor unfortunate soul shut out by the curse of a homeless wandering destiny from the bright circle—and peeps under the door and through the frost-covered window-panes, complaining ever that the latch it forlornly rattles is not opened to it. The house-dog tied to its straw-filled kennel bays the haughty moon which throws the shade of the fleecy clouds from her pale brow—as the gauze veil is tossed from the face of beauty—and soars above the heights in cold, hard, freezing splendor. Without is heard the murmured bass of the wagoner's song, as he unhitches his shivering horses which have all day long toiled patiently to fill the ice-house from the pond below the hill; and the letters are delivered at the door by a tall form on whose shoulders are seen heavy snow flakes, the vant-couriers of the fast coming column which he has scarcely escaped, flying along the rugged mountain road. One army has already invaded and taken possession of every hill and field and forest bough, but ere the morning another will have reached the mountain-land, and every green thing (as before the “Late Comers” of the middle age) will have disappeared.

But no matter for the coming snow or the moaning wind crying forlorn around the gables towering high up in the cold dim night; no matter for the chill and trembling hound without, baying the haughty moon; no matter for the shivering horses, and the murmured song which mingles with the moaning blast in weird chill unison! There is here a spot which the snow-army cannot invade; where reigns perpetual peace, and all is the heart's domain.

Around you are gathered those smiling faces whose very presence is a solace to the heart; those tender, loving, happy, sparkling eyes whose light is strong enough to throw into shadow all the sorrows and misfortunes which poor human nature inherits from its birth. What though the storms of life beat heavy and unceasing there without—within this charmed circle no hostile influence can come; or if it comes, its power is broken in its grasp by the magic—ah! the mighty, the all-conquering magic—of the smiles of the dear loved ones! Let the snows of life then fall, the chill winds moan, the darkness wrap as in a pall the paths we are doomed to tread—there is here a light which has the power to drive away the darkness and the cold, and fill the poor heart once more with a quiet joy.

Thus I believe, think all, whether the pure and loving, or the hard and base. But alas! we are weak, unsatisfied, so restless! Whirled along in that flood of life in which are so many sunken rocks, where shipwreck is so frequent, we dream of such a quiet harbor, where no hostile winds have power to rage, where storms cannot reach,

where all is joy, and calm, and happy exemption from care. Heaven answers the broken prayers offered in agonizing moments with such sincerity, and the waves subside, the winds fall faintly on the poor, rent sails, the harbor is before us, and we dream that we are contented, wholly—for all time. We dream it! For the storm again attracts—the gentle ripple is monotonous and dull to the eye which rejoiced to look upon the storm-waves, and the shattered foam; the harbor is abandoned, for the distant Ophir gleams, and murmurs of its gold; and once again the poor storm-beaten bark is launched upon the ocean,—yearning again to breast those mighty waves—the waves of human life!

A SNOW STORM.

Sunnyslope, 24 Dec.

Before it was comparatively the merest handful of white feathers from the breast of a stricken bird, which fell upon the landscape; to-day, you might imagine that one of those vast sky-darkening flocks of American pigeons read of but seldom seen here in Virginia were passing; and that all the world had turned to sportsmen and were showering down their fleecy plumage.

To drop figures, we are in the midst of a snow-storm which is wrapping the whole landscape in a denser and denser mantle, and drifting in the gusty wind against fences and high banks, until it overtops the passing horseman; and, unlike the charm-word of the magician which transformed suddenly a cold, bleak winter into tender blossomy spring, has already changed the face of nature into one great mask of snow and glittering icicles. It rises outside the window panes like that wall of which we read separating warm China from the bleak Siberian Tartar-land;—it is piled up on the thinnest boughs with such perfection as no hand of man, though deep versed in the laws of gravitation, could ever equal; it lies white and deep on door-steps, and on porches, and has drifted, blown by the wind there, quite up to the knobs of outer doors. On all the familiar household objects exposed to it, it is falling still, and by evening, should it continue at this rate, the paths, and roads, and walks will be mere myths, once heard of but not believed in now.

Farther, it falls on mountain-tops, upon the rugged, piled up granite ramparts, or on the waving evergreens whose boughs bend to the earth beneath it, but roused at last by the tyranny grown to excess, cast off the burden. On gently flowing rivers, and mountain torrents, which alike absorb it in their bosoms and glide on with increased waters. On horsemen jogging

forlornly on encumbered roads, and shaking it ever and anon from their hats, and cloaks, and gloves, while visions of happy comfortable homes come to tantalize them with every gleam from farm-house windows. On sad and merry horsemen. On him who hastens on to be received with open arms by one whose love is all to him on earth; on him who dashes on with streaming hair and burning heart beating against his frozen mantle, to catch the last sigh of his dying child, before, through the still hushed air, the little soul is wafted up to heaven.

Further, it falls on merry, jubilant, laughing parties gone a-sleighbright—bright cheeked maidens and gay youths whose dancing eyes and jocund exclamations when they pass across bridges, and the expected kiss is struggled for and taken, tell that life and joy are in excess there, and that though the jingling bells make merry music in the frosty air, the music of their beating, happy hearts is yet more sweet and rapid than those tinkling chimes, singing and dancing round them as they glide! On poor men's habitations and the iron traceried verandas of the rich; on prison roofs, whereunder pine those poor souls which society has shut up for their offences against its laws; on ships far out from land whose decks are marked by forward and back pacing feet; on the bare brows of forlorn lovers who, standing on the shore, with clasped hands, behold the loved one waving still, from the fast gliding bark, her handkerchief; and dream they see it still though the fluttering pennon and the flapping sails are lost in the snow-storm dashing full, into those poor, sad, yearning eyes.

Further the tender snow falls upon graves of little children; on places where strong men rest like fallen forest trees; on those old evergreen decked "God's-acres" where the aged after life's weary pilgrimage have lain down to rest, with confidence and certain hope that all shall yet arise when heaven shall melt the shroud. It wraps them all in mild white beauty, defining every outline of the hillock clearly; and rests upon the letters, carved in bold relief; and on the faces of the angels; and on the cherub's wings; and on the cross above; and on the figure of a dying Lamb. Sleep tranquilly like seeds there in the cold dark earth beloved dead ones, for the spring shall come and ye shall rise in the warm light of heaven's perfect day. Sleep quietly, oh little tender children; strong men struck by fate; sleep quietly, in peace, oh holy blooming Eld! The ancient virgin gold, far purer than the new, is chiselled into holy chalices; the strong tree, struck down in its power and pride, is carved into holy shapes for high cathedral vaults, through which the thanksgiving hymn is pealed; the tender bud is placed upon

the virgin's breast whose soul has flown to God. Sleep quietly, oh tender little children, mighty men; sleep quietly beneath the snow, oh holy blooming old! The day will dawn when all shall pass away, and spring will open in another and better land, where comes no snow, nor rain, where toil and grief and anguish are unknown.

Further the merry snow falls gaily on young children chasing each other through the drifts, and snow-balling right and left the passers by, till their cheeks are crimsoned and their frozen hands yearn for the in-door blaze. On little school girls tripping along to school with their swinging satchels, and their wimples which the careful mother tied beneath their chins, dismissing them with admonitions and a parting kiss.

On cheerful city dwellers, meeting at street corners with hearty greetings and invariable surmises on the weather; on all alike it falls, without a shadow of partiality or favor, in town and country, throughout the lowland and here in the mountain land—the merry virgin snow!

—
CHRISTMAS.

Sunnyslope. 26 Dec.

Christmas day has floated onward but is not forgotten; onward like a fair tropic bird, which passing jubilantly through the air, on many colored wings, pours into human ears a joyous hopeful carol; onward like a courier who, at full speed, flits along the sunny highway, scattering, for gloomy souls, long agitated by the rumor of dread wars, the news of the great victory and the TREATY which shall usher in a thousand years of Peace.

In the beautiful Christmas morning they arise—the happy little children,—and run merrily to see what St. Nic. has filled their stockings with; the good, old merry Nicholas, the patron saint of girls and boys. Torn from the pegs on which they hang, the stockings are soon rifled, and they scamper back to bed shivering with merriment and joy. Soon the whole household is gathered in the breakfast room, and Christmas is commenced with prayer and singing. How clearly echoes that joyous religious strain in the bright morning air, and over the snow and the old heavy-laden forest. For on every bough the snow is piled, and ever and anon as the breeze touches them they throw down jewels on the ground already so richly endowed with diamonds set in alabaster. On every inch of ground the deep veil lies—on every fence top it is piled; the whole is hushed by the morning light.

The children do not look at it however—they scarcely look at any thing as yet. Breakfast is but a mock-meal, dispatched in haste; for greater

things than snow, or sunlight, morning song or breakfast, are to come!

In the next room is a mysterious thing called a Christmas-tree, as yet unseen, but most devoutly believed in. Old St. Nic. has been there they know after filling the stockings—Old Nic., that popular gentleman, with long carrotty nose depending on his full mustache; mustache and beard as white as snow (which indeed has fallen on them) rippling on his breast; and old steeple hat, the fashion any number of years back in the old, dim past. Certainly St. Nic. 'went' in there after smoking comfortably his short German pipe; a bushy pine sapling on his shoulder, which he planted upright, and hung full of presents for the little ones! How popular the old man! Surely such a saint were worth the whole calendar put together; were the very prince of saints indeed; were almost enough to make one turn Catholic upon the spot!

Yet there are those hardy wights among the children who display at times, a most reprehensible free-thinking,—and on what? Why they even dare to whisper that the Saint in question is no being at all in sober reality—that he is a myth—his reindeers all imagination, his sleigh (with jingling bells, distinctly heard last night) a hypothetical sleigh; his very nose, and steeple hat, and short dark pipe, and beard, and quivering smile, of more than doubtful reality! Mind though—they do not dare to express this conviction plainly; and certainly not in my very words. They hint it—the little base freethinkers—they whisper it in your ear with sly smiles, and make believe they jest! But still they will not be convinced, and turn orthodox again until those numerous bundles, taken from the carriage on Christmas eve, are satisfactorily explained; until they know exactly what sister and mother and all have been working at so long by stealth!

They suspend, however, all final opinions until the tree is seen, and soon the room-door is opened and they flock in like chirping birds and gather with noisy joyous exclamations round the precious tree. Surely a real tree! and real beautiful presents growing on its magic boughs, such as pine never bore before! The presents too are all duly ticketed, and as each little boy or girl receives into his or her apron, or open hands, the numberless articles, they raise that hubbub of rejoicing which is Christmas day's alone. The oldest—especially the little merry-eyed girls—no longer spite of all this wonder believe in St. Nic. (about whom a lingering superstition had remained.) but openly charge their grown up sisters and mother with fabricating many of their gifts. From all this shouting, laughing chaos of showering presents, children rolling on the floor, and noisy shaking of the magic tree by little ones, you

suddenly escape; escape but to reflect that you are no longer young, and that you no more can possess those happy bright illusions of awakening life.

So Christmas day commences.

It goes on with the rolling organ music, which first low and thrilling,—yet a blessed peace born with it—pictures forth an humble manger, and a rising brightening star; then, deep and wailing like a soul that cannot rest from stormy grief, brings to the eye a lurid hill top and a cross prepared; then loud, triumphant, glorying in its power—a showered flood of strong, rejoicing, sweetest harmony—it stamps upon the heart more deeply than before upon the eye, a holy form that, rising heavenward, stretches o'er the earth—the poor, convulsed earth—hands that rain down blessings!

It goes on with the joyous meeting of old friends and relatives; with calm, happy converse of the aged; and gay revellings of children;—and ends with toasts innumerable “fathom deep”—in heartfelt earnestness—for absent friends.

But why should I further speak of Christmas, the time that needs description less than any other? For half the year the “Noël Noël” of the middle age resounded in all hearts—for the whole year, the “Happy Christmas!” of to-day is well remembered. The old, loving, merry, joyous, blazing Yule-tide is a reality in every heart—the pen that strives to trace its outline even, finds the attempt so vain!”

And so with these few words “about Christmas-times. I end my idle scribbling, wishing that you and all have had a “merry Christmas”—much more that we may all have “happy New Years!”

SONNET.

Beatrice, thou art gone above, to dwell
With the choirs whom the world could never stain,
—And thy voice joins the harmonies that swell
In one unending, sweet and sacred strain.

And I am still on earth, but ne'er again
Shall I at eve unto thee listening tell

The wild imaginings of a dreaming brain
Which thou didst seem to understand so well:

Thy snowy arm a pillow—which no more
Shall give me rest. Beatrice, if thou hearest,

From thy most glorious abode in heaven,
Guide me, O guide me to that happy shore;

Forgive my faults, thou who wert ever dearest,
For the Eternal Sire hath me forgiven.

The Poetry of Judge Henry R. Jackson.*

BY J. A. TURNER.

Judge Jackson is a native of Savannah, and is still a resident of that place. Were I to hazard a guess at his age, I should say he is about forty years old. He is a graduate of Franklin College, Athens, and does honor to his Alma Mater. After his graduation he was editorially connected with the “*Savannah Georgian*,” one of the ablest democratic papers in Georgia. This connection continued until the winter of 1849, when, as he was called to other duties, it terminated; to the disadvantage of the “*Georgian*,” be it said, though that journal is still conducted with ability. In 1846, when the Mexican war broke out, the subject of this article was elected to the colonelcy of the Georgia regiment, which position he gallantly filled; and several of his best poems are the result of his military expedition beyond the Rio Grande. In 1849, he was elected by the Legislature of Georgia, Judge of the Eastern Circuit for four years—so that two years of his term of office yet remain unexpired. Distinguished as an editor, and as commander of a regiment, he does equal honor to the ermine.

So much for the *personnel* of our author;—and now for his poetry.

If fervid feeling, and the command of correct and polished language, in smoothly flowing versification, establish any claim in their possessor to be called a poet, then is Judge Jackson one of the first poets America has produced. I know that the North American Review has not written our author a passport to Parnassus, nor have the Dollar Magazines or Penny Posts manufactured him into a poetical prodigy by dint of much speaking, and inordinate puffery, on account of his doing the Grub-street drudgery of their columns. But notwithstanding all this, I place Judge Jackson, as a poet, by the side of our best American poets—Bryant, Longfellow, &c. And be it understood, that when I give Longfellow a position with Bryant, it is not because I think him as worthy of it as Halleck and Hoffman, or even the facetious Holmes and Saxe, but out of respect to the general opinion of the American public, moulded too much, I am bold to allege, by publications inferior in point of taste and capacity.

As better evidence of what I say of our poet, than any other testimony which I can adduce, I shall offer copious extracts from the collection

* TALLULAH, and Other Poems. By Henry R. Jackson. Savannah: John M. Cooper. 1850.

of poems before me, leaving it to the verdict of an intelligent and discerning public to say whether or not I have established my premises. So confident am I in my positions, that I am willing to leave the poems mostly to speak for themselves.

Our author has not published a great deal in the newspapers and magazines, and the first collection of the effusions of his muse is the one before me. He tells us in his preface to this volume, that he "makes no pretension to literary excellence." He says of his poems, that they are the "offspring of moments of leisure from more engrossing pursuits, and are, strictly speaking, fugitive in their character,—but little time or labor having been bestowed upon their composition. He is aware that their interest, (should they indeed be possessed of any,) will be limited to the places which they describe, and the persons to whom they refer. It is from the affection which he feels for the former, and a hope that they may afford some gratification to the latter, that he has published them in their present form." This is the modest and unaffected bow which our author makes by way of preliminary to the presentation of his bouquet of Georgia flowers. He speaks of the "affection which he feels:"—and his most striking characteristic is that he is a poet of the household and fatherland affections. Those under the paternal roof, his wife and children, and his native State, form the burden of his song. And this does honor alike to his head and heart.

The first piece in the book is headed, "My Father," and is one of the finest he has written. Dr. Griswold, in his "Poets and Poetry of America," edition of 1848, on page 541, gives us this poem, saying, in a short note, "Some of his [Jackson's] poems published since 1840, are distinguished for much simplicity and feeling." The Doctor very correctly characterizes our author's poetry. Cowper's little poem on the receipt of his mother's picture is justly celebrated for its tender emotion and deep affection—

"My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

But there is nothing in Cowper which can surpass in pathos and delicacy of feeling, as well as in beauty of expression, the whole of our author's poem, styled "My Father." As the extract I give from Cowper commences, "My Mother," so one of the verses in Jackson's poem commences, "My Father."

"My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul!"

Having given this verse to show how favorably it compares with, if it does not excel the extract from Cowper, I will now present the whole poem, the remaining verses of which will form a setting scarcely inferior in beauty and richness to the jewel they surround.

"As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light;—
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

"My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul.

"But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the penciled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree, beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth;—

"And thought while countless ages fled
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree;—

"Oh! Father! *then* for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years;—
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to find that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!"

The "Burial of Sir John Moore" has made Wolfe immortal, with scarcely another emanation from his pen; and though Richard Henry Wilde has written much other good poetry, his fame as a poet rests *par excellence* upon "My Life is like the Summer Rose." If Judge Jackson had never written any thing else than "My

Father," that poem alone is worthy to hand his name down to posterity.

There is but one alteration I could wish made in the whole poem, and that is in the last line but two. Where Mr. Jackson says "*take on*," I would say "*assume*," because it would be more melodious, and because one word had better be used than a greater number, where the syllables are equal—provided the idea can be as well expressed with one. Thus altered, the line, instead of being,

"And things *take on* their real hue,"

would read,

"And things *assume* their real hue."

Of like nature as the poem quoted, is that on page 79, headed "*My Mother*."

"Pale-footed Time, tread light
Upon my Mother's brow ;—
The cord of life is slight
Which holds thy burden now.
Spare, spare love's lingering hours,
Which fade before thy breath,
Like summer's fragile flowers,
Beneath the frosts of death!"

This is the first stanza, and the others are equally beautiful. Upon the whole, it is not so good as "*My Father*." Perhaps it may be because the author speaks of his Mother, instead of to her.

Here is another poem of affection—"My Wife and Child"—written while the author was in active service as Colonel of the Georgia Regiment. It is dated "*Camargo, Mexico, 1846*," and is found on page 47.

"The tattoo beats ;—the lights are gone ;—
The camp around in slumber lies ;—
The night with solemn pace moves on ;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies :—
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

"I think of thee, oh ! dearest one !
Whose love mine early life hath blest ;—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast :—
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh ! guard that little sleeper's rest.

"And hover, gently hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
The mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirit yet !

"Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
Oh ! teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies !

"That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease and soothe its pain—
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again !

"And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast,—
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
Disturb the sabbath of her rest !

"Wherever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild —
By day, by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled—
From every danger, every foe
Oh ! God ! protect my wife and child !"

Now, this is a real, straight-forward poem, giving, in plain words, an account of the author's situation, and the feelings of his heart for his absent wife and child. There is none of the would-be transcendentalism of the Boston school of Poetry—no seeking to mystify the author's meaning with oddities, quaintness, or affectation of expression, so as to make the idea seem grand, or to make it appear that there is an idea where there is actually none. Look at the picture. The tattoo is beating, the lights gone, and the camp slumbering. But there is no slumber for the poet. And why ? He is thinking of his absent wife and child. The anxiety of the father and the husband chase sleep from his eye-lids, and a prayer goes up from the gallant soldier's heart for the "loved ones at home."

The poem of affection next in order is, "*To my Sister after her Marriage*," on page 95. I give only the last stanza of this piece, in order that I may have room to present in full the whole of the succeeding one :

"God bless thee, Sister ! not a tie
That linked our hearts is broken yet ;
If life for thee should wear a sky
Of gloom—behold my sun is set !
Of brightness—lo ! my sky is clear !
For still in spirit we are one !
God bless thee ! thou wert ever dear,
Yet dearest now, since thou art gone."

This was written when the author's sister left the parental roof to follow the husband of her choice. But too soon, alas, the monster sped a dart, which laid that sister where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Then followed the poem on page 99, "*To my Sister after her Death*." The first line is,

"Yet dearest now, since thou art gone."

Here the word "gone" is used in both cases. But mark the difference in its meanings in the two connections. In the first instance his sister

is gone—but gone whence, and whither? From the home of her parents to that of her husband. But ere the partially sad strain is ended, death comes, and sadness itself whispers,

—“Yes, thou art gone!”

But “gone” whence, and whither? In this instance, from life to death—from earth to the cold and dreary mansion of the grave—from the warm embrace of friends to the icy bosom of unrelenting death! How little, comparatively speaking, did the word “gone” mean before; and now, how much does it mean—how intense becomes the import of the word. Will not these touching stanzas awaken a sympathetic chord in the heart of all who read them?

‘And thou art gone! Yes, thou art gone!
Without a word of sad farewell—
Without a parting look or tone—
And gone how far, oh! who can tell?—
Or say how lone, how dark and drear
Thy pathway to the spirit land
Companionless—with none to cheer—
Or journey with thee, hand in hand!

“That thou hast left thy wonted place,
That I no more shall see thy form,
Or gaze upon thy gentle face,
Or hear thine accents soft and warm,—
Oh! this were of itself a woe—
A grief to fill a flowing cup,
For God alone can fully know
How hard it is to give thee up!

“But oh! the grief is sadder yet,
In deeper shadow veils the eye,
Like clouds, which, when the sun is set,
Blot star-light from the azure sky,
To think that *thou*—the gentle, mild,—
The soft, the tender, timid one—
Upon that journey, long and wild,
And terrible, should’st go alone.

“Thou, made to love and to be loved,
To lean upon a stronger arm—
Where’er thy gentle footsteps roved,
A shield to guard from every harm—
’Tis woe at times to think that thou,
Oh! doubly dear, dependent one!
A path whose horrors none may know,
Or tell on earth, should’st tread alone!

“Yet not alone!—down sinful thought,
That still would reach beyond the grave!
Oh! not alone!—since she was taught
To lean on Him who died to save.
Oh! not alone—His staff and rod
She firmly held, as failed her breath;—
She walked with God, and calmly trod
The vale of shadows, and of death!

“Yes! He has blest thee!—Thou art gone
Above, a brighter home to find!
But thou hast left, departed one,
A darker earth for us behind.
The sun is bright—the sky is blue—
The world speaks with its wonted tone—

Yet all is night to us who knew,
And mourn thine angel spirit gone!”

Thus much for the poems of affection, addressed to persons dear to the poet’s heart and home. That same love of home expands into a wide channel and forms patriotism, or love of his native State. And this is the affection for fatherland of which I spoke. Judge Jackson loves the Union—loves America—but loves Georgia better:

“You love the glorious Union with affection firm and true,
And yet of earth is Georgia far the dearest spot to you.”*

He sings of her mountains and her streams—her waterfalls, Tallulah the terrible, and Toccoa the beautiful—of her vales, her trees and her birds. He does not go across the waters to copy a favorite expression of some English poet concerning a foreign bird, made classic by Wordsworth, by Collins, or Gray. But he sings of the Whippoorwill, a bird familiar to every Georgian, and dear because familiar:

“Bird of the night, sad Whippoorwill,
Alight upon yon waving tree,
And with thy sweetest warblings fill
The star-lit grove for me!”†

And so, when he sings of trees, it is not concerning some hackneyed exotic that he pours forth his melody, but it is of the live-oak that he discourses: thus—

“With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.”‡

Or thus, of the dog-wood tree:

“When the spring is here with its voice of glee
Through the woods ’tis sweet to stray,
And to sit and muse by the dog-wood tree,
While the zephyrs now are sporting free,
And the birds are on each spray.”

And here are the first four lines of the poem descriptive of the lovely vale of Nacoochee:

“Where Yonah lifts his bald and reverend head
The humbler Alleghany peaks above,
Beneath his shadow pleasantly is spread
Nacoochee’s vale—sweet as a dream of love.”§

The following beautiful stanza is the first of the poem called “Toccoa:”

"Embosomed in the primal forest shades,
And surging gaily thro' the day and night,
Dashing thy waters into myriad braids
Of diamond spray, that sparkles down the height,
And changes hue beneath the shifting light,
Laughing away the hours in childish mirth,
And gently dallying with the ear and sight—
Scarce calls thy murmuring voice an echo forth,
Toccoa, merriest water-fall of all the earth!"*

In contrast with Toccoa, the beautiful, is Tal-
lah, the terrible :

"Terrific spectacle, whence Nature speaks
A language of majestic eloquence
To him who in her awful presence seeks
The broader glimpses of Omnipotence."†

Here is the first stanza of the poem, "To the
Chattahoochee River :"

"Still rolling on thy course, majestic stream,
With anthem tones, and waves of starry light,
Now sporting joyous in the noon-tide gleam,
Now waking far the echoes of the night !—
Fair river, I have come to muse by thee,
For clouds of sadness o'er my spirit roll,
And I would list thy stunning minstrelsy—
Thy solemn voice is soothing to my soul."‡

And here is the first stanza of the poem, "Among
the Mountains in Georgia :"

"Ye glorious Alleghanies! from this height
I see your peaks on every side arise;
Their summits roll beneath the giddy sight,
Like ocean billows, heaved among the skies.
In wild magnificence upon them lies
The primal forest—kindling in the glow
Of this mild Autumn sun with golden dyes,
While in his slanting ray, their shadows grow
Broad o'er the paradise of vale and wood below."§

Even the "red old hills of Georgia" have
charms for the heart of our poet,

"The red old hills of Georgia,
So bald and bare and bleak—
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet of all the varied earth
I love them best at last."||

After giving these various extracts—"orient
pearls at random strung"—from poems concern-
ing scenes in Georgia, which I would gladly give
entire, did my space allow, I must be permitted
to present the whole of the beautiful piece enti-
tled "Oconee." After this I will give one other
poem entire and bring this article to a close.

"Oconee! in my tranquil slumbers,
At the silent dead of night,

Oft I see thy golden waters
Flashing in the rosy light;—
And flashing brightly, gushing river,
On the spirit of my dream,
As in moments fled forever,
When I wandered by thy stream;—

"A forest lad—a careless rover—
Rising at the dawn of day—
With my dog and gun—a hunter
Shouting o'er the hills away;—
And ever would my shoeless foot-prints
Trace the shortest path to thee;—
There the plumpest squirrel ever
Chuckled on the chestnut tree.

"And when, at noon, the sun of summer
Glowed too fiercely from the sky,
On thy banks were bowers grateful
To a rover such as I—
Among the forest branches woven
By the richly-scented vine,
Yellow-jasmine, honey-suckle,
And by creeping muscadine.

"And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
And the rushing of thy stream
Ever made a gentle music,
Blending softly with my dream—
My dream of her, who near the waters
Grew beneath my loving eye,
Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters—
Sweetest flower beneath the sky!

"With snowy brow and golden ringlets,
Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
Voice as soft as summer streamlets,
Lips as fresh as morning dew!
Although she played me oft the coquette,
Dealing frowns and glances sly,
These but made her smiles the dearer
To a rover such as I.

"What if the earth by fairer river
Nurses more beauteous maid than she—
He had found a slow believer
Who had told that tale to me;
And sure I am no knighted lover
Truer faith to ladye bore,
Than the little barefoot rover,
Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

"The happiest hours of life are vanished;
She has vanished with them, too!
Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
Blossom where my lily grew;
And yet the proudest and the sweetest
To my heart can never seem
Lovely as the little Peri,
Mouldering by the murmuring stream!"*

I have mentioned that Judge Jackson's mili-
tary expedition beyond the Rio Grande, was the
occasion of several of his best poems. The fol-
lowing entitled "The Dead of the Georgia Reg-
iment,"* is of remarkable interest and beauty :

* Page 133. † p. 21. ‡ p. 75. § p. 119. || p. 43.

* Page 185. † p. 51.

"Where the turbid Rio Grande
Rushes swiftly to the bay;—
Where the gray Sierra Madre
Looms o'er sunny Monterey;—

"At Victoria;—at Tampico;—
Where San Juan's ramparts rise;—
And where snow-capt Orizaba
Freezes in the torrid skies;—

"Ye are slumbering, gallant soldiers!
Each upon his couch of sand—
Death had tapped but once his tattoo,
And ye were a silent band.

"Who is posting now the watches
Round the still and sleeping camp?
Who is giving now the challenge,
When with dew the earth is damp?

"As ye saw the torrid sun-set
On the jagged mountains shine,
And retreat was beat at evening—
Who commanded then the line?

"Patriot soldiers! gallant Georgians!
Who leads on the column now,
As in dreams your eager spirits
Rush upon your country's foe?

"Or when gentler visions gleaming,
Take the place of battle's strife,
Are ye still as fondly dreaming
Of the dear, and distant wife?

"From your eyes do gushing tear-drops
Trickle down your sunburnt cheeks,
As some feeble, dying comrade
Of his Georgian children speaks?

"Or have dreams of home and kindred
From your slumbers quickly fled,
As the shaggy wolf at midnight
Howls above your desert bed?

"Do ye hear the raging mothers!
Do they break your deep repose,
As they rush and roar from mountains,
Covered with eternal snows?

"Calm your slumbers, dauntless soldiers!
Suns were hot, and sands were deep,
Marches long, and knapsacks heavy,
When ye threw them off to sleep!

"Deep your rest, ye gallant soldiers!
Wolf may howl and savage yell;
Rushing, roaring from the mountains,
Northerners into rage may swell;—

"Still ye lie in tranquil slumber
Through the grave's protracted night,
Waiting till God's own *reveillé*,
Beating, rouse the dead to light."

going poem is unequalled. The stanza commencing,

"Who is posting now the watches?"

absolutely oppresses us with its solemnity. As we read, we can almost see the pallid forms of the dead soldiery lying around camp-fires gleaming with a preternatural glare, while we hear the ghostly tread of a pale corpse keeping sentry over its companions of another world. We have nothing at all like this poem, in the effect it produces, save in the paraphrase by Byron of the inspired writer's account of the "Destruction of Sennacherib:"

"For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still."

Judge Jackson has—

"Death had tapped but once his tattoo,
And ye were a silent band!"

This is equally solemn, (and according to the principle of Longinus, conveyed in his citing the phrase, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light," as the best example of the sublime,) it is far more sublime. Certainly it is more simple, curt and pointed than the stanza from the author of *Childe Harold*.

To conclude—permit me to say that in the specimens I have presented from Judge Jackson's poetry, I have followed the volume before me in its punctuation,—which I consider very faulty, instead of pointing anew. It may be remarked, however that there is a certain peculiarity about the Judge's poetry which requires a peculiar punctuation, though not the system which we have in the volume. But I have not time to go into an examination of this subject. There is a "philosophy of point," as Edgar Poe has it, and authors and publishers should pay more attention to it. I do not know whether it is the author, or the publisher, who is to blame in this instance.

In a letter now before me, Judge Jackson says: "I have never flattered myself as being more than an ordinary verse-maker; and have not published a book with the expectation of being ranked among authors." A classic Roman poet says something similar:

"Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis
Excepam numero; neque enim concludere versum,
Dixeris esse satis."*

I will only add that Horace and Judge Jackson are both mistaken as to the merits of their muse.

For solemn grandeur and sublimity, the fore-

* Hor. Sat. iv, 39.

YARROW UNVISITED, (1809.)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From Stirling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravell'd :
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travell'd ;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, *fræ* Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling,
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;
 Each Maiden to her Dwelling !
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
 But we will downwards with the Tweed,
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow."

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Dryborough, where with charming Tweed
 The Lintwhites sing in chorus ;
 There's pleasant Tiviot Dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow :
 Why throw away a needful day,
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

"What's Yarrow but a River bare,
 That glides the dark hill under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder."
 —Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn ;
 My true-love sighed for sorrow ;
 And look'd me in the face to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
 Fair hangs the apple *fræ* the rock,
 But we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
 We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 Into the Dale of Yarrow !

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow !
 We will not see them ; will not go
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow."

"Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown !
 It must, or we shall rue it :
 We have a vision of our own ;
 Ah! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
 'Twill be another Yarrow."

"If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low ;
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny Holms of Yarrow !"

LOLA MONTES UNSEEN.

Omne cum *Bennett* pecus egit altos
Visere Montes.

At Castle Garden we had seen
 Ernani's fate unravelled ;
 Had trod the Battery's dusty walks,
 And 'Broadway up' had travelled ;
 And when we passed the Hospital,
 Then said a sweet cajoler,
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the famous Lola."

"Let Louis, King, *fræ* Munich town,
 Upon his throne a shaking,
 Take back his Lola, she's his own,
 A countess of his making !
 On Iser's banks, by dint of tin,
 Perhaps he could control her ;
 But we will upwards *haut de ville*,
 Nor think of seeing Lola."

"There's Brougham's Lyceum, Tripler Hall,
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Christy's, where the sable band
 Sing nightly in full chorus ;
 There's Barnum's, pleasant humbug seen
 By lunar light or solar,
 Why waste our time, with many a dime,
 To go in search of Lola ?

"What's Lola but a dancing girl,
 That puts all morals under ?
 There are a dozen such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder,"
 —Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn ;
 Then sighed my sweet cajoler,
 And slapped me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Lola !

"Oh! fair," said I, "is Lola's form,
 And soft her motions flowing !
 Red seems the rouge upon her cheeks,
 But we will leave them glowing.
 By gas light's glare, to Union Square,
 We'll act to-night the stroller ;
 But, though so near, we will not turn
 To take a peep at Lola."

"Let Gotham's thousand sheep in flocks
 Around the *Montes* rally ;
 Let down town people, if they please,
 Applaud the *corps de ballet* !
 We will not see the figurantes,
 Nor yet the Countess *sola* ;
 Enough if on the bills we read
 The titled name of Lola."

"Be Lola then unseen, unknown !
 She must, or we shall rue it :
 We have some modesty, we own ;
 Ah! why should we undo it ?
 The virtue prized of times long past
 We'd keep for a consoler,
 Nor cry for this, that we should miss
 The graceful step of Lola."

"When Bennett's freezing rule shall come,
 And virtue seem but folly,—
 When that dear, sacred place, called 'home,'
 Is filled with melancholy ;
 When wisdom's old, and truth grows cold
 As iceberg circumpolar,
 Then we shall buy a stage-box seat
 And cry *encore* to Lola!"

X. Y. Z.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

One of the questions most frequently asked of one who has been to England is, did you see the Queen? And while there are in England, within the realms of nature and of art, so many things, ancient and modern, far greater, more soul-stirring to behold, than the Queen, albeit of the mightiest monarch on earth, yet when one is in London, there is nothing that he is more impatient to get a sight of than her Majesty. And this is natural. Many great things are to be seen in this land of ours, the greatest and most blessed on earth; but though the old proverb says that a cat may look at a king, it was made before America was discovered, and our American cats are denied this privilege. Now as we go abroad to see what cannot be seen at home, we naturally look first to the monarch, as being a thing which never has been, and never can be in North America. I say never has been.—Did it ever occur to the reader, that no King ever trod the free shores of North America? For I call not the Indian Sachems, Kings; they were merely, (if a term may be allowed expressive of such a combination,) a sort of Patriarchal War-Chiefs. But of a *jure divino* monarch, sprung from royal loins, and the transmitter of the same heritable grace to his posterity, we have never had a specimen. Charles II. thought of coming to the loyal Old Dominion, but did not—we have had some ex-Kings of the Bonaparte stock, (by the way, the President of France was once in America for a short time,) and Louis Philippe, who was private citizen, king, and ex-king during his eventful life, was in the United States when he was *ante-king*. But a monarch in full feather, *de jure et de facto*, we have never seen in our land. Within some enchanted circles, no one can enter who has any metal about him, and so, that golden gaud, the crown cannot be allowed upon the head of any one, on the soil over which the Genius of American Liberty her waved her wand. Or, as men uncover before royalty, in token of reverence for the presence, thus when monarchs present themselves before the people, that greatest of sovereigns, and of oldest lineage, though lately come to his rights, the insignia of monarchy must be doffed. Therefore, if we Americans, when abroad, are anxious to see a live monarch, it is simply because the species is not to be found in our own latitude, and not because of any suddenly inspired reverence. I was amused, when one day in London, having expressed to an Englishman my desire to see her majesty, he mistook the cause of my earnestness, and thinking that I had formed such exaggerated ideas of royalty

that I would be disappointed, he said, "you will find that she looks very much like other people!" I smiled and wondered if they thought us as ignorant about them, as they show themselves to be about us, when they express their surprise that we speak *their language* so well. But an American need not hesitate to confess that he feels for the occupant of the English throne, a sentiment apart from that of curiosity. When he looks upon London Tower, or Westminster Abbey, or York Cathedral, he is impressed by something more than mere architectural effect. These were famous places of old, and he bows with reverence in the presence of the spirit of the Past. And is not the English monarchy one of the mightiest things that have come down to us from former ages? It is the representative in part of Saxon manhood, and Norman daring:—Chivalry, the Crusades, the Feudal System, the Reformation, the settlement of our own land, the struggle for Liberty, the Ascendancy of the People, the Progress of the Age—these are some of the great ideas that give majesty to the British throne, as the eternal snows do to the brow of Mont Blanc. And what names come to our memory as we look upon that throne? Alfred, William the Conqueror, Cœur de Leon, bluff King Harry, every inch a man, whatever else he was; Queen Bess, mark-worthy as any of them, and though she was not Queen of England, the lovely Queen of Scots, not to speak of William III., the champion of protestantism, and others of later date! How dear too, was that throne once, in the eyes of our forefathers? And what state oftener than Virginia exhibited that chivalrous loyalty, which is the instinct of generous bosoms, and indeed is but patriotism in another form? True loyalty is the begetter of independence, and it will be found that those who honor their monarchs while they allow them, are the most jealous assertors of republicanism, when they assume that form of government. I believe, moreover, that we feel for Queen Victoria, a special regard. I have, in our country, often heard kind expressions about her, and I never heard I believe, anything that might not have been repeated in England. By the way, if this is not true, I have a good deal to answer for, inasmuch as to say this was my master-piece, whenever I had reason to reciprocate to an Englishman, any compliment paid to our country—a thing that often happened.

I was very anxious to see the Queen, and it is not always easy to do this. Some of my friends left London, I think, without accomplishing it. She is very locomotive. During the short time that I was in England, she paid two visits. I think, to Osborne House, her palace in the Isle of Wight, and another to Balmoral, her summer

residence, away up in the Highlands of Scotland. When she is in London, she rides about a good deal without any sort of state, but the glimpse that can be caught of her as her carriage passes, is of course very unsatisfactory. I was somewhat fortunate in seeing her in at least four different situations, and will give a brief description of the occasions, as I noted them down at the time.

The first place at which I saw her Majesty, was the Crystal Palace, the best place for seeing her last summer, as she went there regularly. She would have gone, no doubt, in her character of the world's hostess, and to patronise the exhibition, if it had needed or would have allowed it; but it was an affair far too great for the patronage of the mightiest monarchs—nay it was in itself absolutely greater than any monarch. Queen Victoria, in the Crystal Palace, was a spectator, and went probably mainly for her own gratification. But when present, she was doubtless one of the most precious, and most looked at articles there—I was about to say, not excepting the Koh-i-noor, but I have too sincere a respect for Queen Victoria, to compare her with the greatest and most transparent humbug that the four quarters of the globe sent to the World's Fair. The Queen attended the exhibition, occasionally on other days of the week, but always on Saturday, on which day the exhibition, ordinarily open at 9 o'clock in the morning, was not open to visitors in general, until 12. The Queen came at 9, and remained until after 11. Saturday, June 15, by the kindness of Dr. Moorman, one of the commissioners from Virginia, I obtained admittance, while the Queen was making her visit to the Palace, and was quite close to her, while for some time she was full in view. I was agreeably disappointed in her appearance. I had been led by the accounts of some of my American acquaintances to suppose that she was homely, which she certainly is not, though as certainly, she would not be called handsome. If she should ever be obliged to get a passport at Washington from the same faithful clerk who gave me mine, he would describe her thus—Forehead, medium; nose, large, aquiline; mouth, large; chin, retreating; eyes blue, with a good deal of white; age 32; stature short and plump. It might be supposed that these elements combined, would be lacking in pulchritude; but the same conclusion might be formed about me, upon reading my passport, which would be a mistake of course; and therefore, let no one form too unfavorable an idea from this enumeration of features, though it is correct. Yet, neither on the other hand would it do to take, as unflattered, the numerous portraits of her Majesty—painters are but men. There is, however, something

about her face so peculiar, that you never hesitate for a moment to recognise it, whether on the panel of an omnibus, or in the miniature in the Crystal Palace, composed entirely of diamonds; just as we know Gen. Jackson's features, even on an old tavern sign board, in which a weather crack has run a sort of Mason and Dixon's line between the north and south portions of the face. One feature of the Queen's face is very recognisable: her upper lip is a trifle too short, and leaves her mouth partly open, and her upper teeth slightly exposed,—very pretty teeth they are; but the effect is a little peculiar. When I saw the Queen, she was leaning upon the arm of her husband, who is tall, handsome, and gentlemanly looking. She was in the British machinery room, looking at an invention for polishing sewing needles. The tableau was to me impressive. It was not without emotion that I looked upon the Queen of the mightiest kingdom (not country) on earth, surrounded by the machinery of those manufactures which contribute most to the greatness of that country; and at the same time, upon a wife noted for her domestic qualities, leaning upon the arm of her husband, and looking with interest upon the implements of female industry. Her figure cannot be called good, but it is better than I expected to see it. She was dressed in a bonnet of light blue material, a cherry coloured spencer, and a white dress flounced. There was nothing in her dress or manner to distinguish her from any other lady; and I was obliged to ask before I was positively certain, that I was looking on the Queen. There is not any thing in her countenance denoting high mental power, though there is no approach to inanity, nor is there any particular sweetness of expression, nor yet anything of the opposite, only she looks as if she had a will of her own; and what may seem strange, there is nothing which struck me as indicating very high breeding. Indeed, she did not seem to be entirely at her ease. Whether it was because they were talking to her about machinery of which, of course, she knew nothing, and was embarrassed for a reply, or else from a consciousness of being looked at,—though one would suppose that by this time she was accustomed to the public gaze,—or, finally, because she had been up late the night before at a Fancy Ball at St. James' Palace, or for some other reason, there seemed to be wanting that absolute composure and self-possession which one would expect to see in the Queen of England.

The next time I saw the Queen, was August 8th, the day of the prorogation of Parliament. I had been to the Continent, and had returned a few days before this imposing pageant took place. I will not attempt a circumstantial de-

scription of it, as my present purpose is to speak of the Queen. Indeed, I saw only the procession. The act of prorogation took place, of course, within the walls of the House of Lords, and every inch of space there, was packed with privileged persons. Our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, was as kind to us as he could be, but said that his official station did not give even his own family the entrée upon this occasion. But after all, while it would have been a thing worth seeing, to behold the Peers assembled, and the Commons standing at their bar, (badge of their former inferiority.) and to see the Iron Duke bearing the Sword of State before her Majesty, and some one else the Sceptre; and to see the Lord Chancellor deliver kneeling, to her Gracious Majesty on her throne, with Prince Albert beneath her, and on her left, the Speech, which she is sure to read—according to the newspapers—in a clear and impressive tone; while I say, to see all this and more, would have been worth, much perhaps the bravest show was outside. The day was delightful, clear and balmy. The Queen has been so fortunate in regard to weather in her public days, and this is such a noticeable thing in England, that her people have the superstition that she is almost *potens tempestatum*. A friend of mine went to Ascot races, the day that the Queen was to be present. The morning had been lowering and dropping; but just as the Queen came up, the clouds chanced to disperse, so as to let the light through, and an Englishman standing by exclaimed, "God bless her Majesty, she brings sunshine wherever she moves." The late drenching reception at Liverpool, proves however, that neither Canute nor her blessed Majesty, can stay the watery element when it has a mind to come. The crowd that hastened to witness the prorogation procession was immense. Shall I say that there was a million of people between Buckingham Palace and the new Houses of Parliament? If I say so, and am wrong in my estimate, I am sure I do not know whether I shall give too large or too small a number. The avenue through which the cortege was to pass, was double lined with policemen and soldiers. Allow me one word about the Horse Guards. I saw much that day and at other times that was costly and magnificent—much silver and gold and precious stones, and marble and carved wood—much that was wonderful and wasteful, but the most *regal* thing I ever saw in all my life, that is, the thing most worthy to be the peculiar possession of kings, was the Horse Guards of London, as they appeared that day, forming the escort of Queen Victoria. It was like the scene in the Legend of Montrose, where the Highland Chieftain wins his wager that he can show costlier candlesticks

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while the great guns of the Tower were momentarily booming forth their thunderous gratulation, and announcing to the expectant crowd at the House of Lords, that Queen Victoria was approaching; and reminding the lady herself, that soon she must walk up through that chamber of Aristocratic Peers, with blood as good as her own, and read to them a set speech. Now, all this was, I say, a thing that would be trying to any lady, with, or without a crown. I believe, nevertheless, that I could find more than one lady in Virginia, who, if called upon, could bear her part in such a pageant, as well as, it may be better, than the grand-daughter of George III, and daughter of Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, and the widow of the Prince of Leinengen.

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and proudish. I suppose *she takes on* (as the saying is) a little more in this, in one sense, provincial place, than she does in the great metropolis. It is human nature. How can a young woman have a handsome husband sitting as her unequal at her left, and see an immense multitude pressing to look at her, at risk of life and limb, and not be proud? Her blessed Majesty, however, is esteemed the reverse of haughty, and she bowed graciously to her people, as they cheered her. Next came the royal children: bless their hearts, they were quite as handsome and sweet; looking as if it had been their good fortune to have been born republicans some where in the Old Dominion, instead of being as they are, a sort of state furniture: children with a father provided by law, and selected by diplomatists. Behind the royal carriages came another with Lord John Russell, who attends her Majesty, as the member of the Privy Council; selected to give the Queen wholesome advice at Balmoral, in all emergencies that may occur there, whether of state or household. The people cheered Lord John, and he acknowledged the compliment by gracefully raising his hat, and exposing a countenance which well becomes a counsellor to a young woman, whether Queen or other, as being one which no lady could by any chance fall in love with. Lord John is handsomer than Lord Brougham—let him derive what consolation he may, from that. The people here do not know how to cheer. I have remarked this on several previous occasions. They raise a faint, a doubtful noise, as if they were taking a liberty, or were afraid of frightening the horses. One difficulty, however, is, that they do not exactly know what shout to raise, to a female sovereign. *Vive la reine*, would sound clear and graceful; but of course, it would not do to borrow a thing so national as a welcome: our American *Hurrah!* is cordial and strong and stirring, but somehow it seems rather coarse to be addressed to a Queen; and *Long live the Queen*, is too long, and *Welcome Victoria*, too stiff for a shout; and so they are in doubt, and are obliged to let out of the mouth, a slim aphonous something, that just about comes up to Virgil's account of the noise made at the sight of Eneas, by the Grecian chiefs in the shades below:

———pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; inceptus clamor, frustratur hiantes.

The procession was closed in a very characteristically English way, by a detachment of Police, and a regular omnibus, which some how or other, had got in there. Nothing is more strongly associated with a stranger's recollections of England, than the Police and the 'busses—one typifying the order, the other the bustle of Lon-

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The next time I saw the Queen, was August 28th, at Edinburgh. I will take the liberty of just copying my journal notice of this occasion, as (though hastily written) it has a fresher sound than any thing more elaborate.

—Went down to Holy-rood Palace to witness the arrival of the Queen. She had desired that there should be no public reception, nor manifestation; but the people, especially those so far from the metropolis, never get entirely accustomed to royalty, and flock out to see her Majesty, whenever she stirs. It was a very interesting and imposing sight, to behold the multitude that were assembled this delicious evening, in the great park of the Palace, or the valley, rather, at the foot of the surrounding mountains. The people not only filled the plain, but were crowded up the ascent of Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crag, that they might command the view. The prevalence of the tartan plaid in the dress, increased the picturesque effect of the crowd. A line of soldiers was established from the Railway Station to the Palace, on each side of the road; and as the cortege started, the cannon uttered their reverence. The Queen and her party rode from the Station, in hired carriages, but of course, they were in the finest style; they were coaches drawn by four horses, which were ridden by postillions. In advance of the Queen, went a carriage, in which rode the Sheriff of the county, Mr. Goodson, with attendants. Then came the royal pair. Prince Albert was seated on the left; dressed in plain looking gray clothes, and with an ordinary hat on; on the right was the Queen, in her riding dress and bonnet. Her bonnets are small and open, and always set off from her brow, and show out her face. This is the third time that I have seen the Queen: once at the Exhibition, when I thought she looked embarrassed—next in the procession, on her way to prorogue Parliament, when her face was flushed with excitement—and now, on this occasion, when she looked calm and satisfied

and proudish. I suppose *she takes on* (as the saying is) a little more in this, in one sense, provincial place, than she does in the great metropolis. It is human nature. How can a young woman have a handsome husband sitting as her unequal at her left, and see an immense multitude pressing to look at her, at risk of life and limb, and not be proud? Her blessed Majesty, however, is esteemed the reverse of haughty, and she bowed graciously to her people, as they cheered her. Next came the royal children: bless their hearts, they were quite as handsome and sweet; looking as if it had been their good fortune to have been born republicans some where in the Old Dominion, instead of being as they are, a sort of state furniture: children with a father provided by law, and selected by diplomatists. Behind the royal carriages came another with Lord John Russell, who attends her Majesty, as the member of the Privy Council; selected to give the Queen wholesome advice at Balmoral, in all emergencies that may occur there, whether of state or household. The people cheered Lord John, and he acknowledged the compliment by gracefully raising his hat, and exposing a countenance which well becomes a counsellor to a young woman, whether Queen or other, as being one which no lady could by any chance fall in love with. Lord John is handsomer than Lord Brougham—let him derive what consolation he may, from that. The people here do not know how to cheer. I have remarked this on several previous occasions. They raise a faint, a doubtful noise, as if they were taking a liberty, or were afraid of frightening the horses. One difficulty, however, is, that they do not exactly know what shout to raise, to a female sovereign. *Vive la reine*, would sound clear and graceful; but of course, it would not do to borrow a thing so national as a welcome: our American *Hurrah!* is cordial and strong and stirring, but somehow it seems rather coarse to be addressed to a Queen; and *Long live the Queen*, is too long, and *Welcome Victoria*, too stiff for a shout; and so they are in doubt, and are obliged to let out of the mouth, a slim aphonous something, that just about comes up to Virgil's account of the noise made at the sight of Eneas, by the Grecian chiefs in the shades below:

———*pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam; inceptus clamor, frustratur hiantes.

The procession was closed in a very characteristically English way, by a detachment of Police, and a regular omnibus, which some how or other, had got in there. Nothing is more strongly associated with a stranger's recollections of England, than the Police and the 'busses—one typifying the order, the other the bustle of Lon-

don; and as there are so many of both, and as both are so necessary to his comfort, they become a part of one's fixed ideas of the metropolis. In the evening, I saw the Queen riding out for an airing, without any soldiers or attendants, other than outriders, and the Captain of the Police as a guide.

Just in front of Holy-rood has been newly erected, and is not yet entirely finished, a statue of Queen Victoria, in Scotch stone. It seems to me to be executed in a much more pleasing manner than the marble one that stands in the court of the Royal Exchange in London. Her blessed Majesty will probably have more representations of herself in stone and bronze, and on canvass and glass, than exist of any other English monarch. This is the second statue that she has in Edinburgh, as she graces likewise the top of the Royal Institution; a building designed for a picture gallery. As I gazed upon this statue of a young Queen, upon whom every blessing seems to have been showered down, I thought how different had been the lot of her whose mournful history gave Holy-rood Palace its chief interest. More gifted by nature with personal charms and mental endowments, amiable in disposition and of a loving heart, she led a life of incessant terror, to suffer a cruel death at last. Certainly she had not the steadfast principles of the pure Victoria, but then poor Mary had been differently brought up, and she was sorely tempted. Poor Mary—happy Victoria: thus let my first parallel end. But surely the present Queen, happy in assured position, and in the affection of her people, and happy in a well assorted marriage, and in a lovely family, surely she does not forget, when occupying old Holy-rood, to sympathise with the trials and sufferings of poor Mary. The contrast between the two Queens, was afterwards brought very forcibly to my mind, when I made a visit to the old castle of Edinburgh. In one room of the castle, is a picture of Mary, showing, I think, more of her surpassing beauty, than any other picture I have seen; and hanging up on the wall close by it, is a Genealogical Chart, exhibiting the line of descent of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, through the Anglo-Saxon, Scottish and Norman Monarchs, and concluding with the words, "*VICTORIA, whom God preserve.*" Amen, I could truly say—may God preserve her for the benefit of this great people; and may he preserve her from the errors of the lovely Queen of Scots, and from her unhappy fate. May her character never be assailed, and may her reign be long, and be signalised in after years, as the good times of the happy and Virtuous Victoria. Alas, poor Mary! She had no well matched husband to satisfy her loving heart, nor sweet family allowed to grow up around her. Her counsellors

were not wise and prudent men; the times for her were out of joint; and she could not, in those fierce times, hold a sceptre; but how resplendently could she have adorned a throne, in times like these! And, therefore, while we join with those who cry, "*Victoria, whom God preserve,*" we will not forget the while to sigh, Alas poor Mary, beautiful Mary!

I chanced to see the Queen, the day after her visit to Edinburgh, pass by Stirling, on the railway. The cars of the special train that conveyed her party, (I think there were four of them,) were handsomely painted, and seemed to be sumptuously furnished within. A detached engine went on before, to clear the way of all possible obstructions. I have noticed the expression of the Queen's countenance on some occasions before, as not exhibiting the absolute self-possession that I expected to see. There was no want of this trait upon the present occasion. Her face was as composed as if she had been sitting for her daguerreotype. Two companies of Highland soldiers were drawn up at the station, to receive her Majesty. They were in full Highland dress, which is the uniform of a regiment or more in Scotland: it is strong, but is incongruous, uncomfortable, not very decent, and altogether absurd. They wear the petticoat with nothing under it, coming half-way down the thigh, and red stockings coming half-way up the leg, leaving bare and visible, a wide intermediate portion of red hairy flesh, that looks disgusting. I was told, that formerly, they wore trowsers under the kilt, in the winter season; but that an order had lately been issued from the Military Department, forbidding this solace in any weather; and requiring them to brave the cold as best they may, "which," said my informant, the Scotch coachman, "must be a sair punishment, in the interior of the winter." They wear also a soft, low shoe, with a broad buckle, looking as unmilitary, and unfit for service, as any thing that can be readily imagined. They have on the regular modern uniform coat; the short swallow-tail of which, dove-tails in a very funny way, into the gathers of the kilt. They have also modern arms. Why they should modernize every thing but the nakedness, is not easy to say. They have also a pouch of skin fantastically ornamented, hanging down in front. Some lairds in the Highlands wear this dress, I am told, from choice; and I saw in Edinburgh, a young gallant, vapouring about in this garb, with his dirk, or *skein duh*, stuck in between his stocking and his leg.

Some miscellaneous observations will close this article, which may well be styled rumbling, as I have been following the Queen in her processions, from London to Balmoral.

We have been accustomed, in the United

States, to respect the Queen for her domestic qualities, and I suppose that she deserves, on this score, all the praise she has received. The match between the royal cousins, is said to have been one of love; if this is uncertain, the sincere consubial affection existing between them, is not doubted; and domestic happiness, that so often flies affrighted from royal abodes, seems to have folded securely its silver wings, in Buckingham Palace. A gentleman told me, that he had been informed by the Physician of the royal household, that there was not within the range of his practice, a nursery that could exhibit better trained children. But physicians, as portrait painters, are but men. Much, however, of the credit of the *menage*, is attributed to Prince Albert, of whom I say nothing here, because I hope to have another opportunity of saying something about him, and something to his credit too. But every body says that the Queen is a model wife in all points. She is an early riser and very industrious in her movements, and as punctual as Shrewsbury clock. When she gives notice that she will be at any place at a given hour; as, for example, at the Crystal Palace at nine, or at Edinburgh at half-past two, she arrives at the minute. This is a virtue worthy a monarch, or at least, the want of it is most unkingly. I shall never forget how the King of Holland, one night, kept me and fifteen or twenty thousand other malcontents waiting, because of his wanton unpunctuality, for two miserable hours, in a crowd, perilous to life and limb, on the edge of the wharf at Rotterdam. For this, and other reasons, may I live to see Holland a republic. The Queen travels a great deal. They say that it is necessary for the health of her body, and perhaps of her mind. Some years ago, oftener than once, at particular times, she gave reason to fear, that her direct descent from George III, was not without its dangers. I am sure that there is no one that has every looked upon her brow, who would not be heartily grieved to learn that such a shade had gathered over it. The Queen is understood to be truly pious, and I verily believe that the English esteem this as a jewel in her character, more precious than any of the jewels that shine in her crown. The people love her very much, and only fear that she may die. But I think I have before said something in the *Messenger* upon this topic; and, therefore, I will forbear now. But I ask—is it surprising that they should love her, and be proud of her? Allow a monarchy in a free country, and could a throne be better filled? Look over Europe, and say if there is one, half so well filled? And so they pay her well. John Bull is a grumbler, but no niggard. She receives nearly two millions of dollars for herself, independent of the appoint-

ments for her husband, and her eldest son, the Prince of Wales; and, I believe, her other children also. She has at least seven Palaces, many thousand acres of pleasure grounds, and all other things in a concatenation according. She was not always so rich. Her father, just before her birth, was obliged to borrow money from some humble friends, to enable him to bring his wife to England from the Continent, that her child might be born on English soil. And what equivalent in service, does she render the people for so much money? Ah, that is a question for the English; let us leave that for them to settle; it would not do for an American to strike the balance. Does she interfere personally in the government? Certainly not. The English government is a machine that would embarrass her, if she had much to do with its practical working, much more than did the needle machine that she was examining, when first I saw her in the Crystal Palace: but she is the head of the government. Certainly, just as she is Commander-in-Chief of the Land and Naval forces; but she is no more an Elizabeth, than she is a Boadicea. How far she is the guiding head, may be judged in part, by the following sentence, taken from an eulogistic article, in *Tait's Magazine*: "We have had three Parliaments, and three Administrations, since Victoria ascended the throne; and she has held the reins so steadily, that no one can tell whether her leaning be in favor of Whigism or Toryism." In other words, she has had nothing to do with the practical administration of the government; for the essence of that administration, consisted in the ascendancy of one or other of these parties. I cannot forbear quoting another sentence, though rather long, from the same article, as it shows how trivial are some of the most important of the ultroneous acts of her Majesty. The writer says, that she gave up her privilege of free postage, when Rowland Hill's system was introduced, and adds: "The yielding up of this immunity, was a graceful acknowledgment of a great social improvement; and if her Majesty continue to pursue the course indicated by a step like this, and refuse her royal countenance to such items of expenditure as the erection of stables for the Prince of Wales, before his Royal Highness can possibly require such accommodations, the people will continue to bless her, and hail her as the Sovereign, *who, of all others, has entered most profoundly into their feelings, and sympathized with their hopes and struggles.*" Surely, popular favor was never offered at a cheap rate. Yet, the Queen is certainly not without political power; and if she should join any party, would be an important ally. So, too, she is the head of the church, nominally; but does not meddle much, either with its faith, or its go-

vernment; not having taken sides, openly, either for, or against, the Puseyites. Yet, here we may find an illustration of her personal influence; for her private opinions are supposed to be against the Oxford men; and this, undoubtedly, is encouraging to their opponents. Likewise, there can be no doubt, that the unanimous rising of the people against the arrogance of the Church of Rome, is to be attributed, in part, at least, to the fact, that one of the prerogatives of the Queen, was believed to be attacked.

But could not the English dispense with a monarch altogether, and govern themselves better without, than with the cumbrous, expensive, and inoperative machinery of the throne? Of course, I do not mean to discuss so broad and important a question, at the close of a sketch of the Queen; and I only allude to it, to say, that if the English ever get so fairly into the current of the Progress of the Age, as to attempt a real Republic, that there never could be a better time for the movement, than would be presented at the death of the present Queen. (*Quod diu avertant Di.*) The change of government would then be a deliberate act upon principle, as it ought to be, with such a people as the English; and never could the Phenix of Liberty hope for better ashes whence to arise, while monarchy itself would undergo a sort of apotheosis, and the sainted memory of Victoria, first and last of the name, be revered forever. S. L. C.

Notices of New Works.

THE ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART; Systematically arranged by G. Heck. With Five Hundred Steel Engravings. By the most distinguished artists of Germany. The text translated and edited by *Spencer F. Baird*, A. M., M. D., Professor of Natural Sciences in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. New York: Rudolph Garrigue, No. 2 Barclay Street, Astor House.

Two years ago we had occasion to lay before our readers, in a somewhat extended notice, the leading features of this magnificent work, as they had been sketched out in the Prospectus, and partially exhibited in the first six numbers. The work is now completed, and though we can add little in its commendation to what we said at that time, we cannot let the opportunity, afforded by its appearance in a perfect form, escape us, to acknowledge its high claims upon public patronage. Justice alike to the enterprising publisher, Mr. Garrigue, and to Professor Baird, the faithful and intelligent editor, demands that we should do so.

Unlike many serials of pompous pretensions, the Iconographic Encyclopedia has fully maintained to the last,

the excellence of its letter press and the exceeding beauty of its steel engravings. We have recently been looking over these latter with great delight, and been impressed, in the agreeable occupation, with the truth of the old Horatian apothegm,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

One derives but a feeble impression from reading a paper, however clear and well elaborated, upon any scientific subject, compared with that which is made upon him by studying accurate diagrams and plates relating to it, and it is precisely upon this principle that the Iconographic Encyclopedia bases its title to general approval. *It writes by images.* In every possible branch of human investigation which is capable of being illustrated, it gives us spirited pictures of the *rationale*. Architecture, ship-building, painting, sculpture, national characteristics, the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—all are set before our eyes in the most exquisite and life-like engravings. In dwelling thus upon the plates we would not by any means be understood to undervalue the text, which has been in part translated with fidelity and spirit from the German original, and in part written expressly for the American edition, by Prof. Baird and his associates, upon a more extended scale than the German. On the whole, we must say that in our judgment, Forty Dollars can not be expended to better advantage than in the Iconographic Encyclopedia.

A DICTIONARY OF THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES, Abridged from the author's large work, for the use of learners. By *G. J. Adler*, A. M. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1852.

We cordially welcome this excellent abridgment of Professor Adler's larger and more critical work. The volume to which we refer—his German-English Lexicon—can scarcely be rated too highly, for luminous method, clear arrangement, and philological discrimination in the mysteries of German compounds. Yet for this very reason it is less valuable for every-day use;—it is rather a complete and scholarly critical lexicon for those who have already penetrated deep into the language, than a dictionary for beginners. This abridgment is at once concise and full—contains, if we do not mistake, all the words of this larger volume—and in all but mere critical detail, is fully as valuable as that work. This we believe at least from a general comparison of the volumes with each other.

In no department of letters are progress and improvement more notable and certain than in the philological department—and for a very simple reason. Language is eternally progressive: and spite of the objections of those *laudatores temporis acti* which are found in every country, we may also say eternally improving in excellence and real value. Many persons sigh for the old Saxon English of Dean Swift, lamenting the Latinized and Gallicized and Hellenized English of to-day; but they are wholly oblivious of the vast scientific improvement of our tongue by the addition of thousands of new words.

The new is always the best Dictionary. We now have lying before us the "Christian Ludwig Deutsch-Englisches Lexicon—Leipzig, 1765," a somewhat famous tome in its day. We thought it of great excellence and value; but are constrained, for all *useful* purposes, to prefer much this little abridgment of Professor Adler bearing the figures "1852" upon its title page.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 4.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER V.

Obstacles in the way of Carpenters at sea; Mess arrangements in a gale; Inconveniences from constant motion; Man overboard; Rope-yarn Sunday; Practices on the first Sunday of the month; The law of 1800 "for the better government of the Navy," copied from the English "Usage of the sea-service;" Religion in the Navy established by law; Contrast between the law for the army and for the navy; Third article of the law; Want of classification of crimes; Profane swearing contrary to law; Charge of drunkenness not easily proved; Various kinds of punishment; General summary of the provisions of the law; Authority to punish restricted to the Captain; Constitution of courts-martial; Capital offences in the Navy; Thirty-first article provides vicarious punishment; The hazards of life in the navy; Moral influence of the Act of 1800, on officers of the line; Assertion of line precedence or supremacy; The terms "sea-officers," "civil officers," and "officers proper of the navy;" Why assertion of line precedence is repugnant to staff officers; The term rank explained in a note; No definition of the term Navy; Authority in the navy; Responsibility of Captain; Summary Court; Inefficacy of Punishments; Corporal Punishment considered; Military government an aristocracy; Imprisonment as a means of correction; Classification of offences; No law for organization or government of the navy; Fallacious experience; Mode of legislation for the navy suggested.

March 25th. Latitude 26°26' north; longitude, 48°28' west. Fresh top-gallant breeze; the ship close hauled on a wind, bowlines taught, (i. e. tight,) and mizen topsail furled. We are dashing along at the rate of ten knots an hour. The work of the carpenters has been attended by many small annoyances and difficulties, which on shore, would be considered almost insurmountable. The moment a chisel or any tool is laid down, a roll of the ship may send it flying across the deck, not without danger to those in its way. Sometimes the entire work-bench is turned over

and the tools scattered; but such accidents do not stop the work.

March 26th. The day commenced with a strong breeze, and squalls, and at eleven o'clock, P. M., the ship was "lying to" under a close reefed main top-sail in a gale of wind. It was necessary to cover our mess-table by a wooden frame work, having compartments for the plates and dishes to prevent them from sliding away while we ate. It requires some exertion and experience to keep one's place at table on such occasions. In such times the cooks find it difficult to keep their fire and kettles in juxtaposition. Yet experience imparts skill under all circumstances; and old cruisers will not permit bad weather to excuse the cook from producing his dinner at the appointed hour. Men must eat, even if the topsails are close reefed.

March 27th—Night. The wind does not abate; the sea has increased, that is, the waves are larger and the motions of the ship are so great that the carpenters have almost given up their work. While I write I am braced in position, and candle and inkstand are tied fast. The wind roars among the spars and rigging as I have heard it in gusts through a forest. The timbers and staunchions are creaking; there is the surging of the rudder on its pintals as it is struck by the waves with a force seemingly enough to tear it away from the stern—a force computed to be equal to a weight of three tons to every square foot. There is the rushing, gurgling noise of the sea passing the sides, and an occasional splash of water tumbling in a shower on deck from a broken wave. Such are the mingled sounds around me, that the ship seems a huge living monster in agony of pain, endeavoring to suppress complaint. It is cheerless, even depressing. This eternal motion is exhausting; one cannot read or even think in the midst of such sounds until after long habit has made him indifferent to them. But we are in no danger; we are only uncomfortable, and our recollection of the gale will be lost in one day of pleasant sailing under a bright sky.

March 30th. The gale has passed away, but the weather is still boisterous and the sea rough. The ship is under single reefed topsails and courses. The latitude at noon was 24°52' north, and longitude 46°56' west. No trade wind yet.

At two o'clock Midshipman H., a boy of fourteen years' old ran from the lee-gangway, to-

wards the "officer of the deck" holding up a thermometer, his whole deportment exhibiting consternation. Utterance seemed to be lost; he stammered out, "Sir! Sir!"

"What's the matter, Mr. H.," demanded the officer; "broken a thermometer, eh?"

"No, sir; Maynard, sir."

"Well, what of Maynard, sir?"

"Maynard, sir, drawing a bucket of water to try the temperature, fell overboard."

"Man overboard, man overboard," shouted several voices.

"Cut away the life-buoys," cried the officer of the deck. "Rise tacks and sheets; man the main clue garnets and buntlines; down with the helm, quartermaster: up mainsail; man the weather topsail braces; haul foretopsail brace; let go that lee foretopsail brace: jump, men, jump: clear away the starboard quarter boat." The orders were given and obeyed in less time than is required to record them, and the almost immediate effect was to check the ship's headway, then six knots, and very soon to give her stern board, that is, cause the vessel to move stern foremost, and in the direction of Maynard, who was seen about two hundred yards off, rising and sinking from our view as the crests of waves hove up and broke between us. He sustained himself well, and seemed to be quite self-possessed. A life-buoy floated a hundred yards from him in one direction, and a ladder, which had been thrown over board, about fifty yards from him in another. Officers and men watched him from the taffrail with deep interest. It was evident that he saw neither life-buoy nor ladder. Some delay in lowering the boat was caused by a canvass boat-cover being laced over it as a protection from the effects of the sun. Yet a very short time elapsed, however long it appeared to us, anxiously excited for the fate of the man struggling for his life, within our sight, in a rough feathery sea. His cry of despair came to us in a feeble sound, but in a moment we had the delight to see the boat glancing over a wave, every man bending his oar, and presently a seaman in the bows stretched out his hand and seized that of the exhausted Maynard. We saw him lifted out of the water. Then the life-buoy was picked up and the boat returned to the ship. She was hoisted up to the davits and secured without accident, notwithstanding the rough sea. The boatswain managed her handsomely, and gained approbation for the coolness and skill he displayed.

Maynard was conveyed below, very much exhausted by his long swim and fright; and what man could undergo such peril, and escape without suffering from the effects of terror? He was pale, his lips blue; his eyes were glazed and al-

most starting from their sockets; his whole aspect betrayed fright and exhaustion. His pulse could scarcely be felt. He received the attentions his condition required, and in a few hours was able to speak composedly of what had happened.

Maynard is one of those slow-moving, helpless beings, frequently found among the "landsmen" on board ships of war. He was addicted to strong potations, and being unable to provide for himself by labor on shore, he had sought to serve his country in the navy: but he is not a solitary instance of a hard bargain among the patriotic servants of the people. He was willing to do all he could, but he could do nothing well; even when his intellect was not clouded by emanations from the grog-tub, he seemed to encumber every thing by his help. In the course of his duty, he had attempted to draw a bucket of water for a midshipman of the watch, whose business was to ascertain and record the temperature of the sea. This is done once in two hours. As the ship rolled deeply to leeward, a wave caught the bucket, with the effect of communicating a powerful jerk to the man holding the rope attached to it, because he held it tightly. He lost his equilibrium, and holding fast to the bucket, pitched into the sea.

When he rose to the surface, he found the little wavelets, formed on the face of the great waves, were blown in feathering spray and dashed almost continuously in his face. He was forced to swallow a considerable quantity of salt-water, and his first effort was to avoid it. He beheld the ship bounding away from him under single reefed topsails before a strong wind. He had no distinct appreciation of his peril at first. But a doubt that he was missed, or if missed, could he be seen, occurred. He saw the ship change her course, so that her side was offered to his view, but the next moment her stern was presented to him again, and his hope sank under the idea that on one knew he was not in the ship. The spray almost beat his head under. He saw neither life-buoy, nor ladder, nor boat; the stern of the ship was towards him and to his imagination, she was fast leaving him to perish in the midst of the ocean. It was then, in a phrensy of despair he began to shout.

The incident made no impression upon him morally. Bodily pain and the fear of being left were strongest in his memory. He did not remember whether a distinct idea of death and eternity had entered his mind at all. It is very certain his love of grog was not abated by the event.

April 1st. For eight days past the wind had been from the southward and eastward. Our course lies southeast, and therefore against the

wind. Showers of rain and squalls have filled up the day. I note the weather, because we are making a track for Maury's wind and current charts.

The sea has subsided considerably, but to keep out the water, it is necessary to keep the upper half-ports shut in. This is "rope-yarn Sunday." The ordinary work of the ship is suspended as far as practicable, and the day is allotted to the men for the purpose of making and mending their clothes. Every thorough-bred seaman is able to make his own wardrobe, from head to foot. Wherever a dry spot can be found on the gun-deck, groups are seated with their clothes' bags cutting out and sewing garments. The name of the day seems to be connected with the comparative quiet which prevails. Thursday, or Saturday, is commonly the special day for tailoring; but almost every day men spend a part of their leisure with the needle; some of them use it very skillfully.

April 2nd. Being the first Sunday of the month the religious services were preceded by reading selections from the naval articles of war, that is, "an act for the better government of the navy of the United States," approved April, 1800. On board of well disciplined ships, the officers and crew are mustered on the first Sunday of every month to hear read by the Captain's clerk, such portions of this antiquated law as bear especially on the conduct of sailors. On this occasion the officers are in parade dress; the formality is calculated to increase respect for the law. This custom is commendable, because it is calculated to acquaint every one with the provisions of military law under which he lives: but the law itself is so little in harmony with the spirit of our political institutions, and in many respects so directly at variance with daily practices and omissions afloat, that it is questionable whether the reading of it in the usual manner is advantageous to discipline. It is generally followed by discussions at mess-table which commonly result in convincing every reflecting mind that the whole system of naval organization and law should be revised.

The law of 1800, "for the better government of the Navy," consists of eleven sections. The first section contains forty-two articles; the second three; the sixth, seven; and the remaining sections one each. It is the only statute designed for the regulation of the naval service. It was probably sketched by naval officers of the time, and may be regarded as an imperfect transcript from the British statute book. In those days we acknowledged our inferiority to Great Britain, by imitating her in all things relating to the navy; a contract for iron guns for the navy in 1796, stipulates that they "shall conform exactly in

weight, bore, calibre and length, to British ship guns of the same dimensions now in use."* We have ceased to copy the models of British guns and British ships; it is time to have some improvement in our copy of their naval statute book.

Look at those naval articles of war; listen to the strictures upon them which may be heard during discussions at mess and in pleasant moon-lit first watches.

The first article enjoins upon commanders of vessels of war, "to show in themselves a good example of virtue, honor, patriotism and subordination," and to watch over the conduct of those under their command, and "to correct all such as are guilty of "dissolute and immoral practices" "according to the usage of the sea service."

Every Christian gentleman will respect this simple recommendation.

But it gives to commanders an indefinite power to correct the conduct of subordinates by an indefinite rule. The usage of the sea service is not uniform: each commander establishes rules for the internal regulation of the vessel under his command, and carries them with him, modifying them from time to time as his own experience may suggest. There is an usage of each commander, but scarcely any practice is uniform throughout the navy. The rules which govern the allowance of water may be taken as an example; one commander gives his crew as much water as they require; another allots every man one gallon and not a drop more, and a third limits the allowance to a less quantity. It may be fairly asked, the usage of what sea service is to rule? When the law of 1800 was enacted our navy was too small and too young to have acquired an usage of the sea-service. It is presumable that the usage which obtained in the British navy, upon which our own is modelled, was contemplated by the framers of the law. But how is British sea-custom to be applied in the navy of the United States? Our commanders may be ignorant of the details of British naval usage without incurring reproach; yet, in minor cases at least, they are enjoined to correct the faults of subordinates by the *lex non scripta* of a foreign sea-service in which they have had no experience.

The usage of the sea-service in legal construction, means the *lex non scripta*, or common law of the sea-service peculiar to a nation. To be available in law, a custom must be sanctioned by general consent, and be undisputed for a very long period—certainly not less than twenty years. Next, if it exists, its *legality* must be established; for if it is not a good custom, it ought to be no

* American State Papers. Naval Affairs.

longer used; and to be good, it must be legal and immemorial. A usage or custom to be *immemorial* in England, must have been used so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. So that if any one can show the beginning of it, it is no good custom. For which reason no custom can prevail against an express act of parliament, since the statute itself is a proof of a time when such custom did not exist." "Now time of memory hath been long ago ascertained by the law to commence from the beginning of the reign of Richard the First; and any custom may be destroyed by evidence of non-existence in any part of the long period from that time to the present."* The reign of Richard I. began about the year 1189.

Again, what practices are dissolute and immoral, besides those specified in a subsequent article of the law? It is difficult to give a definite answer. If a commander fail to be exemplary in his own conduct, or to notice the deportment of those under his command, how can he be legally punished? Upon this point even the usage of the sea-service may be appealed to in vain for reply.

The second article requires that "Commanders of all ships and vessels in the navy having chaplains on board, shall take care that divine service be performed in a solemn, orderly, and reverent manner twice a day, and a sermon preached on Sunday, unless bad weather, or other extraordinary accidents prevent it: and that they cause all, or as many of the ship's company as can be spared from duty, to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God."

This article is clearly mandatory; but there is no definite punishment laid down for its infraction on the part of commanders. It is unusual to respect all its provisions. In the course of more than a quarter of a century I have not known of religious service on any other day than Sunday, and on that day, only a single observance, and not "twice a day," as the law directs. I have heard of one ship only on board of which there were two daily religious services.

By what rule is it to be determined that the manner of performing divine service is solemn and reverent? Opinion on this point will vary according to sectarian views. Religious services performed after the manner of Methodists or Presbyterians, are not respected by Roman Catholics, and by them would not be regarded as solemn or reverent; nor can those of the several protestant sects, *in foro conscientiae*, consider the daily mass of the catholics respectable, solemn or reverent.

What manner of divine service does this law require to be performed "twice a day?" There

is nothing either in the letter or spirit of the law from which a reply can be inferred. But all sects in the ship, whether Roman Catholic, protestant, dissenter or jew, are required to join together in some kind of religious worship. In too many instances, we imitate British practices; so in this, the Episcopal service of the Church of England, regarded as it were in the light of a compromise of all religious views, has come to be, in form, the established religion of the Navy of the United States. If sailors generally entertained definite views of religion, there would be very often difficulties of conscience to overcome in order to obey the call to divine service. But being for the most part totally indifferent on these points, they observe religious ceremonies as they do military parades, simply because it is part of the duty they have agreed to perform.

Individuals, both officers and privates, have urged that to be present at the Episcopal services, was repugnant to their religious faith; and on this ground they have been excused by the commander of the vessel from assisting in Sunday's worship. Commanders are guilty of assumption and arrogate power, when they assume to suspend or abrogate entirely the operation of any law, either wholly or in part. Some parts of the Act of 1800, authorize commanders to exercise a discretion in the discharge of special duties under it; but the theory is that efficacy of law depends upon obedience to all its provisions; and, therefore, unless it be expressly stated otherwise, no one charged with its administration can safely be permitted to excuse, at discretion, any one from its operation, or enforce one part of the law, while he openly disregards another provision of the same statute. The moment officers assume a right to select particular provisions of a law for their guidance, or to reject parts of a law, they virtually exercise a discriminating and partial veto power over the acts of Congress, and thus far bring law into contempt and set it at defiance. The clause in question is imperative; its language is that commanders "shall" "cause all, or as many of the ship's company as can be spared from duty to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God." It leaves the commander no discretion in the premises; it gives him no authority to excuse individuals on any other plea than that of duty. And when he assumes it, he acts contrary to the injunction of the preceding article, and no longer shows a "good example" of "subordination;" and, if declining to attend church be included among them, he not only fails "to correct," but encourages "immoral practices," whenever he excuses any one from assisting at the performance of divine service. But he has quite as much right to excuse

* Blackstone's Commentaries

men from Sunday worship as he has to entirely dispense with the religious services which the law commands to be performed "twice a day."

There is another question under this article, which abstractionists and strict constructionists may consider to be of paramount importance. Can an officer or private in the navy be legally punished for disobeying an order to attend divine worship?

The law directs divine service to be performed twice every day, a sermon to be preached on Sunday, and requires that all persons on board shall attend at every performance of worship. If this can be regarded as a "law respecting an establishment of religion," it is unconstitutional, and its provisions are null, because the constitution of the United States declares that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

John O'Brien, Esq., of the United States army, states the argument on this point; it seems to be so pertinent and conclusive, that I commend it to attention.

"The first amendment to the Constitution declares that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an established religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof? This is a general, sweeping prohibition, admitting no exception of persons, places, or officers. It deserves attention. Congress is not merely forbidden to establish a religion, or to make any law even respecting such establishment. The amendment goes further, thus: The legislature is prevented from making any law respecting the establishment of religion, not a religion, or any special religion, but religion in its widest and most extensive meaning. The word thus used refers not solely to this or that particular creed or sect, but to all religions and all sects collectively, as well as to each of them individually.

"The framers of our constitution and the people who adopted it, deemed religion far too sacred and high a matter for the interference of any human power, and for this reason they jealously guarded against any action whatever by the legislature on this sacred subject. Our government is formed to settle the relations of man to man, but dare not intermeddle with those of man to his God. Any law of Congress requiring any one man, or any set of men, to attend divine service, were it but on one single occasion, is a law respecting or relating to the establishment of religion. Such a law would, therefore, be null and void. Congress might not designate any particular form of service, and thus might not make a law respecting any particular form of religion. It would, however, be not less a law, respecting the establishment of religion generally, and would, therefore, come

under the law of the Constitution. Our whole political theory is opposed to such legislation. A fundamental axiom with us is, that political governments have no right to meddle, in the remotest manner, with religion in any way, shape or form. Under our Constitution, neither Congress nor any individual, has the shadow of a right to compel any one to attend the divine service of any church whatever, even if such church be of his particular creed. This amendment to the Constitution renders null and void, in all cases and for all persons, any law, military regulation, or order, requiring attendance at divine service. No pretext of military discipline will avail, since the Constitution is full, clear and imperative, making no exceptions and admitting none.

"The amendment we are considering, also forbids Congress to pass any law prohibiting the free exercise of religion. Any law enforcing attendance on divine service would, so far as it was effective, prohibit the *free* exercise of religion. Any individual who was thus forced to attend church, would practise religion not *freely*, but on compulsion.

"Again, it is a matter of religious duty with members of some creeds to abstain from attendance at divine service of any other than their own church. This abstinence is for them, as much an exercise of religion as any positive act. They are exercising their religion by this, as much as a Jew is doing so, when he abstains from the flesh of unclean animals. Now, if a law requires him to attend a divine service of a church not his own, it prohibits him not merely from the *free* exercise of his religion, but from any exercise of it in this particular.

"With regard to such persons, there is yet another protecting article in the Constitution. The sixth article of this instrument declares, that 'no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office of public trust under the United States.' A religious test is the requiring of any act to be done, or any article of belief to be asserted or derived, as a condition of office, which act or assertion is in violation of the trusts of one or more religious creeds. If the religion of any individual requires him to abstain from attendance at any particular form of divine service, and it is made by law a part of his official duty to be present thereat, such law imposes a religious test on this person, and virtually excludes him from office on account of his religious belief.

"As an objection to the arguments founded on conscientious scruples, it is urged that the reasoning which has been used proves too much. The members of some religious denominations are opposed to war, and to all forcible resistance to wrong. Still, from the arguments used, it

compulsory on an officer or soldier to do his essential duty of opposing the public enemy.

"This objection, so plausible in appearance, will, on examination, be found to have no bearing on the point at issue. The general principle is fully admitted, that any construction of one part of the constitution which renders another portion of the same instrument a mere nullity, must necessarily be erroneous. One clause may limit or modify the effect of another, but it can never destroy it. In any case, therefore, where those parts of the constitution securing religious liberty, must, if carried into vigorous practice, annul, in effect, the power vested in Congress of creating and organizing an army, [or navy.] we are bound to conclude that they are modified and restricted by this grant. This is on the principle that the grant of any power, carries with it the grant of all powers necessary for its exercise. But this principle by no means interferes with another of equal force, which is that in all cases where two clauses of the Constitution do not conflict in any way, both are to be deemed of full force. We have seen that certain clauses of this instrument prevent the passage of any law requiring attendance at divine service. If it can be shown, that this prohibition necessarily interferes with any power necessary for Congress to exercise the prerogative of raising or organizing an army, we will readily admit, that so far as it does so conflict, and so far as it relates to the public force it is ineffective. To do this it would be necessary to prove that attendance on divine service was an obligation of such nature, that an army [or navy] could not exist, or that it could not perform its essential and appropriate duties without conforming to it. If this cannot be made evident, then Congress has as little power of requiring the attendance of soldiers [or sailors] at church, as it possesses over citizens.

"On this point but little need be said. It is evident to every mind that attendance on divine service is purely a religious duty between man and his Creator. It is in no sense a military duty. Armies [or navies] are raised for no such purposes. Desirable, then, as it may be to encourage religion among all men, the Legislature has no power whatever to force this matter either on the army, [the navy,] or on the public at large. It must be left to each one's conscience and sense of gratitude to the Deity.

"It is true that Congress can enforce duties, other than military ones, on soldiers [or sailors,] but its power in this respect over the military, [ashore or afloat,] is precisely the same as it is over citizens. It is subject to the same restrictions. And if the fundamental law of the Union has prohibited any interference with religion and religious duties, this prohibition is of as full force

with respect to the army as to citizens, unless, indeed, it can be shown that such restriction is inconsistent with the existence and essential purposes of the army."

The second article of the act of 1808 is strikingly in contrast with the second of the articles of war which govern the army. We have seen that the first is imperative; but the last is simply advisory; its language runs thus: "It is earnestly recommended to all officers and soldiers diligently to attend divine service," &c.

The object of Mr. O'Brien in his argument was to show why "Congress did not declare that it is required of all officers and soldiers" to attend divine service. It is evident from the general tone of the article, that Congress entertained a strong desire that soldiers should attend church; but in obedience to the Constitution, it refrained from compelling them to do what it only earnestly recommended. "A recommendation, however urgent, is not a command."

The enactments of Congress on this point for the army and navy are remarkably opposite; in one case the constitution is respected; in the other it is disregarded. Congress alone is responsible for this discrepancy. It is the duty of the national legislature to make laws; and at the same time to treat the Constitution with entire respect, by acting in perfect subordination to its provisions. It is the duty of every citizen, whether employed in any branch of the military service of the government or not, to obey the law. It should not be presumed by an officer of the navy, or army, that Congress and the Executive would make an unconstitutional law. Has an officer of any grade authority to decide upon the constitutionality of a law, and to be governed in his action under it according to his own decision? The assumption and exercise of such authority must endanger military discipline, and tend to place men in the power of officers who might be cruel and capricious, almost beyond the protection of law. No such authority should be recognized.

If legislators in their enactments are openly insubordinate to the Constitution, they should not complain of those who are insubordinate to their statutes. Through the influence of pernicious example, disobedience may be transmitted from the legislature, in a descending scale, from the commander-in-chief to the privates in our military establishments, with the effect of destroying all discipline and subordination. Disobedience to law should never be permitted in any case. If a law be unconstitutional even, it belongs to the law-making power to annul or amend it, and

* A Treatise on American Military laws, and the practice of courts martial; with suggestions for their improvement. By John O'Brien, Lieutenant in the United States Army. Philadelphia. 1846.

would follow that Congress could not make it not to those whose office is to administer and obey the laws. While he acts in obedience to law, it is a privilege of every American, if he believes the law to be wrong, to state his objections, so that they may be considered by legitimate authority; but he must submit cheerfully to the result of deliberate examination by such authority, even when contrary to his own deductions.

The third article of the act of 1800 is as follows: "Any officer, or other person in the navy, who shall be guilty of oppression, cruelty, fraud, profane swearing, drunkenness, or any other scandalous conduct, tending to the destruction of good morals, shall, if an officer, be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as a court-martial shall adjudge: if a private, shall be put in irons, or flogged, at the discretion of the captain, not exceeding twelve lashes; but if the offence require severer punishment, he shall be tried by a court-martial, and suffer such punishment as said court shall inflict."

The classification of crimes or offences here is remarkable. Oppression, cruelty, fraud, profane swearing, and drunkenness are all embraced under the mild generic denomination of "scandalous conduct" and, are of the same enormity, if measured by the penalty awarded by the law. An officer guilty of any one of these offences may be cashiered, that is, discarded disreputably from the navy, or he may be punished in any manner a court-martial may point out; but a private is subjected, ordinarily, to be punished at the discretion of the captain, by flogging to the extent of one dozen lashes, or by being put in irons. The period of confinement in irons, or whether he is to be in manacles only, or in shackles only, or in both, is not stated. The captain assumes that all these details are left to his discretion and he acts accordingly.

Oppression and cruelty are classed with "profane swearing." The last in a military point of view, is merely a gross, absurd vulgarity, which brings no absolute injury on any one, but cruelty is a wanton infliction of misery, calculated to goad men to mutiny. As far as it relates to profane swearing the law is obsolete: I have no recollection of hearing of any officer or man being punished for this indecorous habit.

It is difficult to establish a charge of drunkenness against an officer, or even against a private, before a court-martial. But when the allegation is made against a private, commanders have little hesitation in deciding upon the charge, or in sentencing the offender to punishment. It is very rarely that privates are innocently punished by captains under this charge; but they sometimes escape deserved castigation when the case is tried before a court. The reason is that witnesses are

reluctant to testify on a point which has no clear definition in their minds. They are not satisfied that when the mental equilibrium is disturbed in any noticeable degree, consequent upon swallowing intoxicating drinks, that the condition is described by the term drunk. There seems to prevail a vague notion that illegal drunkenness consists in a total suppression of mental power, accompanied by an almost complete loss of muscular ability, resulting from drinking an excessive quantity of distilled or fermented liquor.

Court. "Was he drunk at the time stated?"

Witness. "I should not say he was *actually* drunk; he talked a little thick, and could'n't walk exactly straight; he might have been a *little* disguised as regards to liquor, but I can't swear he was drunk."

Court. "What do you understand by the term, drunk?"

Witness. "I can't say exactly, for I know some men who are smarter for being a little sprung. I once knew a mate that wasn't fit for duty till he got his three or four glasses in him. I suppose a man's drunk when he is fighting, noisy, don't know his friends and won't listen to reason. The court knows, a man may get rousing; merry over his glass, say and do many foolish things, and none of the company say he was drunk. I should not like to swear a man was drunk, unless I was very clear as to the fact."

A very free construction has been placed upon this article, and modes of punishment instituted which are not even alluded to in the law. In practice, privates were put in irons and flogged. In many cases confinement and restraint are necessary preliminaries to trial; in such instances, simply putting in irons cannot be fairly considered as the punishment. A man in a state of riotous intoxication is put in irons to prevent injury to himself and others; but if released on becoming sober, and he escape subsequent castigation because he had been already confined, there would be in fact no punishment for his offence. Among the modes of punishment not alluded to in the law, which have been resorted to in the navy, are the "colt" or rope's end; the rattan; carrying a heavy shot during a watch; standing upon the capstan; riding the spanker-boom; gagging; bucking, &c., &c. The two last are rare. Gagging is effected by securing a rod of iron or wood across the wide open mouth; it is employed as the only effective mode to stop a stream of the vilest, vituperative profanity which angrily drunken seamen alone are capable of imagining. Bucking is a means originally invented for securing such prisoners as possess a natural facility of escaping from fetters; it consists in placing a bar or rod of sufficient length crosswise beneath the hams and in front of the elbow joints, after the

wrists and ankles have been put in irons. This arrangement of course confines the prisoner to a sitting posture, and restrains his motions to very narrow limits. It must be a most irksome position to endure for any considerable period.

These and some fantastic modes of punishment may have had their origin in the British navy in the days of Benbow and Roderick Random, long prior to the discovery that crime might be cured by "moral suasion." These modes of chastisement are used for the correction of minor faults, such as do not require the severity of the "cat." They are not to be considered indicative of the cruel or tyrannical spirit of officers; they are more open to be charged with culpable leniency, than harshness in the administration of the naval code. Nor are these modes of punishment positively illegal, although they are not prescribed in the law: they are, it is to be asserted, "according to the usage of the sea service," and therefore sanctioned by the first article of the act of 1800.

The three first articles of this statute, it has been shown, are designed to correct those who err in their conduct morally; no one of the offences named or alluded to is peculiar to military organization.

Articles four, five and six award death or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, for neglect to prepare at the proper time for battle; for disobedience of orders, and for cowardice, negligence or disaffection during battle. Article seven enjoins the preservation and transmission to the proper officers of all papers found on board of prizes, and mulcts any invasion of this injunction, in the share of prize money due the offender. Embezzlement of property taken from the enemy, and pillage of prisoners are punishable by sentence of court-martial, according to articles eight and nine. Holding unauthorized intercourse with an enemy; failing to report within twelve hours the receipt of any letter or message from an enemy or rebel, subjects the offender to the penalty of death, according to articles ten and eleven. Article twelve provides that spies shall suffer death. According to article thirteen those convicted of mutiny shall suffer death; but mutinous or seditious practices may be punished at the discretion of a court-martial. Article fourteen provides "death or such other punishment as a court-martial shall inflict" for disobedience, and for assaulting or attempting to assault a superior officer on duty. Quarrelling is punishable at the discretion of a court-martial. The only penalty of deserting to an enemy, (article sixteen,) is death; but desertion without this aggravating circumstance, (article seventeen,) may be punished with death or otherwise at the discretion of a court-martial.

Frauds against the United States, (article nineteen,) and loss or injury to vessels from heedless navigation are punishable at the discretion of a court-martial: but an officer who sleeps upon watch, (article twenty,) or otherwise neglects his duty, "shall suffer death" or other punishment; a private guilty of like offence may be flogged or put in irons. Murder committed by any one of the navy while beyond the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, (art. 21,) may be punished by death. Failure in discharging properly the duty of convoy of vessels, (art. 22,) is punishable at discretion of a court. To receive merchandize on board public vessels, (art. 23;) to waste or embezzle public property, (art. 24,) are punishable as a court may determine; but a wanton destruction of public property, (art. 25) incurs the penalty of death. Thefts of amounts of less than twenty dollars, (art. 26,) are punished at the discretion of the captain; beyond that value by sentence of a court. Offences committed against people on shore, (art. 27,) are subject to punishment by sentence of court-martial. Every person in the navy is liable to punishment, (art. 28,) if he fail to do his best to bring offenders against the law to trial. Article 29 relates to muster-rolls, books, &c., transfer of accounts, and directs that the captain "shall cause the rules for the government of the navy to be hung up in some public part of the ship, and read once a month to the ships company." It is common to see the commander's general orders for the internal regulation of the ship under his command hung up, but not "the rules for the government of the navy." Article 30 restricts authority to punish to the captain, and limits punishment by him to twelve lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails; but the authority was for many years exercised by the lieutenant on watch. Any master-at-arms who may suffer a prisoner to escape from his custody, (art. 31,) "shall suffer in such prisoner's stead." Crimes not specified, (art. 32,) are punishable "according to the laws and customs in such cases at sea." The remaining articles refer chiefly to the constitution of courts-martial, which are composed always of commissioned officers of the line exclusively, although neither the letter nor spirit of the law requires that members shall be of that class alone. There is one exception on record: a man was tried and convicted of murder by a court, convened under the authority of the late Commodore Jacob Jones in the Pacific, part of the members of which belonged to the medical staff of the squadron.

The second section of the act refers to courts of enquiry. The third section provides for the continuance of the authority of officers in case of wreck or loss of the vessel. Section 4, pro-

vides that the pay of those taken by the enemy is to continue. Section 5, makes prizes the property of the captors; and sections 6 and 7, relate to the distribution of prize money. The class of steam engineers were not in existence in the year 1800, and for this reason they are not mentioned in the law. Sections 8, 9, and 10 relate to pensions.

This brief summary of the act of 1800 shows how little it is in harmony with the spirit of the age; its barbarity might be inferred from the fact that there are not less than sixteen offences to which the penalty of death is attached.

To neglect to prepare for battle;

Disobedience of orders, or cowardice, or disaffection during battle;

To hold unauthorized intercourse with an enemy or rebel;

Failing to report within twelve hours, the receipt of a letter or message from an enemy or rebel;

To endeavor to corrupt any person in the navy to betray his trust;

To disobey the lawful orders of a superior officer;

To draw, or to offer to draw a weapon upon him;

To desert or entice others to desert;

To perform duty negligently;

To sleep on watch;

To leave his station before being regularly relieved;

To burn or unlawfully set fire to any kind of public property;

Mutiny and murder. And all these offences are alike punishable by death under this code.

But the most barbarian-like clause of the whole is the thirty-first, which makes the master-at-arms, (a petty officer who performs the functions of a jailor,) responsible for the crime of any prisoner who may escape from his custody: its language is, he "shall suffer in such prisoner's stead." This clause has never brought any master-at-arms to the gibbet, but its provision is not the less unchristian on that account: it partakes of the spirit of the Chinese law, which sanctions vicarious punishments for all crimes.

Truly, the hazards of life in the navy are numerous: it is exposed to the chances of battle, to the perils of the sea, to the pernicious influences of climate, and lastly to an antiquated and barbarous code of laws. It is true, Congress has abolished punishment by the cat-o'-nine-tails; still, under a code which sets out with marked attention to minor morals and manners, and the establishment of a national religion afloat, men may be hung, or ignominiously shot to death, almost *ad libitum*.

There are certain features in this code which

tend to develope and foster the self-esteem of those who hold office under it; especially of those in whom vanity naturally preponderates in the mental constitution. A midshipman, a mere boy, may be a "superior officer;" at any rate, he is likely to think he is always, relatively to privates. This reflection is not calculated to diminish his importance in his own estimation. If he is a giddy youth, it may be anticipated he will soon acquire an imperative and overbearing deportment towards inferiors, as he is reminded monthly that the law puts at stake the life of any sailor who even offers him the slightest personal injury. Feeling that the law protects him from assault by an inferior, under penalty of death, and from simple insult or disrespect, under pain of the "cat," he acquires confidence. He may have no disposition to enforce the law; still it imparts to him a sense of security, in the same manner as arms at hand give a confidence where there is possibility of being attacked, even when one is decidedly averse to using either sword or pistol offensively. While the law, in this view of it, tends to encourage official vanity and pride, it exerts an humbling, an humiliating influence over privates. In some instances at least, instead of exhibiting a simple manly respect, they become cringing in manner towards officers of all degrees and quality.

The idea exists pretty extensively that the chief, if not the only objects of this law are to support officers of the line in the discharge of duty. It gives a discretion to captains and to courts-martial in awarding punishments for crime; as it is the practice to constitute courts of line officers exclusively, and as none can become captains except line-officers, it is easy to infer that power, respectability and distinction can inure only to the line: the staff is excluded. In the minds of very many, staff-officers are never admitted to an *official* level with those of the line under any circumstances whatever, although they pay to staff-officers, *unofficially*, due respect, and entertain for them personally, as much consideration and kindness as gentlemen can reasonably expect or desire from each other. If a surgeon and a purser of twenty years' experience in the navy, and a newly commissioned lieutenant of the line were directed to examine a cheese, and report in writing their opinion on its condition or quality, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred, that the young lieutenant would claim as a right, inherent to his pertinency to the line, to place his signature to the joint report above that of the old surgeon and purser. Yet, in his opinion, perhaps nothing would be more preposterous, than to see the name of a senior lieutenant of the line, written below his own, on any official paper. There is a feeling, a tone of official



supremacy among line officers of every grade, which they think their duty requires them to assert over staff-officers upon all *official* occasions. A line-officer of the grade of commander and a surgeon may have associated for years; and, as friends and mess-mates, shared in common the pleasures of life, and faced the dangers of battle and escaped shipwreck together: yet, while as an individual he would incur any risk to serve him, the commander would be a little disturbed, if that surgeon should so far question his precedence and supremacy, as to precede him in ascending a ship's side-ladder on an *official* occasion, or sign an official paper before him. His official self-esteem would be wounded, and he would, most probably, remind his friend of his own official importance.

This punctilious feeling is illustrated also by the names of classes in common use, which seem to have been contrived to foster the ideal superiority of the line: at least the sensitiveness of staff officers has suggested such a construction. Officers of the line have been erroneously termed "sea-officers," while those of the several staff departments, as the medical, the pay and provision, and the steam engineer departments, have been as erroneously called "civil officers." The duties of all are alike performed at sea, and therefore, the name "sea-officers" is equally appropriate to all: and, as all are alike subject to military laws, to military tribunals and customs, wear military badges and trappings, and are imbued with a common military tone and spirit; and, as the object of the combined labors and vocations of all are alike military, there is no propriety in calling any of them "civil officers." It is true, these names might be considered to be simply technical: but, even admitting this, they are not well chosen. Since officers have not been content to call themselves exclusively "sea-officers," they have also styled themselves "the officers proper of the navy," as if none others are properly officers of the navy. This indication of a desire on the part of line-officers to be prominently distinguished above the class mis-called "civil," has, in effect, diminished the respectability of the latter appellation in the navy, and made it, in a manner, distinctive of an inferior caste, composed of staff-officers, whose position in the navy is like that of a first wife's children in a family, ruled by a cold-hearted step-mother who has offspring of her own; they have the family name, but are not allowed an equal voice or position in the household, to the support of which they may contribute a full quota.

Professional ambition is laudable. But to vainly boast of belonging to a profession, as if all merit consisted in the membership, is almost inexcusable, even among very "young gentlemen."

It is an honor to be of the navy, for the reason that the glory of its achievements sheds a distinguishing ray upon all its members, both ancient and modern, whether of the line or staff. In the language of the distinguished conqueror on Lake Erie: "There is glory enough for all;" no man need complain of his share, or seek more, by assuming titles, calculated to disparage the labors of those in any department of the service, necessary to its efficiency.

There is nothing in the letter of the law of 1800 to warrant notions of the kind described; but its general spirit tends to produce the effect alluded to. Officers of the line commence their military career as boys, and grow up under this code; the notions inspired by it become so familiar to their minds, that their propriety is neither questioned nor examined.

This tone of line supremacy and line precedence, so continuously asserted, is not peculiar to our service. It is common in the British navy; but there it is less remarkable, because the punctilious attention given, in the society of Great Britain, to the consideration of rank and precedence, seems merely to find an analogue in the organization of the navy and army of an aristocratic government. Under a republican form of government, however, any assertion of supremacy of the sort stands out prominently and becomes remarkable, if not offensive. It is totally at variance with our political institutions and social condition. It might have been anticipated that military organizations, closely copied from those of an aristocratic government, would not harmonize with the principles and customs of a free democracy, under which the law gives no man precedence. If a citizen gains precedence or supremacy, he owes it to a common appreciation, by the public, of his distinguished talents, or merit of some kind, but never to legal enactment or official vocation.

When adult men, who have been educated and grown up under a democracy, enter the military service in the staff of either the army or navy, which is necessarily organized on the aristocratic principles of government, they find this assertion of precedence and supremacy of the line, on all official occasions, repugnant to all their established opinions. They soon become imbued with the military tone of the society of which they constitute a part; but they never learn to feel, they should always appear in public as the inferiors of their mess companions of the line. They feel that a law of seniority should be, in its operation, common to all. Probably this is the reason why the medical officers, as long ago as 1816, asked for a definite position, or assimilated rank, in the military organization of the navy. To very many, their pretensions and

claims have not seemed to be unreasonable; but they have been continuously resisted by the line generally, and in spite of the general order of the Secretary of the Navy on the subject, issued in August 1846, the question is still mooted and remains unsettled. And it will probably thus remain until a code of laws, in harmony with our political creed and the progressive spirit of the age, is devised for the government of the navy.

It will be perceived that, in my poor opinion, these pretensions between officers of the line and of the staff about rank,* that is, relative position, have their origin exclusively in the antiquated law of 1800, in the system, the confused organization of the naval service, and in its want of harmony with our political and social condition.

Connected with the formation of a code of military law for the navy, there are several points of interest and importance, which should be deliberately considered: a navy is defined to be a body of citizens armed and trained to fight the enemy at sea—an army distributed in fortresses which move about on the ocean. A ship's company, in a frigate, compares with a regiment of the army; but the companies of the naval regiment are called "divisions." Besides fighting the great guns and discharging other purely military duties, our nautical soldiers, or men-of-war-men, are required to manage the machinery, by which their fortress is made to move from place to place. They exercise, as it were, a double vocation; they are sailors and soldiers at the same time.

The object of a military organization by land or sea, is efficient military aggression and defence. Authority must be centered in one man; and to him all must render prompt and cheerful obedience to secure success. What is true in this respect of an entire army or navy, must be true of its separate, component divisions. All authority and power, necessary to fight and sail a ship, must be placed in a chief officer, the captain; but they should be strictly limited to these ob-

*The meaning of the word rank, used as a military technicality, is relative position. It means nothing more nor less. It is sometimes used synonymously for the word grade; but a little examination will show that it should never be so used when precision is desired. There are several grades of line-officers: the grade of captains, the grade of commanders, of lieutenants, &c. All captains are of the same grade; but no two captains are of the same rank; every captain has a position which is relative to other captains, and (the senior excepted) is below some one in the grade. A ranks B, because his relative position is before that of B on the list: so, it is said, captains rank commanders; because the relative position of the grade of captains is before that of the grade of commanders in the classification or scale of military organization of the navy.

jects, so that the individuals subordinate to him, may each enjoy as much personal freedom of action as is necessary to happiness, and consistent with the circumstances of their situation. But it does not appear necessary, in order to secure prompt obedience, that the captain should possess plenary powers of punishment, or that individuals should possess neither rights nor privileges independent of his pleasure. Therefore, it becomes necessary to define carefully what are the rights and powers of all; and what degree of discretion may be safely allowed to each. A general responsibility must be required of the captain; therefore, a proportionate discretion should be given him to act; but it is not necessary he should be held specially or particularly responsible for every department in the ship. Particular responsibilities may be assigned, by law, to officers subordinate to him. The purser may be held responsible for the pay and provision department, and the surgeon for the individual and general treatment of the sick and hurt, independently of the captain. It is not necessary that the captain's authority should enable him to decide upon the correctness of the purser's accounts, or upon the condition of health of any individual, who may represent himself incapable to discharge duty, or what course of treatment may be requisite for his recovery. The law should require him to aid both the surgeon and purser in the discharge of their respective duties, for which it holds them directly responsible. It is not necessary that the surgeon, or purser, or, indeed, the chief of any staff department in the ship, should be subordinate to any officer whatever, except the captain.

Prompt obedience cannot well be enforced without prompt or summary punishment. But, it does not follow, necessarily, that the power to punish must be given to an individual.—The object may be attained through the medium of a ship's court, composed of three or more officers, detailed under authority of the captain. A schedule of faults, offences and crimes, might be prepared, with the punishment annexed to each; and under it, the functions of a ship's court would be analogous to those of a jury; it would determine, by the evidence, upon the guilt or innocence of the accused; but the law alone would award the punishment. A very few minutes would be sufficient to try by such court, any of the petty gangway cases, which it is the practice now, for the captain alone to examine and adjudicate. A similar principle of trial might be adopted for the observance of courts-martial, in which the law of 1800, places too large a discretion. The feature of courts-martial most inconsistent with our political creed, is the sworn secrecy of the members as to each others votes. It is not perceived

that an open vote or expression of opinion as to the guilt or innocence of a person would be dangerous, either to the members of the court, or to justice. Judges and jurors in civil courts do not find secrecy, as to their opinions in any case, necessary to their own personal safety. Whether it would be either safe or judicious, to go below the various grade of commission officers in the formation of courts, is questionable. In a very great degree, a commission is a guarantee of intelligence, probity and experience, which are important qualities, for any body clothed with power to decide upon the truth of allegations which involve chastisement in any form. Privates are not supposed to be endowed with these attributes; there are, doubtlessly, very many among them entirely capable to act as jurors. To make them eligible to such position, by selection under authority of the captain, would tend to elevate them and increase their self-respect, because it would open to them a path to distinction among their fellows, which, under the present system, has no existence. A ship of war is truly a microcosm—a little world in which public opinion exists and is respected; it only requires to be elevated and directed to make it as influential for the common good in a community at sea, as in a community on shore.

The punishment of individuals who disregard the law is designed for the common good of the community, by restraining those who are prone to imitate bad examples. That mode of punishment is best which most perfectly accomplishes the object, and at the same time, renders the necessity of its infliction the least frequent. But the best mode has not yet been ascertained.

All penal codes; all systems or modes of punishment; all plans for preventing offences against persons or property, or for securing obedience to authority, hitherto devised by the wisest legislators, are defective, if they have not entirely failed in their object. The Russian knout, the bastinado, the whipping-post, the rattan, the bamboo, the cat-o'-nine-tails, confinement in fetters, the solitude of the dark cell, imprisonment and labor in silence, restricted diet, branding, maiming, decollation, hanging and shooting, have been employed vigorously without improving the virtue or morals of men. Crimes are not less frequent or less shocking now, than they were a century since, either in Christian societies, or among the various communities of religious misbelievers. On the contrary, it is suggested that crime has increased in proportion as prisons have been made places of agreeable residence, and punishments of all kinds have been made seemingly more tolerable, and criminals more respec-

table.* It is even suspected there is more generous sympathy exerted in behalf of the vicious, of those who are guilty of crime in any of its gradations, from murder and arson down to the smallest misdemeanor, than in favor of disease-and-poverty-stricken but virtuous and industrious citizens. A brutal courage often evinced in the perpetration of crime, attracts respect and excites pity for a condemned criminal, while the virtuous humility of poverty passes unheeded: a man would be spurned as an honest beggar, who, as a felon, forcibly detained in a palace of criminals, would provoke the respect and the activity of the benevolent to release him from the infliction of law. While this falsely called benevolence exists—while pity sheds more tears over the murderer than over his victim, it is not reasonable to expect that any system of punishment will be effectual in preventing crime. Even the limited protection which law is calculated to afford honest citizens against the violence and misdoing of the vicious, is diminished by the too frequently successful efforts of sympathizers of criminals to shield them from conviction on trial, and to procure pardon for them when condemned. Crime is thus indirectly encouraged by increasing the avenues and chances of escape from punishment.

Any system of punishment to be valuable, must be devised on a theory that it will be faithfully observed in practice; observation has led to the opinion that certainty of chastisement is more influential in securing obedience to law, than its severity.

There can be no punishment which does not involve suffering in body, or in mind. Then the question to be solved is, what kind and degree of pain can be inflicted on individual offenders, consistent with humanity, for the common advantage of the community?

Severity of punishment must always be in a ratio to the sensibility of the individual punished, just as the destructive effects of a projectile depend as much upon the degree of resistance it meets, as upon its own momentum. What would be inexpressible torture to one, might be only a tolerable degree of pain to another. For this reason it would be, perhaps, unjust, especially in a military community, to inflict the same kind and degree of punishment for the same misdeed, without reference to the sensibility of the culprit. Flagellation with a birch rod is sufficiently afflicting to a tender youth; but, such means of chast-

*See, "The London Prisons," with an account of the more distinguished persons who have been confined in them. To which is added, a description of the chief provincial prisons: by Hepworth Dixon: London, 1850. Also: "Latter Day Pamphlets" No. 11, March, 1850. Model Prisons. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, 1850.

tisement would rather excite the derision of a rude, stalwart Anglo-Saxon or athletic negro, than inspire dread of its repetition.

Men generally are influenced in their actions by fear, or by the prospect of advantage, real or imaginary. Men whose sentiments have been raised by education, are controlled by public opinion, by a fear of censure or a desire of praise: to a proud man, extinction of life is preferable to disgrace. But there are men whose stolidity and moral obtuseness is such that they are almost, if not entirely, incapable of distinguishing between approbation and censure. Men of the classes from which our ships are manned, in very many instances, can be convinced of wrong doing only by suffering corporal pain. Men of this description will always be found in our ships of war; at any rate, as long as the policy of using up imperfectly elaborated, badly constituted citizens in the military services of the country, is encouraged. To exclude such men from the military service would be wise in one sense; but, it would, in fact, increase the class of ruffians and highwaymen among citizens. Not to provide means of restraint adapted to the low grade of moral constitution of such men, would be injudicious. What mode can be devised in place of flogging, which has been abolished, it seems, almost impossible to conjecture.

Among the objections to the infliction of stripes, as a means of correcting offenders and securing a due respect for law, it is urged that it is barbarous in fact, and degrading in effect.

Corporal punishment is, in appearance, more severe than mental infliction, because the manifestations of its pains are immediate and visible. Who will not admit, for example, that the mental anguish of a mother bereaved of her offspring is less easily borne than the pains of travail? A man of spirit suffers more from confinement during any considerable period, than from the infliction of a dozen lashes. Men-of-war sailors not unfrequently beg that confinement may be commuted to flogging. The severity of this mode of punishment I suspect has been over-estimated: I have no recollection of an instance of a culprit suffering in health as a consequence of being punished to the extent of a dozen lashes, but I have known men whose bodily condition has been impaired by long confinement.

It is because there are no palpable manifestations of pain in the modes of silent punishment, such as imprisonment in fetters, solitary confinement, the dark cell, restriction to bread and water—that they are less severe, less barbarous than corporal punishment. They do not, like the infliction of stripes or the shower bath, shock the public sensibility. The shriek of distress, the cry of pain, even when uttered by a

quadruped, awakens sympathy in a man of feeling, and a desire to relieve the sufferer, no matter whether the patient be writhing under the “cat” of the law, the “key” of the dentist, or the surgeon’s knife. Our sympathetic sense or instinct does not pause to know whether he who cries of bodily pain is virtuous or vicious, a saint or a cut-throat; our impulse is to extinguish the pain, or rather the manifestations of it, which are always disagreeable and disturbing.

Whether punishment by stripes is more degrading, morally, than any other mode of correction, depends very much, though not entirely, upon conventional ideas. A Mohammedan has four wives, and enjoys the respect of his fellow-citizens; but a Christian is degraded and disgraced in the community if he is known to have more than one. The Chinese officer suffers disgrace when he is deprived of a particular button or a peacock’s plume; and, to crop the queue of a Chinese citizen by judicial sentence, is infinitely more degrading than corporal punishment with the bamboo. It is true, that some old men-of-war sailors boast that they have never been whipped; but, I have no recollection of any sailor who regarded flogging as a greater disgrace or degradation, than being put in irons, or who esteemed a ship-mate less because he had been flogged or imprisoned, provided he bore the infliction without outcry, or as the phrase is, “like a man.” For this reason, flogging has less effect in deterring others from committing offence. The disgrace or degradation which we might suppose *a priori* would attach to flogging, has been taken away by too frequent, and sometimes irregular, wanton and unjust resort to this mode of punishment. Although flogging has been abolished, it may be safely asserted, that if the question were submitted to a vote among sailors in the navy, the expression of opinion would be almost, if not entirely, unanimous, in favor of re-establishing the use of the cat-o’-nine-tails. Their reason is, that the lazy and skulking will seek and submit to confinement in irons in bad weather, and thus force all the work upon those who are well disposed to do their duty.

Flogging, as a means of punishment, either ashore or afloat, has one advantage over any kind of imprisonment. Its pains are limited to the culprit: those who may be dependent upon his labor, are not made to participate in the castigation, for the moment after its infliction, he may return to his avocation. For a similar reason, it is preferable to any system of penitential fines as a mode of punishing those offenders against the law, who rely upon their labor to procure daily food for themselves and families.

It has been suggested that in populous communities, offenders against law might be effectually

restrained from the repetition of any offence by the infliction of stripes in public, but without publishing the name or exposing the face or person of the culprit. He would feel the pain of the flogging, but experience no degradation, because no one need be informed of the chastisement. If a vagrant, for example, guilty of drunkenness and turbulent conduct, were to be covered with a hood and gown, and flogged at a public whipping-post, it is supposed he would be unwilling to incur a repetition of the pain; while the same individual, punished by thirty days' confinement, on better food and in more comfortable lodgings than he is accustomed to while at liberty, would have no dread of a repetition of the chastisement. To individuals, possessed of little or no moral tone, mere confinement is no punishment. Such persons cannot be restrained by fear of degradation; they have neither character nor name to lose, and they are, therefore, sensible only to corporal pain. The question, then, may be, whether the infliction shall be upon the skin, by stripes, or through the medium of internal organs, by starvation, at the risk of health? especially in persons who are but poorly nourished under the most prosperous circumstances of their degraded habits.

It will be admitted that men in the navy have been flogged and kept in irons wantonly and unjustly; but the misuse of power is not a conclusive argument against its legal exercise. Arbitrary power confided to an individual who is not held strictly responsible in practice for the use he may make of it, is always liable to be abused.

It has been suggested as a popular and important objection to corporal punishment in the navy, that, not being equally applicable to all, it tends to the creation of privileged classes, because the law exempted officers from the lash; and, in corroboration of this position, it is urged, that the Constitution does not recognize distinctions among citizens of the United States. Therefore, officers should be obnoxious to the same kinds of punishment as privates for like offences; because the nature and enormity of an infraction of law cannot be justly measured by the rank or quality of the offender.

The formation of military government rests upon a legal recognition of classes. Every military community must consist of privates and officers; and these must be divided into classes, each having a peculiar position, with corresponding authority and respect assigned to it. For this reason, a military government, in the etymological sense of the term, is aristocratic, an aristocracy being a form of government in which the authority is confided to the nobles, to the exclusion of the people. In this form of government, it may not be either unjust or inexpedient

to graduate the enormity of an offence by the quality or rank of the offender, and to establish different modes of correcting offences of the same character according to rank, that is, according to relative position and authority. The law of 1800, in this view, makes such distinctions. According to article 20, any officer of the navy who sleeps on watch shall suffer death, but a private may be put in irons or flogged, not exceeding a dozen lashes at the discretion of the captain. The consequences of a private sleeping on watch are of little importance; but, in the case of a lieutenant, they might be fatal to the safety of the ship.

But the most cogent argument against flogging in the navy or army, is, that this mode of punishment is not in harmony with the institutions of our country. If whipping-posts were in general use on shore, I see no conclusive reason why flogging, properly limited, should not be practised in the navy.

Imprisonment does not seem to exert much influence in preventing crime or reforming criminals on shore, if we may rely upon statistics. It is questionable whether this mode of punishment is, in itself, or in its effects, less degrading than that flagellation. In a very populous district, the number withdrawn, for the purpose of punishment by imprisonment, from the labor or work to be done in the district, is scarcely, if at all, perceived; but, in a small community, in a ship of war, for example, in which every private's physical force is appreciable, and in which every private has an allotted duty to perform, no one can be withdrawn without imposing that one's duty on others. Twenty men may be required to reef a sail without extraordinary toil, but if five should be imprisoned, the whole work falls upon fifteen, who are thus made to participate in a punishment not merited by themselves, but justly awarded by law to their five fellow-reefers. The summary punishment by flogging, is, for this reason, better adapted to the circumstances of a small community at sea.

The offences which may be committed against law in a navy or army, may be embraced in two divisions: one includes only those incident to military life, such as mutiny, mutinous conduct, holding unauthorized intercourse with an enemy being a spy, sleeping on post, desertion, neglect of duty, performing duty negligently, cowardice, disobedience of orders, disrespect to superiors, oppression of inferiors, indulgence in vicious practices, as gambling, intoxication, lying, skulking, &c., quarrelling, waste or embezzlement of public property, making false or fraudulent reports; and among officers, assumption of illegal power, and dishonorable conduct. The other division includes offences against law, which may be com-

mitted in civil life, such as murder, arson, larceny, assault and battery, &c.

The offences in the first division, should be carefully classed and defined; and punishments graduated and assigned to each according to its enormity or importance. These punishments should be speedily awarded, and promptly inflicted. The modes of punishment should be adapted to the circumstances of the community for whose benefit they are designed. The correction of offences under the second division may be by the same modes, at any rate, with slight modification, as are in use in the United States; murder and arson by hanging; larceny, by imprisonment, &c., &c. It should be borne in mind that ships of war do not embrace space for jails or prisons; and the only effectual mode of confinement is to place prisoners in irons between the guns on deck, under the watch of a sentinel.

This whole subject is of great interest to the navy, and indirectly to the nation. This consideration, I offer as apology for dwelling so long upon a law, the provisions of which, are a half century behind the times, and in conflict with a spirit of progress, which characterises the present age.

There is no definite naval organization; there is no law establishing grades of officers, or rank for them; and, practically, there is no law for the government of the navy. The whole service, as far as relates to fundamental law, is in a state of confusion and contradiction. Under the present fashion of legislating, there is not much hope of speedy reformation. During a session of Congress, the current affairs of the navy occupy all the attention which members of the standing naval committees can conveniently divert from their general duties as representatives. The naval committee, without overlooking other matters, has not the time necessary to examine all the points which deserve consideration, in devising fundamental laws for the organization and government of the navy. To act intelligently, the members should possess a certain appreciation of technical facts and opinions; but they have no time, even if they were desirous to do so, to collect facts or to estimate the true value of opinion, independently of the mere weight of authority.

For twenty years past, efforts have been made from time to time, to establish an organization and law for the navy, through the agency of boards of experienced line-officers. The propositions of those boards have never been entirely acceptable. They have generally borne the stamp of conservatism, or they have been redolent of the age and prejudices, which, in many instances, characterised the members of those boards. They seemed not to have looked beyond the track of their own individual experience, which con-

sisted in seeing done when last at sea under their own command, what they had seen done in 1801, also under their own command. Their experience was without variety, and often without comparison or observation. They might be simply gentlemen who follow an established routine, which they had acquired as midshipmen fifty or more years ago; and because they had repeated all the various steps of that routine very many times over, they were supposed to have acquired an experience which eminently fitted them to legislate for the whole navy. But experience, which teaches improvement, does not consist in witnessing an act, many times repeated, through a long series of years. Such repetition establishes the act strongly in the memory, without adding anything whatever to useful knowledge. Opinion based on such experience, is of little value, even when uttered by the most respectable gentlemen of advanced age. Truth is to be acquired only by comparing the differences and resemblances of phenomena, moral or physical, in the various relations and circumstances under which they may be presented. To observe and compare phenomena successfully, is not within the mental power of all men; and taking the several reports made by them as evidence, it may be supposed, very few of those gentlemen did more than put on paper what they remembered to have seen. Those reports are copies one from the other, with occasional varieties of language. A comparison of the codes of regulations of 1802, 1818, 1833, 1841 and 1843, exhibits so much similarity of tone and object, that it is easy to imagine they had all been prepared by the same hand. They have increased in size, not by the addition of new ideas, but by expanding old ones into detailed statements. They are all characterized by a British origin; though far from being faithful copies, they may be termed imitations.

A special committee of Congress, with power to send for persons and papers, authorized to sit during a long recess, might collect all the facts and opinions required to enable it to present a law which would cover the ground of organization and of government. Such a committee should consult separately, a dozen or more men of reputed intelligence, from every grade and vocation in the service, and patiently cross-examine them all, as has been done sometimes when about to legislate for the manufacturing or other interests, involving a necessity of technical knowledge.

There has been too much legislation based on the suggestion or representation of individuals; and this has led to the many imperfections and fallacies which might be cited from the statute book. We have had this kind of legislation by a few of the older officers of the line from time

to time, for a half century. The navy is still without organization, and will continue to be, until the system is changed, and the work of naval legislation is taken from navy officers and assumed in earnest by Congress to which it rightfully belongs.

"TWILIGHT DEWS."

BY RAPHAEL.

In this still twilight hour
Why wilt thou, oh! fond memory, awake,
And from my heart its calm contentment take?
As by thy magic power
Rise up the buried hopes—the grief and woe,—
The thoughts and wishes vain of "long ago"
In this still twilight hour!

Unto my childhood's home
Why wilt thou, oh! sad memory, return,
And, (as the autumn winds at nightfall mourn)
So sad yet faithful roam?
Haunting each well known path and cherished spot
Recalling hours that *pray to be forgot*—
Dark hours in that lone home!

In that far silent room—
The room made sacred by Love's first sweet spell—
Why wilt thou, oh my heart! still mournful dwell
In loneliness and gloom?
Dreaming forever of the faithless one—
Listlessly brooding over joys now gone—
Alas! that silent room!

Those vows of constant love—
Those promises of lasting truth and faith
Whispered by lips now cold, *but not in death*.
Oh! heart, why wilt thou rove?
When other ties, formed since that day of change
Should, from all former idols, thee estrange—
Alas, that faithless love!

The blessing and the prayer—
Oh, soul! how canst thou breathe them still for *one*
Who wrecked thy happiness ere 'twas begun—
Who wandering now afar
Perchance gives not one passing thought to thee,
Or thinking, muses cold and carelessly,
Unheeding thy fond prayer.

Oh weary, weary heart!—
Oh soul, still faithful to a faithless love—
Oh memory, swift the bitter fount to move—
When will the woe depart?
When will the sad remembrance leave my breast?
When will the troubled waters be at rest?
Oh weary, weary heart!!

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

HEALTH.—CITY INSTITUTIONS.—MANUFACTURES.

Having spoken of the History of Richmond in its chief events, and in its most remarkable men, it will be necessary, in giving a full account of the City, to make mention of its peculiar institutions, and to speak of it as a place of health.

And, in considering the healthiness or unhealthiness of a place, we find it to consist first in the situation; and this should be examined, not only in reference to surrounding objects, as rivers, marshes, or mountains; but, also, with due reference to the geological formations. There can be no doubt, that certain kinds of sickness pertain to certain soils, and that diseases are often confined to particular regions, or, at least, spend their chief violence in such regions. Ague and Fever, for instance, exists chiefly on marshy soils; and the Cholera has proved more violent in limestone basins of a certain character, and rarely, if ever, invades a granite range of country. Other causes of health or sickness consist in the water drunk, and the air breathed by a people; and this latter should be examined, not only as to purity, but also in its temperature and its moisture, that is, in the sun that shines on, and the rain that falls in a city or country.

These are generals or naturals, and on them depends the habit of the place, as to its good or evil health.

Food, modes of dress, manner and customs of a people, as to labour, study and diversion, are artificials or particulars; and affect a people less, because they are not so much dependent on them. These influence individuals, while the former ones affect masses, and that, under all the circumstances of life. They are entirely beyond our control, and act on us before we are able to discover the right hand from the left, or to know the peculiarities of food or dress; they affect us in sleep, when we are unconscious of their action; in sickness, when we are unable to resist them; in mature life, when our powers are full and strong; and, in old age, when our strength has departed. Add to these causes, the influence of epidemic diseases, prevailing at times in a city, (which, however, are, in some measure, modified by situation,) and we have all the circumstances that affect the health of a community.

An examination, then, of the situation, water, climate, and habits of the people of the city of Richmond will determine its health.

The geological formations of the soil on which Richmond stands, are of primitive rock, overlaid

by gravel, sand, and alluvial deposits. It stands where the granite rock of the primitive formations meets the alluvial; deposit of which the lower country is made. This is shown in the masses of granite forming ledges across the river, obstructing at once the water in its passage down, thus forming the falls, and the tide in its passage up, making Richmond the head of tide-water on the James. These underlie the hills on which the town stands; and these hills consist largely of rolled gravel, sand, shell-marl, &c., evidently the result of alluvial deposit upon the granite basis of Richmond. And these substances were, no doubt, deposited when the place on which Richmond now stands, lay many fathoms deep under the sea; and the storms of ocean, lashed into fury, rolled mountain waves over its site, tearing up the foundations of the present city, piling gravel and sand in heaps, and finally passing on to break in foam and spray upon its sea coast, or what we now call the Alleghany mountains. When, by the upheaval of the land, the sea was compelled to retire, the foundations of Richmond city stood out a mass of granite rocks, covered with the wreck of the ocean, and cut into deep ravines by sea currents. And these ravines have been made still deeper by the constant action of falling rains and running streams, since the beginning of time.

The foundations of Richmond being, then, upon primitive formations, it follows, that its situation must be a healthy one; for, it has ever been observed, that, other things being equal, there is more exemption from disease upon a primitive or granite formation, than upon any other. There are found many fossil remains in the sand and marl, which are frequently met with in digging foundations for houses; beside the usual ammonites and other shells, fossils of the seal, the porpoise, shark and other fish; as well as those of reptiles, crocodiles, &c., have been met with.

The shark may have caught his prey among the columns of our courts of law; the lazy whale has floated in the pleasant sun shine on the surface of the sea, where now are our busiest haunts; oyster beds have grown upon in our streets; seals, sufficient to furnish all Richmond with caps, once swam and dived in the place where tall houses stand; shoals of herrings, or porpoises, may have met over the capital, in solemn conclave, to decide upon the destiny of their race, or to make laws for its regulation; and the rapacious crocodile, with his devouring jaws, may have crawled out to sun himself on such an island as the top of Richmond Hill, and made his home in the play-ground where children now shout in boyish sport.

Not only is Richmond thus well placed, but

its situation is favorable also, from its being built on high hills, above the low grounds where sickness might prevail, far from the region where malaria exerts its deleterious agency in producing remittent bilious fevers, with no low marshy soil near it, and no mingling of salt water and fresh in its river to produce disease, or at least, give a tendency to ill health, it stands (from its situation considered in every respect) a place marked out for good health.

Again: as many diseases in a city arise from deficient sewerage, or from dirty streets, and the consequent accumulation of filth, the peculiar situation of Richmond renders her exempt from these causes; not that her streets are swept by authority, but from her position as a city of many hills, her streets are all more or less inclined, and are swept clear by every shower that falls. It is, indeed, astounding to see with what force the waters pour down her streets, and how thoroughly the work is done by them. Were it not for these scavenger showers, the accumulations, acted on by a hot sun, would certainly produce much sickness of a dangerous character.

Although there are many springs and wells in and around Richmond, the supply of water for the city is taken from the river itself, by means of water works and reservoirs.

The many springs and wells which supplied the city before the river supply was obtained, do not furnish such pure water, being saturated by passing through beds of marl, or deposits of sand containing iron ore, and various other mineral substances. The river water, if it was always clear and free from sediment, would be of the very best kind, and when clear, no water can surpass it. It has been found that this water and that of the Mississippi, are best for long voyages; keeping pure for a long time in distant and hot climates.

We have made some experiments on the river water, and that of various wells and springs in the city, to ascertain which would be most wholesome to drink, and also to find out whether the waters of the reservoir could be injured by passing through lead pipes.

In speaking of the geology of Richmond, we omitted to mention that iron, and perhaps other metals also, were found in the sands, &c., constituting the surface. When the sea waves broke over this part of the country, the water itself, and the force with which it was moved, rubbed down elevated points, and strewed the materials thus loosened, over the bed of the ocean. In this manner, veins of iron ore were crumbled to pieces on the surface, and their contents scattered far and wide; all through this section of country, we find iron disseminated in the soil, and as a

consequence, chalybeate springs are found where no iron ore in veins exists.

The water of the springs and wells of the city, so far as we have examined them, contain acids that act on lead and other metals,; they likewise contain compounds of lime, some of them possess a good deal of alum, and others are chalybeate in character. The city spring and the water of the capitol square, act strongly and readily on lead. Even the water of those springs as it passes from the pipes, if tested carefully, shows the presence of lead in small quantities, and this is much more apparent, if it be permitted to stand awhile in a leaden vessel, or if that metal be in any way placed in contact with it.

The water of the reservoir, if tested after it has passed through the iron and lead pipes of the city, will be found to contain no trace of lead whatever, although some lime will be found in it, and an abundance of organic matter. When filtered, to separate these last from it, no water can be purer or more wholesome to drink.

The climate of a place is its air, and must be considered under its temperature in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, under its moisture or dryness in the amount of rain that falls, and in its prevailing winds. No city can be better placed than Richmond in point of climate: It is exempt from those cool, cutting winds that render many of our northern towns dangerous winter residences to invalids; its northern breezes are mild and tempered. Neither has it the hot and malarious air of the towns farther south, nor is it liable to that scourge of many southern cities, Yellow Fever. It is not too much elevated by propinquity to the mountains, to render its winter cold excessive in degree, or long continued: nor is it exposed to the miasmatic influences that prevail on the low sea coast around Norfolk.

But in the central climate of the State, neither north nor south, midway between the mountain air and that of the sea coast, it lies in that first medium, most favorable to the health and longevity of its inhabitants.

The latitude of Richmond is 37° 39' 17" north; the longitude 77° 27' 28" west. It lies on the same parallel with Grenada, in Spain, with the island of Sicily, and with the city of Aleppo, in Asia. Owing however to the difference between the climates of places lying on the same parallel in Europe and America, Richmond has by no means the hot and often sickly atmosphere that exists in those situations.

We have been furnished with the observations made upon the climate of Richmond, for the hygrometrical year, ending August, 1851. They were furnished us by Mr. David Turner of this city, and were made by him for the use of the Smithsonian Institute:

	Ther.	Barometers.	Cloudiness.	Rain.
1850.				
August,	77	29.837	4.4	7.59
September,	69.9	29.953	3.4	4.24
October,	59.5	29.945	2.1	03
November,	53.4	29.973	4.3	2.85
December,	44.3	29.963	5.2	5.02
1851.				
January,	43.9	30.011	3.7	43
February,	49.2	30.113	4.3	3.62
March,	51.3	29.962	3.7	6.26
April,	57.9	29.850	4.5	5.46
May,	69.2	29.962	3.7	2.83
June,	74.8	29.885	4.2	2.21
July,	80.1	29.846	5.3	2.44
An. Mean,	60° 8	29,941 in.	4.06	42,92 inch.

In expressing the degree of cloudiness, 10 signifies sky entirely covered, 0 perfectly clear.

The habits of the people of Richmond are certainly favorable to health; because they are not a laborious people, nor do they at all deprive themselves of pleasure or sport of any kind. They are active and fond of all kinds of enjoyment, and endeavour to pass life with as little care as possible. The various clubs formed in the city for quait pitching, and the avidity with which amusements are sought after, show them to be a pleasure loving people.

In the summer, all who can do so, leave Richmond for the watering places or for the country; and this annual journey, very much tends to recruit the delicate, and to keep in health those who undertake it.

The travel to and from the distant spring, where bad water is drank for the sake of good health, strengthens the languid frame, and quickens the feeble pulse; and the valuable qualities of the water as a fountain of health are trumpeted forth by those who have received benefit from the journey, and echoed by others interested in keeping up the reputation of the watering place. Each spring is esteemed a vast reservoir of patent medicine, prepared by the beneficent Deity, for the benefit of the real or supposed sufferer, and for speculators to make money by.

Mineral springs are no doubt of much value in many cases, yet they are chiefly valuable in proportion to the length and roughness of the road leading to them; and to a patient, able to undertake the journey, the rough jolting and the plain fare, with the necessary scramble to obtain a proper share of it, must be beneficial. The change of scene, absence of care, new associates, and firm belief in the virtues of the spring, work wonders in the curable cases of disease.

A rail road leading up to one of these health-giving springs, would very much destroy its reputation, by making it easy of access, and thus preventing the beneficial journey.

The cunning monks, the physicians of former

times, understood this principle well, and often sent a dyspeptic or hypochondriacal person a long journey on foot or on horseback; called him a pilgrim instead of a patient; and instead of impressing him with firm faith in some distant and had tasted water, persuaded him that prayers put up to a certain saint, in some imaginary holy place, would work a cure. In each case, it was necessary that the prayer should be said and the water drank at the fountain head; the water being, in general, signally inefficacious if drank at home; and the saint, although supposed to be in Heaven, was totally unable to answer the prayers, unless he had been propitiated by a long journey, or by a severe exertion in dancing on his tomb for a length of time.

We might be prepared, then, to expect good health among the people of Richmond, and such is the fact; it is the healthiest city of its size in America, and, perhaps, in the world. The deaths are about 1 in 70, while in many other cities of its population, the deaths are 1 in 35. We have collected statistics of the comparative healthfulness of various cities in this country and in Europe; and we offer them to show the correctness of the assertion made concerning the healthy condition of Richmond: Philadelphia loses 1 in 45 every year; Glasgow, 1 in 44; Geneva, 1 in 43; Boston, 1 in 41; London, 1 in 40; New York, 1 in 37; Charleston, 1 in 36; Baltimore, 1 in 35; Paris, 1 in 32; Madrid, 1 in 29; Naples, 1 in 28; Rome, 1 in 25; and Liverpool, 1 in 19. Nearly 600 persons die annually in and about Richmond; and, as there are about an hundred practitioners of medicine in the city, the small average of six deaths to each physician, shows either that the faculty is more humane here, or more skilful, than in other places!

Among other causes of good health in Richmond, may be mentioned its grave-yards; they are out of the city, and carefully managed, so that no injury can result by the decomposition of dead bodies. Badly managed cemeteries are not only places of burial and repose to the dead, but also causes of death to the living; thus making death reproduce itself, and the very means of removing its victims cause others to fall under its influence. Richmond, in this respect, is safe; the absence of those diseases, which emanations from the grave produce, are good proof that its cemeteries are depositaries of the dead only, and not places of pestilence for the living.

Another cause of health, is the want of confidence in any of those murderous systems of quackery that prevail in, and assist to keep down the population of many cities. It has been so much the custom in Virginia, to expect that a man should qualify himself before undertaking any responsible office that their want of success may

be easily explained.

The theories and practices of this class of men, may be considered practical commentaries upon, and themselves ardent though secret advocates of, the doctrines of Malthus, who taught that excess of population is dangerous to a State, and should, by all means, be checked.

Their confident assertions of the power to heal, their unblushing effrontery when exposed, and their vituperative assaults on all who differ from them in opinion, remind us strongly of those religious impostors who have diffused a false creed among sincere, but weak minded men. Requiring belief in the opinions and writings of their founder, exacting fees from all who give them credence, and yet recklessly destroying life, they are more merciless than the followers of the Arabian impostor. With a slight alteration, their war-cry is similar to that which Mohammed and his madmen uttered to the nations they attacked, "The Koran, Tribute and Death."

Disease has never had much sway here; no violent epidemic has ever invaded the city; one or two cases of yellow fever have appeared since its beginning, and the cholera exhibited itself in 1832, and in 1849, yet excited more fear than its actual victims would justify. There is nothing in the geological formations, or in the habits of the people, to make us think that cholera will ever prevail extensively in Richmond. An occasional alarm of it, would be salutary by causing a universal cleansing of houses and streets, and impressing the necessity for care upon the minds of the community.

There is no other epidemic that has had power, except those which affect children. In fact, while it is generally admitted that adults enjoy good health, Richmond is supposed to be very fatal to infants. This mistake arises from the fact, that the diseases incident to children in a healthy place, occur here, and that adults escape such influences, from having been previously seasoned. We allude to those epidemic contagious affections that invade infancy, as scarlet fever, measles, &c., whose fatality appears great when no other disease prevails, and which adults escape by having been once subject to them. By comparison, then, these affections are considered dangerous, because of the absence of other complaints; and they are most likely to invade and destroy infant life because adults are not liable to them.

The summer is the healthiest season of the year in Richmond; the change of season from cold to warm in the spring, and the reverse change in autumn, produce disease chiefly among the aged and the very young. The month of June produces most sickness among the young, after which, good health reigns.

What effect coal smoke in winter, and the abundant dust of summer has on health, is not known; an irritation of the breathing apparatus might be expected, and an aggravation of lung disease might be looked for; yet there is no great abundance of this class of cases met with in practice. Proper care in cleansing the streets and in using coal fires, would prevent even these germs of disease.

Upon the whole, then, apart from the epidemic diseases of children, and this class of affections among adults, Richmond is almost perfectly healthy; and, including them, stands first on the list of cities in point of health. And, as the same causes are continually acting in and around it, we may consider that it has been, is now, and always will be, a place where the Goddess of Health has set up her shrine, and made her place of abode.

(Continuation of Chapter in next number.)

TO MADELINE.

Oh, lady! if until this hour
I've gazed in those bewildering eyes,
Yet never owned their touching power,
But when thou could'st not hear my sighs,
It has not been that love has slept
One single moment in my soul,
Or that on lip or look I kept
A stern and stoical control;
But that I saw, but that I felt,
In every tone and glance of thine,
Whate'er they spoke, where'er they dwelt,
How small, how poor a part was mine,
And that I deeply, dearly knew—
That hidden, hopeless love confessed—
The fatal words would lose me too
Even the weak friendship I possessed.

And so, I masked my secret well;
The very love within my breast
Became the strange but potent spell
By which I forced it into rest.
Yet there were times, I scarce no how,
These eager lips refrained to speak—
Some kindly smile would light thy brow,
And I grew passionate and weak;
The secret sparkled at my eyes
And Love but half repressed its sighs,
Then had I gazed an instant more,
Or dwelt one moment on that brow,
I might have changed the smile it wore
To what perhaps it weareth now,
And spite of all I feared to meet,
Confessed that passion at thy feet.
To save my heart, to spare thine own,
There was one remedy alone—
I fled, I shunned thy very touch;
It cost me much, oh God, how much!
But if some burning tears were shed,
Lady! I let them freely flow,
At least, they left unbreathed, unsaid
A worse and wilder woe.

But now—now that we part indeed,
And that I cannot think as then,

That as I wish, or as I need,
I can return again,—
Now that for months, perhaps for years,
(I see no limit in my fears,)
My home shall be some distant spot
Where thou, where even thy name is not,
And since I shall not see the frown
Such wild, mad language must bring down,
Could I—albeit I might not sue
In hope to bend that steadfast will,
Could I have breathed this word adieu,
And kept my secret still!

Doubtless you know the Hebrew story—
The tale's with me a favorite one—
How Raphael left the Courts of Glory,
And walked with Judah's honored son,
And how the twain together dwelt,
And how they talked upon the road,
How often too they must have knelt
As equals to the same kind God;
And still the mortal never guessed
How much and deeply he was blest.
Till when—the Angel's mission done—
The spell which drew him earthwards riven—
The lover saved—the maiden won—
He plumed again his wings for Heaven—
Oh, Madeline! as unaware,
Thou hast been followed everywhere,
And girt and guarded by a love
As warm, as tender in its care,
As pure, aye, powerful in prayer
As any saint above.
Like the bright inmate of the skies,
It only looked with friendly eyes,
And still had worn th' illusive guise,
And thus at least been half concealed,
But at this parting, painful hour
It spreads its wings, it shows its power,
And stands like Raphaël revealed.

More, Lady, I would wish to speak,
But it were vain and words are weak,
And now that I have bared my breast,
Perchance thou wilt infer the rest.
So, so, farewell! I need not say
I look, I ask for no reply,
The cold and scarcely pitying Nay
I read in that unmelted eye.
Yet one dear favor let me pray—
Days, months—however slow to me—
Must drag at last their length away,
And I return, if not to thee,
At least to breathe the same sweet air
That woos thy lips and waves thy hair:
Oh, then, these daring lines forgot—
Look, speak as thou hadst read them not,
And I had never traced a word
More than would please thee to have heard.
So, dearest, may I still retain
A right I would not lose again
For all that gold or guilt can buy,
Or all that Heaven itself deny—
A right such love deserves to claim
Of seeing thee in friendship's name.
Give me but this, and still at whiles
A portion of thy faintest smiles,
It were enough to bless:
I may not, dare not ask for more
Than boon so rich and yet so poor,
But I should die with less.

AGLAUS.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, March, 1852.

Your correspondent in his letter of June 1851, published in the July number of the *Messenger*, commenced with an expression of surprise that twelve months had elapsed without another violent commotion from which France would issue with new political and perhaps social institutions. The political portion of the same letter ended with the prophecy that "a *Coup d'Etat* would take place as soon as M. Bonaparte believed, that by a discreet use of his executive power, he had placed in all the important posts of the army of Paris, officers devoted to himself."

These extracts show two things. 1st. That your correspondent had no faith whatever in the stability of French institutions as then organized and administered. 2nd. That he anticipated another revolution to be accomplished by a *Coup d'Etat* on the part of Louis Napoleon. You need not be informed that the events of the 2nd of December last have justified his opinions and fulfilled his prophecy. Without going too minutely into particulars already familiar to every intelligent reader on both sides of the Atlantic, it is sufficient to state that the Republic of 1848 ceased to exist, *de facto*, from the moment that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was elected to the presidency. It had, indeed, before that event, been fatally "wounded in the house of its friends." The insane attack of the Red Republicans upon the National Assembly on the 15th of May, in violation of every principle of liberty and law, and in worse than despotic contempt of universal suffrage—though nominally in behalf of freedom—was, of itself, a blow from which the Republic never recovered. But the "unkindest," deadliest "cut of all" was when these same Red Republicans, offended with the Assembly for having disorganized the National workshops, met together on the 23rd of June, and, "in the dead waste and middle of the night" vowed, though all France should swim in blood, to enter at once upon full civil war. We all know the result of that vow. The thought of it is enough

"To make a grin of fiendish glee
Run round and round through hell."

We all know that for four days and nights, Paris, gay, beautiful Paris, glittering like a crystal among the cities of the earth, was torn asunder and drenched in its own blood. We know that the poor paralyzed Republic had to be delivered over, body and soul, into the hands of a military dictator; and we know, too, that after the insurrection was quelled, and the blood staunch, and the very stones of the street were crying out for vengeance, thousands of the ignorant, deluded insurgents were torn away from their homes, and without even the show of a trial transported for life, and, finally, we know that the cruel though perhaps necessary dictatorship of Cavaignac ceased only by the voluntary election on the part of the people of another dictator a thousand fold more detestable than the first, in the present *Chef de l'Etat*. I say another dictator, because from the moment of Louis Napoleon's election, he resolved to be not only the head of the State, but the State itself. He was subjected, it is true, from time to time, to various checks; he was at last refused even the money which he demanded for his private purse; but this availed nothing. He knew how to "labor and to wait," if not how to "suffer and be strong." He knew in fact the secret of a "masterly inactivity." But if he were inactive not so his consociates. Quietly, without observation, the immense centralized power of

the government was steadily at work Napoleonizing the whole country. Prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, schoolmasters, and sub-schoolmasters even, were removed by the score; and every corps of the National Guard which was so much as suspected of disaffection was instantly dissolved. Meanwhile nearly a third of France was kept in a state of siege; and as for the numerous ministries they led a Kilkennian life with often enough a Kilkennian result. Change followed change; cabinet followed cabinet; general replaced general; the Cavaignacs, and Thiers, and Berryers, and Montalamberts, and Lamoricières, and Lamartines, and Larochejaquelins,—Orleanists, Legitimists, Socialists, Jesuits,—were left to plot and quarrel at their leisure; while Louis Napoleon, keeping, for the most part, his own counsel, remained coiled away in his hole like a cunning spider, watching his various enemies as one by one they became entangled in the web which was spread, like a net, over the whole land, until, at last, when they were all involved together in one mass of inextricable confusion, he pounced upon them in an instant and with a single *coup* put an end (at least for the moment) to their political existence, and grasped the falling reins of government in his own hands.

The dispersal of the National Assembly by an armed force and the illegal arrest, imprisonment and subsequent exile of many of its leaders were acts which in themselves excited but little feeling. The people saw that the country was being recklessly sacrificed between the Napoleonist and anti-Napoleonist parties of the Assembly, and when the wretched body was resolved into its elements, and dust was returned to dust, there was nobody in France so poor as to do it homage. The blackest thing in the whole transaction of the President, was the deliberate and wilful violation of his oath. But such is the low moral standard of France that this was comparatively unthought of; political corruption being generally looked upon here more as a disease than a crime and often more as a necessity than either. It was something to make the Anglo-Saxon blood glow with pride, under these circumstances, to see that the moment the President's perjury became known, the British press broke out in an almost unanimous protest against the villany; and that the American minister, true to his convictions, and faithful to his mission, declined all intercourse with the Perjurer till a new election had made him once more the legal Executive of the country.

But it is not my object to discuss nor even to detail the events of the last three months. The time for their full appreciation has not arrived. We must wait until another leaf is turned over in this sad history, and meanwhile let this one dry. The great fact of the moment is that the French Republic has passed to its grave "with scarce a show of dying," and we are now in the full honeymoon of what the Government papers call "our new institutions." The name of the Republic is retained for the moment, but that, too, will pass away, and France, whose prospects—or, rather, whose hopes were lately so brilliant—will settle down into the veriest despotism of Europe. The tri-colored banner still floats in the air, but the tri-une creed of the Republic, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, no longer insults the passer-by as before, but is effaced from every public building—though, let us hope, not from every private heart—in France. It has not even been left upon *La Morgue*, within whose silent walls there is still "equality," if not "liberty and fraternity."

The Government of the present moment cannot well be defined. It shrinks from analysis. In one sense, at least, it is a democracy; for it sprung directly from the people. But for all intents and purposes it is an Empire; and since scarcely any thing true can be said of France

without asserting a paradox, we may as well call it at once a Democratic Empire. Yet why bother ourselves about names? Democracy, Empire, Republic, Monarchy, Kingdom—call it what we will, the naked, disgusting fact remains, that the Government of France at this moment is the Government of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. *Voilà tout!* It is he, the "Prince-President," who, by the express terms of the Constitution, originates, sanctions, and promulgates all laws. It is he who declares war, and makes treaties of peace and alliance; and it is he who is commander-in-chief of the Army and the Navy. There are Ministers, it is true; but they are "dependent only on the Executive Power." There is a Senate; but it must be convoked by the President, and can be prorogued at his will. There is a Legislative Body, but it can only discuss and vote without having any power of initiative, and can be dissolved by the President at his own good pleasure. There are Councillors of State, but they are appointed and removed by the President. There is a High Court of Justice, but it can only act by Executive decree. Thus all the branches of the government are but so many wheels—I had almost committed a bull and said so many fifth wheels—of the imperial chariot. It would be as well to say, perhaps, that Louis Napoleon's idea of a Government, is that of Jack Downing. "one big wheel, and that a smasher." That the chief of the state cares little about the subordinate departments is evident not only from the spirit of the man and the terms of his new Constitution, but above all from the fact that from the hour of the *Coup d'Etat*, to the hour that now is—without waiting, at first, for the vote of the people to which he had appealed, nor since, for the organization of the Government which he created,—he has manifested the most indecent haste in performing whatever acts and establishing whatever laws please his fancy, by special decree. Among the most notable instances of this absolutism, are his infamous decrees touching the Orleans property, and the decree scarcely less infamous concerning the Press. The former was received with a cry of indignation throughout the country, as violating the first principles of honesty; while the latter, placing the press at the mercy of Executive caprice, and depriving its conductors of the right of trial by jury, is looked upon by all enlightened men as an insult to the age in which we live. A decree equally arbitrary has since been published depriving *all* political offenders of the right of trial by jury. It is probable that all these things would have been done even had the Government been fully organized; but they certainly could not have been done without discussion, and it is possible that in each instance the decrees would have been, at least, modified. But let no man deceive himself; Louis Napoleon has no idea of having any of his plans modified. He permits discussion and has instituted a *Corps Legislatif* for that ostensible purpose; but, in the first place the discussion must never be published, nor even reported; and, in the next place, it must never lead to anything. The country has been told, distinctly enough, many times, that the President wants nobody in his councils who does not fully agree with him in opinion. He has no idea of hearing both sides; so that, at best, the debates of the new assembly will be but a mockery and a farce, and the body itself a solemnly constituted imposture. In fact, instead of being a *Corps Legislatif*, it will be a Legislative Corpse. It is probable that such statements may seem to you somewhat exaggerated. But alas! they fall short of the truth. I cannot offer you better proof than is afforded by the President and his satellites in respect to the late election of members of the aforesaid *Corps*. You are aware that the Constitution, following the initiative of the *Coup d'Etat*, reestablished universal suffrage. This is certainly a "great fact," if not

what is called in America a "fixed fact." It gleams through the surrounding darkness,

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

But though the suffrage is universal, it is far from free. It is exercised everywhere with fear and trembling. In fact, throughout France a ballot is almost as dangerous to handle as a bullet. Every elector is marked and numbered. If he votes for the *Powers that be*—or to speak more accurately, since all authority is vested in one man—for the *Power that is*, he is safe; if not, if being Republican, and living in a nominal Republic, he ventures to cast a republican vote, he is at once registered among the *suspect*. The spies which swarm over the land like locusts, take note of him, and one of these fine mornings, if he is not more careful, he will find himself booked and ticketed for Cayenne. As soon as the day was appointed for the election of the *Corps Legislatif*, intimation was thrown out in the servile *Patrie* that in order to secure the unity and permanence of "our new Institutions," the Government, actuated by the most paternal and patriotic sentiments, would kindly take the nomination of candidates upon itself. The audacity of this suggestion surprised even those who had been accustomed to look upon the President as Audacity itself. But surprises were the order of the day, and had the suggestion been that every candidate should qualify himself for eligibility by kissing the great toe of the political Pope, I am not sure that any one would have seriously resisted it.

In due time the electoral event, which had so considerably cast its shadow before, took place, and every district in France was notified that the Honorable *Monsieur So-and-so*, or the distinguished Count *Such-an-one* was the patent Government candidate for those parts, and must be supported by all the united influence of the Prefects, Sub-Prefects, Mayors, and what not, there and thereabouts. Although resistance to such officious interference with private duties must have been the first instinct of every honest and independent mind in the country, the people were informed by the semi-official press that in the present case any such resistance would be considered as an act of hostility to the Government:—and hostility to the present Government is no joke. The *official* announcement of the Executive contained no threat, but merely appealed to the patriotism of the people. But some of the provincial Prefects, resolved to out-Napoleon Napoleon, put the insolent threat of the press into official shape and frightened a large portion of the electors, if not out of their wits, at least out of their votes. One of the Prefects classed those who should vote independently with those who should vote fraudently, and threatened both parties with the same wrath to come. The result of all this wretched bullying and chicanery is, that in the country but five or six opposition candidates have been elected; and even in Paris, where the threats were but semi-official, the Government has been defeated but in one instance. What shall be said of such facts? They contain a confession of weakness, and want of confidence, on the part of the Prince-President, which is most significant. Restoring universal suffrage to the people after a *Coup d'Etat* more remarkable than any other which has occurred in the history of any country, was an act of courage and confidence worthy of the great Napoleon himself: and I believe that if the *Chef de l'Etat* had, in the spirit of this act, allowed the suffrage, thus fully restored, to be freely exercised, he would still have been supported by almost the whole people. Such a course, moreover, would have entitled him to a certain degree of respect throughout the world. I incline to think, moreover, that

it might have attracted to his counsels a class of men far superior to those who now environ him. But of this last point I am by no means sure. Honest men are scarce every where, and Louis Napoleon is no Diogenes to find or even to seek for them. Some one remarked lately that every man in France past forty years of age was corrupt. There is too much truth in the remark. It is certainly impossible to find a political man of any note in the country, whose robes are not darkened by some foul stain. The whole atmosphere is thick with a corruption which seems to have been exhaled from every inch of the soil, and through every period of the country's history. The nation is steeped in iniquity, its "blood" seems to have "crept through scoundrels ever since the flood." The old monarchy was corrupt; the first Republic was corrupt; the Restoration was corrupt; Louis Philippe was corrupt; the late Republic was corrupt; and the mongrel government of to-day is based upon corruption. What the nation needs is moral regeneration. It has no lack of intelligence, no lack of talent, no lack of industry, no lack of material resources, to form the basis of a truly great country; but it has lack, fearful, fatal lack of the one thing needful—integrity. And while this is the state of things no sound, durable government is possible. The miserable Napoleonocracy which to-day arrogates to itself the name of Government, may, and probably will, last for a few sad struggling years; but the worm of destruction is even now in its sceptre, and death, violent death, stares it in the face.

And now, after painting this gloomy sketch of the political state of France, by what art may I transport either your attention or my own, to the gay scenes of the late Carnival? It is plain, I must first supply my *palette* with brighter colours. Well, the task is not an unpleasant one; for, though the gilded fooleries of the season have little to interest, and nothing to fascinate me, they nevertheless, do afford some relief to the sombre masquerade of politics. And, after all, but for the fact that the great dissolving picture of society changed thus often

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

human life would be but one long insupportable *ennui*. I am disposed, therefore, to accept these changes, however extreme; and if sometimes the passing scenes are not particularly adapted to elevate or ennoble the mind, to console myself with the poet's hope that "There's a good time coming," when mankind will be at once more rational and more cheerful.

The first indication of Carnival time in Paris, is the sudden appearance, about six weeks before Lent, at the doors and windows of innumerable shops, of an endless variety of grotesque costumes. The love of the French for the purely fantastic and ridiculous, which seems to be a national passion, finds here ample scope and verge enough. This taste is plainly enough indicated the year through, in their toy and print-shops; but, the extent to which it is displayed during the season, devoted *par excellence* to its development, is incredible. The whole fun of the thing, is found in its absurdity. In passing from shop to shop, and examining the various masques intended to conceal the human face divine, I could see none which indicated either imagination, wit, or genuine humour. There was enough and to spare of the merely incongruous and absurd, and not a little of the absolutely disgusting; but nothing, absolutely nothing of any artistic or even historic interest. A little round mask with a long red nose running out from it, like a gib-boom, and asserting its entire independence of the other features; a distorted countenance enclosed, as in a parenthesis, between two donkey's ears; an immense pointed hat, making the wearer look as if he had

mistaken himself for a candle, and was about to extinguish himself; fancy bob-tailed coats and tight trowsers, making a man appear like an imperfect link between the turkey and the ourang-outang; blue satin trowsers with greenish trimmings, in remote imitation of blue-bottomed flies; crimson jackets with bright yellow buttons sparkling all over them like fireworks; enormous shirt collars intended to flank one's cheeks as with a brace of barricades: these, and an infinite variety of similar extravagancies, were to be seen at almost every corner. The season having blossomed in this way, soon began to display its fruits. The walls of the metropolis were placarded in every direction with attractive bills, announcing the opening of the Mask Balls. The Valentino, The Casino, The Prado, The Paganini, The "Wauxhall," and about a hundred other establishments, including the great Opera itself, and the *Opera Comique*, set their houses in order for a golden harvest. Commencing their revels at midnight, and continuing them till six o'clock in the morning, they offered temptations to "fast young men," to "advanced" young women, and especially to hopeful young students, which were irresistible. As a general rule, Paris is as quiet after midnight, as a country town. *Roués* from London—and even from New York and New Orleans—complain of this as being behind the age. The consecration of the whole night to frolic, is interesting in Paris, therefore, both as a novelty, and as furnishing Young France, and to a certain extent, Young England and Young America, a rare opportunity of development. Be sure, the opportunity is embraced; and every quarter of Paris, within and without the Barriers, presents a new and unaccustomed aspect. During the early part of evening, the shops of the *costumiers* are crowded with impatient customers, trying every article of disguise which they can lay hands on, and tormenting the poor undisguised showman, and the fussy little wife, who has rushed to his assistance, until they wish themselves in the middle of *Lent*. From 10 o'clock to midnight, groups of masquers are found rollicking through the principal streets, blowing penny trumpets, and making all kinds of hideous noises, in imitation of bird and beast; dancing improvised polkas and waltzes on the pavement; clustering together in friendly wine-shops; rushing out again to salute if not to embrace the first passer-by; (so that he be not a *gendarme*;) and finally chartering a lot of cabs and coaches, and, some of the creatures inside and some out, driving through the streets at a furious rate, and making night hideous with their frightful clamour. No part of Paris contributes more liberally to this rampant, reckless scene of frolic and dissipation, than the *Quartier Latin*.—the quarter of the "Students." These incipient *Savans* enter into the thing with an enthusiasm all their own. Carnival is their red-letter season; not that their studies during the rest of the year are so severe as to call for any such violent reaction, but rather because the constant attendance upon *Prado* during the winter, and the *Chaumière*, and the *Closerie des Lilas*, during the summer, and the *Cafés Concerts* at all seasons, becomes at last wearisome and *ennuyant*,—in fact, becomes too much like work. Contriving, then, to have his quarterly remittance arrive at the right moment to prepare for the numerous expenses of the frolic, the student forgets for the time, his law, his medicine, and his philosophy, and gives himself entirely up to what he calls the "solemnities of the season." Accompanied by his *petite*, whom he tricks out, usually, *en garçon* with pink or blue satin trowsers, and upperworks of embroidered muslin, he flies about from ball to ball, night after night, until the very eve,—or, rather, the very dawn of *Lent*, when you may find him (still supported by his *petite*) standing upright in an open carriage, his hair streaming in the wind, the frost pecking at his nose, and he urging on the driver—

whose eyes, like those of the day, are but half open—to make all haste to be in time for the *Descent from Courtille*.

The most fashionable and the most frequented of the Mask Balls, is the Opera, which is in operation every Saturday night—or, rather, every Sunday morning—of the season. The Opera is the favorite resort of the Cockney. Not that he often hides his proud English face under a mask; that would be condescension indeed! but he likes to be “there to see.” And as the prevailing idea in France is, that the chief component part of an Englishman is gold, he is always welcome. Arrayed in his suit of solemn black, elaborately relieved by a stiff white cravat, a long white vest, and very tight white gloves, he stalks up and down the brilliant saloons, jostled now this way and now that; accosted if not affectionately “saluted” by innumerable *lorettes*; knocked about like a shuttlecock by dancers, who are only too willing to play the part of battledores; compelled to stand coffee, ices, bouquets, sweetmeats and *grog Americain*, to young *danseuses*, whom he never saw before, and having lifted their masks, never wishes to see again; finding everything *trop cher* and nothing *assez bon*: he resolves, nevertheless, not to go home till morning; and when at last morning comes, you may see him crawling down the Boulevards to *Maurice's* or the *Hotel d'Albion*, solitary and alone, the very picture of Charles Matthews' “Used up Man.” As for the figure which an American cuts in such a scene, with his sharp, knowing face, long straight hair, turn-down collar, everlasting gold chain, and go-ahead determination to see all that is to be seen, hear all that is to be heard, drink all that is to be drunk, and do all that is to be done,—I generously leave that for an Englishman to describe. But no pen born of goose or Gillot—diamond pointed or other—can describe the carnival antics of a Frenchman. Here again, he shows his insane passion for the absurd and grotesque. His one aim is to attain the supreme height of the ridiculous; and truth to say he doesn't fall far short of achieving it. He reminds one of the man who “aimed at nothing, and hit it.” The Mask Ball, then, is his element. He revels in it with an *abandon* which is past all conception. He lays out his utmost nature upon it. Here, at any rate, he is free. Here he can “play such fantastic tricks” as please him. Here he may lift the light, fantastic toe—if he only can—to the heavens. Here, there is nobody to say “thus far and no farther.” There are, indeed, a few terrible looking *gendarmes*, who will *not* allow poor Yankees to smoke—(though they do smoke, notwithstanding)—but given the necessary amount of *petits verres*, and they are as quiet as lamp-posts. The genius of the Frenchman, then, has full play, and by the light of a myriad jets, we see it in all its glory. He races, bounding and shrieking from room to room; he pauses, mid-dance, to turn a somersault; he whizzes round upon his heel like a humming-top; he leaps upon the back of his neighbor, and performs feats of imaginary horsemanship; he attempts all kinds of zoological dialects; he forms a procession, and seizing the leader of the Orchestra, carries him shoulder-back, triumphantly round the hall; he tries to throw his feet over the head of his partner; he plays all kinds of tricks upon travellers; and in fine, does every unlikely thing he can think of—and calls it all *fun*. If there were anything artistic in all this; if there were grace in the dance, humour in the disguise, wit in the repartee, drollery in the joke, there would be fun in it even to me. But as it is, either from the force of strong Anglo-American associations, or a wrong appreciation of both art and wit, the thing appears to me not only “unprofitable,” but utterly “stale and flat.”

A word now about the Procession of the Bœuf Gras,

and the Descent from Courtille, and I have done. The grand upshot of the Carnival season was formerly to be seen on *Dimanche* and *Mardi-gras*. The Procession of the Bœuf Gras on those days, used to be a great event. The Bœuf Gras is a great event even now. The rest of the affair has become “small by degrees” and “miserably less.” The immense procession of former times, composed of innumerable masquers in magnificent costume; a brilliant cortege of gilded chariots and private carriages, drawn by full-blooded coursers, and containing, if not the *élite*, much of the wealth and beauty of Paris, and finally, a numerous and brilliant cavalcade, no longer appears. The show of the last *Dimanche* and *Mardi-gras* consisted simply of the Bœuf Gras himself, waddling like a gout-stricken Alderman through the streets, and followed by what was called a symbolical mythological procession, made up of two or three tawdry chariots and a *locomotive bouquet*. This last, however, was really curious, and looked like a small flower garden from the Tuileries, which had become tired of remaining for so many years in one place, and had improved the present occasion to “go out for a walk.”

The *Descent from Courtille* is the name applied to a ceremony which comes off on the morning of Ash Wednesday, and consists in a procession of Masquers from the various balls assembling together, in carriages, in the little village of Belleville, (just outside the Barrier du Temple,) and marching up a long hill in line, and then marching down again. *Courtille* is a French word, signifying a small garden, and was particularly applied, for a long time, to the little pleasure gardens outside the Barrier of Paris. It is probable, that in former years, the revellers, from the Carnival balls, used to meet at some such garden, on the heights of Belleville, at the close of the season, and that their final descent into Paris at day-break, on Ash Wednesday, received the name of the Descent from Courtille.

The number of Maskers at the rendez-vous last Ash Wednesday, was small—not exceeding two or three hundred. But the people were there by the thousand. These last, filled up the middle of the street, while the procession marched up one side and down the other. The chief sport of the thing appeared to be in the exchange of rude gestures, and rude jokes, between the procession and the populace. This noisy, but harmless warfare, was carried on with great spirit; and, as near as I could learn, both parties, (as is often the case in more important contests,) claimed a glorious victory.

STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Thou art gone where no ills can beset thee
Where friends re-unite ne'er to part;
Thou art gone! but I ne'er will forget thee,
Thine image is graved on my heart.

Like the warm breath of Springtime, bestowing
New life on the foliage of earth,
So affection within my breast glowing
Sweet musings about thee call forth.

And I see thee in dreams, with bright spirits
Whose rapturous anthems arise
In rich chorus, with saints who inherit
Their promised rewards in the skies.

There the arms of the Saviour enfold thee—
Oh, the thought is a balm for all grief!
And 'tis thus, yes, 'tis thus I behold thee
In visions delightful though brief.

J. M. C.

The Death-bed of William the Conqueror.

AN HISTORIC BALLAD.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Old chroniclers relate, that no sooner had the dying monarch given utterance to his last will, than his two sons, William and Henry—Robert, the eldest, was not present—instantly departed to take possession of their several inheritances; leaving with their father, only a few Priests and Knights, who fleeing in turn, gave up the death-chamber to be rifled by the barbarous attendants.

Within his ducal city, the haughty Norman lay,
To pain, and sickness, and remorse, at length a fearful prey:

The brave, stout heart that fiercely beat beneath its coat
Of mail,

When clashing spear and battle-axe had made the proud-
est quail—

Now sunk beneath an unseen shaft, which all the princely
pride

Of his renowned and knightly skill, was vain to turn
aside;

The liege-men whom his stern, strong will had long com-
pelled to bow,

Behold their lordly conqueror, himself a vassal now.

Rich, royal realms were in his gift, and gold, a treasure'd
hoard,

Wring from his victims at the point of his relentless
sword:

And with obsequious eagerness that scarce could be re-
pressed,

They gathered round the dying King, to hear his last
bequest:

Th' every energy had waned, and life was burning low,
With strange reluctance from his hand he let the sceptre
go;

The booty of a life to which with stormy strength he
clave,

Was only wrested from his grasp, by the all-conquering
grave.

"To him, the fugitive, I leave this fair inheritance—
Fairest and princeliest of all the broad demesnes of
France;

For no desert of his I yield my proud, ancestral claim—
False to his duty and his word, his honor and his name;

But for the sake of solemn oaths I may not disavow,
My ducal coronet should grace a less unworthy brow:

His wild and vain ambition had far other guerdon won—
A rebel to my love and laws,—a traitor—not a son!

"My realm of England,—nay, my sons,—your loving strife
forbear,

Ye press too closely round my couch,—aloof! and give me
air—

My realm of England hold I not by lineal heritage,
But by the sovereign right of war which mine own arm
did wage;

The price of years of blood and toil, do I bequeath to
none—

Yet would I that this golden head might wear the crown I
won:

God prosper thee! and grant thee such dominion to main-
tain,
That so thy heart be spared the sting that gives thy
Father's pain.

"To thee, my youngest-born, I leave treasures, a shining
store,—

Restrain thy too impatient will, and seek not now for
more:

Thine too shall be the sovereignty, the sceptre and the
crown,

And thou shalt purchase for thyself a name whose high
renown

Shall dim thine elder brothers' fame, and be the boast and
pride

Of all who own thy sway, throughout thy kingdoms vast
and wide:

Then curb thy thirst for present power,—thy fiery haste
control,—

Time, soon enough, will lay the weight of empire on thy
soul!"

They waited not with filial care to close their father's
eyes,

But left him midst his dying strife, and flew to seize their
prize.

The mutter'd prayers rose hurriedly, around that bed of
death,

And knight and baron scarce delayed to hear the parting
breath,—

Ere from the royal chamber, where the lifeless monarch
lay,

They tore the jewels, and the gold, and precious things
away;

Stripped of his kingly robes by those who cringed before
his throne,

Was England's mighty conqueror left, dishonored and
alone.

For hours, in ghastly solitude, forsaken there he lay;
Who long o'er iron-hearted men, had held imperious
sway:

He had not striven with bonds of love those natures stern
to bow,

Fear—*Fear* had been the only chain—and *that* was broken
now!

And when with slow, returning shame, they thought upon
their King

Abandoned thus, as though he were a loathed and abject
thing,—

A priestly train with careless rites back to the chamber
stole,

And they who robbed the breathless clay, sang masses
for the soul!

No sorrowing kindred came to weep—no mourning friends
were near—

No loving, loyal subjects pressed around the lonely bier;
None offered from their coffers' store, rich sums to celebrate

His sepulture with pageantry of fitting pomp and state;
And he who held within his grasp, wealth, honor, homage

—all—

Was left with dumb, yet pleading lips, to beg a funeral
pall;

He who such broad domains bestowed, and realm and
kingdom gave,

From strangers' pitying charity was doomed to ask—a
grave!

1852.

Introductory Address, on Opening the Richmond Athenæum.

BY THE HON. JUDGE JOHN ROBERTSON.

(Published at the request of the Athenæum Committee.)

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The building in which we are assembled was originally designed for the education of youth. Henceforth, still dedicated to the purposes of instruction, it opens its doors to every class of our citizens.

The genius of improvement, the animating spirit of the age, is abroad. Every region of our country attests his presence. Nowhere, perhaps, has his wonder-working power wrought out in as brief a space more striking or happier results than in this our Richmond—and boundless fields still lie before us, promising yet brighter conquests.

Great, indeed, and numerous, are the blessings bestowed by nature and by the hand of enterprise on the favored metropolis of the Old Dominion. Seated at the head of the Atlantic tide, the benificent river, whose banks she adorns, and whose rightful name shall yet be restored, and overshadow that of the Royal Pedant which now disgracefully supplants it, daily and hourly, like a fond parent, heaps his rich gifts upon her. Traversing hundreds of miles a territory abounding in flocks and herds, in corn and wheat, in all manner of useful and highly prized plants, in delicious fruits, in gigantic forests, in fertile fields and grassy meadows, in quarries of lime and slate, and mines of lead and of iron, of copper, and even of gold—approaching her through inexhaustible fields of coal and lofty walls of granite, his descending current pours into her lap the collected treasures of “our own, our native land,”—while his reflux tide surging upwards from the great deep, lays at her feet the still more varied products of every region of the earth. Nor does his bounty stop here; at her command he places his own resistless and magic power, endowing lifeless machinery with more than human energy, and relieving her happy children, her women and even her slaves, from the unremitting toils which elsewhere harass the bodies and the souls of the laboring poor.

Behold again her numerous railways; her magnificent canal, whose still lengthening line has already passed the barrier of our blue mountains; all circulating to and fro in every direction the vital streams of commerce.

Surrounded by a landscape unsurpassed in loveliness; overcanopied by skies bright as those of Italy, but not like them exhaling malignant airs, behold how like an amphitheatre she ranges along the slopes and summits of her sunny hills,

displaying in high relief to the eye of the distant traveller, her commodious and tasteful dwellings, her lofty spires, her majestic capitol—the more majestic for its unpretending simplicity.

Let us enter its spacious portico. Behold! glittering beneath the western sun, how the noble Powhatan, the great chieftain of Virginian rivers, bounds and leaps from rock to rock as with life and joy at the sight of his bright-eyed favorite, ever smiling at his approach.

Cast your eye now towards the Eastern horizon, and see how calmly and majestically he glides on his way to his final home in the broad bosom of the ocean, still winding and winding around as though half-resolved to turn back upon his course; and as one parting from scenes and objects of affection, casts “a longing, lingering look behind.”

Let us descend: we reach the broad area of the Capitoline hill. What friend of our Union or of Liberty—what Virginian above all, will ever approach without a mingled feeling of veneration and pride, the monument now rising on its summit to Virginia's noblest son? A fond and durable token indeed of her love; a needless tribute to his fame; for as soon shall the time-defying granite which records it crumble into dust as his name or his virtues fade from her heart.

But commercial advantages, aptitude for every employment of skill and labor, tasteful embellishments and enchanting scenery, though ours to an extent which leaves us little to ask, are by no means all that is worthy the solicitude of an enlightened community. Sensible of this our city authorities have of late turned their attention to subjects of a different, but certainly not less interesting character. Seeing us abundantly supplied with fountains of wholesome water—Heaven's own life sustaining, health preserving gift—they would now minister to that generous thirst which rises in our bosoms with the first consciousness of life, by opening for us the fresh and ever-flowing springs of knowledge. Beholding the constellated lights, which, spangling the black overhanging curtain of night, render our city if not more brilliant by the contrast, more attractive than in the sunniest day, they would now hold up the broad lamp of learning; not to shine alone on the elevated mansions of the rich, but to gladden with its beams the humblest huts of poverty and ignorance.

My allusion, you will readily perceive, is to the recent ordinance “providing farther for the education of indigent children, and making provision for public lectures and libraries.”

By this ordinance an annual appropriation is made for the elementary education of indigent children, and for the advancement to a higher school, of such as may be selected for their pro-

iciency and good conduct. This building is converted into an Athenæum; provision made for the delivery of public lectures; and for the gradual acquisition of a scientific library and apparatus. The use of the upper story is given to the Virginia Historical Society and the Richmond Library Company, and a donation of a small sum made to each annually; on condition, however, that their respective libraries shall be open to every citizen of Richmond.

None, it is presumed, will question the importance of education in general; nor that it is the duty of every community—for charity is the greatest of duties—to provide food for the minds as well as the bodies of those who are unable to provide for themselves. Nor will any doubt the utility of public lectures as a means of diffusing information, who reflect on the influence exerted in that way by the philosophers of antiquity; the great reformers of a more modern date; or the teachers, scientific, moral, and divine, of every age and country. Libraries accessible to the public—less intense, perhaps, in their primary effect—subserve the same great purpose, and affording the means of frequent and leisurely recurrence often, make more permanent impressions.

I will do no citizens of Richmond the injustice to suppose that they can complain of the small expenditure contemplated by the ordinance. This would be to suppose that they held education and knowledge in small repute indeed, and were not only devoid of charity for others, but of that more selfish charity which begins and ends at home.

I will not weary you with commentaries upon the special provisions of the ordinance. My purpose is to deal not so much with the measure itself, as with the great objects it is designed to promote—mental and moral culture: objects it must be conceded of the deepest interest to all;—to woman as well as to man; to the young equally with the old; to the poor far more than to the rich. Not only are they of universal interest; they present a theme of universal extent: not alone the entire circle of the sciences, and the boundless fields of literature; not only this “great globe itself, and all which it inherit,” nor the myriad worlds above, around, still more stupendous;—some

Whose unfading light
Has traversed the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things,

themselves mere specks compared with the transparent, shoreless, and measureless expanse in whose immensity they float and sparkle: not alone the material universe itself, in all its sublimity; but the vast and mighty empires of the mind—that viewless spirit which, stretching its sceptre over all created things, would soar through

time and space—would sound the fathomless abyss beyond the grave to find out its own future and eternal destiny; nay would strain its daring eye to view the unapproachable, the uncreated Power whose bright effulgence none of mortal mould can look upon and live.

The limits of an introductory address having reference to a theme like this, would not permit, had I the rashness to attempt, a full development of its minutest branch. Farsimpler is the task I propose to myself of endeavoring to present a rapid sketch of some of the most prominent advantages accruing from the cultivation of the mind; to show *what knowledge has done for man*. In approaching this task, deeply conscious how inadequate are my humble powers to do it justice I beg to bespeak your kind indulgence; I bespeak it for myself—but more for my cause—for it is the cause of moral and intellectual improvement; of individual happiness and social security; of wisdom and of virtue; of the mind and of the heart.

Can a nobler aspiration rise in the heart of man than to perfect so far as his grosser elements will allow that portion of his nature, which distinguishes him from the brute; which elevates him, on the wings of the mind, towards the Father of the universe—though still as remote as earth from heaven: which many, perhaps vain-gloriously, regard as a mysterious emanation from the Divine mind; or at least as holding with it some undefined affinity, or mysterious communion; and which the humblest and the wisest may well believe to be a separate and spiritual being, doomed for a season to a probationary union with the body; susceptible of impressions, and exposed to temptations through the medium of the senses, yet endued with capacity to comprehend good and evil, free to choose between them, and destined according to its deserts to an immortality of happiness or misery.

We are told by a sage of old—one young in years, but wiser than his elders—himself, as he believed under this divine and uncontrollable influence, that

“There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.”

Addison makes his beathen moralist affirm in his famed soliloquy, that, “’Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;” and Akenside, in a poem replete with noble sentiments and splendid imagery, distinctly traces the lineage of all minds from that “Ancient Mind” which he beautifully apostrophises as the Deity himself.

Altogether imperfect is our knowledge of our own nature; utterly inadequate our faculties to comprehend, our language to express, the perfections of the Most high. Yet piety and philosophy concur in describing him as a being essentially, purely, intellectual—not a mere combina-

tion—nor personification even of divine qualities: that would be to substitute the attributes for the Deity; the rays for the luminary:—by an incongruous metaphor to endow ideal abstractions with substantial reality—and life—and thought. Not as an embodiment, nor incarnation: for the very terms smack of mortality; they are “of the earth earthy?” No, they define him as an actual, self-existent and eternal spirit, possessed of supreme wisdom, and—hence, of necessity is it not?—of infinite power and goodness.

Of infinite power; for as was happily said by one of the wisest philosophers, “knowledge is power”—and supreme wisdom must therefore be infinite power:—

And of infinite goodness; for to suppose the contrary would be to conceive—not a God but a monster—an impossible monster; combining divine perfections with human frailty, or fiend-like perverseness. Even human reason, tempest-tost by passions, and beset by temptations, struggles often successfully against evil; nor is lost, but when deceived by some delusive pleasure, or imaginary good. A Being inaccessible to temptation, unmoved by passion, supremely wise, must be as incapable of moral obliquity as of mental error. No!—supreme wisdom—this primary attribute must be the source of truth, and good: “for truth and good are one.”

Mind, mind alone (bear witness Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauties and sublime.

Let us recur to the aphorism of Bacon. Be it a thousand and a thousand times reiterated in the ear, until it shall reach the heart, and be imprinted on the memory, that “knowledge is power.” Archimedes declared that he could move the earth were there another planet near whereon to erect his machinery. He had found the principle, the motive power; all he wanted was space for its action.

Well it is that Divine wisdom left not within human reach the means to mar that perfect order which keeps the adamant spheres

Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,

else ere now rash hands had jostled them from their orbits, and brought back the reign of Chaos and Old Night.

However this may be, the Syracusan, it is said by his ingenious inventions, defended his city from the attacks of the Roman fleet—to that extent at least his knowledge was power: And is it not obvious that the more numerous in comparison with others, and the more important, the objects any man's knowledge enables him to accomplish, the more is he superior to his fellow men? the more has he the power to serve himself

and them? Were any man wise enough to find the principles or rules whereby all things might be accomplished, that man, in power at least, would be a God.

Without knowledge what can mere physical strength achieve? What has it ever achieved? Behold the brute! The elephant and the lion, the horse and the buffalo, far exceed man in strength; yet man subdues them to his will.

Without knowledge what were man himself? Behold the savage! Consider the privations and sufferings of untutored barbarians, half clad in the skins of animals, dwelling in huts and caves, feeding on acorns and raw flesh; think of their brutal and ungoverned passions, their cruel usages and customs, the insecurity of property, and even of life among them: Compare these with the comforts and enjoyments, peace and security of well-ordered civilized communities. Contrast the mental imbecility of an untutored Hottentot for example, or Esquimaux, with the spiritual activity, the God-like comprehension of a Galileo or a Newton, and say, does not a wider space separate them than separates the former from the higher order of brutes?

Burke has exhausted all the arguments which can be urged in vindication of natural society—all the defences of ignorance; but it is perhaps needless to say he was no proselyte to the doctrine his overpowering irony was in truth designed to demolish, and was himself indeed one of the brightest illustrations of the power and influence of a cultivated intellect.

Patrick Henry it is said regarded learning as of little value. In his own quaint language—for he seemed desirous of placing himself in the category of the uneducated by adopting the language of the most illiterate, he is reported to have said “*Naiteral* parts is worth all the book-larning on the face of the yearth.” It would hardly be just to judge this great orator and statesman, for such he was, by a remark made in cautiously or without serious deliberation. A good capacity may certainly do much without the aid of books or any regular instruction. But the man who should depend solely upon his own resources would stand on very disadvantageous ground in any pursuit or employment of life, compared with him who had treasured up the accumulated experience of ages. Patrick Henry himself had never won the fame and distinction he acquired both as a statesman and professional advocate, had he not studied and deeply too, the institutions, laws and usages of other countries as well as of his own. Newton, who was distinguished for close and patient observation, also, we are told, devoted himself with unusual ardor to the study of books. Had he neglected them—had he been

born, as has been well observed by a learned author, in the wilds of Africa, in all probability his mind would never have ranged through the celestial regions. His natural parts might have been the same, but neither his nor any other untutored mind, although the simple fact which led to the discovery—the fall of an apple—had for all time been known to all, would probably have ever discovered the law of the planetary system, while that system shall continue to revolve.

History, in many a page, records the momentous consequences of knowledge and of ignorance upon the fate of nations.

Remember how Rome—a fragment of Italy—her empire growing with her intellectual progress—subdued one by one all the nations within her reach, and came at last “in her most high and palmy state,” to be the mistress of the globe.

Look to the world of Columbus. When first discovered, peopled by numerous tribes, possessing in one of its grand divisions cultivated fields and populous cities, and mines of gold the richest of all the earth; in the other, roaming through their primeval forests, wild as their native deer, free as the God of heaven had made them and spurning the yoke of their victors—all finally circumvented by the artifices of a few traders, land pirates and military adventurers; themselves, their treasures, their country, of fourfold greater magnitude than all Europe, the spoil of comparatively petty states of that distant continent; the very names of their rivers, their mountains and their plains changed and supplanted to feed the vanity of their conquerors; and their race now rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth.

England doubly illustrates the proposition I am now urging, in her opposite phases of barbarism and civilization. Her first inhabitants, the ancient Britons, described as ignorant and idolatrous savages, were twice conquered by the forces of Caesar—far inferior in number. At a subsequent period utterly subjugated by other Generals of Rome, their country became a province of that remote empire, and so continued for four centuries. Rome at length relaxed her grasp. But the Britons now enervated, as we are told, by long submission, cowered before the neighboring Picts and Scots—more savage than themselves,—and were twice saved from impending ruin by their former masters, whom they supplicated for aid. A single legion from Rome sufficed to rout their despicable foes. Again threatened, their ambassadors again made humiliating appeals to Rome. But Rome herself pressed hard at home, turned a deaf ear to “the groans of the Britons;” they then invited the aid of the piratical Saxons, and obtained it—and now was verified the fable of the Horse,

the Stag, and the Man. Worse—the Saxons joined their enemies after having conquered them—and the poor Britons—or rather the small portion saved from expulsion, or utter extermination, who had so long endured the vassalage of Rome, and the spoliation of Picts and Scots, now bridled and saddled by their allies, were reduced to the worse condition of Saxon villenage.

But mark the sequel: England, in her rightful domain little more than the half of an island—the whole of which would be measured four times over in the Territory of Oregon, or the States of Texas and California—a mere speck upon the map of the world:—England, for which for many centuries contending races had fought upon her own soil, became at length the prize of the Norman Conqueror; by whom, in turn, the Saxons were regarded, and not without reason, as mere barbarians. Peace followed, and undisputed Norman dominion. The original Britons—and all the various races and their descendants who at any time had obtained the mastery—the Romans, the Picts and Scots, Danes, Saxons and Normans, with languages as diverse as the tongues of Babel,—gradually united and became compounded into one. England prospering in trade and commerce, rapidly advanced in wealth and numbers, in arts and arms. At length she claimed dominion over the seas as absolute as Rome had ever maintained over the earth; exacting for centuries deference and submission to her “*meteor flag*” and boasting that

Her march was o’er the mountain wave,
Her home was on the deep,

till her own unyoked descendants proclaimed and maintained the common right of all to the common highway of nations.

Having by a forced union added to her own power that of Scotland and Ireland, she extended her domain over large portions of Asia and America, and to this day holds in subjection on those continents a territory more than twentyfold larger than Great Britain and Ireland together; and a population in India alone exceeding by about one hundred millions that of her native subjects.

In all these instances what difference do we find between the victors and the vanquished to account for the results, but that between knowledge on the one hand and ignorance on the other?

The small and disciplined armies of Rome easily reduced to submission the comparatively numerous forces of those whom she contemptuously denominated barbarians.

The ignorance of the American savages of iron, and of the art of ship-building, are of themselves sufficient to account for their fate. They could make no head by water with canoes form-

ed from trees, which cost the labor of months to fell, and a full year to hollow out with hatchets of stone, against the armed batteries of European ships, nor by land with stone-pointed or copper-pointed arrows, against the terrifying thunder of European artillery. Panic-struck at its death-dealing explosions, the South American tribes, who, compared with those of the North, were not only more numerous and concentrated, but greatly advanced in civilization, readily regarded with superstitious idolatry the "White Gods,"—as they termed the inhuman monsters who robbed and massacred them in the name of Christianity—and Cortes and Pizarro, with a few hundred desperate adventurers successively entered the populous capitals of Mexico and Peru, seized on their monarchs, and put one of them to an ignominious death in the midst of his millions.

In Hindostan, England had to contend with a race still more advanced in civilization than the South American Indians. The Hindostanese had carried many of the arts indeed to high perfection; those, especially, of spinning and weaving. Still, their machinery was of the rudest kind, and though they wrought textures of exquisite fineness, they effected this rather by patience and numbers and manual dexterity, than by any high degree of intelligence. They excelled also in dancing, in jugglery, in all exercises requiring sleight of hand, or of foot,—but were deficient in energy and activity of mind, and like the "children of the sun," immersed in idolatry and superstition. They believed in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of brutes. Their customs, many of which have prevailed for thousands of years—for it is the nature of self-satisfied ignorance to be stationary—as it is of knowledge to be progressive, were in the highest degree absurd and cruel. Suicide and infanticide they regarded as meritorious; they voluntarily threw themselves beneath the car of their Idol to be crushed to death; and widows in the bloom of youth and beauty were forced or permitted to perish on the funeral pyres of their husbands.

It may be objected that there are instances of conquest by barbarous over civilized nations not to be attributed to superior numbers. The victories of the Picts and Scots over the Britons, for example, and those of the barbarians who conquered their Roman conquerors. Conceding the fact, other causes operated to account for these results, without bringing in question the superiority of knowledge over ignorance.

The Britons by centuries of submission to the Romans, had become, as already seen, insensible of the value of liberty, or indisposed to peril life or ease in its defence.

Rome, spurred on by ambition, had sought to concentrate all power in her capital. In place of admitting her conquered subjects to participate, she converted their countries into provinces under Proconsuls and Prætors, who practised every species of oppression. Her conquests were often attended with a barbarity exceeding that of her foes. Numantia—a populous city of Spain—sooner than fall into the power of Scipio, suffered all the horrors of a siege, and when at length the victor entered, he found the city a desert, and the wolf and the vulture feasting on the bodies of his famished victims.

But the wrongs which convert cowards into slaves, rouse the brave to revolt. Rome found at last that there were limits to human endurance—and that,

—as her yoke

She laid upon the neck of prostrate nations,
Her own proud spirit they inhaled,
And learned to feel its weight.

Instigated by revenge and despair, the Spanish peasants, converting their crooks into spears, rose against their oppressors—

And Rome's proud legions fled aghast, as flees
The panic-stricken lamb before the wolf.

It was not then that ignorance, other things being equal, could cope with knowledge. No—knowledge is power. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The napping hare may be outstripped by the tortoise. A slumbering giant may be overcome by the weakest adversary. Samson had never been slain by the Philistines had he not betrayed himself; nor would the monster Polyphemus, had he not first been subdued by wine and sleep, have fallen beneath the arm of the wily Ulysses. So is it with intellectual strength. The Britons had lost their courage—not their comparative knowledge. They sunk under the moral paralysis of voluntary slavery. The Romans listened to the seductions of ambition and luxury, and turned a deaf ear to the voice of wisdom. They wilfully became intoxicated with the fumes of that very power she gave them for their defence; and laying aside their armor—slumbering when they should have watched—met from the fierce desperation of those whom they had wronged, the fate they deserved. Knowledge had given them power. They abused the precious gift and converted it into the means of self-destruction.

But let us turn from the history of warlike nations, and consider the power and beneficent influence of knowledge in the peaceful pursuits of life. And here it may be remarked that the greatest triumphs of art and science, as well as the most wonderful phenomena of nature, when

daily familiar to our eyes cease to attract our notice. What more surprising than the operations of a common grain mill—such as those erected in our city; where the labor of a few persons, which unassisted would scarcely suffice to crush grain for their own consumption, aided by machinery, daily supplies the daily bread of hundreds of thousands; rolling out their precious cargoes to bear off the palm for Richmond in distant markets?

As illustrating the same remark, may I not point your attention to our iron foundries whose furnaces melt and mould the solid ore into forms for human use, and whose ponderous hammers, huge shears, as though wielded by unseen hands, beat it out into thin plates, or clip it in pieces, as a girl would clip paper with her scissors:—

To our cotton and woollen factories whose complex machinery, set in motion by women and children, and obedient as the mutes of a Sultan, performs more than the labors of a Hercules, or the hundred-handed Briareus.

Is it not a triumph of science, that the beneficent stream which passes our doors, whose head-springs gush from the gelid caves of our mountains, is made to flow through subterranean channels, and rising contrary to the law of its nature, to spout forth again in our yards and very dwellings, to give us a luxury whose loss not all the drinks ever compounded by the art of man could compensate, and to keep in subjection the fiery element which was wont to appal and devastate our city?

Is it not a triumph of science, that Night has been, as it were, banished from among us, and our streets irradiated by a new light drawn from a pitchy mineral, causing the stars to “hide their diminished heads,” and vying with the moon in silvery brightness; but not like that capricious luminary, dimmed by clouds and vapors, nor subject to waning eclipse or absence,—not only promoting social intercourse, but scaring away the midnight thief and incendiary, heretofore enconced beside our thresholds?

Must I not, in passing, notice the newly invented portrait-painter—the Daguerreotype,—which, without hands or eyes, colors or brush, presents the lineaments of the human face with a truth and exactitude unattainable by the human hand; fixing, *solidifying*, if I may use the expression, as though congealed, the very reflected image itself, with all its lights and shades? Why, will it not come to pass, that our own “counterfeit presentments,” shadowy and evanescent as they are, shall by some yet undiscovered process be made to flit from behind the mirror, attend us wherever we go, and mock all our motions?

Reflect on the changes wrought in the condi-

tion of the world, by the diversified uses of steam; whereby ships without sails, and coaches without horses outstrip the fabulous steed of Pegasus, or the wings of Æolus.

Most astounding of all behold the feats of the Genius of the Magnet! Surpassing the winged messenger of Jove, equalled only by the fabled Slave of the Lamp, or Heaven’s own bolt, he bears our words, our thoughts, our wishes through the air and under the seas, bringing us as it were to converse with our friends thousands of miles distant, as though they sat beside our hearths. I confess I have not yet recovered from the astonishment experienced at the first credible account of this true but hardly credible invention, and musing on its wonders, almost begin to doubt if there are any bounds to the discoveries and conquests of the human intellect.

Such are some few of the triumphs of knowledge; most of them achieved within the memory of the existing generation. If one could now rise from the grave who died without having been an eyewitness of their truth, and should be told that an errand could be sent and an answer returned between Paris and London, *under the ocean*, or between New York and New-Orleans in less than four minutes, would he not be as incredulous as if told that a line of telegraphs had been established between the earth and the moon, or some mysterious communication realized with the world of spirits? At least he would believe that his narrator designed to practice on his credulity with tales stranger than Arabian fictions, and went a bow-shot beyond Manchausen, that liar of the first magnitude.

I might refer to the mariner’s compass, pointing out the ocean’s pathways through starless nights; the telescope, opening to our view wonders before invisible to the human eye; the common watch we carry about us, telling us the place of the sun when hidden by clouds: to numerous other inventions daily and hourly ministering to our wants and pleasures, and speeding commerce, agriculture, and the mechanic arts on their march to perfection; but already I fear I weary you with what may be justly thought trite illustrations. For offering any such, my apology must be the nature of the theme suggested, or rather imposed, by the occasion on which I venture to address you:—exceeded by none in importance, it has more than all others perhaps in all ages exercised the thoughts and the pens of the profoundest intellects. Every mind will doubtless have its peculiar views; but whoever, in the idle effort at originality, on a subject like this, should think to offer no argument but his own, and resolve to omit the more obvious and prominent illustrations, would leave the subject itself in its original darkness,—

or furnish but just light enough to make that darkness visible. On the other hand, it would be as vain as it would be tedious, to enumerate the countless conquests of the human mind. It is enough to know that knowledge enables man gradually to reduce all other animals that roam the earth,—the whole mineral and vegetable kingdoms—the elements themselves, armed as they are for destruction—under his dominion: to tame even the wrathful lightning into an obedient slave to fetch and carry at his command; and heedless of “whirlwinds and the northern blast,” to ride, like a God, fearlessly above the raging seas. Truly, most truly, knowledge is power.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE DEAD.

BY MRS E. H. EVANS.

I.

The DEAD!—the still-remembered Dead.
Where roam their disembodied souls?
What scenes attract?—what law controls
The immortal state to which they're wed?

II.

Reach they at once the Central Throne,
Uplifted by Angelic wings?
And strike they now the quivering strings
Once touched by Cherub hands alone?

III.

Or dwell they in some higher sphere,
Lit by our Sun!—and silvery moons,
What time the Night her state assumes
Of splendor only dreamed of here?

IV.

Wear they ethereal forms that keep
Some semblance to the mortal frame;
And should we know them, if they came
To smile upon us as we weep?

V.

Then whence this strange, o'erpowering dread,
That chills us, when we stand beside
Her who was late our joy and pride,
Now robed in vestments of the dead!

VI.

She was so soft—so mild—so fair!
So loving to the lowliest thing
That shared with her life's blossoming;
Withal so timid:—all our care

VII.

For her seemed needed; wintry storms
Blew not upon her budding grace,
Nor Summer suns might leave their trace
Too rudely on her blushing charms.

VIII.

So quickly swelled her throbbing heart,

So filled with sudden tears her eyes
At others' woe—we hushed our sighs
And kept from her each grief apart.

IX.

And how it roused our wildest mirth,
And waked her dimpling smiles to hear
That any living thing had fear
Of her, so gentle from her birth.

X.

Yet now she resteth cold and white
With solemn brow, and rigid lips,
And 'neath the veiling lids' eclipse,
There seems to lurk intensest night.

XI.

There is an air of grandeur cast
O'er all her form—a solemn state
Invests this closing scene of fate,
The strangest—as it is the last.

XII.

What! This our flower! our petted Dove!
Our childlike, gentle-hearted friend!
So Queenly cold!—ah, fatal end
Of hope, and all the dreams of love.

XIII.

The walls' still drapery—smooth and fair,
The mirror veiled by careful hands—
The whispered words—the stealthy bands
Of friends that mount the winding stair;

XIV.

All strike a terror, words are faint
To utter, in the soul dismayed
We start at our own steps, afraid,
And shudder at each smothered plaint.

XV.

The Veil we fear to put aside,
She's passed within. She feels and knows,
The mysteries its folds enclose;—
Knows what earth's mightiest has defied.

XVI.

One kiss upon her icy brow
And on her lifeless hands, that rest
Like sculptured ivory on her breast,—
Then for long hours of lonely woe.

XVII.

The vacant room;—The empty chair!
The book left open where she read
On the last day of health,—the bed
Unpressed! One lock of sunny hair

XVIII.

Alone we keep above the ground,
Of all the beauty and the grace
That made these halls their dwelling-place,
And cast a radiant halo round.

XIX.

The DEAD! The ever cherished DEAD!
Where roams HER disembodied soul?
What scenes are dear? What laws control
The immortal state to which SHE'S wed?

POETRY AND RELIGION.

No. IX.

*(Same subject continued.)*THE VITAL HARMONY OF TRUTH; DEFECTS OF
BYRON'S POETRY; SELF-COMMUNION; PRAYER.

IV. Another high advantage derived from christian faith consists in the fact, that it *enables the soul to comprehend and realize the vital harmony of truth.* If, as the poet sings,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

in itself considered; if truth shines with radiant levelness, even in its fragmentary forms; surely truth is more attractive, and beauty is more divine, when seen associated in the fair proportion and symmetry of a consistent plan. A solitary feature may be fair, but how much fairer does it appear, in the full expression of a living countenance, beaming in the light, and varied by the emotions of an indwelling spirit! Music may be sweet in the fall of a single note; but how much sweeter in the prolonged melody of the mighty anthem, uttering the high raptures of the soul, and lifting the thoughts in adoration and praise! A lonely and broken pillar, standing amid a scene of ruins, may be beautiful in itself; but how much more beautiful when joined in just proportion, and fitted to exact symmetry, it rises in its place to form a part of some glorious temple! To a mind destitute of faith, truth appears in detached and fragmentary forms. A dismal chaos prevails around. Wandering lights are seen flitting here and there, crossing and recrossing in strange confusion. Inarticulate sounds, plaintive or gay, fall at intervals on his distracted ear, without concord and without significance. Nature, providence and human life, in their changing aspects, move around him in bewildering perplexity; and he comprehends not their combined import—he feels not their united inspiration. Faith collects these scattered lights into a starry firmament of truth—arranges these stray notes in the scale of a harmonious system—and builds, from the confused materials of the present scene, a mighty phantom for the worship and hopes of mankind.

Doubt, perplexity, unsatisfying conjecture, and unceasing contrariety, must necessarily characterize the mind, whose views of the present system of things conform not to the gospel economy. To every mind intent on the attainment of knowledge, but especially to the poet, whose genius seeks sympathy with the deeper elements of life, and holds communion with the mighty heart of nature; such a state of darkness and discord

must be disastrous in the extreme. Bound on a fruitless voyage of discovery, drifting over an unknown sea, without chart, or compass, or anchor, the sport of every wave, "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine;" and uncertain as to what final haven shall be gained; it is not surprising that the soul should grow weary in its restless course, or sink in utter shipwreck amid the wild war of conflicting elements. There is no sublime satisfaction in surveying the present. There is no immortal hope in anticipating the future. Yet these conditions are essential to the healthful exercise of every earnest, truth-seeking spirit. In vain do we speak of the inspiration of truth and the love of nature; when truth is not found in the harmony of a connected system, and nature is not known in its high and hidden import.

Human reason has pretended to construct for itself system after system.—such as deism, pantheism and the like, with endless variation—to answer the eager questionings of an immortal mind, and to interpret the conflicting voices of nature and providence. But discord still reigned around. Darkness still hung over the destiny of man. And the soul, sighing amid its unavailing conjectures, and recoiling from the dreary visions of unbelief, has sought, but never found *peace* in the order and harmony of its faith and hope, in the brightness and glory of its prospects, until it lifts its joyful eye and exclaims *eureka! eureka!* at the cross of Christ! There "mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace embrace each other." There "life and immortality are brought to light." There "peace on earth, good will to men, and glory to God in the highest" becomes the chorus of awakened nature. There we find a key to the hidden harmonies of the universe—an index to the manifold mysteries of life! The high and holy *doctrines* of the gospel explain the varied aspects of nature and providence. The pure, humble and benevolent *virtues* of the gospel secure the order of society and the harmony of human life. Now we are enabled to answer these thrilling questions. Whence the origin of this stupendous and variegated scene of being? What the import of the conflicting aspects of things around us—of storm, and darkness, and tempest blended with sunshine and tranquil peace and smiling beauty—of affliction and tears mingled with consolation and joys—of severity interchanged with goodness? What the high import of life? What the hidden meaning of death? What our sacred mission here? What our final destiny hereafter? God is the creator and preserver of all things that exist—the moral governor of the universe. Man is a fallen being. Sin prevails over the race; having "brought death into the world, with all our

woe." Life is a scene of probation and discipline, where the judgments of Heaven fall as parental chastisements, and where mercy bends over the wandering to woo them back to the confidence and love of our reconciled Father—where holy aspirations are fostered, evil tendencies restrained, and patient deeds of charity performed; while death is but a dark doorway into the mansions of immortal light. What other system so consistent in itself, so accordant with the realities of nature and life, so harmonizing in its interpretation of surrounding mysteries, so satisfying in its adaptation to the wants of man's nature, and so cheering in the prospects which it unfolds in the future, can be found as a substitute for this? Shall a poet adopt the dark creed which disowns the author of the universe? Or that shallow system, scarcely less dark, which denies a Saviour to the guilty? Shall he hold that man walks upright in moral innocence, and expatiates in joy over a scene framed and fitted up as his final residence—that here he finds supreme delight in gratifying the earthly instincts of his nature—with no element of gratitude in his joys—with no cup of consolation in his sorrows—with no noble purpose in life—with no sustaining hope in death—with no home of blessedness in Heaven? Alas! for the poet whose inspiration is derived from fountains of feeling no deeper, and whose verse is moulded by a spirit of harmony no higher than comports with a creed so shallow and so conflicting! Well may he exclaim in the bitter contradiction of his own experience as a mighty but miserable poet of such a creed has exclaimed,

"Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
The harmony of things!"

He may affect much rapture in swelling phrase over the mystery of life and the spirit of nature; but he knows nothing of either. He may exhibit the sudden impulses of wayward passion. He may depict fragmentary images of beauty and sublimity. He may manifest the fitful elements of a lawless power. But he is a stranger to the beautiful symmetry of accordant truth; and his unbelieving ear has never caught the sustained spiritual harmony of nature and life. Passing visions of the tempest, the earthquake and the fire have flitted by him in their bewildering power, and at once he has gone forth to prophesy in his madness, without waiting to hear "the still small voice of God," whispering in the secret harmony of all things; but audible only to the quickened ear of christian faith.

If the spirit of poetry bears any affinity to its outward form, it is essentially a spirit of harmony. Hence it "moves harmonious numbers." But the poet without faith, however gifted in the capa-

cities of genius, rebels against the laws of moral harmony in his inward experience, and inhabits intellectually a region of discord and confusion. Such a poet therefore must inevitably labor under a twofold defect—first, in the nature of his inspiration, and secondly in the structure of his works. The sentiments of his heart and the visions of his mind are not conformed to the laws of eternal harmony. And the materials with which he "builds the lofty verse" are not hewn from the quarry of truth, nor squared to the beautiful symmetry and sublime proportion displayed in the great temple of nature. The inspiration of such a genius is discordant, fitful and self-conflicting. And whatever monument he may rear in verse is fragmentary, disproportionate and insecure. We are aware that many of our distinguished poets have been of this description. But great as they were, these defects so far obscured their genius and marred their productions. They were great in spite of these defects. They would have been greater without them.

Perhaps Lord Byron was the most noted example of this class. His was undoubtedly a mind of extraordinary power, but fearfully perverted and sadly eclipsed. Even before the close of his brief career, his mental energies were visibly on the decline, sinking dimly under self-consuming decay. His works have acquired an adventitious popularity partly from causes independent of their intrinsic poetical merit. That popularity is gradually growing less as the world advances in moral purity. And the time may come when, if Byron be not entirely forgotten, he will be remembered only as the monster product of a past age. The spirit that breathes in his works is uncongenial with the purer tastes and loftier moods of the human mind. To sympathize with that spirit the soul must be at war with itself—at war with society—at war with nature—at war with God! The reader rises from under the spell of his wandlike pen not a wiser and a better man, prepared to encounter patiently and cheerfully the realities of life; but with a scowl on his brow—with bitterness in his heart—with darkness on the face of all things around him! If ever there was, by special designation, a poet of discord and darkness, that poet was Byron. Endowed originally with superior genius and generous susceptibilities, joined with an indomitable pride and an insubordinate will; when, finding his youthful visions of paradise unrealized in nature and his sanguine dreams of perfection unfulfilled in human life, the disappointment, instead of serving to chasten and purify, served only to exasperate and poison,—the discovery, instead of including the guilty defect of his own nature and leading him to bow in

humble penitence at the footstool of divine mercy, while his faith was transferred from man to God, and his hopes from earth to heaven, prompted his proud spirit, blind in its impotent rage to feel itself aggrieved and injured in its doom. His rebel will, disowning the subordination of a creature, cast defiance in the face of the Creator. Because his capricious demands had not been consulted in the arrangement of the universe, with the fury of a fretted child he rejected every advance, spurned every compromise, and renounced faith in all things! His wounded spirit recoiled inwardly to prey upon itself. And with towering pride and dark defiant will he went forth to mock and deride every thing held sacred in the hearts of men. Here was the great defect in Byron's character, and corresponding to this we find the radical defect of his poetry. He had no faith in man, in nature, or in God. Not that he was an avowed atheist like Shelley; but unlike Shelley, with a more faithful inconsistency he cherished a spirit of utter and universal unbelief. He looked abroad with a scowling, scoffing scorn on all things in earth and heaven! He consequently had no *definite poetical creed*. He had no cherished image of purity and loveliness enshrined within his heart, the exemplification of which, in nature or life, called forth his sympathy and admiration. He had no bright beautiful ideal of perfection presiding over the creations of his genius, and moulding in conformity to its standard the visions unfolded in his works. His poetry contains nothing consistent, complete, or accordant with itself. No clear continuous stream of thought and sentiment flows in his verse. But, like some witch's caldron, it is filled with contradictory and conflicting elements, fermenting in dire confusion over which presides some dark spirit of discord and defiance. The only consistent element in his works is that of storm and darkness. Their only definite result is the majesty of moral disorder—the triumph of universal desolation! He could discern what was false and hollow, but he had no conception of the opposite beautiful and good. He could *hate* but he could not *admire*! With no perennial fountain of love, sympathy, or admiration flowing from his heart, there could be no pure and healthful inspiration in his poetry. Most he has written may be characterized as extravagant common-place, or admired disorder. The beauties of Byron are his inconsistencies—his subtilities are his contradictions. These inconsistencies and contradictions are manifested, occurring on almost every page. They lie deeper than mere variations of language. They are contrarieties of sentiment—tergiversations of the soul itself, proving either a pitiable pliability of

principle, or a more pitiable state of insincerity and affectation.

At one time he strikes his harp in honour of the hero and the patriot. He hovers in lofty meditation over ancient battle fields, and describes the deeds of heroism there achieved. But when he paints his living hero, and brings to view his model patriot, what is the image he portrays? Some roving exile—or some ruffian bandit—or some ruthless corsair! A patriot, without home or country—an Ishmaelitic hero, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him!

At another time, he sings the praise of nature, and describes her scenes of beauty and sublimity. But forthwith he introduces some dark, malignant spirit, at variance with the order of nature, and a rebel against the throne of God—some guilty Cain, who hates the earth because it testifies of his brother's blood, and who shudders at nature because it reveals the presence of an Almighty Avenger. Some moody misanthrope, without complacency and without sympathy in aught that exists, visible or invisible, whose will, if it had the power, would spread darkness and desolation over the universe!

Again, he essays to portray the tenderness and devotion of human love. He paints a passionate and romantic picture. But underneath he writes in scorn—“*Love is lust, beastly and base.*” In heartless mockery, he sports with the sacred ties of wedlock; and revels, with exultation, in the vile arts of adultery. Anon, he depicts images of female beauty. The colours glow and melt under his magic touch. Life-like forms of radiant loveliness shine upon the canvass. But while we gaze, lo! with sudden and startling transformation, instead of virgin purity and delicacy of spirit veiled in its appropriate outward drapery, we behold images of gross, carnal, corrupt fascination—the *tainted beauties of a harem*!

Thus we perceive the union of antagonistic and conflicting qualities to be the grand characteristic of Byron's poetry. Its elements have no congenial affinity; but discordantly associated, they are mutually repellant and destructive. The direct tendency of this unnatural combination, was to destroy all interest and all inspiration—to consume the very life and soul of poetry—and cause genius itself to sicken with disgust at its own triumphs. This was the actual result in Byron's experience;

“ His godless nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms abhorr'd. His passions died—
Died, all but dreary, solitary pride,
And all his sympathies in being died.”

But Byron was a poet in spite of himself. His mighty genius was imprisoned by a proud heart

and perverted will in an element of moral darkness. Yet it emitted lurid flashes of glory that startle with their vividness, and cause us to lament the doom by which it was so fatally eclipsed. Its light burned in an unhealthy atmosphere, agitated by incessant gusts and infected by deadly gases. His disordered moral sentiments, his dark, religious views, and his loose, irregular habits, were so many traitors to his genius. They poisoned the fountains of his inspiration, crippled his faculties, perverted their exercise, and gradually undermined their very existence. Evidences of this fact abound in his works. Whatever traces of fitful and startling power they may exhibit, they are deficient in the higher elements of true poetry. *They are destitute of sustained and elevated spiritual harmony.*

How then, it will be asked, do we account for the popularity of Byron? In answering this question, we are led to the discovery of a mournful secret in our common nature. We have already intimated that the popularity of Byron was, to a great extent, owing to causes, independent of his poetical merit. These consist in the dark and corrupt moral sympathies of the poet, which are disguised under the enticing charms of his poetry. These too readily find an echo in the human heart. The perverted nature of man, in too many instances, contains within itself the same conflicting and discordant elements that we find united in the poetry of Byron. Even the purest characters may relapse into occasional moods of congeniality, (or at least there have been such moods in their former experience, which may be remembered,) so as to enable them to sympathize, for a time, with such unworthy elements. But with the impure and the vicious, the sympathy is entire, and the fascination is complete.

"Thou speak'st to me of things that oft have swam
In visions through my thought."

But in the poetry of Byron, the impure elements of our common nature appear redeemed from their inherent debasement. Low and lustful appetites are disguised under a veil of florid beauty. Dark and malignant tempers of mind are sustained by lofty genius, and arrayed in brilliant colours of poetry. "The unclean spirit," which, at one time raves in rags and madness among the tombs, and, at another, enters even a herd of swine, here lays aside its appropriate forms of degradation, and appears "transformed into an angel of light." Hence, the double charm of a sympathy, which flatters, while it corrupts.

But while the power of Byron's genius is confessedly great, and in a certain sense, peculiar, in conjunction with these impure moral sym-

thies, who can fail to perceive, that they were an incumbrance to his faculties? The same, nay, we believe, far greater poetical power might have been displayed, if joined with pure moral antipathies, instead of corrupt moral sympathies, in delineating the dark pictures displayed in his works. Milton has portrayed the image of a proud and fallen spirit—the prototype of that, which, identified with the personal sympathies of the author, appears under a human form, in the poetry of Byron. But the picture, as drawn by Milton, exercises no dangerous fascination over our sympathy.

We admit an immoral poet may become more congenial, and consequently more popular, with a certain class of admirers; by associating his impure personal sympathies with the images unfolded in his poetry. But we do contend, that these personal sympathies confer no new gift of genius; neither do they quicken or exalt the gifts already possessed by the poet. A failure to discriminate at this point has given rise to many absurd notions, as to the characteristic features of poetic genius. We were sorry to find in a recent work of great originality and power,* that the author, in alluding to Byron, has failed to exercise his usual discrimination, and has sanctioned a sentiment which we believe to be both false and pernicious—"We think," says he, "it should be admitted in all these cases, that we could not have the one set of qualities without the other—the genius and the feeling *in the particular form*, without the previous history, the disordered temperament and the melancholy experience. We could not have had these throes, so indicative of strength, without the accompanying fever." We have italicised a phrase in the above extract, because the author there admits a qualification, which destroys the entire force of his remark. If we could not have the genius and the feeling "*in that particular form*," might we not have them in a higher and better form? Might we not have the strength, without the fever—the poetry without the vice? Both the idea and the illustration are based on delusion. It is not true, either physically or intellectually, that disease is stronger than health. There may be throes, indicative of strength, in fever; but, in its most convulsive spasm—in its most frantic paroxysm, disease can never rise to the towering strength displayed in a state of health, when nerved by a determined will, and inspired by heroic courage, the body puts forth all its energies, in some deed of high achievement. Nay, the very existence of fever presupposes a deranged organization and an enfeebled system. But even were it capable of putting forth superior strength, it could

* "Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral," by Rev. J. McCosh.

be only during one brief spasm—the first in a descending series. For at every succeeding reaction, the system grows feebler and still feebler, until it sinks in death. The healthful exercise of the system, on the contrary, develops its powers and enlarges its capacity for vigorous action. What is the policy of those who make physical strength an object of pride or ambition? What was the policy pursued by the ancient Athlete? Did they stimulate and excite the system to feverish action? Or, by sobriety and temperance, by nourishing diet, and manly exercise, did they mature and maintain those mighty energies of frame, which, when put forth in contest on the public arena, elicited the acclamations of admiring crowds? But the analogy holds true in a much higher sense, when applied to the powers of the mind. It is indeed high time that genius had found the true policy, and adopted the proper regimen in maturing its sublime energies. Let it not madly seek to develop its strength by stimulating with deadly poisons; or to achieve its triumphs by exulting in the violence of disordered passions! For even this pitiable pretext is denied to perverted genius; when prostituting its powers, and polluting society by its pestilential breath, it indulges the mad hope of achieving, by this means, some original and peculiar triumph in the department of poetry. Let the poet drink invigorating inspiration from the pure fountains of truth. Let him guide his life, and tune his harp in accordance with the laws of eternal harmony.

We have thus far considered some of the prominent features of Christian piety, in their connection with the interests of poetry. In addition to these, there are what may be termed, *the peculiar habits of piety*, which exercise a propitious influence in the development of poetic genius.

First, piety implies *a habit of self communion*. "Commune with thine own heart and be still," is at the same time a dictate of Christian duty and a trait of poetic genius. Indeed it is, to some extent, an attribute of every earnest and lofty spirit, conscious of the hidden treasures of its own nature. The heart can be known only by a process of introspection. In human intercourse its intricate labyrinths are often disguised by artifice and darkened by concealment. Nature has hung a veil over that inner sanctuary, and no man voluntarily draws that veil entirely aside, or permits it to be lifted by others. We admit special friends to closer degrees of intimacy in our confidence. But that veil still hangs over an inviolable recess within. The heart of man resembles the sacred temple of the Jews. In its front there is an open area, where the promiscuous multitude are permitted to assemble,

and to gaze on the public spectacles that were intended to meet their view. Back of this, there is another and more sacred apartment, where a *few attending priests* are permitted to enter; but still back of this, there is yet another apartment more sacred than all, "the holy of holies," where no profane eye can penetrate—where no unhallowed footstep can intrude: "the great high priest," the man himself, alone enters it: and there, in the awful presence of God, he communes with his own nature and the mysteries around him!

He who is a stranger to such habits of self-communion, must continue ignorant of his own nature. The fountains of poetic inspiration remain sealed and smothered in his experience. But such habits cannot be faithfully maintained, unless conducted in a frame of piety and an attitude of devotion. He who enters within that holy place, must bow adoringly before the glorious Shekinah, which shines there on the altar, between the cherubim. Thus piety not only purifies and elevates the sentiments of the heart;—it not only creates a new class of refined and rapturous emotions peculiar to itself; but by fostering a habit of self-communion, it produces a conscious familiarity with the inward workings of the soul, which endows the poet with an apt facility in the exercise of his art. He is thus enabled to catch the tuneful key of his own spirit, and to touch aright the latent chords which yield the richest music in the hearts of others. But besides the ready command over the sources of human sympathy, thus required, the fountains of poetic inspiration are opened and flow forth in deeper and stronger currents, under the silent influence of self communion. The inner world of emotional experience remains formless and void, when no such habit is indulged. But light, order and harmony pervade the scene, when the soul broods in quickening meditation over the mysteries of its own nature. The true poet derives much of the inspiration and many elements of his verse, from the secret fountains of his own heart. It is said of such,

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

But it is only by means of silent self-communion that these elements are rendered available. The language of the inspired Psalmist describes the origin of those happier moods of conception and utterance, as experienced at times by every genuine poet—"While I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue."

We shall conclude the present article by adverting to another peculiar habit of piety, as intimately connected with poetic inspiration—the *habit of prayer*. We can readily imagine the smile of derision with which this proposition will

be met, by many a flippant devotee of fashionable literature. But their derision, even if rational, is certainly not wisely directed. It does not strike at the vulnerable point. It should fall on the principles which give rise to the habit. The absurdity lies, if any where, in the system of faith, which gives encouragement to prayer, and enjoins it as a duty. But if that system be rational and true, the habit is perfectly consistent and legitimate. We suggest then to our flippant scoffers, that their ridicule comes too late. It should have been excited sooner. They must go back to the first principles of the Christian faith, and prove them to be absurd and contemptible, before they affect to make light of this sacred privilege, which every earnest and honest spirit, that has tested its efficacy, will pronounce to be the very highest it can claim on earth. But leaving out of view the principles on which prayer is founded, it is surely as rational and dignified an exercise of mind in the poet who seeks inspiration, to implore humbly the quickening influence of divine energy, as to invoke a propitious afflatus from some visionary muse after the approved poetic fashion?

Prayer is prompted by conscious dependence. It is sanctioned by the revealed will of God. We are taught to believe, "not only that He is, but that He is a rewarder of all who diligently seek Him." If God has the will, He surely has the power to interpose in answer to prayer. It is reasonable to conclude, that He who originally formed the human mind, and furnished all its wonderful faculties, is capable of influencing, quickening, or inspiring that mind, in the sense in which the poet seeks inspiration. Every poet is conscious of peculiar states or moods of mind, which are propitious to the exercise of his genius. These are affected by a variety of external causes. Why may they not be induced directly by that invisible, divine influence, which works in and through all things, and brings events to pass according to its sovereign will? We seek that influence, in its moral efficacy, why not also, in its mental invigoration? We seek it to quicken and purify the heart, why not also to enlighten and exalt the mind? We bow before the altar, and plead for an interest in atoning blood and propitiatory incense, why not ask also the application of "a live coal from the altar," like that

"Which touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire?"

Milton has furnished both an illustration and a proof of the efficacy of prayer, in securing the noblest poetic inspiration. His sublime invocation of the spirit of God stands as a suitable introduction to the most sublime poem in the English language:

"And chiefly thou, O Spirit; that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me.

* * * * * What in me is dark
Illumine. What is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal providence,
And justify the ways of God to men!"

W. C. S.

PEN PORTRAITS.

KATE.

Light and gay, sad and tearful,
Hopeful, hopeless, gloomy, cheerful,
Now all joyless, sadly singing;
Then all joy, her sweet laugh ringing;
Now all pensive, soon all smiling;
Ev'ry heart to mirth beguiling;
Be her mood, or gloom, or gladness,
All must love her—love to madness.
Thus we see in April weather,
Rain and sunshine, both together;
Pleasant both, when they come single;
But perplexing, when they mingle;
Still, I love both shine and shower,
Though the cloud may darkly lower,
For when rain and sun are given,
Then, the rainbow glows in heaven.

ANN.

Silent, sad, and melancholy,
Hope within her heart is dead;
Resignation pure, and holy,
Marks the face whence joy has fled.
If perchance, a song she waken,
'Tis not one of careless mirth,
But like some sweet dove forsaken,
Mourneth she to flee from earth.
Her's is a sad voice of sighing,
Springing from a wounded soul;
Like the swan's sweet notes when dying,
Floats the strain she can't control.
She is a fair, fragile flower,
Meekly bending to the blast;
May she bloom in that bright bower,
Twined by angel hands at last.

VIRGINIA.

Ever gay, sad thoughts can never
Find a dwelling in her heart;
On her brow there fall no shadows,
She, and sorrow, dwell apart.
Storm-clouds never gather o'er her,
Bright and sunny are her skies,
On her face, bright hopes sit smiling;
Tears dim not her laughing eyes,
And her voice is like the warbling
Of the birds, in spring's bright hours,
Cheering hearts with sorrow laden;
As the dew cheers drooping flowers,
Gloom abides not where she dwelleth—
Sadness fleeth at her voice—
Sunlike, she all clouds dispelleth,
And bids all around rejoice.

MARTHA.

Calm and serene as summer's morn,
 Methinks I see her now;
 Dark passions dwell not in her heart;
 Or clothe in frowns her brow.
 Though calm, and deemed by many cold,
 Her soul dwells in her eyes;
 And love within their deep, clear depths,
 In sweet concealment lies.
 She like some ancient vestal seems,
 Whose pure, sweet thoughts, are given
 In matin songs and vesper hymns,
 Like incense sweet, to heaven.
 As deeper streams no murmur give—
 So you can never trace
 The thoughts, the dearest to her heart,
 On her calm, thoughtful face.

AZIM.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

1845. A right pleasant company we are! All bent joyously upon scaling the crest of the broad continent; leading and protecting those pioneers and missionaries of civilization, the Oregon emigrants; the rude founders of a state. Self-exiled and led by a human instinct—inspired, and superior to reason; neither pilgrims nor of broken fortunes, but unconscious workers of National Human Destiny, they seek the perfect independence of savage life, aided by some invented powers of civilized art.

They scorn all royal paper claims to this virgin world of ours! The best diplomatists of us all, they would conquer the land as easily as Adam lost Paradise.

Such military expeditions as ours will sufficiently protect this migration of families; intermediate posts—unnecessary at best—could be maintained only at an immensely disproportioned expenditure: for nature has furnished no facilities for transportation through this wilderness.

On a bright May morning, turning our backs upon lovely Fort Leavenworth, we set forth to march 2,400 miles before we shall return. Duty, by the excitements of enterprise, change and novelty, shall strew our path with flowers. We followed for two days the trails of previous marches, guiding us through the intricate and broken, but picturesque grounds which border the Missouri. Right beautiful scenery it is; with its winding green vales, its irregular but grassy hills, all dotted and relieved by dark oaks and

cedars; in the distance some bold, blue highland of the great river, or itself revealed in far off silvery sheen. The third day we struck out boldly into the almost untrodden prairies, bearing quite to the west. The sixth day—having marched about ninety miles—we turned toward the south, crossing a vast, elevated and nearly level plain extending between two branches of the Blue river: thus, without an obstacle for fifteen miles, we reached and encamped upon its bank. We had the company of an afternoon rain, which lasted the night. Thus “to sleep” *wet* is “perchance to dream, for young campaigners. In the morning something was heard of the joke of “seeing the elephant;” but an amateur, whose horse had disappeared in the night, was understood to have expressed the opinion that it was a poor one.

We had fortunately struck the Blue, where it was fordable; and the pioneer soon prepared a way for the wagons. This is a serious undertaking, to lead three hundred heavily armed men beyond communications for three or four months. It is not thus the European marches, or goes to war. Foresight and experience is necessary; and we are encumbered with seventeen wagons, although the rations are shortened, cattle driven, and some dependence put upon buffalo.

The seventh day, leaving the Blue, and turning to the north-west, between two tributaries from that direction, we soon espied on a distant ridge, the white wagon-tops of the emigrants—dim white spots, like sails at sea. Gradually converging, in a few hours we met.

Here was a great thoroughfare—broad and well-worn—the longest and best natural road perhaps in the world. Endless seemed the procession of wagons; mostly very light, and laden only with children and provisions, and the most necessary articles for families; and drawn generally by two yokes of oxen; some three hundred wagons or families, they said, were in advance. Here was some cause to tremble for our sole resource for forage; for the grass is backward and scanty, and these foster children of the Missouri bear, as we know, like all partially civilized nomades, are accompanied by herds of cattle; and we cannot, like Abraham and Lot, take different courses.

Having marched about twenty miles we turned off for water and a camp, to a small branch of the Blue, where we found our friends ahead had made their mark. There we had a frost.

That little stream had made a section of about twenty feet through a bed of yellow adhesive clay; at the base was found a mammoth tooth; there can be little doubt of the skeleton being near—of the grinder being—to borrow a mineralogical expression—nearly in situ.

On the 26th we were off betimes, highly desirous to "head" the very leading "captain" of this vast migration, for we found that, worse than the myriads of locusts we saw east of the Blue, they would make a clean sweep of the grass near all the spots where it is necessary to encamp for water. After a very long march a camp-ground was sought at a small branch—fringed as usual by a few trees—which seldom indeed deceive the water-seeker upon prairies. But the grass was consumed, and we were forced to retrace our steps for a half mile. Then had the soldiers weary with the long, slow march, in addition to the usual toils of tending horses, unloading wagons, pitching tents, cooking, &c., &c., (making their extemporaneous settlement in the wilderness) to go a-foot this long half mile and return burthened with wood and water. Such is a peace campaign; but cheerfulness makes all light. We had halted at noon at one of those crystal streamlets which, in meandering, protect and foster little green islands in prairie seas, sweet groves, where every shrub, and vine, and flower seem to seek refuge, and joyously to flourish, in defiance of the flame-storms which subdue all around:—like fairy bowers they are in summer season; their cool recesses are vocal with happy birds; they refresh and charm every sense which fatigue and privation make keenly alive to enjoyment. An hour—almost of happiness—passes, and we take up our burdens and part forever! Our camp mayhap will be an inhospitable waste, and such is the type of a soldier's life. Indeed it gives it all its zest: the excitements of change and uncertainties; the unlooked-for pleasure, and the difficulty overcome.

I. F. "Never was there such an escape! In fact you did not quite escape, and nearly spoiled your honest but faint description of natural beauties by a lamer flight. Your 'almost happiness!'—and 'burden,' of life did you mean? for I never saw one lighter mounted on a finer horse! But I really congratulate you on arriving so safely in a sober 'camp' in the midst of this very flat earth."

C. "Amigo Mio! Didn't you desert me on the eve of a snow storm, like many another friend of so honest mouthing! And is a touch of poetry a bad companion in difficulty and trial? Never a bit; it was the boon of a God—*Wisdom* was ever feminine."

I. F. "Phew! The fit is on! Sorry I said a word! I supposed frost and starved horses—the sight of poor women to-day trudging the weary road—the driving poor beef instead of the spirit striving chase, would have tempered you to the philosophy of a very materialist, (male or female.)"

C. "Poor women indeed! Three weeks ago

they parted from every comfort—severed ties of kindred, even of country, and their journey is scarce begun—a short 150 miles with 1800 more before them! What privations are here; what exposure to bad weather, cooking unsheltered; they must unsex themselves and struggle with all the sterner toils which civilization happily casts upon the harder and rougher male."

I. F. "Is it possible that many of them willingly follow thus their life's partners for all the 'worse?'"

C. "Heaven knows! We passed an old lady of sixty whom I have often seen kindly dispensing a comfortable hospitality, and I cannot believe that she is content to give up the repose which her years, her virtues, and her sex entitle her to; but strange! she wore a cheerful smile, and said her health improved."

I. F. "And that child—that poor little boy, who, barefooted, limped along, holding to the wagon, how pitiable he seemed."

C. "Ah! but he may one day be the 'gentleman from Oregon,' who arrived in last night's cars and to-day takes his seat in his arm chair in the Capitol."

I. F. "Did you hear of the wedding last night?"

C. "Between three days' acquaintances! a fine girl she for a new country! Such are our best diplomatists for Great Britain."

I. F. "But how cool you are; I thought it would kindle your romance. I'll wager my meerschau to those Sioux mocasins, that you make a goose-quill flight of it yet. We shall read of a wild and wilful—a bright-eyed nut brown maid of the prairies, and her loves' with a bold horseman of the mountains,—of the eagle-feather nobility, whose love-tokens are scalplocks—perhaps a dusky rival."

C. "Hold! I accept the wager; hand me the ink-horn; here goes for the *poetry of matrimony*; (*writes*) 'Marriage on the Prairies—A driver of Oxen—a homespun matter-of-fool lad—not a leather-stocking,' but clad in dirty woollens,—having for some time observed with longing eyes a fair friend of the company—that is, for three nights they had made their solitary beds on the banks of the same streams,—and that she was the possessor of a red blanket, an extra blanket; and he, the wretch, all cheerless, and cold o' nights (and that accursed frost!) with nothing between him and the damp earth but a worn and well-singed rug; forlorn and tempted by such splendid attractions, and struck too with the obvious truth that two can sleep warmer than one, bluntly proposed; the kind she consented and their fates (and blankets) were united? As usual, a *marriage de convenance*, and I defy you, friend critic, to make more or less of it.'"

I. F. "Well done! But I can make more of it; did you not hear the sequel?"

C. "Upon my word I have not; it is rather soon."

I. F. "Pshaw! This actually occurred. It seems they had no taste for 'stars for nuptial torches,' and had no 'cave for bed,' and so, unluckily converted a wagon into a marriage chamber. Well, they had hardly composed themselves to rest, as when they found the wagon in motion!—faster!—faster!—which, all in the dark, threatened a crisis; and sure enough down it went, all topsyturvy into a great hollow. A scurvy trick that of the young Oregonians!"

May 26th. We quitted early our camp-ground and soon approached the western and longest branch of the Blue, which seems to fulfil its destiny in leading the Missourians by its hospitable waters and fuel in the direct route of their new West; and, having ministered to their necessities, turns them over—the "divide"—to the like friendly offices of the great Platte.

The muddy and shallow waters and treacherous quicksands of this river are apt types of the political hacks of a late day who would make it, under its better Indian name, Nebraska, god-father to an iniquitous new territory; hastening without a shadow of the excuses of "destiny," necessity, &c., to break all the last and most binding pledges of their country's faith, her voluntary and most solemn and plain obligations to the congregated remnants of many defenceless tribes of Indians, who own in *fee simple* every acre of its arable land.

We were struck with the beauty of this other Blue; its bold hills are indented deeply with narrow vales of a thousand forms, their soft green pleasantly relieved by oaks. This, by way of introduction—for the road led us hastily away again to a high plain, where we were for hours out of sight of all of earth but its grass. But we did overtake a long line of wagons, and a great herd of cattle; passing as rapidly as we might, we learned that several such companies were still in advance. The cattle were grazing like buffalo on the prairie, and by estimate I hit upon their real number, of one thousand; and then, by comparison, was assured that I had seen at once many hundreds of thousands of buffaloes. We descended at evening into the wide savannas of the Blue to make our night-camp.

A few hours after I had written the last sentence, a hurricane passed over us:—it was midnight, and intensely dark, the rain falling in torrents; there was an unceasing and strange roar of thunder; and the furious wind, rioting with the wet canvass of many tents, sounded a deafening accord. The sublime does not fright-

en, and I was filled with a joyful excitement. I imagined mammoth and mastodon revived, and rushing to repel the invasion of their ancient haunts,—exciting to madness by their roars attendant multitudes of buffaloes and wild horses.

Next morning a warm sun set us to rights by 9 o'clock. We still ascended this western Blue; crossing now and then the feet of the hills protruding into the bottoms;—at times, winding through some great ravine or sand gully, washed by the rains of ages. The bottoms are sensibly lessening, but still a fourth of a mile wide; the grass is still deficient from drought;—but at evening, turning short down from a high bluff, we found a sweet little valley, of which we seemed the first discoverers; and which with its grove, was fresh and beautiful from the night's rain.

May 29. To-day—as yesterday—we marched some 22 miles, following the stream, and passed near night, an emigrant company. A cool wind has blown from the north; pure and invigorating; such, as it is a pleasure to breathe. The hills are diluvial—mere sand—with a soil that scarcely supports their sod. As the hills break off near the river, they are washed into many singular shapes; and being white, stand in bold relief; bright green generally prevailing. Many slopes beyond the stream still show their old growth of grass strongly resembling ripe wheat; adjoining are weed stubbles and dead trees, which together are the picture of corn fields in new clearings. These surround green meadows, and hills, with groves and shrubbery which we easily imagine conceal tasteful dwellings. Such beauties to be seen on the stream in a day's ride, must deceive no one; for beyond, all is barren; and the vast territory between the frontier and the mountains has scarce a tree to the square mile; and much of it is little better than a sand desert; even game is seldom found.

Marching rather late next morning, with no expectation of parting from the pleasant guidance of our little river, we found after a few miles that we were ascending very gradually a high plain; the "divide" of the Blue and the Platte; no water was then to be found for 23 miles, unless pools of the late rain. We found such a pool at mid-day—and an emigrant party: this, for a specimen, was ascertained to be composed of thirty-one men, thirty-two women, and sixty-one children; 24 wagons and 212 cattle.

We also met, on the ridge, Pawnees with some 200 horseloads of dried buffalo flesh, which they were conducting to their village, perhaps 70 miles lower, on the Platte. This is a temporary supply. After getting their corn fairly growing, the whole tribe moves off on their summer hunt. On the summit a rather singular incident happened to me. I fired a pistol at a troublesome

dog which was then chasing some loose mules : it *resented* this attempt on its life in a quiet, but ferocious manner ; absolutely fastening its teeth in the ham of the horse I rode ; of course he kicked and plunged with great violence ; taking me by surprise,—for I did not know at the moment the cause—and very nearly throwing me : I then fired again and killed the brute. It happened that the head of the long column was then about to meet the Pawnees ; and a report was just received of their having robbed and maltreated some straggling emigrants ; altogether, they had a technical “alarm,” of which—with the excitement of my pitched battle with the dog—we in the rear were profoundly ignorant ; and a little while after I was astonished at a rebuke for my contribution to it, of the two shots ; the Colonel being equally ignorant of my reasonable excuse, and of our private *émence*.

We arrived, near sun down, on the hills of sand bordering the remarkable valley of the Platte. Between us and the river lay two miles of level green savannas ; the wide expanse of the great river was in part concealed by Grand Island, and its woods. It was a beautiful sight!—the squadrons were gliding, two a-breast, along gentle curves, over the fresh green grass, which was brilliant in the slant rays of a clear sun. The horses have a gallant bearing ;—fifty blacks led ; fifty grays followed ; then fifty bays ; next fifty chestnuts—and fifty more blacks closed the procession : the arms glittered ; the horses' shoes shone twinkling on the moving feet. It was a gay picture, set in emeralds. Just then a hare, of the large, black-eared species, bounded away from the front, pursued by a swift dog ; it was a beautiful chase for a mile over the green sward, which we insensibly halted to witness.

The broad bottoms of the Platte are nearly level, and but from two to six feet higher than the water ; they are composed of sand through which the river expands to its level from bluff to bluff,—often ten or fifteen miles. There is no rising above the universal flatness ; and it resembles the ocean mouths of most great rivers. You have a horizon of green meadows, and sometimes of water.

We encamped on the bank. We had in twelve days marched two hundred and fifty miles ; and partly as explorers.

May 31. The trumpet sounds of reveille, called us forth this morning, as usual, under arms ; and we instantly witnessed a scene of beauty and of sublimity, which the wanderer over the earth sees now and then when least expected. Above the river, and the unlimited plain to the west, dotted with white wagon tops and vast herds grazing, densely black clouds, driven by a strong wind, came thundering on wrathfully ;

the lightnings crashing from mass to mass ; from beneath, the muddy and troubled waves almost black with shadow, seemed rushing on in league with the Storm-Power, to overwhelm us. But turn to the east ! The sun is rising over a glittering expanse of water, and dispensing a rosy glory to the fleecy cloud-mists of his calm hemisphere ; but the rebellious West, from amid intenser shadows, gives but a reflection of baleful hue ! It seemed a rebellion of the Powers of Darkness against the Spirit of Light. As if to interpose, three hundred men in arms then rose up in the very midst.

This was a wondrous reality, breaking, all unprepared, on eyes that had been closed the still night long, and minds suddenly aroused from dreams of quiet home-scenes.

How singular, that *now*, as I write on the same spot, we have this scene reversed ! The sun is sinking serenely on the western wave ; while in the east a black cloud mutters a menace of its power in the coming night. Sad types of the world's doings, and ever varying but unceasing warfare of good and evil.

MICHAEL BONHAM :

OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS. IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHRON.

PART III.—SCENE I.

An apartment in the palace of the Governor. He appears busy among numerous masks and dominos.

Esteban, [solus.] This is a matter to employ all a man's genius were it ever so fertile. But I can never doubt for a moment what I should wear myself. There ! Oh ! Bald headed Cæsar—laurel-tufted and trophied Roman—there ! let it gratify thy awful shade, that I prefer your semblance to that of any other hero. [*Lays aside the war costume of a Roman Captain.*] Ha ! who's there ! What, my fair niece, my dove. [*Enter Donna Maria de Molina as from a journey.*] My antelope ! Welcome ! Better late than never. How came you so late ? I had quite given you up for the *Bal Masqué*.

Maria. *Bal Masqué*, dear uncle, and when ?

Esteban. To-night. This very night.

Maria. Then I am still in time. I would not have lost it for the world. And how's my dearest Olivia : and you, how do you sleep now—better ?

Esteban. Famously. Like a Bell bird of Brazil, with a tremendous ringing in all my ears.

Maria. How terrible ! A ringing in your ears ?

Esteban. Delightful rather. It is the ringing of all the bells of Mexico that I hear, and have heard for the last three nights in honor of my victory.

Maria. Victory ! What victory ? Over whom ?

Esteban. The rebels,—the Texians; these runagate Anglo-Americans—the degenerate sons of Washington.

Maria. What, have you beaten them?

Esteban. Into powder. They are dispersed forever. 'Twas a prodigious affair. I operated upon them in two ways, but chiefly by stratagem.

Maria. How I rejoice.

Esteban. You may well. You may now travel to Santa Fé without an escort.

Maria. You forget the Camanches, uncle, and the scene at the rancho of Loro.

Esteban. No, indeed; and let me tell you that there is at this very moment, and in these very walls, the very cavalier to whom you owed your rescue on that occasion.

Maria, [with curiosity and doubt.] Ah!

Esteban. So!

Maria. Possible!

Esteban. That very cavalier.

Maria. This very moment!

Esteban. In this very house.

Maria. And—

Esteban. With Olivia.

Maria. Dear Olivia, let me fly and embrace her.

Esteban. Stop. Hark a moment before you go. I have a little stratagem. The idea takes me suddenly. Quite an inspiration. I have it now.

Maria. Have what?

Esteban. Look you, Maria—do you remember this cavalier? Had you strength and courage in the moment of danger, to open your eyes and see who it was to whom you owed life and honor?

Maria, [hesitating.] I am not sure; and yet I think I did see him. I have some notion that he was a person—a sort of a man.

Esteban. A person! a sort of a man! Very good, very definite and particular. Well, you shall see him. He will make you open your eyes. A person—a sort of a man. And this of one of the bravest looking of all the cavaliers of the country.

Maria, [aside.] As if I knew not that!

Esteban. You shall see him. You shall say then. It may be that I may then let you into my new stratagem—may possibly ask you to assist a little in the scheme.

Maria. Again—another stratagem? Always a stratagem, uncle.

Esteban. And why not? What is life itself but a stratagem—a great bundle of stratagems running on from seven years to seventy. We rise with the dawn to plan, to set snares, dig pitfalls, scheme, trap and take the prey, all of us—man and woman alike: man for the conquest of the world, and woman for the conquest of the conqueror! Have you no stratagems, wench?

Maria. Me! Stratagems. Blessed mother, what a question. What sort of stratagems do you think such a head as mine could carry?

Esteban. Simple ones enough, doubtless, unless the heart takes a share in the business, and then a woman is nothing but a stratagem. It may be that mine at present will become yours. We shall see.

Maria. Tell me only—does it concern this cavalier?

Esteban. Yes.

Maria. Must it concern me, too, uncle?

Esteban. Come! come! That is asking quite too much at one time. I must surprise you with it. I like surprises above all things; a passion that proves my military propensities. One of them, by the way—one of the greatest is about to ripen. This very night, girl—hark you, the mine is to be sprung under Olivia, and she will be in the skies when she least expects it.

Maria. Oh, horrible! What a dreadful design. In the skies when she least expects it. Why, uncle, what

can you mean? What has Olivia done to incur such a fate. This is a sort of gunpowder business. Blow up! What a horrible idea.

Esteban. Delightful rather. What should I mean by sending her to the skies, but sending her to heaven?

Maria. But what if she don't want to go to heaven at this early warning.

Esteban. But my process will make her quite happy:

Maria. She does not say so. What if she prefers her own time for it, and by a different process. One doesn't like to be hurried, uncle, even on the high road to happiness.

Esteban. A good phrase that. I like it. The High-road to Happiness. Silly creature, what should be a young girl's idea of the skies and heaven and happiness?

Maria. I'm sure I don't know. I never thought much of either.

Esteban. Oh, what a simpleton you are. Why, what should be a young girl's idea of happiness but marriage; of heaven but a husband; of the skies but a region where all day long she might be catching the sweetest rose-colored loves, and boxing them up for winter. Heaven is only the marriage state under good regulations.

Maria. What! and you are going to marry Olivia to this strange cavalier? Ah—

Esteban. No, indeed. She must find her happiness from another quarter. You know our kinsman Don Pedro de—

Maria, [eagerly.] Zavalo. Is he the man?

Esteban. The same.

Maria, [curiously.] Will she marry him?

Esteban. Doubtless. But I have yet to surprise her with the arrangement. In that consists my stratagem. The explosion takes place to-night: Scene, the *bal masque*; time, midnight. 'Twill be a most famous *coup de theatre*.

Maria. I rejoice that I am in season for it. I feel relieved. I had begun to tremble for my stranger cavalier. *[Aside.]*

Esteban. What think you of my plan.

Maria. Excellent. Don Pedro is just the person for Olivia.

Esteban. Is he not? So brave.

Maria. So handsome.

Esteban. With so much spirit.

Maria. And so much money.

Esteban. He will cover his family with honour.

Maria. He will cover his bride with jewels.

Esteban. He fences splendidly.

Maria. And waltzes like Myrtillo.

Esteban. Has so much talent.

Maria. And such a lovely hacienda.

Esteban. Is such an adroit diplomatist.

Maria. And wears such a beautiful moustache.

Esteban. Is it not a charming prospect? Was there ever such a plot? What a joyful surprise for Olivia.

Maria. It should make her very happy.

Esteban. Should it not? Ah, you puss. But, hark you, this is all secret. Mum's the word; and, when all's over—then, hey! for my other stratagem.

Maria, [indifferently.] That concerns the stranger.

Esteban. Yes, indeed. And another of my acquaintance of the other sex. How ignorant and innocent the creature looks. She little dreams my purpose to blow her up also—send her to the skies after the fashion of Olivia. *[Aside.]*

Maria, [aside.] He is transparent enough, Heaven knows. Well, Heaven prosper it. I am prepared for a blow up, in such company, at a moment's warning.

Esteban. And now, Maria, for Olivia, with whom you

will see this strange cavalier—this person, this sort of a man. Ha! ha! ha! Such a description of Don Amador—

Maria. Don Amador: is that his name?

Esteban. Don Amador de Aguilar; as brave a looking gentleman as comes from Mexico. Come. But mum! Remember—not a word to Olivia. My hand, that prepared the mine, must fire the train. [*Exit Esteban.*]

Maria, [following.] To all my hopes auspicious, grant it, Blessed

Maria; for since I've seen this man, I see

No other. [*Exit Maria.*]

SCENE II.

A Saloon in the Governor's Palace. Bonham and Olivia discovered.

Olivia. You will come fashioned like a monk.

Bonham. And you?

Olivia. A nun in solemn sables; on my arm 'This antique cross, a relique of my mother, Will teach you to distinguish me from others In a like habit.

Bonham. 'Twill not need, Olivia; That shape, that air; I shall not fail to know you Among a thousand nuns all dress'd in sable.

Olivia. Ah!

Bonham. Hark! those voices!

Enter Esteban and Maria.

Maria, [running to Olivia.] My dear Olivia.

Olivia. Dearest cousin, welcome.

Esteban. Don Amador, you see here another damsel who owes her safety to your valour. My niece, Donna Maria de Molina, of the Molinas who came in with the conqueror. The family is as old as your own. An old tree, but with precious fine fruit upon it yet.

Maria, [to Bonham.] My brave deliverer! Oh, how many thanks My heart holds for you.

Esteban. Let it empty them. Don Amador is such a modest man, that you cannot say too much to encourage him. He is the person, the sort of man, you know.

[*Half aside to Maria.*]

Maria. Oh, fie, sir. Hush, this is no stratagem.

Esteban. I have half a mind to tell, but I spare you. I leave you with him that your acquaintance may ripen. I have all the world to attend to. The *Bal Masqué* to-night is enough to give me a week's employment. And then; but mum! [*Looking significantly to Maria and whispering,*] not a word. Don Amador, I kiss your hands. Ladies a thousand. [*Exit Governor.*]

Maria, [to Bonham.] So soon your flight after your gallant service, We had no time for thanks.

Bonham. Good service in the cause of youth and beauty, Brings its own tribute, lady.

Maria. But the duty Is not the less of those, who win the service, To yield the grateful homage of their hearts: Senor, pray honor me by wearing this Poor token of my bosom's gratitude, Upon the bosom whose impulsive valor, Deserves a nobler tribute. [*Giving a jewel.*]

Bonham. Dearest lady, Reward or token of acknowledgment My service needs not: I will wear this jewel, Not as the proof of virtue in my bosom, But generous worth in thine.

Maria.

Senor, nay,

Disparage not the gallantry which makes The woman's heart do homage; all her pride Forgotten, and no feeling in her soul, Save as it tends to worship. Do not shame With much too humble estimate the gift, Which heaven makes doubly precious in success.

Olivia, [aside] How charmingly she looks; how earnestly

Eye, lip and brow according. Should he see Her loveliness as I do.

Bonham, [to Maria.] To hear more Were to grow vain of common properties: The common strength of man, skill in his weapon, And the spontaneous impulses which drive him To use them for the succour of the feeble By brutal might oppress'd.

Maria, [earnestly and with subdued tones.] How much I envy

The better fortunes of my lovely cousin, To have known you so much longer. To have seen you, And so much better to have shown the feeling Both hearts must own forever.

Bonham. You but pain me, By such too lavish bounty of your praise, That mocks my service. 'Twas a happy fortune That led me to the humblest deed of manhood. The meanest boor of Mexico had striven, With heart and hand like mine, were the occasion So dear to him as mine.

Maria.

'Tis all in vain,

Don Amador, you undervalue service, We value not enough. We know too well The boors of Mexico, to look for succour, So measureless as thine. The age of valor, That generous passion, which, in search of glory, Seeks evermore the paths of strife and danger, Heedless of any recompense, but only Smiles of the lovely, praises of the good, Is of rare finding now. We must not lose it When in our sight it walks. Pray let me know you, When other cares will suffer, and the smiles Of our dear cousin here, will grant you absence; My father. Don Fernando de Molina, Will joy to show, in welcome that he gives you, How much he loves his daughter.

Olivia, [aside.] How well she speaks.

Bonham, [to Maria.] A not unnatural love. Believe me, lady,

'Twill make me proud to know him. [*Prepares to go.*]

Olivia, [timidly.] You leave us, Senor?

Bonham, [aside to Olivia.] Oh, how unwillingly!

Olivia, [aside to Bonham.] One word more— Beware of Don Zavalo. For my sake Seek him not, Amador.

Bonham, [aside to Olivia] Fear nothing, my beloved.

Maria, [aside.] They whisper! O, my jealous soul, I tremble

Lest they should love! I hate her! How I hate her!

Bonham, [approaching Maria.] Thanks, lady, for your kindness. It will gladden To make me useful in your future service: Command my sword and honor.

Maria, [in low tones musingly.] Alas! for woman, Senor,

That cannot well believe, yet dare not doubt.

Bonham. Ladies, farewell: we meet again to-night.

[*Exit Bonham.*]

Maria.

To-night!

Olivia.

To-night!

Maria. You echo me, dear cousin.

Olivia. Methought it was Don Amador that said,
To-night.

Maria, [aside.] Even as I feared, she loves him!—
Why so he did; and so did both of us.
You seem bewildered cousin. As you live,
You scarce have bid me welcome.

Olivia. Sure I have.
I feel a thousand welcomes, my Maria.

Maria. Art sure?

Olivia. You cannot doubt, but tell me, my Maria,
What think you of Don Amador?

Maria. What think you?

Olivia. I fear to tell you.

Maria, [quickly.] Tell me not you love him!

Olivia. Wherefore?

Maria. 'Twere your misfortune, cousin.

Olivia. Wherefore, still?

Maria. Come with me to your chamber; I have
something

To pour into your ear, of such strong power,
Shall either make you very sad or merry,
Shall lift you into happiness, or sink
Your baffled heart and hope, as low from hope,
As hell can be from heaven.

Olivia. You affright me!
Give me this fearful secret; speak your tidings,
Lest in my terror I conceive them worse
Than human wo can make them.

Maria. Love not this man!

Olivia. Amador!

Maria. Oh, feeble heart—
Caught at a glance, snared by the passing vision,
Without a hope to cling to. To the chamber—
Oh, cousin—wherefore—

Olivia. Mock me not thus, Maria. Oh! my heart,
One moment,—now—speak out and do not trifle;
You do not sport with me,—you cannot, cousin.

Maria. Look on me, dear Olivia—do mine eyes
Lighten with merry thoughts—upon my cheek,
See'st thou the laughing spirit of mischief there—
Eager in malice, or thoughtlessness to revel,
In the sweet misery of a sister's heart.

Olivia. Oh, no! I will not doubt thee. 'Tis in
earnest;

Those eyes now fill with tears—those words now falter:
Come with me to my chamber. There!

[*Exit Olivia.*]

Maria, [following.] Ay, cousin—

And there I'll cozen thee with such a tale,
Shall make thy head to ache, thy heart to ail.

[*Exit Maria.*]

SCENE III.

*A Wild and Mountainous region. The Texian army
in movement. Groups pass over the stage, partisan
fashion, and in picturesque costume. Enter Spar-
row, Davies and other Texians in the foreground.*

Sparrow. Though a man of some bulk, I am yet a
man of movement. I have no passion for a quiet life.
I'm for action, whether the object for assault be foe or food,
soldier or supper. I have a large territory to endanger, as
well as to supply; but that makes me no more cautious
than if I were a Calvin Edson. Let the battle come when
it pleases. The sooner the better. This city of San An-
tonio de Bexar, they tell me, is a sort of little Mexico,
where the gold may be had for the gathering.

Davis. You are too old a bird, Sparrow, to be sea-
soned by that salt. For my part I never yet found more

gold in one place than another, and I think with the preach-
er, that gold is the root of all evil.

Sparrow. Indeed! I would I had many such roots to
set out in my garden. The cotton crop might go hang
for me, and the Liverpool market along with it. The
preachers, too,—but let them say what they will, I never
yet found one of them who found his salary clogged with
too many such roots. They were never too numerous for
his religion.

Davis. This is rather dull talk, Sparrow, just as we
are about to have cracked crowns and broken noses. Can't
we change the music in some manner, and hurra for some-
thing.

Sparrow. Ay! You may. We will hurra! Here
goes! Hurra for nothing! Will that suit? Change the
music, to be sure; but do you see the singer in my vis-
age? Do I sing small like a woman. That's not my vo-
cation, Davis. Look about you as the boys come by and
get a singer; but the Anglo-Norman breed is better at
shouting than singing. Of our three hundred now, not
ten of us can turn a ballad, but not one of us that can't
scare a Mexican's soul out of his breeches by one hallo!

Davis. Here's the very man, Joe Kennedy, from Ala-
bama. He sings famously, and makes his own songs as
he goes.

Sparrow. Such a fellow has his uses, even as a singer.
I can understand him. Let him make us something now
to warm the fellows for a brush.

Enter Kennedy and Texians.

Davis. In season, Joe. A song to shorten the jour-
ney. We have been talking here about that root of all
evils, gold; which we are to gather here in this little
Mexico, San Antonio, until, somehow, we've got the dole-
fuls. Give us something fine and fiery.

Kennedy. I heard you! Get your ears ready and
your hands. If I am to sing, I must be clapped, mark
you, just as they clap your theatre fellows who sing well,
as all theatre fellows would sing, were they—

Davis. What?

Kennedy. Joe Kennedy.

Sparrow. Put your spirit into your song, my lad, and
blaze away.

Kennedy, [sings.]

1.

My banner to the breeze,
And my bowie at my side—
My barque upon the seas,
And the single star my guide;
I shall lay the oyster bare,
To pluck forth its precious fruit,
And these evils that ye fear,
I will gather at the root.
And the evils, &c. [bis.]

2.

We are soldiers of the north,
And we know like men to fight;
We have gone to battle forth.
With old England in her might;
We have spirits born to dare,
We can smite and we can shoot,
And the evils that ye fear,
We will gather from the root.
And the evils, &c. [bis.]

3.

Do you speak of coming hours,
When to battle we must go;

We are ready, by the powers,
To awaken any foe ;
We shall teach them that the bold,
Still inherit all the fruits,
And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots.
And their moustaches, &c. [bis.

Sparrow. Good I say. Three cheers for amateur Kennedy. He has done the thing famously. Such a song as that would give a fellow an appetite for any thing, eating or fighting. It meets our case exactly. Kennedy, your hands. I shall think well of you forever after, and whenever an extra delicacy offers—a sleek tongue of a young buffalo bull,—you shall be in for a slice. A good chorus that. [Sings.

“And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots.”

My fingers feel as if they were at it already. [Sings.

“Their moustaches and gold
We shall pluck up by the roots ;
We shall pluck.”

Davis. Stop your hurraing—here’s the Colonel, boys.
Enter Milam and others.

Milam. Ye loiter men. Ye should be on the march ;
By midnight we must be at Bexar’s gates,
If we would find them open. Ye must haste.
Ye have no wealth, no gold, no cumbrous baggage
To weigh your shoulders down—your rifles only,
And you will lighten them at every shot,
That brings an enemy down. Away, our friends
Are busy now in Bexar. ’Tis my hope
That we shall win the spoils of yonder town,
With scarce a struggle—follow fast, my lads.
[Exit Milam and aids.

Sparrow. Talk of a struggle with these Mexicans !
Fellows that never tasted British beef,
Know nothing of a steak, and *à la mode*,
Have never in their wildest fancies dreamed of.
Tortillas are but poor provocatives,
And all the *chile* in Chili could not warm them
To a death struggle with a beef-fed soldier.
Where are their limbs and sinews ?

Davis. Eyes to shoot,
A rifle, or the dexterity to use
The knife Jim Bowie gave us.

Sparrow. I could eat
A dozen for my supper,—with a dressing,
Made up of all their thirteen thousand generals,
From the Napoleon of the west himself,
To Senor Ampudia. I feel wolfish,
With cannibal convictions. On, away,
We’ll think of supper as we smite and slay.
[Exit Sparrow, Davis, &c.

Chorus of Texans as they march off.

“We shall teach them that the bold
Still inherit all the fruits
And their moustaches and gold,
We shall pluck up by the roots.”

Enter R. Harris and E. Harris.

R. Harris. They’re on the march, and battle is at hand

A desperate struggle. Something tells me now,
My hour is near at last. The fate’s at hand
Shall lay me in the silence I have sought.
I have had warning of it. Hither, boy, [To E. Harris.
I somehow like you. You have hung about me

More than I wished. I could not quarrel with you,
For, as I tell you, something in your face,
It may be, in your voice, has made me like you !
My head ached and you chafed it. I was lonesome ;
You sat beside me, and you talked with me,—
Albeit you talked of subjects foreign to me,
Of God, repentance, hope, lessons too late,
For one so old a learner as myself.

Your voice was pleasant to me. It had something,
That minded me of other times and persons,
I never more shall see. Come closer, boy.

E. Harris. What would you with me, sir.

R. Harris. A kindness only—

I have not often done them, but, to you,
I would not have you perish.

E. Harris. What mean you, sir.

R. Harris. A battle is at hand.

E. Harris. Ah.

R. Harris. A fearful one perchance. You are no soldier ;

You’ll prove, I’m sure, a coward in the action,
And that were dreadful. You must stay behind.

E. Harris. Stay behind ! I cannot.

R. Harris. Can you fight then ?

E. Harris. I know not. I have never fought before,—
Never took life, never as I remember,
Hurt hair on human head ; but—

R. Harris. Well—and what.

E. Harris. Sooner than not go on. Sooner than leave you,
I’ll try to kill.

R. Harris. You haven’t soul for it.

Your lips belie your tongue. Your very tones
Betray your terrors. You are not the creature
For such wild doings. You must stay behind
In silence, while the troop is on the march ;

The night will favor you, and with this money—[Offers purse.

E. Harris. I cannot take your money, sir.

R. Harris. [fiercely.] You must.

E. Harris. [firmly.] Never.

R. Harris. What ! not remain behind, nor take the money.

E. Harris. No, though I perish, though I prove the coward

You hold me, and I sadly think myself,
I must go forward. It may be my arm
Will shrink from doing hurt to human foe,
But I can stand and suffer. I’ll not fly,
But perish where you place me.

R. Harris. What good in that ?

In battle to stand idle, is worse danger
Than cowardice and flight. You must not go.

E. Harris. I must. If in your heart a warning voice
Tells you of coming death, in mine another,
Compels me to encounter any peril
Sooner than leave my comrades.

R. Harris. You are foolish.

You have no comrades. I’m the only man,
That you have mixed with.

E. Harris. You’re my comrade then.

R. Harris. And do I not assure that for me
Death even now stands waiting.

E. Harris. I’ll see you die.

R. Harris. You’re obstinate, boy.

E. Harris. Oh, firm sir, nothing more.

R. Harris. Poor lad. I pity you. You little dream
The dangers that await you—little guess
The shock, the carnage, bleeding men and blood,
Hoarse cries of hate, and vengeance, and of pain—
Here, take the money, linger in some cabin,

Such as you'll find among these hellow dales,
And there await the action.

E. Harris. Sir, forgive me.
But I must seek and see it; all the peril
Which you incur I share in. In this purpose
My soul, though feebler, fearfuller than any
In all our little army, still is firm.
I go with you.

R. Harris. On then, in heaven's name, on;
We may delay no longer. Follow close.

[*Exit R. Harris.*

E. Harris. In heaven's name be it, for I dare not think,
Heaven will not shelter us on danger's brink.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*The groves near the convent of La Guayra. The walls
of the convent shining white from the hills in the dis-
tance.*

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. He comes not. Curses on him. Should he
fail me.

Let him not hope to 'scape me. I will slay him
Without remorse, though grasping on the altar,
He called upon the Blessed Host for succor.
My dearest hope he perils. All my heart
Is full of her perfections, and her's only.
And shall he rob me of them? Have I lived
And toiled, nor seemed to seek, and loved at distance,
Still unpresuming lest I should endanger
The precious gift I coveted, for this?
But no. It shall not. I will to the palace
And drag him from her presence, though she pleaded
With all the eloquence of love and beauty,
And—but it needs not. My impatient spirit
Behush'd. He comes, mine enemy comes, to perish.

Enter Bonham.

Oh! you are here at last. I've waited long
And somewhat dreaded lest my hints, too guarded,
Had failed to touch your valor. 'Twas my fear,
That I should have to press upon your pleasure,
Disturb you in the presence of your mistress,
And goad you by impatient word and buffet
To do your weapon justice.

Bonham, [coolly.] Angry, Señor?

Pedro. I am. I hate you.

Bonham. Wherefore?

Pedro. Enough. I hate.

Hate to destroy.

Bonham. Nay! Nay! I trust not, Señor;
I'm in no mood to perish at this moment.
Now when the sun shines brightly on my future
That never shone before. What angers you?

Pedro. My answer's in my sword.

Bonham. To fight you now
Were only to assail you at advantage—
You're feverish now, scarce master of your weapon,
Let us forbear a season while you tell me,
Wherefore your wrath.

Pedro. Enough! It is my humor.

Bonham. That's not enough for me. Why should I
fight

To gratify your humours? You must show me
Some cause of provocation.

Pedro. Will a blow do it.

Bonham. Nay 'twill not need! If you're so desperate,
You force the fight. I will not be dishonored;
Will fight you when you please.

Pedro. Be it now then.

Bonham. Be it so; and yet I would 'twere other-
wise.

My cue is not for fighting. On this weapon
Hangs fifty times the value of your life.

Pedro. Dost mock me?

Bonham. Such madness might deserve my utmost
scorn.

Most like I do.

Pedro. My taunt shall break thy teeth. Come on.
Come on,

And hear me Señor,—such is my conviction,
That you are in my path, the deadliest foe
That ever fate rear'd up against my fortunes,
That I have sworn, by all I prize the most,
To slay you without pity, even as the hunter,
Spears the wild boar that griding on his weapon,
In death betrays the malice of a passion
That death alone defeats.

Bonham. Child fury, Señor,
Unworthy of a man. Your oath is idle,
If you rely on such. We are apt to fight,
If right I read your anger, for the favor
Of the fair lady in the palace here.

Pedro. And if the prize be precious in your sight,
As still it is to mine, I challenge you
Fight like a man.

Bonham. I have been thought a man;
Will fight as one, but not one blow to prove
My love for her. I will not wrong her beauty
To make her youth, her charms, her innocence,
The prize of ruffian strife. 'Tis for your humor
That I make bare my weapon. I am ready—
Now stand we point and foot to foot,
And play your game as all your wealth were on it—
Your blood upon your head.

Pedro. The blood of both,
If need be, but no words.

Bonham. Let the steel speak. [*They fight.*]
It makes a merry music—

Might touch with fear the maids in yonder convent
Could they but see our danger, and know farther,
That we are young, both bachelors and fighting,
Because there still are beauties in the land,
And love is not an exile.

[*This is spoken merrily, in broken sentences as the play
of the duel will allow. Bonham being quite playful, while
Pedro becomes more and more furious.*]

Pedro. [*Fight and pause.*] Scha! is this fighting?

Bonham. It is the mode I use when the mood suits
me;

You are too angry, Señor, for a swordsman,
Your play is rash and wild. In cooler moments
Your weapon were a good one.

Pedro. You laugh at me.

Bonham. I can't do else. You are no match for me.

Pedro. Demonios! We shall see. [*Resumes the fight
more desperately and Bonham disarms him.*]

Bonham. The day is mine.
Your life is at my mercy.

Pedro. Take it then.

Bonham. Away! You are a madman.

Pedro. I shall be

'Till I have vengeance. [*Draws a dagger and rushes on
Bonham.*]

Bonham. Fool. [*flings him off and wrests the dagger
from him.*]

For this too, as you see, I am prepared.

Pedro. Hell's curses on thee. We shall meet again.
[*Exit Pedro.*]

Bonham. [Solus—putting up his sword.]
 'Tis well the time is short. A few more hours
 And we may laugh to scorn the single danger
 Of one man's jealous rage. Yet 'twas a risk
 I did not idly covet—did not seek.
 Upon the safety of this single life
 Hangs the best hope of Texas—hangs the fate
 Of San Antonio. Bexar, to her fall,
 Nods at my signal. The Alamo's walls
 That now frown darkly on the distant plain,
 Shall, in a few brief hours, obey my voice
 Or silence me forever in her keeps.
 How heavy grows this silence. As if night
 Were burden'd with its weight of doom already.
 Would it were over. Be but Milam true
 And I grow happy in the loves I win,
 Or tremble with the doubts of love no more.
 The hour awaits the man, and he is here.

[Exit Bonham.]

[END OF PART III.]

Albert, Prince Consort, of England.

The four married Queens regnant who have sat upon the English throne, have all had husbands who were not Englishmen. Mary I. was married to Philip of Spain, Mary II. to William, Prince of Orange; Anne to Prince George, brother to Christian V. of Denmark, and Victoria to Albert, second son of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. It seems strange that a people so national, and so nationally supercilious, as the English have always been, should endure a ruler not of themselves. There have always been English nobles, who have thought, and with good reason too, that in blood, in wealth, and almost in power, they were the peers of kings, and the common people have always recognized their claims as undoubtingly as that of their monarchs. And yet they allowed Mary I. to select as her husband the haughty and offensive Philip of Spain, and permitted Guilford Dudley to be executed. Mary, the wife of William, and Anne, were married before their accession to the throne, but as the crown was conferred upon both of them by the act of the people to the exclusion of the next heirs, it would have been competent to have passed them over for the very reason that they were married to foreigners. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, like the first Mary, ascended the throne unmarried, and being young and attractive, the whole world was before her and her counsellors, without any impediment as to the choice of her partner. And inasmuch as with many an English nobleman in the realm, worthy of her hand, they passed over seas for a husband, we must suppose that the nation chooses to be under the *sub-modo* rule of a foreigner,

rather than of an Englishman. Now this seems strange to us in this country. The idea of sending abroad for a President, Vice-President, or Cabinet officer, or even of permitting a foreigner to hold a place of high trust, would be the signal for the dissolution of our Government. It is true that there is not much formal power entrusted to the King Consort. Yet Philip shared with Mary the royal titles and prerogatives, and William, while in title, merely joint sovereign with his wife, was in fact sole ruler, as the administration was entrusted undivided to him alone. A party had endeavoured to induce him to accept the crown upon terms which would have placed him upon grounds not so high, but he refused saying, "That he esteemed the Princess as much as it was possible for man to esteem woman; but not even from her would he accept a subordinate and a precarious place in the government. The English were then in a condition which seemed to make it indispensable that William should be at the head of affairs, and he was therefore able to dictate his own terms. But whether the husband is, or is not, by law invested with equal authority with his Queen, it is obvious that if the Queen has any power or influence, he must be virtually a large sharer of it. Indeed the argument which the English use to justify a foreign alliance shows, if they are sincere, that they do in fact believe that no inconsiderable power belongs to the Prince Consort. A writer in one of the magazines says, "The Queen might have given her hand to a British nobleman or commoner; but it is obvious that any individual having sufficient pretension to entitle him to such distinction, must have occupied a place so conspicuous with one great political party or the other, that from thenceforth the Queen's name would have been a tower of strength to Whig or Tory." Now a place which would be so dangerous in the hands of a nobleman or commoner, cannot be without its influence when occupied by any man who is the Queen's husband. And the precise wonder is, that Englishmen are willing to see this power in the hands of a foreigner. But is the argument sound in itself? The husband of the Queen would exercise too much influence with one or the other of the great parties. But ought not the head of the Government to have an acting part? Suppose the Whig party or the Tory advocates the system of most real advantage, ought not the chief magistrate of the nation to take part for the best?—and ought he not to be capable of deciding which is the best? It is said that the monarch reserves his power to be used in great emergencies, and to restrain any party that has attained an eminence dangerous to the country. But it is easy to see how unphilosoph-

ical it is, to expect deliverance in times of real difficulty from those who are not believed to have a sufficient amount of ability and prudence, for the virtual administration of ordinary affairs. But the real truth is, that the English intend to reduce to a minimum, (and they have nearly accomplished their purpose,) the power of the monarchy, whether composed of King merely, or King and Queen, or Queen and Prince Consort. The English are not a very quick people, but they are very sensible, and have not failed to learn the great lessons taught by history. And if there is one truth which is settled more firmly than any other by the widest induction of particulars, it is that kings are not to be trusted. There is hardly any thing that the world has known so long and so well as kings, and they have been in the crucible with such various conditions of experiment, that we may rest assured that we have ascertained the stuff they are made of. And the perfectly well-established result is, that they are not to be trusted. Here and there may be found one who cared more for his people than for himself, and more frequently it has happened that the interest of the monarch was identical with that of the people. And so carbon is occasionally found in the shape of diamond, but nevertheless we think of it only as coal. The great business of kings as a class, has been to aggrandize themselves and their families at the expense of the people, and he would be mad enough to fight like Sisera against the stars in their courses, who would count upon anything else. It is a conceded thing that kings are *per se* nuisances, and their advocates hardly go further than to endeavour to prove that they are necessary, because the people cannot govern themselves. The English people are too practical to be unaware of the danger of regal power, and therefore, as I have said, they have been endeavouring to reduce it to its minimum, as an algebraist labours to make his formula result in zero. By their recognized, though unwritten Constitution and Common Law, their free parliaments, the responsibility of their ministers, and the steadily increasing influence allowed to popular sentiment, they have rendered powerless for harm, and almost inoperative for good, the royal power in the hands even of their *man-monarchs*, and when grasped by a lady-sovereign, young, unexperienced, and unambitious, the sceptre and the crown are graceful and costly ornaments, but are scarcely emblematic of any thing. This exactly suits the English idea of Royalty. The wonder is, that as they have brought down the monarchy to next to nothing, they do not work on at their formula, and get the true result, zero. It is ridiculous to see a great manly nation that has earned substantial freedom for itself, afraid

to cast off the livery of dependence, and assume Freedom's garb.

With the policy of maintaining a monarchy, which would be hardly more than nominal, except in its cost to the nation, it was well advised, perhaps, not to take as Prince Consort, an Englishman, who might have been stimulated by ambition, or family influence, or party feeling, to attempt to emerge from his appropriate condition of regal passivity. And therefore the Queen's counsellors looked abroad for a husband, and the young Queen had a pair of pretty eyes that were likewise on the alert. She and her cousin Albert had played together as children in Kensington Gardens, and had frequently met afterwards, and it was the old story. Ah, it matters not whether it is in palace or cottage, in a kingdom, or among the hills and vales of Old Virginia,—put two young and handsome cousins together, and if love is a sin, then he is sure to have much to answer for, who exposed them to the temptation. I have heard it said that another match was proposed to Victoria by her diplomatists; but however proper the copula might have been, the subject was a small, insignificant, homely chap, and she would not stand as predicate; or to drop a grammarian's metaphor, she would have none of him. If this is true, she showed herself a spirited girl, and well deserved the handsome some husband she got. Prince Albert is tall and well formed, with a handsome face, of scholarly expression, and a deportment marked by its composure and gentlemanly cast. He is not florid and full-chested like the English, nor is he square-shouldered and heavy looking like the Germans, but has, (at least it seemed so in my eyes,) an American look, though I am unable to say wherein it consists. He is a few months younger than the Queen, and at the time proposals were made to him, he was a student at Bonn University, and a gentleman told me that he had acquired there a very desirable reputation for ability, proficiency, (especially in the sciences,) and correct deportment. He was living at the University on, perhaps, a thousand pounds a year, and when in the course of the negotiation, he was asked what he thought would be sufficient for an allowance when he should become his cousin's husband, he replied five thousand pounds, (\$25,000.) Doubtless he thought that this, together with the Queen's million and a half or more, would support very comfortably two young people just married. But the plenipotentiary answered, "Pshaw!" and said the husband of their Queen must have at least thirty thousand pounds, or \$150,000 a year. Albert of course was content, though the Queen, after her marriage, was urgent with Parliament to raise the allowance to fifty thousand pounds, and was

in quite a pretty passion when she was refused. Huzza for the generous and spirited young Queen and wife, who would fain have her young Bonn student held at higher appreciation;—and huzza too for the prudent and independent council of the realm, who thought that they had done enough for the second son of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, in giving him an allowance of thirty thousand, and a wife with a million and a half of dollars a year, to say nothing of her being the Queen of three realms. The Queen, however, did all in her power to obviate the parsimony of her Parliament, by appointing Prince Albert Field-Marshal, and by throwing in his way other perquisites, so as to make his total allowance mount up, as I was told, to something more than forty thousand pounds, or \$200,000.

All things considered, it is plain that it behoved Albert to make a loving husband to his fair cousin, and so by all account she does. Herein Victoria is more fortunate than were her predecessors, the two Marys; for Philip was a cold, cross-grained, harsh-tempered ungentlemanly fellow, and William III., though almost as great a hero as Macaulay paints him, was in some respects no better than he should be. But Prince Albert is in all respects a model husband, and as assiduous in his attentions as a lover. A gentleman told me that he had frequently hunted hares in Windsor Park with Prince Albert, and that no matter what might be the state of the sport, the Royal Consort always abandoned it in time to lunch with the Queen, at two o'clock precisely. The gentleman was mentioning this to me as an instance of her Majesty's fond exertions, but it serves as well to illustrate the complaisance of the husband, who is doubtless admirably adapted to domestic life. As is well known, the happy royal pair are blessed with a numerous and interesting family, in the management of which, it is said their father displays great skill. I heard the following anecdote related as a sample of his system. The young Prince of Wales behaved one day in a refractory manner towards his governess, who threatened him with the displeasure of his father. The prince, however, was not disposed to yield, and went so far as to reply, that he knew he would one day be king, and that he would not suffer any one to control him. This was reported to his father, who thereupon entered the nursery with a Bible in his hand, and after reading to him the most striking and easily understood passages relating to the duties of children, said to his son, that he hoped that he had made him see how improper his conduct had been, and how it was the duty of his father to govern him. Whereupon he proceeded to follow up reproof with

correction, and as there is no royal road to discipline any more than there is to mathematics, we may infer that Solomon's prescription was the one which was used on this occasion. I afterwards heard it stated on the authority of the physician of the royal household, that the Queen's nursery was one of the best regulated within the range of his practice; and I could well believe it, having had experience enough of my own to know that such a course of discipline as the above would be efficacious, whether with young republicans, or young heirs apparent. Still, things seem to be a little awry and out of place, when we see the husband stilling a tumult in the nursery, and the mother reading a speech to the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled. But after all, the anomaly is more seeming than real, for it requires far more ability to regulate properly a household, than it does to read a speech. The absurdity is with the people who are willing to pay so high a price for a reader of a set speech. It must be evident to every one that the position of Prince Albert is one of great delicacy and difficulty, and the best eulogium upon him is, that he has so conducted himself as to gain the respect and sincere esteem of the English people. As the husband of the Queen, he is, in rank, the second person in the realm, and yet he has no share whatever in the prerogatives of the Queen, nor has he the direct political functions that belong to every nobleman of the land. The English, when they called him to be Prince Consort, did not bestow any of these powers upon him, nor did they intend he should exercise any of them. He accepted his position upon these terms well understood, and good faith demanded that he should not usurp powers not granted, nor, indeed, seek to exercise directly an influence which as far as they could, they had withheld from him. His integrity in this particular has been remarkable. He has kept so entirely aloof from politics, that he has never by a single act excited the jealousy of the English. It is true, that this course was not only the one which alone was consistent with perfect integrity, but at the same time, that also most conducive to his happiness, since the opposite would have so embroiled him with the nobles, the representatives of the people, and the people themselves, that he would have been infinitely harassed by a conflict in which at last he must have been defeated. But how seldom is it that ambition is restrained by considerations even of self-interest? And how many men in the situation of Prince Albert, would have maintained a fretting struggle to become in some sort, at least the equal of his wife, rather than secure happiness by being content with what he had agreed to accept as his portion. Supposing, however, that

aware of the difficulty of forcing himself out of his adjusted political position, he had sought pre-eminence as a man of pleasure and extravagant tastes, the way was open to him. The nation would have furnished the means of indulgence, and it is a thing so usual to see royal persons lead unrestrained lives, that little would have been said against him if he had kept within any tolerable bounds. Or, finally, if his moral principles secured him against a career of lawless pleasure, he might have sunk down into slothful inactivity, and have been nothing but the husband of the Queen. But Prince Albert has actually done none of these things, as he ought not to have done any of them. He has not interfered out of his province with politics—he is a model of propriety—and he is not a nobody by any means. The people regard him with admiration and personal respect, and the Queen not only loves him, but is proud of him. His escape from temptation, and his complete success, for so we may call it, in his trying situation, is to be attributed to his having diligently cultivated his mind when he was a student. There is nothing like education for prince or peasant. Listen, all ye young men at our colleges—study well—you will be repaid for your efforts, if hereafter you should marry Queens, and just as certainly if you should not, and this covers all possible contingencies, and, therefore, study! Prince Albert's special turn is, I believe, for the experimental sciences, particularly in their application to practical purposes. His farms at Windsor and at Hampton, are noted for their admirable management, and he is a zealous supporter of Agricultural Fairs, and not unfrequently a successful competitor for prizes. A late English paper giving an account of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, says—"The Prince Consort carries away several prizes in cattle; but his pigs, in which he has usually come out strong, are not this year so successful." It is to be presumed that the judges are impartial, as in several instances the Prince comes out only second best. The Prince is also well acquainted, it is said, with the principles of machinery, and was a close examiner of that department of the Exhibition. He has likewise directed his attention to the amelioration of the poor, especially as it regards their dwellings, and he caused to be erected in Hyde Park, near the Crystal Palace, a model building, of hollow brick, for small families, and its arrangements are very complete. He has also interested himself in other movements for the poor, and has delivered some speeches, of which a writer says, "His public appearances have not been numerous, but they have always been successful. His speeches at the meeting of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and at the Servant's Institution,

were models of what addresses of the kind ought to be."

But that which in England has more than any thing else awakened admiration for Prince Albert, and given him too a just celebrity among foreign nations, is what he accomplished for the characteristic thing of the age, the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace. As the nature of his connexion with it may not be well understood by some of your readers, I will dwell upon it a little. To the French is to be given the credit of having originated Industrial Exhibitions, and of having developed them from a local to a truly national character. Indeed, in 1846, a proposal was made by M. Buffet, minister of Agriculture and Commerce, to the chamber of commerce of France, that specimens of skill in agriculture and manufactures from *neighboring nations* should be admitted into their approaching exposition. This suggestion, to make *international*, the exhibitions which before had been merely national, was not adopted by France. It was, however, immediately taken up in England by the Society of Arts, of which Prince Albert is President. The chief object of this society is to promote the arts, manufactures and commerce of the kingdom; and this they attempt to do by giving honorary or pecuniary rewards, as may be best adapted to the case, for all useful inventions, discoveries and improvements tending to that purpose. Prince Albert took the matter of the exhibition under his personal superintendence, and with his lead, the society digested the plan of proceeding, and became responsible for its expenses for more than \$350,000. A royal commission or charter was next secured, and a place in Hyde Park for the erection of the building. A committee was then appointed to endeavor to arouse public feeling throughout the kingdom in favor of the scheme. More than sixty places were visited, nearly five hundred influential persons gave in their names as supporters of the proposed exhibition, and nearly \$400,000 of public subscription had been secured. For let it be remembered that the Government contributed nothing to the expenses of the Great Exhibition. It was the greatest thing of the age, and the people have the credit of having done it. No monarch could have accomplished it. When was any thing stupendous ever accomplished, and not by the people? When will the world learn the power of the people?

That the real efficient leader, however, in this truly national and popular movement was Prince Albert, there can be no doubt. A late writer says: "and we do not say it in the spirit of sycophancy, because he is a prince, but in honest admiration of his manly conduct, to Prince Albert, by far the greatest share of honor will be

found due. To him more than to any one else, we owe the adoption of the idea from the French minister, its generous and enlightened enlargement, and that courageous and persevering conduct in all that related to the exhibition, which has overcome every obstacle. Indeed but for his great intelligence, his habits as a man of business, his indomitable perseverance, and the enormous influence he wielded from his high position, the plan would inevitably have failed." Let me quote from the Westminster Review as bearing upon this a rather brilliant extravaganza. The writer is speaking of progress. "And at last came Prince Albert to proclaim that England should no longer be misunderstood—Prince Albert! royal artist—prince among merchants—universal patron of Europe's future metropolis—shunner of the Fields of Cloth of Gold—scorner of Eglinton tournaments—Haroun Al-rashid of the universal bazaar—Il Bondocani of the revolutionary ruin, bidding beauty rise, and chasing away gloom and despair—genius of the modern day—hero of the hundred embraces, and hater of the hundred fights; from the hearts of all high-souled men, will well up loyalty to this royal progress." Certainly the Prince Consort is not all this, nor is it desirable that he should be, were it possible; but he is a gentleman of fine natural abilities which have been well cultivated, of good principles and great energy. This would be praise if said of any man; when said of a prince it is enhanced many fold, because it is so rare a thing to find these qualities in princes, and so common to find their opposites. The English people as I have said, speak of him at once with respect and affection. In the Crystal Palace were a great many representations of various sorts, of her majesty, and I think that her husband always appears with her, except that the fine bronze equestrian statue of the Queen was sole, and perhaps there was one marble group in which Prince Albert is not seen. The royal figures always attracted the attention of the people. One day as I was looking at a spirited representation (in electrotypes I think) of a group of the feudal times, the principal figure of which is a lady sallying forth with a hawking party, two women came up to where I was standing, and one said to the other, "see here! here is the Queen riding out, and there is Prince Aubert," (many of the common people pronounce the name in this way) "and the children." On another occasion I heard a woman speak reverently of a marble statue of a young mother nursing her infant, supposing that it was her blessed majesty who was represented as discharging this interesting maternal function. By the way allow me to say *pro re nata*, that it was not only from marble breasts that infants drew the pearly

stream in the Crystal Palace. I saw there more than one mother who did not hesitate to sit down in the great nave, on the pedestal it may be of some noble statue and in the view of fifty thousand people, nobles and commons, men, women, and children, deliberately afford to her child the solace of the breast. Did I blame her? no, not I. Children must have nourishment, and *honi soit qui mal y pense*. But how would Mrs. Trollope or Mr. Dickens have exclaimed against transatlantic barbarism, and the want of a police to keep things in order, had they witnessed a like spectacle in any public assembly with us. Speaking of mistakes as to statuary reminds me of another. I was looking at the famous bronze group of the Amazon on horseback attacked by a tiger, and two men coming up were puzzled to know what it meant until one exclaimed, "oh it is *St. George and the Dragon*!" and both were entirely satisfied with the explanation. As I have said, the statues of the Queen and the Royal Consort are quite abundant. It struck me that perhaps there was a little violation of good taste in the frequency and conspicuousness of these things in the Crystal Palace, which might be considered as the Reception Room of a great international fête, at which England's Queen presided as hostess. She was worthy to preside. There is no crowned head in the world that could compete with her for the honor; but being the hostess, ought her own picture to have been so often repeated? If we should have a World's Fair at New York, and should represent Mr. Filmore because he is President, and Secretary Stuart because he is remarkably handsome, a dozen times or so, on horseback and on foot, singly and in pairs, in bronze, marble, plaster of Paris, or glass, and Sevres Porcelain and Gobelin Tapestry, and finally in miniature in diamonds, would not some people laugh at what would be called *American vanity*? And yet the President of the United States occupies a more important place than the Queen of England, and Secretary Stuart is, to say the least, as good-looking as Prince Albert. The poorest likeness of the Royal Pair are two statues which are found in a most conspicuous place, and upon which we may suppose the most pains were bestowed. But this is sure to be the case with the English in matters of taste—the greater the effort the greater the failure. The higher they raise a column the more they make it look like a shot-tower, or the chimney of a glass-house; and the more conspicuous the equestrian statue, the more you cannot help laughing at the long ears, heavy neck, dray-horse quarters, and old broom-like tail of the animal. For illustration of this remark we refer to all the columns from the London Monument down to the

attempts at fountains, which an English writer calls, "our own unhappy performances in Trafalgar-square, the rival of a soda-water bottle yet the work of a people of boundless wealth, and the first machinists in the world," and to all the statues on horseback and on foot, from that which fronts, or affronts, graces, or disgraces Apsley House, to the funny representation of the death of Nelson, to be seen in Liverpool, in which death is represented as stretching from under a shroud, a long skeleton hand, which rests over the heart of the hero. Marble allegories are worse than those headstrong ones on the banks of the Nile, spoken of by Mrs. Malaprop. How different is the case in the French Capital? The Arc de Triomphe is as unique in its way as Bonaparte was in his—and the Place de la Concorde—ah, there is but one in the world—and see on the Vendome column in what perfect truth Napoleon stands surmounting that faultless pillar composed of the brass of cannon captured in his victories. And the column of July on the spot where stood the old Bastille—would any other than French taste venture to surmount a column 154 feet high, with a gilt angelic figure representing the Genius of Liberty standing on one foot, with wings expanded as if in the act of taking flight? Could any but French talent have so executed the conception, that it should appear not an extravagant puerility, but a worthy and impressive emblem? The French seem unable to construct a government, but that they can erect monuments is not to be denied.

The Statues of the Queen and Prince Albert which have occasioned this digression, are those in the Royal Exchange. We can hardly forbear comparing the Exchange with the Bourse in Paris, which for classic unity, is worthy to be mentioned with the Pantheon and the Madeleine—but the fear of another digression restrains me. The statue of the Queen is the dominant work of art, at the Exchange, standing exposed in the court of the building. It is badly executed, and characterised by an unfortunate exaggeration of the peculiarity of her mouth which is the worst feature in her majesty's face. As a likeness it is not by any means as much flattered as the various ones in the Crystal Palace. The artist has put into one hand a globe surmounted by a cross, looking just like a chain-shot, and in the other a black stick for a sceptre. The work is, however, by Clough. In a hall above is a marble statue of Prince Albert, better done than that of the Queen, but injured in the effect by a mixture of modes. The face, with fashionable whiskers, is modern, as is also the military collar around the neck—the drapery is a modern cloak disposed after the antique, while

the legs of the statue are of such doubtful presentation, that it is uncertain whether they are to be considered as naked or encased in skin-tight breeches, and the feet are covered with shoes with great roses on them. In all the pictures of the Royal Pair, Prince Albert is placed on the left hand, and the artists have generally contrived to give to his countenance a slightly deferential expression. It certainly is an awkward position to be the husband of one's sovereign, and the father of a lad of ten years or so, to whom, upon the death of his mother, the allegiance of his father would be due. Of course these lesser anomalies do not strike the people of England who are insensible of the greatest anomaly of all, that namely of a free people yielding to the superstition that their freedom is inseparably connected with the effigy of royalty, as the fate of Troy was with a wooden Minerva.

The people admire and respect Prince Albert, but of course certain classes take liberties with his name. In London there is a man, (there may be a hundred of them for aught I know, but I am now thinking of a particular one that I saw one night on High Holborn) who sells his wares as our celebrated razor-strop man disposes of his strops, by pouring out with much volubility, a great deal of wit, original and borrowed. One of his conundrums, I recollect, was, why is Prince Albert but little better off than the poorest man in the kingdom? D'ye give it up? Because he aint got but *one sovereign* and can't *change that*.

With the fortune and almost the position of a king, the domestic felicity of private life, the mind and attainments of a scholar, the temper of a philosopher, and (as it is understood) the faith of a christian, Prince Albert ought to be a happy man, and that he is so every one is ready to believe who looks upon his handsome features characterised by an expression of dignified repose. And he deserves to be among the admired men of the times. Elevated to a giddy height, at an age when the brains of most young men are whirling with the intoxication of mere youth, he became a model of propriety. Having entered into certain implied engagements, if not positive stipulations with the English nation he has kept untarnished his integrity, not allowing himself to be seduced by the proximity of power, to stretch forth an unlawful hand towards it—and, a lover of science, he has cultivated it in a royal way, ever endeavoring to make it in its royal applications, serviceable to progress, in the most important interests of the nation. It seems that the approbation of all good men is the just reward for conduct so virtuous. Upon a just estimate, how far he is above Louis Napoleon, the French usurper. This latter spent his

youth in wild, and foolish, and sometimes criminal enterprises, and having most unexpectedly arrived at the head of the Republic, he successfully essayed to overthrow the form of government that he had solemnly sworn to uphold. Ambition of a guilty sort fills his heart, perjury has stained his lips, and his hands are dyed in blood. He has treated his country as he has done his mistress—sought her favors to betray her. But his doom is to come, he cannot escape it. If the great Napoleon was stricken down, how can the little Napoleon stand? And when he falls, no tears will bedew his bier, no tongue will move to defend his name. The nation that he betrayed will spurn his dead body, the friends of murdered thousands will utter vengeful imprecations on his soul, and the press that now he has chained up in slavish silence will raise a black column of obloquy to his memory. And history that will delight to pay an appropriate tribute to Prince Albert for his domestic virtues, and his civic usefulness, will utter her irreversible sentence upon Bonaparte who has displayed abilities far greater than his friends believed he possessed, only to accomplish such wickedness as his enemies did not suppose him capable of.

I will close this article with one brief suggestion, which if not wise, is at least original. In an article upon Queen Victoria, I suggested that if the English nation ever meant to deliver themselves from the costliness of an unnecessary throne (to say no more) a better opportunity would never be afforded than at the death of the Queen. (*Sero in cælum redeat.*) Now suppose Prince Albert survives her. Let me, as an American, who, of course, know better than any Englishman can do, what sort of stuff is good to make a President of, having assisted at the making of many a one—let me take the liberty of nominating, through the columns of the Messenger, for the first President of the British Isles,—Prince Albert. And what if he should be made President for life? The English are fond of doing important things gradually, and a President for life would be a good intermediate between a constitutional monarch, and an elective President of the right sort. My nominee, I am persuaded, would not abuse his powers and would, by his diligence, prudence and skill, set a most admirable example for all succeeding Presidents of the British Republic.

S. L. C.

Bon Gaultier in his Eastern Serenade thus hits off the introduction of Oriental phrases into English verse—

"The jewelled amoun of thy zemzem is bare,
And the folds of thy palampore wave in the air.
Come, rest on the bosom that loves thee so well,
My dove! my phingari! my gentle gazelle!"

THE VIOLET: A ROMAUNT.

BY ALTON.

INSCRIBED TO FANNY.

I.

It was the hour when Cynthia's zone
Endymion's trembling heart inflamed,
That lithe Titania, from her throne,
This sacred mandate thus proclaimed:
Ye Fays and Sprites, extend your wings,
And where, amid the shady dells,
The blooming realm of Flora springs,
Exert your most enchanting spells.

II.

There breathe to all this fond command,
Committed to your trusty powers:—
Titania, with her fairy hand,
Would now create a Queen-of-Flowers;
And bids the humblest of the fen
Its presence to our care intrust,
That all within her smiling glen,
The choice may see and deem it just.

III.

Scarce was the gentle mandate made,
When on the wing her subjects whirled,
And instantly, within the glade,
The claim of every Flower was heard:
There blushed the Rose in conscious pride
Of beauty none might dare deny,
The while the Lily, at her side,
Reposed in cold security.

IV.

Thus every Rival, in its turn,
Believed 'twas destined for the crown,
And, in its vanity, would spurn
The claims of all who sought the throne.
But when the whole expectant train
Had passed before Titania's eyes,
And each, at length, beheld how vain
Their several hopes to win the Prize;

V.

The Fairy's brow in sadness fell,
As thus she spoke in anxious phrase:
One plant hath lingered in the dell—
The VIOLET hath not met my gaze.
Just at this moment, from beneath
A shelving leaf that none had seen,
The modest Violet, o'er the heath,
Had looked to see what flower was Queen.

VI.

But in that single glance was all
That could the Fairy's heart inspire,
As thus her voice was heard to call
The culprit with dissembled ire:—
What ho, thou disobedient one!
Would'st thou provoke Titania's frown?
Receive the gem thy charms have won,
For modesty is Beauty's crown.

VII.

As when amid Arcadian bowers,
 Blithe Eurus stirs the rustling leaves :
 A sweet applause, from all the flowers,
 Titania's just decree receives.
 And each with each there nimbly vies
 Their warm approval to confess,
 The while she yields the glittering Prize
 To unassuming Loveliness.

* * * *

VIII.

What need I tell thee, gentle one,—
 Unless 'twere part of courteous duty,—
 That, of the Flowers of all this zone,
 Thou art the VIOLET OF BEAUTY :
 And who that once hath fondly been
 Enchanted by thy guileless art,
 But e'er would proudly wish to win
 And press that Violet to his heart!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON---HISTORY.*

We do not pretend to show a novelty, in setting at the head of our sheet the name of Emerson, the mystic essayist of Concord, Massachusetts. We believe it is some twelve or fifteen years since the first of these three volumes of *Essays* of his was issued from the Boston press. There are hardly any American books which are more inviting than they are, on the first glance. There may be readers to whom they have continued to be attractive long after the first glance. And we freely admit that the taste of such readers is as much entitled to respect, for its own sake, as is our own widely different taste. A few years before the advent of Emerson, the works of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE made their appearance, in fair type and binding, in those departments of the booksellers' shops which are devoted to rich and rare novelties. These works were *The Friend*, *The Aids to Reflection*, and the *Statesman's Manual*. They were admired in their early day by many ambitious schoolboys of the metaphysical turn of mind. They may have been admired by some grown men : we will not pretend to deny it. But we venture to surmise that the number of the admirers of Coleridge in the whole American Union, among full grown men, did not much exceed the number of the present House of Representatives, that is, about one for every seventy thousand of the population of the country. The Coleridgeites said he was rejected because he was profound and the public taste was superficial or shallow. The No-Coleridgeites said he was muddy and obscure, and that his thoughts were, after all, not worth the trouble of the in-

terpretation. The suit is yet pending. And we think that many epochs of New Constitutions will pass away, before a judge shall be found on the bench in the Republic of Letters, who shall have retained a due impartiality in the case, while he was acquiring the information necessary to decide it. In every nation of readers, there will always be some whose intellectual life is set, more or less, on the key of *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. There will always be some whose appetites demand a seasoning so keen, that clearness, connexion, and sobriety of thought will seem but weary dulness. Things which are small things, or even nothings, when reduced to their adequate terms of expression, have often been made to appear great things, by being thrown loosely out, in florid, and mystic, and deep-sounding sentences, with a scrap of Greek in the frontispiece, after the manner of Coleridge and Bulwer, or a few lines of wild, enigmatical English verse, after the manner of Waldo Emerson. There will always be some readers to whom what are called *suggestive* books are most acceptable ; that is, books which do not *express* things, but lead their reader into gorgeous realms of bewilderment, and because his mind is not occupied with the thoughts of the author, he is thereby compelled by very intellectual hunger to shape out dreams and visions of his own.

Readers of this class liked Coleridge greatly. Readers of this class certainly, and it may be others too—we pretend not to say—will like the *Essays* of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Emerson has attained to the honour of a laudatory review in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an honour to which very few American writers have attained. In that article, he is commended as being decidedly American in tone and spirit. "We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson, without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs." "The spirit of the New World, and of a self-confident democracy could not be more faithfully translated into the language of a high and abstract philosophy than it is here." Such is the opinion of the foreign critic. And without the slightest intention of satire, we fully admit that an Englishman may be a better judge of what is American, in this respect, than we are. And yet in this case we venture to think that the English critic has widely erred as to the main spirit of Emerson's writings. We are at best no great admirer of that often heard phrase, *American Literature*. What does it mean ? Does not all expression of human thought in an artistic manner, in true and fitting words, depend on the individual circumstances of a writer more than on his political condition ? Climate, scenery, personal de-

* *ESSAYS*. By *Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Boston : *Monroe & Co.*

pendence or independence, joyousness or gloom, these have certainly much to do with the utterance of thought in written words. Yet there is no such intelligible thing as an American climate. The girdle of seasons, and the panorama of gorges, changing cloud and sky, which pass annually over Louisiana and Texas, are as much the American climate as are the grand artillery of winter, and the brief, bright summer days, around the shores of Lake Michigan. The face of nature looks very differently at Rockfish Gap on the Blue Ridge of mountains in Virginia, from what it does at Franconia in the Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; and very differently at either of these places from what it does in some vast cypress plain in Louisiana, where the palmetto stands everywhere like giants' hands struggling up from the earth, and the thick-set cane is around you, and the wild birds enliven the whole air. And yet all who look closely into the subject tell us that these things have much to do with literature, and we respectfully suggest that a Northern literature, a Southern literature, a Western literature, an Atlantic literature, are much more intelligible expressions than an American literature. The latter expression seems to us totally "void for indefiniteness," with an exception which will be presently mentioned. And so it would be any where in a geographical area as large as ours. If a man who speaks good sense, speaks of European literature, he means an aggregate mass of intellectual productions, and certainly he does not mean any one definite thing. The writings of Hungarians, and the writings of Irishmen, would both be European literature; and might probably at this time, breathe much the same political spirit, and come from men not dissimilarly situated; yet they would be distinguishable productions. The literature of Russia, and that of Naples, would hardly be found similar, though both countries are in Europe, and both peoples are under the heel of despotism. French literature and English literature are far from being the same article, though nothing but "a narrow frith divides" the two nations.

But the writer in Blackwood seems to think that Emerson's writings are American in their spirit, because they breathe the spirit of "a self-confident democracy"—using the words in that broad sense in which our government is distinguished from the monarchies and despotisms of Europe, and not in the partisan sense in which they are employed here. Here we admit that there may be such a thing on the one hand, as a republican spirit in literature, and on the other hand, there may be such a thing as a monarchical and despotic spirit in literature. This we

admit to be an exceptional case in which the phrase, "American literature," may have some definite meaning. In this case it may mean a literature breathing the spirit of republican liberty. In this sense the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson may be very American. We had not discovered it. Very probably the writer in Blackwood had. Yet we do not believe that this is the best meaning, or probably the correct meaning, to attach to the indefinite phrase. By American literature our countrymen do not probably mean a literature which shall breathe the spirit of our government, so much as a literature which shall hallow the localities of our land, and throw the charm of genius around the spots where the ashes of our fathers sleep. A native literature ought to do for Massachusetts, or for Virginia, or for Louisiana, what Burns and Walter Scott have done for Scotland; Miss Edgeworth and Charles Lever for Ireland; Shakspeare and Wordsworth for England; that is, cause every one whom its pages have charmed to desire to see, and incline to love and gloat over, the localities which came to the mental vision while the spell of genius was upon it. Writers who would do this for the American States, hallowing the country and producing a love of the local soil in the bosoms of the people, and stopping the tide of restless, roving emigration, ever thirsting for new scenes, and new lands, and new skies, would do what is worthy to be done, and what would deserve the name of native literature. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is an idealist of the most transcendent wing and of the highest cloud. We do not intend to approach very near to the verge of the abyss of metaphysics to fetch thence the definition of an idealist. Emerson's panegyrist in Blackwood, says of him, that he "has denied the substantial, independent existence of a material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world." He dreameth the dreams of Germany. He is the younger brother of Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, and Hegel. They say that the German mind was so repulsed from outward things, by the civil despotism prevailing around it, that it flew inwards into its own dark depths, and entered thus upon these minute self-analyses and self-deifications. But these are not American dreams. We cannot expect that a mind thus involved, and believing that the material world is at best but an appearance, but a drama of successive phenomena, should encircle American scenery with halos of the enchantment of genius, or do much else to draw our hearts to the local objects of the land in which we live. Let the men of Prussia and of Austria dream thus. But why should an American? Is not the world of manly thought and healthy action open to him? We are not sur-

prised when a prisoner, confined for long years in a dungeon, tames the flies and spiders, makes companions of the frogs and mice, and scrawls adages and ditties upon the stones of his prison-walls. But we are surprised at such things in one who has the clear, free sky above him, and the wide world around him.

We must beg the reader's indulgence for a few words on another point—not so much for the importance of its bearing on our estimate of Mr. Emerson, as for the intrinsic and substantive importance which it seems to us to possess. We have been speaking of American modes of thought. But is there not such a thing also as an American mode of expression? It seems to us that there is. We are by no means without excellent models of a style of expression in language, which is thoroughly American. Take the productions of John Randolph, of John Quincy Adams, of John Caldwell Calhoun, of Daniel Webster. The literary world knows, or ought to know, something of them all. The casts of their political opinions, the circumstances of their education, the places in which they were reared, were all different—some of them very widely different. We believe that if one phrase would comprehend them all on any subject whatever, it would be as to the style of their language. Nervous simplicity, directness, freshness, clearness, are terms which approach very near to comprehending them all. And from the circle of the meaning of those terms there are not many writers, of any age or land, who lie farther remote, as we humbly think, than Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. This, then, is our critical estimate of these volumes: Considered in reference to their subject matter, they might almost as well have borne on their title-page to have been written by *English Coleridge*, or by *German Kant*, or by *Jew Spinoza*, or by *Erigena Scotus*, or by *Thomas Aquinas*, as by Emerson, the *American*. Considered as to their style, very few, if any, books have ever been published on this side of the Atlantic, which contained so much straining after the hot-house wonders and paradoxes of expression peculiar to the mystical writers of Europe and of ancient ages. We never saw any books written in America, hardly excepting the “*Key of Heaven*,” and the “*Garden of the Soul*,” which to us savoured so decidedly of the monastery and of dream-life. We never saw any books, from any side of the Atlantic, except, probably, some of Coleridge's worst, and some of the most German of German books, which contained so little of that peculiar and pleasant mode of American expression, in which words stand flatly and clearly for things, for facts, for realities, and not for mere notions, visions, dreams, gleams, species, antitypes of meaning. Strict

justice requires that it should be added, that we have seen few books of any description, from which, it seems to us, less that is really valuable may be derived.

The title of the first of these Essays is: *HISTORY*. On the first passage of the fly-leaf preceding it are the following words:

“There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all,
And where it cometh all things are;
And it cometh every where.”

Happily we do not think the reader will hold us bound to tell him what these sybilline words mean. On the second page of the fly-leaf occur the following lines—

“I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain.
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.”

These verses are attachés not of the volume, but of the essay on history, with which we have now more directly to do. And for that reason they are quoted just as they stand. There can be few readers of the *Messenger* upon whom the last four lines will not produce a decidedly unpleasant impression, and most justly. It may be that the peculiar and most singular views of the author, as developed further on, will excuse him from the wild and reckless, maniac vanity, which these words seem at first view to carry on their face. And we do not discuss the question now, further than to suggest that they are probably intended only as a bold, short expression of the philosophical opinion upon which he chiefly dwells in the succeeding essay. He makes a more distinct announcement of the philosophical principle on which he thinks history is to be studied, in the following sentence which introduces the essay itself:

“There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. Of the works of this mind history is the record.”

It is especially necessary to my present purpose to put the reader in possession of Mr. Emerson's views of the nature of History as clearly as may be. Even to those who have before them his essay on the subject, the main point of his meaning may be almost as clearly conveyed, in the extracts now to be given, as in the whole

piece itself. We do not look regularly at his meaning, but merely get glimpse after glimpse, as one standing in the front yard of some large and gloomy building might occasionally see one piece and another of its furniture, as a torch on the hearth by turns flamed up and yielded to darkness, and flamed up and yielded again. Much of the essay seems to us to be composed of the intervals of darkness when the torch shines not. The following passages seem, taken in connection with what have already been given, about as fully to convey his peculiar view of the relation between individual man and history as can be done in a limited space:

"A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world."—p. 1.

"Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Each new fact in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises."—*Ibid.*

"Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, 'Under this mask did my Proteus nature hide itself.'"—p. 5.

"All that Shakspeare says of a king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in a corner feels to be true of himself."—p. 6.

"I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day. The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history, to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life."—p. 7.

"I can find Greece, Asia, Italy, Spain, and the Islands—the genius and creative principle of each and of all eras in my own mind."—p. 9.

"Civil and natural history, the history of art and of literature, must be explained from an individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us,—kingdom, college, tree, horse, or iron shoe, (!) the roots of all things are in man. Santa Croce and the Dome of St. Peters are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the ship-builder."—p. 16.

"The primeval world—the Fore-World as the Germans say—I can dive to it in myself as well

as grope for it with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsees of ruined villas."—p. 21.

And the author proceeds in the latter part of the essay to give the meaning of several of the old Greek fables, and some even of more recent works of fiction, as interpreted in reference to individual man. The story of Prometheus, that of Antæus, of Tantalus, of the Sphinx, and of Helen; and the romances of Perceforest, Amadis de Gaul, and the Bride of Lammermoor, (!) are then explained as symbols of things in man's individual life. And so history is to be understood! "All public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized."

In these extracts the observant reader will find some things of which he may be inclined to dispute the accuracy in point of fact. Other things he will see, whose claim to be admitted to the honors of sense and reason he will be strongly disposed to dispute. But Mr. Emerson is not a common man; he is an Idealist. Shall he be held subject to the laws which are made for and by such coarse and common spirits as a Locke, a Reid, or a Paley? "Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites, from door to door?"

There is one thought, however, which can hardly be forbore to be indulged in reference to Mr. Emerson's principal maxim of philosophy, that there is "one mind common to all individual men." We do not see how he can gratulate himself that he is one and the same mind with Plato, with any more propriety than that with which he must lament that he is one and the same mind with that Herostratus who burnt the temple of Diana. Why should he follow his principles when they make him identical with the good and great, and not when they equally legitimately make him identical with others. If he is possessor of "Plato's brain," he is also on the same principle, possessor of the brain of Thersites. If he has "Cæsar's hand" he has also the hand of Cinna the poor poet whom the mob killed for his bad verses. If he has "Shakspeare's strain," he is just as truly the singer of the songs of Bavius, of Mevius, and of the mighty hero of the Dunciad. This is probably an oversight of Mr. Emerson. It is certainly an omission. To supply it we propose the following variation of the poetic lines we have quoted above, from the second page of the fly-leaf:

I walk upon the very foot,
Of the famous Lord John Bute;
The very hand now on the paper,
Once obeyed Sir William Draper;

I have the very self-same ear,
 With which King George the Third did hear;
 I too possess the very skull,
 That once with Horne Tooke's brains was full;
 I have John Wilkes's thinking art,
 With Lord George Gordon's noble heart.

Truly, as Mr. Emerson says, "the transmigration of souls is no fable."

One man is *like* another as one apple or one peach is like another. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." But one man is not the *same* as another, nor does one man possess the moral or intellectual faculties of another, any more than one apple or one peach has the same saccharine juice, or the same seeds, as another. Human beings are all of a kindred nature with each other, and have therefore common resemblances, like the successive crops of apples which grow upon the same tree. From nice sympathies of nature which are set in harmony by the Divine Hand which made them, the impulses, motives, principles, and aspirations of one are intelligible to another. This is far, very far from being a new truth. Yet it is all we can make of the grand maxim, that "there is one mind common to all individual men."

But if not, if there be more in it than this poor residuum of ours, if Mr. Emerson, being an Idealist, has seen by the aid of "Plato's brain," what we, ungifted thus, and fettered to an earthly sphere, have not seen and cannot see, then the star of Mesmer must "pale its ineffemal fires" before the crescent of Emerson with its "lunar horns." Mesmer professed only to establish, by magnetic power, such a connection between two minds that the thoughts and senses of one were also the common property of the other. But that connection the seer of Concord discovers to have been long ago established, even from of old, between all human minds that ever were, or ever will be, without the aid of the magnetic fluid. How magnificent are the powers of an Idealist!

Our author's interpretations of the old mythological fables of Greece, as allegories which have meaning for individual life:—that the story of Antæus means that both "the body and the mind of man are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature;" that the riddle of Orpheus shows the power of music to "unfix, and as it were to clap wings to solid nature;" that "Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving in sight of the soul"—are not novelties in the history of Grecian learning. We suppose in fact that such a mode of interpretation has occurred to every thoughtful student, in his school days, as he has perused the notes, so rich

in classic romance, which the learned Ludovicus Desprez has attached to the Delphin edition of Horace. Whoever has at hand a copy of Anthon's *Lempriere*, and will turn to the articles: PROMETHEUS, ALOIDES, IO, EUROPA, and twenty others, which might be mentioned if it was of any use to take the time to mention them, will see at once that this mode of interpretation was no unrevealed mystery at the time when that not very exhaustive, or very complete, or very accurate work was published. And whoever has gotten hold of *Creutzer's Symbolik*, a German book, of which Anthon makes, with great propriety, a good deal of use in that department of his work, will see that whole books have been written on the subject of the symbolical interpretation of the Greek fables. We do not pretend to say that a book in so general circulation as *Æsop's Fables*, with the common Croxall appendage of a moral to each one, is a familiar instance of Mr. Emerson's discovery already in extensive use. No less an authority, however, than Joseph Addison has spoken of them (in the *Spectator*, No. 183) as compositions of a similar kind to the allegorical fables of the Greeks. Yet they are not exactly fair instances in the present case, because the things spoken and done, of which they give account, have not always human agents, but agents belonging to the brute creation, as the Cock and Fox, the Cat and the Mice, the Country Mouse and the City Mouse, the Ass in the Lion's skin, the vain Jackdaw, besides numbers of ants, grasshoppers, geese, cranes, larks, kites, eagles, and heathen deities. Mr. Emerson's great maxim, that "all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized," and that he "can dive into himself and find the primeval world," does not therefore meet with an exact and full accomplishment in *Æsop's Fables*, because most of those fables are things said and done by the lower order of animals, and he seems to have intended that things said and done by man in history should be used as segments and revelations of the nature of individual men. This defence is made for our author. He could only make a moiety of it for himself, in consistency with another great truth which he has uttered on the 29th page of this same essay on History. "The transmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field, and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers." So it seems that the conversations which old Phrygian *Æsop* has reported, between animals of the barn-yard, and field, and forest

are, at last, not so far out of the line of the application of Mr. Emerson's great principle as he himself interprets it. It would seem that, on principles of public utility, he would better advance the other moiety also, and make his principle fairly embrace the Fables of Æsop as well as those of Prometheus, and Orpheus and Tantalus. For it can hardly be questioned, that by so doing, he would comprehend a class of beautiful allegories, more useful and instructive, and strange as it may seem to him, teaching more of human nature than that class of very beautiful fables which he has applied himself more expressly to interpret. Nor are all of Æsop's Fables made up of the fabulous *res gestæ* of the brute creatures. It is hard to see how Mr. E. can decline to admit that he has been fairly anticipated in the discovery of the symbolical interpretation of ancient fable, probably by the Athenians and Romans themselves, but certainly by Lestrangé and Dr. Croxall, in reference to such fables as Æsop at Play, Cæsar and the Slave, the master and his scholar, the Travelers, the Trumpeter taken prisoner, and others, in which no beast, bird or fish speaks, and no impossible things are said or done. Some of the ancient critics, of whom Addison tells us, in the before cited paper of the Spectator, attempted to turn the whole Iliad and Odyssey of Homer into allegorical representations with application to individual men and the qualities of our personal nature, making Achilles represent anger, Pallas wisdom, and so of other characters. And it is certain that Mr. Emerson was anticipated in his principle of giving an allegorical interpretation to the Myths of the Greeks, by Prodicus, as early as 390 years before the christian era, who invented the famous fable of the choice of Hercules, and secured himself a welcome wherever he travelled among the cities of Greece, by the narration of it.

With all this high authority for spoiling the romance of early Greece, we cannot see wherefore it is desirable. We shall speak presently of that mode of interpreting history with which it is attempted to be connected. If this mode of understanding the mythology be defended on the ground that it makes those early and beautiful conceptions of the Grecian mind more instructive, we reply, that it is very common-place instruction, and easily had in purer forms from other sources. Upon the whole the myth is injured by the interpretation; for it loses more in the beauty and clearness of its dramatic form than it gains in significancy. If the fact be brought forward that the Greeks themselves attached an allegorical meaning to some of their own beautiful romances, it may be replied that where they did so, we may do so, where they

did not do so, we have no authority to do so. This seems to us to be the safe and clear principle of criticism on the whole subject. If this be not so, then one critic may make Prometheus and Orpheus and Tantalus mean one thing, and another critic may make them mean another thing, according to the higher or lower developments of Idealism in the minds of the critics. For ourselves we frankly confess we would rather have the old than the new. We would rather have Homer's Orpheus and Tantalus, with the dramatic interest of the scenery and the persons, and the grand, wild light of romance around them, than the Orpheus and Tantalus of Creutzer and of Emerson, representing qualities of one individual person. We would rather have Livy's Romulus and Remus than Niebuhr's Romulus and Remus, if he leaves such characters standing at all in the realms of probability. We would rather have Scott's Bride of Lammermoor, standing as nature and the author put it, representing a whole group of human characters, acting as men and women did act, or might have acted, and may act again, than Emerson's Bride of Lammermoor, with Sir William Ashton standing for "vulgar temptation," and Lucy Ashton for "fidelity" and Ravenswood Castle for "proud poverty."

The method of interpreting history propounded in this essay of Mr. E., is but a consistent carrying on of that by which he reads the riddles of the mythology, with the slight variation that, here, both the type in the historical event, and the antitype in man's mental nature, are supposed to be facts. History is but a grand drama of that spiritual nature which is in every man, which the events of the world are enacting before his face, to demonstrate to him what is within himself. "Of the universal mind each individual is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him." History is but a perpetual series of charades to exhibit faculties, principles, capacities and aspirations in each individual man. It is but the delineation of human nature in an eternal series of Mexican picture-writing. The rise and fall of empires, the discovery of new continents, all great acts of statesmen, all progress of arts, sciences, commerce and refinements, all battles and sieges, all revolutions and reactions, all heroism and all tyranny, are but as the flights of birds before the Roman augurs; they are but as the answers of Delphi and Dodona to the Greeks, telling the qualities of man's individual nature. There is much that is imposing in this theory, as there are not a few splendidly beautiful fragments in the language in which it is stated. Yet every one feels at once that there is a fallacy in it somewhere, and that of a sweeping extent. We believe that it lies

palpably on the surface. All men have more or less of the kindred nature, of common resemblance, of family likeness. But with this family likeness, it is a fact as familiar as household words, that there are endless diversities both of body and mind. No two men are exactly alike in the face, and there are probably more numerous diversities of mind than of body. It is therefore not exactly sound to reason from Greek history to American history. The senators of a certain city of early Greece acted thus and thus, therefore the city-fathers of Concord, of Cambridge, of Boston, or of Salem, would do the same thing, is not exactly sound. Still less is it sound to reason from masses of men, whole cities and kingdoms, to individual human nature. Though Mr. Emerson says he can find Greece, Asia, Spain and Italy in his own mind, we hope and believe that he cannot find the revolt at Coreyra, the Jacquerie, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Reign of Terror, in his own mind, however deeply he may dive into it. It may be replied that these terrible chapters of history had their origin in human nature, that human nature is responsible for them, that they are pictures of human nature. True, but it is not the human nature of every individual man. Circumstances of birth, education and life, exert very great influence, no doubt, upon human character; but it is yet a truism, doubtless discussed warmly by most of us when Sophomores in college, and which will not be discussed here because it seems very little less than self-evident, that there are original, native differences between different individual men. So far then from any individual in the United States to-day being able to see himself depicted in Greek or Egyptian or Roman history, it is probable that no individual man can see himself accurately depicted in the biography of the man nearest in his circumstances of all that have lived, or in all biographies together which have ever been written. Idealism makes men mere bundles of qualities, successive incarnations of the same thing. God makes men living souls, complete persons, each like himself, and incommensurable by any earthly philosophy. The whole edifice of the theory seems to have been built upon a figure of speech. It is true that history exhibits the capabilities of human nature. But it is human nature in the aggregate. All human nature is not in every individual man. Every man is not Plato. Every woman is not Helen. Every man is not Robespierre. Every woman is not Lucretia Borgia. If these short plain propositions are true, then this theory of history is not true. It affirms of every man what is only true of all men taken together.

The Idealist method of interpreting history

may be brought to a fair test in another way. If it be true that every man "dive into himself" and find a department of his nature corresponding to the Grecian period of history, and another department within himself corresponding to the Roman period of history, and another department corresponding to the French, and another to the English period of history, if each "man is the whole encyclopedia of facts," if each man "is the compend of time," if each "man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world" as Mr. Emerson so repeatedly asserts, then a wise man, well skilled in reading himself ought to be able to certify us concerning those periods whose records are of doubtful authenticity. If, having the history given, he is so readily able to find within himself the correlative department of individual nature, then, on the other hand, having himself given, he ought also to be able to tell whether any supposed chapter of history is fabulous, or whether it is a veritable piece of that great image which all history draws of individual man. If the two things are so clearly correlative then a philosopher at least, if no other man, ought to be able to find out the history from his own nature, as well as to find out his own nature from the history.

M. Bailly, an accomplished historian of Astronomy, who was put to death by Robespierre, came to the conclusion from tracing the history of that science among the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Persians, Indians, and Chinese at very early periods, that there must have been a very ancient and highly cultivated people of Asia long before historic Nineveh, of whose memory every trace is now extinct, who were the instructors of the nation around them in astronomy. It seemed to him very probable that the sun, moon and star worship of the Chaldeans was not the cause of their astronomical discoveries, but that their astronomy, or that of their ancestors, or that of some neighboring nation from whom they borrowed it, laid the foundation for their peculiar religion. We are informed of the settlement of the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and the erection of seven cities in that neighborhood, at a very early period of sacred history. There is then almost silence concerning that region of the world for about 1,500 years according to the common chronology; after which we are suddenly presented with the city of Nineveh as a very great and populous city, exhibiting marks of decline and age in the ripeness of the vices of luxury among its people. From the time of Nimrod the hunter to the time of Jonah the prophet, was a longer period of time than has elapsed from the Saxon conquest of England to the present day. From the slight

incidental notices which we have of the east, in the meantime, showing some knowledge of the arts, from the going out of similar gigantic styles of architecture into Egypt and into India as if from some common centre, as well as from the traces of astronomy, there is some reason to believe that a civilized nation lived, and grew, and declined, and perished in that region, in this unwritten period of time, either around Nineveh or some other of the seven cities, as its centre and capital. Yet history is dumb in relation to the life of that nation. Even the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard, of hoary and grand antiquity as they are, extend back only to the epoch where that lost period terminates. Can Mr. Emerson dive into himself and certify us whether the conjecture of Bailly, that there was a civilized nation there, whose records are lost, is true or false? Can he ascertain, from gazing into the mirror of his own pure and amiable ideal nature what was the nature of that lost history?—how that lost nationality differed from the recorded Assyrian or Egyptian or Grecian national life?

Again. Plato gives us (in his *Timæus*) a tradition which he shows to have been regularly handed down to his day from Solon, and which Solon professed to have heard from the priests of *Lais* in Egypt, that there was once a very large island in the Atlantic ocean far west of the pillars of Hercules, and fronting the mouth of that strait; that this Atlantic Island was as large as Asia and Libya together; and that there was once a powerful league of kings upon it, reigning over people of considerable civilization and refinement, who pushed their conquests over the whole north of Africa and in Europe as far as Etruria. It is a well-known bone of contention among antiquarians. Some regard the whole story as a fable. Others have been inclined to accept it as true, and to regard it as a dim tradition of America, wafted across the ocean, like the floating canoes which long afterwards led Columbus to the New World. Can Mr. Emerson look into the "encyclopedia of facts" which he finds in his own ideal nature, and tell us whether or not there was once a high civilization in those Atlantic Isles, long before the time of the Athenian Solon, or whether the whole affair is but a fable of the Egyptian priests of *Lais*?

What advantage will the reading world gain by this theory of history? Suppose it to be accepted. Then George Washington, on the page of history will be but an anatomy of the integrity and firmness which each of us carries in his own bosom. The history of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of Napoleon, will be but an ethical account of our ambition. The stories of Helen, of Cleopatra, and of Mary, Queen of

Scots will become only elegant and allegorical ways of describing to fair ladies what the power of beauty is. The grand annals of Pericles, of Tully, of Richelieu, of Pitt, of Jefferson, of Webster, and of Calhoun, will be converted into ethical sections of individual statesmanship! Kid, Blue Beard and the Red Rover will be fierce and bold acquisitiveness set sailing upon the high seas. Othello will become African jealousy; Hamlet will be a fine but feeble soul overtaken by destiny; Antonio will mean the generosity which is in each of us; Bassanio, our success; and Shylock, our avarice. It is a retrograde process. It is a leap from Laputa into Lilliput. It is a transmutation of the philosopher's stone into dust and ashes. In what respect would the great dark volumes of ethical abstractions into which history would thus be turned, be more valuable, more instructive, more pleasing than the fresh, and clear, and living volumes that they now are?

Contrary to the socialist theory, on the one hand, man has an individual being, and nature has provided him with faculties adapted to it, and imposed on him duties incident to it. Not that we are to say to him, with Montaigne: "Cut loose from society, you and a companion are enough for each other, or you for yourself"—but there ought to be a part of his life strictly sacred and individual. He has individual rights. He has individual wants. He has individual duties. He must learn them by his own practical sense, judging of the demands of his nature so far as it is not soiled, and by the records of the lives of other individuals.

But contrary to the Idealist theory on the other hand, man has also social rights, social wants and social duties. They do not interfere with his individual wants, rights and duties. A sound individualism is the only safe basis of a sound socialism. We mean simply to say that good citizenship is as far from monkery or idealism on the one hand as it is from the phalanx of the Fourierite on the other hand. And for fear of being charged by the good sense of the reader, with multiplying words to point out that middle way in which it is best and safest to go, when there are so few yet among us who doubt or object to it, we leave the point with this mere suggestion of the principle which seems to lie at the foundation of all well-organized society. Among those parts of human history which are social, and not individual, and can have little or no meaning when looked at in the light of the idealist parallelism, are the constitution of a state or, as we may say, the mode and principle of its legislation; then its legislation itself, or the way of declaring the will of the sovereign authority, including the established means of public educa-

tion, the regulations of trade and commerce and all other municipal regulations; its treaty making power or its way of covenanting with other nations; and other things of the kind too obvious to be mentioned, which are builded on a foundation broader than individual man, which grow out of qualities in man that have no meaning except in society; and without which individual men could not enjoy sufficient liberty to do things worth recording, or to study the records of what others have done.

We have not pretended to much more, in the preceding pages, than to suggest some hints of the abundant and manifold argument by which this idealist scheme of interpreting history may be refuted, when its mystical darkness shall settle upon us, if that time should ever arrive, in a thicker cloud than it has yet done. Mr. Emerson has as yet not a great many followers in the United States. Practical thinking, contact with the realities of life, and nervous good sense will probably separate from his school some of those who now temporarily adhere to it. His views are said not always to have escaped, even in the streets of Boston, that good-humored sneer which is the natural appendix of an enthusiasm so transcendental that it soars out of common sight, so amiable that nobody could persecute it, and so grotesque that few are found to follow it. There are other peculiarities about the school of thought which he seems endeavoring to found, to which a future occasion may afford us the pleasure of a reference.

J. H. B.

Notices of New Works.

ESSAYS FROM THE LONDON TIMES: *A Collection of Personal and Historical Sketches.* New York. D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway, 1852.

This is the first volume, published in a very neat and attractive style, of a series, which the Appletons propose to issue, under the title of "Popular Library of the Best Authors." The enterprise is a laudable one, and will doubtless meet with great success. Certainly half-a-dollar could not be expended to more advantage than in procuring the excellent little work now before us.

The question will arise in the minds of many who read these essays and admire their point and perspicuity—who writes them? That there has been great labor and patient study expended in their preparation, is evident in almost every sentence. That pen must have been well-trained which could write such nervous and elegant English. But the articles were given to the world through the columns of a daily newspaper, with seemingly the hope of no other reward than the guineas which were received for them;—the whole credit of the authorship attaching to that wonderful personage of paper and printer's ink—the London Times. The flesh and blood authors who have thus ministered to the delight and instruction of the public, meanwhile, are busily engaged

in their drudge-work of daily literary composition, unknown by their readers and unblessed by the incense of popular applause. One of these days, perhaps, when the life of some one of them, who has written himself into a widely recognized fame, shall come to be prepared, we may have a story of toil and endeavor, of neglect and suffering, to point a chapter for a future Disraeli.

One of the pleasantest Essays in the volume, to our taste, is that on the "*Amours of Dean Swift*," which impressed us so much, on reading it in the Times, that we transferred it at once to the pages of the Messenger. It has much of the rhetorical fervour and critical analysis of Macaulay. "The Drama of the French Revolution" is a masterly historical summary, and "The Life of John Keats" is written in a strain of exalted sympathy and high poetic appreciation.

This work may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

A RHYMING, SPELLING AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the English Language. By J. WALKER. A New and Revised Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.

We believe it has been generally conceded, that when Mr. Walker undertook to facilitate the labors of Grub Street, and make versifying easy—thus causing many innocent young gentlemen to poetize who might else have engrossed—he should have been interrupted by the sheriff and punished for his offence against society by fine and imprisonment. Now, we have great respect for Messrs. Lindsay and Blakiston, who have before this entitled themselves to public favor, by issuing many excellent works at fair prices, but we are of opinion, that in reprinting the Rhyming Dictionary, they have committed a high misdemeanor, for which summary punishment should be inflicted. For, who shall calculate the number of hopeful youths that will sit down, in a small frenzy, with a copy of the work at hand, to write themselves out of elbows and into poetic fame? Who shall determine the amount of paper to be destroyed—the quantity of time to be wasted—the headaches and heartaches, and the thousand natural shocks that bards inherit, to be occasioned, by this poetical labor-saving machine? We say nothing of the inevitable consequences to the poetasters themselves—the poverty that such dribblings must necessarily entail and its attendant miseries. But think of these, oh, misguided votaries of the modern muse—

What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanctioned track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce in rags the rags ye blot in song.

As a matter therefore of sound policy to the State and as a measure of humanity to our fellow creatures, we would discountenance all attempts at removing the difficulties in the way of the rhymster. We want no macadamized highway to Parnassus. On the contrary, we would environ it with all the hindrances that could be devised, feeling satisfied that such as the gods design to dwell there, will soar towards its radiant summit with a strong and steady wing, and with the majestic sweep of genius.

One thing must be said in praise of the work before us, and this it gives us pleasure to say. Attached to each word in the dictionary is its proper signification, so that if the poet follow the directions faithfully, he will not fail to express his meaning, however drearily he may versify. How much of our newly-made poetry would have been better for an observance of this simple rule of composition!

This Dictionary is neatly printed and may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

WHIMSICALITIES. By *Thomas Hood*. With Illustrations.

WALKS AND TALKS of an American Farmer in England. With Illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam. 155 Broadway. 1852.

Mr. Putnam's punctuality in the publication of his Semi Monthly Library is highly to be commended, and if he continues to furnish as good books as those now under our eye, he will really prove a public benefactor. "*The Whimsicalities*" we read with a mournful feeling of regret for the unhappy fate of poor Hood, that child of sensibility, whose most mirth-provoking sallies were wrung from the saddened heart beating in the tortured and writhing body. An exquisite little poem, "To my Daughter, on her birth day," which finds a place in the present collection, embodies the author's views of life in a single phrase—

The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

"Walks and Talks of an American Farmer" is not an agricultural work as its title would imply, but an unpretending and delightful narrative of a journey over the beautifully undulating surface of old England, by a man who rambled to observe, and who knows how to record his observations.

West & Brother and J. W. Randolph have these books for sale.

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Edited by *Simon Wilkin*, F. L. S. Volume 1. Containing Four Books of *Vulgar Errors*. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1852.

The quaint old physician of Norfolk has long been among our especial literary favorites, and we therefore welcome his Vandyck features in the frontispiece of this new edition of his writings. The present volume contains the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or Enquiries into Vulgar Errors, in which the peculiarities of our author's style—its striking metaphors, its vigorous expressions, its frequent commanding sweep and its occasional pedantry—are conspicuously displayed. These curious speculations are to be read as one reads Burton, at odd times for amusement. No one, however, we are free to say, who has not become acquainted with Sir Thomas Browne, has fully appreciated the literature of England during the 17th century. Dr. Johnson said of him that by his employment of uncommon words he "augmented our philosophical diction," and there are to be found in his "Urn Burial" passages unsurpassed for felicity of language by any writer of his time. We shall hail the appearance of the succeeding volumes of this edition with interest.

The present volume has been sent to us by Bangs, Brothers & Co. of New York, but it may be found at the bookstores of J. W. Randolph, A. Morris and G. M. West & Brother.

THE SNOW-IMAGE and other Twice-Told Tales. By *NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1852.

These pleasing stories are all characteristic of Hawthorne, and abound with the most charming passages of his peculiar style of quiet and fanciful description. Fiction, in his hands, subserves its highest purpose of making virtue seem to the common perception the holy and lofty thing it is, while his gentle humor continually delights us. We hope Hawthorne may live long to write such "Tales" and Fields to publish them.

The book is for sale by A. Morris.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by *Robert Chambers*. In Four Volumes. Vol. 1. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1852.

The plan pursued by Mr. Chambers in the compilation of this work is a novel one. It consists in interweaving with the thread of the biography, the poems of the subject in the order of their production; thus embroidering, as it were, the variegated tissue—now gay, now sombre—of the poet's life, with the rare flowers of his exuberant fancy. The effect is very pleasing. Indeed, the work will be preferred, we think, when issued in a complete form to any life of the noble and gifted bard of Mossiel that has yet been published. The Harpers have not given us for months a more valuable publication, and the neat and cheap style in which has been issued will commend it to general favor.

It may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

A HAND BOOK OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, for the use of Students, &c. By *R. G. LATHAM, &c., &c.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1852.

We are of opinion that there are few subjects of which English students are so generally ignorant as the English language. Many who would pass muster respectably in Greek or German write very badly in their vernacular. Any effort, therefore, which aims at a reform in this particular, is to be commended. Professor Latham's book is an excellent one and seems to us the very thing that is wanted. We are surprised that it has not been sooner reprinted from the English edition, and feel indebted to the Appletons for placing it before the American public.

J. W. Randolph has it for sale.

Three Addresses of far more than ordinary excellence have been recently sent to us by their authors. The first of these is a "Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society at their Annual Meeting, January 17th 1852, By H. A. Washington." The subject of this admirable paper is "The Virginia Constitution of 1776," and the author has discussed it in a truly philosophical spirit, and in a most agreeable and luminous style. Our readers of some years standing cannot have forgotten the able article, written for the *Messenger* in 1848, by Mr. Washington, on the "Social System of Virginia," which placed him at once, by common consent, among the first thinkers and scholars of the South. We shall endeavor at an early day to find room in our magazine for a republication entire of Mr. Washington's present discourse and we therefore defer further comment upon it.

Another of the Addresses to which we have alluded was delivered by the Hon. John P. Kennedy before the Maryland Institute on the 21st of October last. We need scarcely say that this is a graceful and valuable composition—the name of Mr. Kennedy as author is a sufficient earnest of its merits. The author passes in historical review the rise and progress of the city of Baltimore, and concludes with an eloquent summary of the present condition of the mechanic arts. The Address is printed with a beauty of typographical execution eminently worthy of its value as a literary effort, and is embellished with a quaint lithograph of "Baltimore Town in 1752."

The third Address which has so much pleased us is one *apropos* of the recent anniversary of Washington's Birthday, by the Rev. Dr. Boardman of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. It is a strong exposition of the folly of the modern doctrine of Intervention as taught by Kossuth.

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NO. 5.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER VI.

General Quarters; All hands overboard; Sharks; How Fishes breathe air; Varieties of Sharks; Fish Stories; A Sail at night; Sketch of a sailor; Pursers' names; A man may have no shadow; Punishment; A case stated and examined; A word in favor of flogging; Penal starvation—May cause disease; Infliction of Punishment should not depend upon the opinion of a surgeon; Usage of the sea-service.

April 4th, Lat. 19°44' north: Long. 48°44' west. We have a calm, summer sea; the temperature of the air in the shade is 81°F. Since sailing from Norfolk, now almost a month, this is the first day that a table could be set without fixtures to secure plates and dishes upon it. All the ports on the gun deck were open; the guns were run in, and the deck was dry for the first time in the course of the voyage.

The opportunity was seized upon for "exercise at general quarters," for an hour.

While the drum "beat to quarters," the wind sails were drawn up, and the several hatchways covered with gratings, except a space about two feet square, in each which was left open for the passage of cartridges from the magazine below to the battery. The galley fire was extinguished, and candles in lanterns lighted on the berth-deck. There is considerable bustle and noise during the minute or two occupied in making these preparations and from the men hurrying to their assigned stations. Then there is a moment of almost profound silence. The medical officers and their assistants are stationed on the berth-deck in sloops, in the cock-pit on board of frigates, and on the orlop deck of ships of the line, prepared to minister to those wounded who may require surgical aid immediately. Humanity, as well as other considerations, has led to the selection of the least exposed situations, for the accommodation of the wounded during battle, but it must not be supposed that even in frigates, the wounded, and those whose duty is to succour them, are entirely beyond the reach of hostile missiles. Instances have occurred, of wounded men being killed in the cock-pit by shot

from the enemy. A late surgeon in the navy, saw two men killed by round shot while he was dressing their previously received wounds. It may be readily imagined that to be useful during an engagement at sea, medical officers must possess coolness and self-possession in a high degree; without such qualities they would be unable to determine upon the use of the knife, or to employ it amidst the din of battle, by candle-light, in a very imperfectly ventilated apartment. It is sometimes necessary that medical officers should render assistance to those on deck who may be wounded.

The first sounds which reach us below, proceed from the mustering of the privates in their several "divisions." The ship's company is divided into "divisions," each under the immediate command of a lieutenant. A division in the navy is equivalent to a company of artillery in the army. The marines are commonly assembled on the spar-deck under their appropriate officers. After the privates have answered to the roll-call, the lieutenants report their "divisions" respectively to the senior lieutenant on the quarter-deck, where he is stationed in company with the commander and sailing-master. A very important division or company of privates is stationed on the berth-deck, which is usually under the immediate command of the purser. The men are arrayed in lines, at convenient distances, extending from the magazine and shot lockers to the several hatches. They are employed in passing shot and cartridges from below to the battery.

It is an invariable usage on board men of war, to load the guns immediately after leaving port, that they may be in readiness to resist attack without delay. The unprovoked and unexpected attack of the British frigate *Leopard* on the *Chesapeake*, in June, 1807, just after sailing from Hampton Roads, shows the necessity of being ever ready. That lesson will never be forgotten.*

The tackling of the great guns was cast loose. The lieutenants gave the order, "right abeam; take good aim; fire!" and then as if the order had been obeyed, the men pulled in the gun. Then came the mingled cries of the commanders of the several divisions—"in vent and sponge; cartridge, wad; one round shot, wad; ram home." The completion of these several acts was announced by the captains of the guns in a prolonged cry of, "Home." Then came the

* See Cooper's Naval History.

order to "run out," "elevate for a long shot," "fire;" and thus continued the din of running in and out of guns by the different "divisions" without observance of time with each other, and the irregular alternation of "run out," "shot," "home!" "stand of grape," "wad," "in vent and sponge," for nearly an hour. It seemed all confusion; but it was all in perfect order, as an enemy will ever find when our mimic fight is changed to earnest. Now the exercise suddenly changed. The sail-trimmers were called from the guns; then came a stentorian shout, "Away, first and second division of boarders; to the lee bow." Next an alarm of fire was given, and the firemen rushed to the make-believe point of conflagration, armed with buckets of water; but the gravity of this part of the exercise generally gave way to a temptation to empty the buckets on each other. In a word, every situation and condition which can occur in a fight are supposed, and the necessary evolution to meet it performed. In the end, the drum sounds a retreat, and all is restored to the *statu quo ante bellum*. What a relief it is to get off the gratings from the hatches, and have the windsails pouring down streams of fresh air upon those confined below, for a hot hour in a stifling atmosphere. To fully understand this, one must be convinced that man lives upon air, and upon nothing else. There never has been a more absurd or falser sophism than that contained in the assertion—"Man can't live upon air." The author of that saying had no experience in "the black hole of Calcutta;" if he had, he would have spoken of air as an ingredient of bodily nutrition in a more respectful tone—he would know that air is the substantial, essential part of diet, and that the various viands and vegetables are to be regarded as so many piquant sauces to help one devour largely of the main dish. Stop a man's allowance of air, and you find he has no relish for beef or bread, or even for grog.

Exercise at "general quarters" involves a great deal of muscular effort, and consumes a good deal of nerve-force, especially on a hot day, if we may judge by the consequent fatigue. But it is in this way that men are drilled and prepared for conflict; and to omit "exercise at general quarters," is to omit a most important act. The exercise of men in the "Division drill" is preliminary, elementary to the first; but cannot be safely relied on as a substitute for it.

Experiments were satisfactorily made with the explosive shot invented by Paixhan.

The day being calm and warm, a sail was spread a few feet under water, alongside of the ship, and the boatswain piped "all hands to jump overboard." Most of the men gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of a sea-bath; in

a few minutes, as many as fifty men were swimming over the submerged sail. The temperature of the water was 76°F. The blacks were special objects of attention, particularly those who were reluctant to come in contact with the briny element. One or two were seized, stripped of their clothes, a rope tied round the waist, and then thrown overboard, in a state of alarm not easy to describe, though it afforded great mirth to the beholders of the scene. I believe that all were improved by the immersion.

While the men were in the water, there appeared at no very great distance, a slender, dark-looking rod, rising several inches perpendicularly above the surface, moving swiftly and noiselessly towards us. Every one of experience recognized the dorsal fin of a shark, but his proximity was not sufficient to excite alarm for the safety of the swimmers, although his approach was not unheeded.

This animal is unreservedly detested by all sailors and sea-faring people. No sooner is one caught than he is precipitately attacked, knife in hand, by as many as can come near enough to deal a blow. I have been often present at the capture of sharks, by men-of-war sailors, but I have never yet had the good fortune to see one of those voracious fishes on a ship's deck before is was wounded or mutilated.

The family of sharks, (*Squalidæ*.) is constituted of a number of genera and species, and belongs to the order of Cartilaginous fishes, so named from the peculiar nature of the skeleton of these animals. Though fishes breathe air, they have no lungs like mammals, but in place of those essential organs, are supplied with an apparatus, found on the sides of the head, called gills, through means of which the process of respiration is carried on. The quantity of atmospheric air, which exists mingled in water every where, is sufficient to supply the quantity of oxygen necessary to maintain life in fishes and animals of less complicated structure, which exist beneath the sea. The arrangement of fishes' gills is not uniform throughout; naturalists have, therefore, found it convenient to take their peculiarities as some of the characteristics for classification. One order of fishes is characterised by having the gills fixed at their extremities to the outer-sides of the gill cavity, and having a series of holes or apertures, through which the water that enters the mouth passes out, instead of the free and open arrangement seen in a shad or perch. Fishes which have a breathing apparatus of this kind, constitute a group or assemblage named the order of cartilaginous fishes with fixed gills; or, in the more precise, though less familiar language of classic writers on natural history, *Chondropterygii branchiis fixis*. And under this not

very euphoniouſly named order, the family of ſharks is deſcribed—a family of incalculable antiquity, as is clearly proven in the record of it, contained in what geologiſts call the tertiary ſtrata of the earth. In the tertiary beds of Malta, foſſil teeth of ſharks four and a half inches long have been found, from which fact the organic degeneration of the race may be inferred. There are ſtill, however, very reſpectable repreſentatives of the family in exiſtence; reſpectable for ſize, and for their rapacious, bloodthirſty propenſities. Of the whole, perhaps the White Shark, (*Carcharias vulgaris*,) is the moſt dreaded; it may be regarded as the tiger of the deep. When full grown, the body attains a length exceeding twenty feet, and its enormous jaws, armed with a very great number of triangular teeth, arranged in rows, are capable of ſufficient expansion to ſwallow a man. The Blue Shark, (*Carcharias glaucus*,) rarely exceeds ſeven feet in length. The Fox Shark, or Threſher, (*Carcharias vulpes*,) is from ten to twelve feet in length, and is diſtinguiſhed by the unequal ſize of the lobes of the tail, the upper one being two or three times the longeſt. The name Threſher is derived from the ſuppoſed propenſity the animal poſſeſſes to attack whales, which are always ſaid to be moſt cruelly threſhed; and when the ſword-fiſh joins in the combat, the whale is almoſt always killed. The threſher is ſaid to throw himſelf high out of water and fall upon the whale, who, to eſcape his antagonist, dives into the depths of the ſea, to be driven again to the ſurface by a lunge of the ſword-fiſh from below. My own experience does not enable me to confirm, or to contradict theſe notions. The Shovel-nose Shark, called alſo the Balance-fiſh, the Sea-mallet, and Hammer-headed Shark, (*Zygæna vulgaris*,) is about nine feet in length. The head, viewed from above, is ſomewhat in form of a parallelogram, ſet tranſverſely to the body of the animal, ſo that in large ſpecimens the eyes are at leaſt two feet aſunder. But the largeſt animal of the name, is the Basking Shark, or Whalebone Shark, (*Selache maximus*,) which is ſaid to attain a length of nearly forty feet. This animal is leſs rapacious than others of the race; it is ſuppoſed, from the length and peculiar arrangement of the digeſtive organs, to feed chiefly on vegetable ſubſtances. It is aſſerted, that the liver alone of one of theſe ſharks has been aſcertained to weigh a thouſand pounds.*

The noſe of the ſhark projects far in advance of the mouth, which, from this circumſtance, opens nearly under the middle of the head. In attacking, therefore, the animal ſettles down-

wards over his prey when favorably ſituated, or otherwiſe turns upon his ſide or back, with the jaws expanding in readineſs to gulp down his victim. Expert ſwimmers, ſuch as are found among divers engaged in the pearl fisheries, and the natives of ſome of the Pacific Iſlands, ſucceſſfully engage in combat with ſharks, ſtabbing them with knives.

Dr. J. V. C. Smith relates that a gold watch, chain and ſeals were found in the ſtomach of a captured ſhark, which were recognized by a gentleman, as a gift he had made to a nephew who had been drowned a ſhort time previously on his paſſage to Jamaica. The ſame author ſtates that, in the harbour of Boſton, ſometime during the year 1831, a ſhark attacked a man in his boat, overcame and devoured him.

Mr. Leſueur has deſcribed, (in the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,) a ſhark, (*Squalus elephas*,) taken on the coaſt of New Jerſey, which measured thirty-two feet, ten inches in length and eighteen feet in circumference. By forcibly expanding them, there was ſpace enough betwixt the jaws to permit a man to ſit upright in a chair within their graſp. Müller ſpeaks of a ſhark which weighed 4,500 pounds; and it has been authoritatively aſſerted, that the entire, unmutilated body of a man has been found, more than once, in the ſtomach of a ſhark.

A conſiderable number of years have paſſed ſince I made the following notes, while on the eaſtern coaſt of Africa:

“One calm afternoon, ſeveral of thoſe huge animals of the deep were ſeen ſailing, ſeveral feet below the ſurface, through the transparent ocean. A large hook was immediately armed with two or three pounds of ſalt pork, and thrown overboard. To prevent the ſhark from carrying off the bait in triumph, two or three feet of an iron chain connected the hook to the line. In a few minutes one of thoſe ſea-pirates made his appearance, urging himſelf gracefully through the water by an occaſional impulse of his tail, after which his whole body ſhot along without giving any ſign of life. Preſently he ſpied the pork, and, with a ſingle effort, darted forward thirty or forty yards, then rolling upon his ſide, ſeized the fatal hook; and the fiſherman at the ſame inſtant jerked the line.

“The taffrail, at the time, was crowded, both by officers and men, to ſee the ſport, for the moſt incorrigible animosity ſeems to hold againſt theſe creatures. When the fiſherman jerked the line, a dozen voices cried, ‘You’ve got him—you’ve got him;’ and the ſhark was dragged under the ſhip’s quarter, where his head was raiſed above water. Then thoſe on board looked down in triumph upon their enemy, who glared

* See Natural Hiſtory of the Fiſhes of Maſſachuſetts. By Jerome V. C. Smith, M. D. Boſton. 1833. p. 105.

his great eyes upon them, with a look rather betokening distress than fierceness, but no one was mollified sufficiently to propose to let the poor devil go.

"The next operation was to slip a noose over his head, which was not so easily accomplished, for whenever the rope touched him, the shark became nervous and made violent efforts to escape, and thus endangered tearing out, or breaking the hook. At last, after several fruitless attempts, the noose was secured, and the prisoner brought on board. Scarcely was he 'landed on deck,' as the sailors say, before an axe had severed the tail from the body, and Jack's knife became familiar with his bowels. In a very few minutes the heart lay palpitating upon the fluke of an anchor, and his flesh, while yet quick with life, was conveyed to the frying-pan of the cook, leaving the tail, which was nailed up as a trophy, figuring in the eyes of sportsmen, after the style of a fox's brush, or a deer's antlers, (or perhaps a white man's scalp in an Indian wig-wam,) and the back-bone and jaws, which two or three sailors industriously set to work to scrape clean to make natural curiosities for some marine museum.

"The size of our prize did not exceed twelve feet in length; it was not large, if we are to credit the stories of sharks caught with whole horses in their stomachs. Talking about sharks—I heard an officer tell that one was caught while cruising in the West-Indies, where they are very numerous, of most enormous dimensions. Indeed, if I had not heard the story with my own ears, I do not know whether I should be able to believe it, much less repeat it with any expectation of credence: in fact, I doubt whether print could have rendered it credible. This West-India shark had been observed following the vessel for several days, and the minds of the sailors were filled with consternation; for there is a superstitious belief amongst them, that a shark following a ship so many days, portends the death of some one on board. Therefore, to avert a catastrophe so melancholy, it was determined to destroy the spectre thus haunting them. Fifteen or twenty pounds of pork were secured to a large hook, almost as large as a boat's anchor, and thrown overboard. In a few minutes the fish voraciously seized the bait, and was fairly caught and brought alongside. There he was, slung in several nooses of rope, and by aid of a tackle on the main yard, hoisted on board. Axes and knives were, as usual, set to work, and in a short time the animal was disembowelled, and, 'What do you think was found inside of him?' asked the narrator, after pausing long enough to afford all present an opportunity to answer, he

added—'A sentry-box, with the door wide-open, and a soldier on post with fixed bayonet!'

"'I do not doubt it,' said a very grave gentleman, who was present, 'for I have witnessed something in the way of sharks almost as incredible as that—and as the preacher says, I will tell you what it was. You are all aware of the animosity of sailors against the whole tribe. Well, a shark, almost as large as that West-Indian of yours, was caught on board a ship not far from Trincomalee, and, according to custom, the crew began the attack as soon as he was on deck. One of the men came forward, I think he was one of the carpenters's gang, armed with a broad-axe, and with all his strength struck a blow at the animal's head. At the same instant the shark sprang forward and seized the axe between his teeth, and when it was wrenched out, which was not easily done, by the united force of many men, so strong was the grasp of the jaws, that the axe was split into filaments or teeth, and bore a strong resemblance to a fine tooth comb.'

"Although I am not exactly prepared to believe this last story, I have seen, in my short period of sea service, so many strange things, that I cannot exactly doubt its authenticity. Besides, I think, my doubting it, might not make it untrue, and I should run the risk of involving myself in a duel with the gentleman; but as you are not acquainted with him you may express any opinion you please on the subject, for, although I think he intimated he could produce the broad-axe to corroborate his statement, I do not recollect that he named the carpenter who struck the blow. Let me recommend one caution, however; scepticism on subjects of natural history is very dangerous; I have seen more than I dare tell with any hope of being believed."

The flesh of the shark is not very savory, whether stewed, fried or boiled; but may be eaten in preference to beef which has been steeped three years in salt, and become, through chemical reaction, as hard and almost as tasteless as mahogany. But the Chinese find in sharks' fins a delicacy, which they seek under a belief that they exert a rejuvenating influence, in some way opposed to the theories of Malthus.

April 5th. Lat. 19°35' north; Long. 49°04' west: temperature 82°F.

Last evening we saw the new moon, just twelve hours after the change; and the southern Cross was visible about fifteen degrees above the horizon, the whole circle of which was piled up with ash-colored clouds, said to be peculiar to the region of the north-east trade winds.

The first part of the night was very pleasant, a clear sky, a gentle breeze, and a smooth sea. Several officers were walking the deck, some were lounging on the taffrail, and the whole

watch seemed engaged in a pleasant conversation. In an instant the tranquillity of the scene was broken, by a cry from one of the cat-heads. "Light, ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Right ahead, sir," replied the look-out.

"Keep her away, a point, Quarter Master."

In a moment all were peering into the distance, to discover the light, which proved to be borne by a vessel steering nearly in our track, but in an opposite direction, with studding-sails set. We conjectured she was from Brazil, bound to the United States; and this conjecture made us regret that we had not met in the day, because we possibly might have put letters on board of her. She kept on her way; and disappeared in our wake, under the shadow of clouds which under-hung the new-moon.

April 7th. Lat. $16^{\circ}04'$ north; Long. $45^{\circ}53'$ west. To-night we gaze in admiration on a tropical sky; a brilliant new moon and bright, twinkling stars set in an azure field. The Southern Cross and Great Bear are both in sight; but in a few days, the north star will be lost to our view.

Soon after I joined the ship at New York, I was very cordially grasped by the hand and welcomed by a sailor, whose form and features were very familiar to me. My friend, whose name I did not at the instant recollect, soon made me understand we had been shipmates before; and that he remained grateful for some kindness which I had forgotten. I was unable to associate this man with his present name; but a little reflection connected him with small events of a former cruise in India, and these brought fresh to my memory the name then belonging to this individual. Standing close to him on deck the other day, I said, "Sutton, what made you change your name? When we sailed together fifteen years ago, your name was Sutton."

"Yes, sir! but that was not my right name; that was my Purser's name; I did not change it for any rascality. You see, I've got decent relations, and I got to drinking badly, and it distressed 'em so much, I ran away and shipped; and to save 'em the trouble of looking for me, I took a Purser's name, and called myself John Sutton. Then when we got home, I went to see my folks, and they were so glad to see me, I thought, as I did nothing to disgrace myself by being in the service, I would ship again by my right name, John Griffin. You see it was all done in a bit of a frolic, and no harm has come of it to any body."

A day or two since, Griffin, who holds the office of ship's painter, was engaged in renewing the paint on the iron work of a gun carriage,

near which I was standing. His countenance told me he was inclined to talk, and to indulge his inclination I remarked, "Well, Sutton, do you drink as much as ever; you know you were a pretty hard boy."

"Why, sir, I do not drink so often now; but, somehow, I can't give it up. You see, I have tried very hard; and cried over it as much as any poor devil you ever heard of, but it's no use. You see, there's two kinds of people born in this world; one kind is born to be drunkards, and one is not, and it's God's will, and there's no use of trying agin it."

"But, Griffin, you do God great injustice by supposing he designs to make you a miserable drunkard, in spite of your own sense. We are all free agents, and God has made us all equal in this respect. He has given out that all men are born free and equal; that is, every man may use his ability without hindrance, as long as he does not harm his neighbors."

"Well," said Sutton, turning a quid of tobacco in his cheek, "may be, God has Yankee notions on this subject; but I only get drunk now and then; you know, when I am sober, I am a good man, and harmless as a lamb."

This conversation, quaint enough in its way, reminded me that this man was ill at Bombay, of a fever, which at the same time, had prostrated a large number of the ship's company. An application of leeches, which are in that place very large and active, had been directed. I sat not far from the patient at night—out of sight—resting against a gun. Presently, I heard the well known voice of the Surgeon's Steward, who had just applied the leeches, in a tone that proved him to be drunk, say—Sutton—Sut—Sutton; I am under—your cot: if, you faint, Sutton; call me, Sutton; I say, Sutton, my boy, do you hear?"

Poor Sutton! At a subsequent period of the present cruise, he was aloft, when his head was unsteady from too strong potations, and he fell to the deck. He died a few days afterwards from the effects of the injuries he had received.

April 10th. Lat. $9^{\circ}39'$ north; long. $41^{\circ}37'$ west; thermometer 80° F; weather sultry. The wind does not favor us. There is reason to fear a long passage; we may not be able to get far enough to the eastward to enable the ship to pass Cape St. Roque without tacking and beating against the wind, which will require time. There are Mother Carey's Chickens and two or three Portuguese men-of-war around the ship; and the "tide rips" on the surface, caused by what seamen name the "equatorial currents" which are setting us to the westward at a rate of more than a mile an hour, and out of our course.

Strange are the wonders of the world. Phe-

nomena whose causes are not recognizable by men, are wonders; what is plain to the educated and instructed, may astonish or even terrify the ignorant. To-day we are without a shadow; the sun is vertical, and therefore, we have none. I once related to an eager listener, among the remarkable things which had fallen in my way, that I had been in the sunshine when my body cast no shadow. The effect was, to make him discredit all my statements. "It is impossible," said he, "for a man to stand in the sunshine and not make a shadow, unless he is possessed of the devil."

Seamen find great entertainment in speculating on the origin of currents. To them it is of great interest to ascertain, because there is a notion it would enable them to counteract the influence which currents exert upon the course of a ship in making her way over the trackless waste of waters.

April 12th. Lat. $6^{\circ}17'$ north; long. $37^{\circ}58'$ west; thermometer 81° F. The crew was exercised at "general quarters."

"All hands" were called "to witness punishment." The subjects of it were negroes, two servants; one stout, of athletic proportions and remarkable for his strength; the other smaller, slender, and in no respect above mediocrity in corporal power. Peter, the smaller one, had been drawn into a dispute with John, who struck him a blow which was promptly returned; in a word, a fight came off between them. John had been charged with stealing a pair of boots and selling them to one of the sailors. The charge was admitted by the accused, who acknowledged that he had stolen raisins, &c., on a former occasion. Several articles had been missed from the Ward-room, and for this reason the senior Lieutenant suggested that "an example" should be made of John.

This case falls under the provisions of certain articles of the law of 1800:

"ARTICLE 14. No officer or private in the Navy, shall disobey the lawful orders of his superior officer, or strike him, or draw, or offer to draw, or raise, any weapon against him, while in the execution of the duties of his office, on pain of death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall inflict."

"ARTICLE 15. No person in the Navy shall quarrel with any other person in the Navy, nor use provoking or reproachful words, gestures, or menaces, on pain of such punishment as a court-martial shall adjudge."

But it is believed that personal quarrels with or without fisty-cuffs, between privates, are rarely, if ever, brought before a court-martial in the Navy, for investigation. The authority assigned to courts-martial by these two articles, as far

as relates to privates, is commonly assumed by the commander, who, for the occasion, constitutes himself a court of *oyer-et-terminer* of summary proceeding. Indeed, a little reflection will lead to the conclusion that the petty quarrels ending in a boxing-match between privates, although worthy of notice and punishment, are not sufficiently grave, to require the interference of a court of the highest degree, known in military law. Such a court, for the sake of its own dignity, if nothing else, would be prone to award a much higher degree of castigation than such petty misbehavior merits; therefore, in disregarding the law thus far, and assuming authority in the premises, the commander pays respect to humanity and good sense.

"ARTICLE 26. Any theft, not exceeding twenty dollars, may be punished at the discretion of the Captain, and above that sum, as a court-martial shall direct."

The statute authorises the Commander, in such a case as that stated above, to punish for the theft according to his own discretion; but, for the quarrel, it gives him no power to chastise the culprits. For the reasons stated, it would be unjust to censure a commander for a seeming disregard of law, in punishing privates who may engage in personal quarrels. Although assault and battery does not constitute a criminal offence, it is probable, all such assumptions of authority, could be defended under the following:

"ARTICLE 32. All crimes committed by persons belonging to the Navy, which are not specified in the foregoing articles, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases at sea."

When all hands were assembled, the marines drawn up in line on the quarter deck, and the officers armed with drawn swords, the two negroes were brought to the gangway by the master-at-arms. They were stripped of every article of dress except the trowsers, and a cat-o'-nine-tails placed in the hands of each. No reason was assigned publicly for this proceeding. The commander addressed them this pithy speech:—"You wanted to fight; now go to work and lick each other."

John, the big negro, used his "cat" pretty sharply, but Peter did not return the blows, until the commander exclaimed: "Why the—, don't you use your cat?" Thus encouraged, he struck irregularly and without much effect. Presently, John seized Peter's "cat," and held it in one hand while he plyed his own "cat" with the other. After a few rounds, to the great amusement of the spectators, who testified their approbation by shouts of laughter, the commander said: "That will do: now, when you want to fight again, apply to me."

A "grating" of wood, used to cover the hatchways, was now placed on the deck, near the side of the ship, and John stood upon it, stretching up his arms at length, to the hammock-rail above his head, where his hands were lashed, while his feet were secured to the grating by stout cords. The master-at-arms covered the shoulders and back of the culprit with his shirt; and a boatswain's mate stood at a convenient distance, without his hat, armed with the "cat," ready to act in obedience to orders.

The commander remarked: "I suppose you know what you are to be licked for?" John replied affirmatively.

"Go on with him, boatswain's mate," rejoined the commander.

At the word, the master-at-arms lifted the shirt and stepped back with it, beyond the reach of the instrument of punishment, and the boatswain's mate, "according to the custom in such cases at sea," cleared his "cat" and laid its weight fairly across the jetty shoulders. The sharp crack of the thongs broke the silence, and instantly the master-at-arms said in a clear tone of voice, "one." The blows were repeated in quick succession, and the count was kept audibly until the legal dozen was reached, when the commander again interrupted: "That will do;" and turning to the first-lieutenant, continued: "You can pipe down, Sir."

In the mean time, the master-at-arms covered the culprit's back with his shirt; and John was speedily released from his uncomfortable position. He did not flinch under the infliction; or in the language of his shipmates, "he bore his flogging like a man," and, in their eyes, suffered no disgrace or degradation, either in consequence of the theft or the punishment.

Such cases never suffer enough to require medical or surgical treatment; for, however, severely the skin may smart and burn for an hour or two after this kind of stimulant, the sufferers always are too dignified to complain. Though John, in respect to public opinion, kept his dorsal sensations a profound secret, it is conjectured he would not risk having them renewed for the value of a pair of boots, added to several handfuls of raisins. All his subsequent pilferings, if indeed, he again ever indulged in such propensities at any subsequent period of the cruise, were doubtlessly conducted with the greatest circumspection, in fearful remembrance of the "cat."

It cannot be denied that this flogging a fellow is a revolting sight, and for the time, no doubt, efficiently painful; but, is it not better for the individual, and also for the community of which he constitutes a part, than to force him to expiate the offence by confinement in irons for thirty days on bread and water diet exclusively. It must not

be forgotten, that a flogging to the extent of a dozen lashes, well laid on, does not impair the vigor of a healthy man; he is in a condition for the discharge of his duty, the next hour after the infliction. But the problem is to be solved, what length of time, after a diet of bread and water for thirty days, must elapse before the culprit will be able to earn his pay: or how far such treatment may permanently injure the healthy condition of a subject possessed of what is termed a lymphatic temperament, in which the powers of nutrition and assimilation are naturally sluggish. Men of damaged constitutions, though seemingly in sound health; men who inherit a predisposition to consumption of the lungs, to scrofula and the like, or who have any tendency to scurvy, would have developed those diseases, in all probability as a consequence of such a penitential diet continued during a month. The laws which govern the animal functions cannot be infringed with impunity. Legislators should devise their modes of treating crime in full view of this fact; and not attempt to shift the responsibility of hazarding health and life in any one of their fellow-citizens, by imposing upon a medical officer the duty of deciding how long a man may be tortured by starvation without damage to his health. It is unjust to make a medical officer the arbiter between law and its victim. While respect to the law demands that the slow punishment should continue till the end of the allotted period, humanity requires that the prisoner should be rescued from the chances of long protracted disease terminating in premature death. To make these chances depend upon the judgment or conjecture of the medical officer, is to make him in fact an executioner, whose duty is to superintend slow torture, to watch its progress, and determine when it should be arrested to protect the health of the prisoner. It will be found no easy question to solve; how long may a man, with predisposition to consumption, be starved without developing the disease; yet, it seems probable, legislators will impose this question very frequently to medical officers of the navy. But it is still to be hoped, that the medical officers of the navy, should such an odious duty be imposed upon them, will have courage enough to force the legislators, in the slang phrase sometimes used in legislative halls, "to face the music," by forbearing to interfere, with the operation of the law in any case, until the very last moment. Let sailors and soldiers be starved into incurable disease, on a theory of humanity; but do not hold medical men responsible for the result. It would be humane to enact a law on the subject which cannot operate unequally through the benevolence or the erroneous judgment of any medical officer. There

should be no escape of punishment on the ground that the health of the culprit will suffer by the infliction; immunity should not be provided for evil-doers of bad or damaged physical constitution.

The law which confers power on an individual to starve a man for thirty days arbitrarily, is inconsistent with humanity, with our institutions, and opens a door to greater cruelty and abuse than was ever inflicted under the barbarous law of the year 1800. There is no comparison between the severity of thirty days starvation and a dozen lashes well laid on; there is surely no difference in the degradation of the two modes of punishment; disgrace should inure to crime, not to the castigation. Who will contend that the infamy of murder is contingent upon the gibbet and the executioner? The headsman's axe never inflicted disgrace upon an innocent victim. It may be asked, why should the guilty escape punishment through a lackadaisical apprehension that it will disgrace or degrade them? Why should the restraining influence which a fear of disgrace or degradation, which the transcendently benevolent tell us inures to punishment, be removed from those who might be, without such influence, prone to offend against the community? Must effectual modes of punishment be abandoned on a theory that it is essential, in view of humanity, to preserve the guilty and innocent equal in character and respectability? It is believed no civil court could be restrained from awarding sentence of the law on a burglar, on a plea that a man cannot be confined in a penitentiary at labor without injury to his reputation in the community.

The combat between the two negroes armed with "cats," which took place in presence of the assembled crew, was not generally approved: but it was, most probably, in the opinion of the commander, in conformity to the usage of the sea-service, and therefore, legal, although no other officer on board had ever witnessed precisely such an exhibition. I feel well assured, however, that the commander acted on a conviction that he was doing the best for the preservation of the discipline of the ship. But, it is probable the example was not beneficial; because the scene seemed to possess the same kind of interest for the crew, as may be observed in an audience at a bull-bait, or a prize-fight between boxers.

This might be cited among many instances, to show the evils which may arise from indefinite penal law. It is not necessary that any offence should be punishable according to the usage of the sea-service, which means, in fact, according to the habit or usage observed by the commander whose duty it is to adjudicate the case. If closely

investigated, it would be probably ascertained, that there is no uniformity of view among commanders upon any one point, connect with this most indefinite of all laws, the usage or custom of the sea-service; the term should find no place in any statute devised for observance in the navy. It will be a fruitful source of evil, of injustice and complaint, as long as it is permitted to remain.

To "Feather" on her Birth-Day.

The flowers of April gem the grass
And tender buds on every tree,
And waving herbage on the lea
Of Spring, and little clouds that pass,

Steeping a moment in their shade
The beauteous face of nature, tell
That we have bid the snows farewell,
That Winter and his ghost are laid!

The Spring, a smiling angel, bright
With violets and primrose sweet,
Stands crowned, the Storm-King at her feet,
And in her eyes a heavenly light.

Twelve years ago, she stood as now,
Each year her form has graced the earth
As bright as now; and all her mirth
And joy fell on my darling's brow.

Twelve years ago, as fair a morn
As this came far across the wave,
Joy-heralded, with colors brave
As those by wandering Maïa worn.

Twelve years ago, a little child
Began to clap her tiny hands
And laugh and crow, while all the lands
With fair mid-April blushed and smiled.

And now she is my little pet.—
A maiden bright in childhood's joy,
With whose young happy life the alloy
Of sorrow scarce has mingled yet.

And may it mingle never, dear!
But all be April's sunny grace!
And may my darling's smiling face
Beam ever, never pale with care.

Heaven grant that she may find this life
The portal to a happier land!
And as when on the wave-lashed strand
The sunshine falls with clouds at strife

See on the shore of earth, before
That loudly-sounding mighty sea,
Glimpses of brighter things to be,
Of joys that live forevermore!

A sage of other days rejoiced
That heaven had sent him to the world,
When Spring her golden flag unfurled,
And rung with songsters many-voiced

In every grove—that those who smiled
At the babe's graces in those hours
Might, on his cradle scattering flowers
So bless the future of the child.

May such young flowers still typify
My darling, and her life go on
Like golden arrows from the dawn
Scattered upon the clouds that lie

Upon the skies of life : and bright
Dawn all her birth-days here below,
'Till her all happy earth-time go
To the land, blind with dazzling light.

15 April, 1852.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH. (CONTINUED.)

Every community holds within itself many other communities, which, like the hidden wheels in a perfect watch, determine, themselves unseen, the movements that appear upon its face; and by their regular or irregular action, make its motion perfect or imperfect. We will consider some of them. The religious societies or churches of Richmond are numerous and flourishing. The houses of worship are, many of them, handsome structures, and all seem generally well attended; making, in this respect, a marked difference between the present and the former city of Richmond. There are all the various denominations, Protestant and Catholic, Unitarian, Jew and Quaker, in this city; the members of these churches form a large part of the population, and by their number, exercise a controlling influence over the community. Necessarily they are friends of law and order; and it is partly owing to their influence, added to that native love of order which characterizes the Virginia people, that we have never seen a mob in Richmond. In a city of the size, and with the mixed population, it is rare to have the city proceedings carried on with the regularity, and with the observance of good order, that we find here.

For a city, or a nation, that State pride in the love of law and order which we possess, has far more influence, and is, for the mass of people, a safer guide, than religious influence; because the one influences but a small number of persons in reality, and those the most quiet of our citizens; while the other affects men in the mass, and even the most angry and headstrong, come under its sway. The one strives to prevent evil; the other directs and controls it, so as to limit its action.

Another class of communities, are the various

secret societies that flourish in Richmond. The Masons have several Lodges, and possess some of the most influential citizens in their number; the Odd Fellows, the Druids, the Sons of Temperance, and the Rechabites, are large and firmly united bodies of men. The principles of brotherhood, or fellowship, of secrecy and of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, have caused the existence of some, and the flourishing condition of all. In fact, leaving out Masonry, which dates from a period so distant, that man's records do not reach its origin, they seem to have arisen from a desire to counteract the selfishness inherent in our nature, which would make us neglect the sick, and look upon all men as enemies or rivals. Where religion has no influence, (and the mass of men have it not,) these benevolent orders produce friendly feelings; and by the sanctity of their obligation, require that the sick should be attended and provision made for doing good. The necessity that produced them keeps them in existence, by a continual demand for the exercise of their peculiar laws; their secrecy is a cloak of protection against impostors, and is also a bond of union among the members.

The last two mentioned bodies have more influence on society than the others; their peculiar principle, of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, has already worked decidedly in reforming the community, and much more may be expected from a body of 1,000 men, pledged by precept and example to carry out the principles of their society. Such a body, so laboring for the good of the community, deserves at least the praise of disinterested patriotism; and should be encouraged by all who think that the permanence of our institutions depends on the virtue of our citizens.

There are several other benevolent societies, for the purpose of distributing bibles, tracts, attending the poor when sick, and giving them work when well, managing orphan asylums, &c., &c., which are in active operation in the city; they belong more or less to the churches, and may be considered so many fruit-bearing branches of different religious denominations.

The military spirit exhibits itself in forming and keeping up various volunteer companies in Richmond. Artillery, cavalry and infantry may be seen on a fair turn out among the city companies. The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, one of the oldest companies in the country, takes the lead; and, beside others, the German, the Irish, and the Scotch, have each their own national company. Add to these the well-drilled Public Guard, under Capt. Dimmock, and Richmond possesses ten efficient companies of armed men, besides a numerous though untrained militia, and a large store of arms in the arsenal. She is thus admirably

qualified to resist foreign invasion, or to put down intestinal war.

Among the benevolent societies of the city, should have been mentioned the Fire Companies. They deserve notice from their usefulness and from their peculiar organization. There are seven engines, all under the control of one association, and this forms a Fire Insurance Company: every member of a fire company must possess at least one share of stock, that thus his own interest may coincide with that of the insurance company, in preventing and putting out fires. The city being divided into three wards, and being of a very hilly character, the engines of one extremity of the city are not permitted to go farther than the middle ward; while those of the middle ward go to either side in case of fire. This prevents crowding to fires, and consequent quarrelling for place; and is necessary in so rough and extensive a city, lest fire might show itself in one ward, when every engine and fireman was away in a distant part of the city, with steep hills to climb in returning. The companies are very efficient, being well-manned and officered; their duty is well done, without riot or disturbance. The firemen are exempt from serving on juries, and this exemption strengthens the companies; as it is far more easy and more pleasant too to drown the fire in a neighbor's house, than to put an end to strife and quench the flames of discord between man and man.

Societies of all kinds flourish here, and companies are formed to carry out their objects. Insurance against loss by fire, insurance of lives are provided for; health agencies exist, and associations for almost every purpose are easily brought into being. Yet there is one enterprise that seems to have languished for want of a just appreciation by the citizens. Some public spirited men had organized a company, and purchased, and laid out a handsome cemetery upon the river bank. This scheme has met with neglect and opposition from many of the citizens, instead of being gladly seized on as providing a beautiful place of promenade for the living, and of ornamental repose for the dead. No cemetery in this country combines such beauty of situation or of view, as this one, except Mount Auburn. It is to be hoped that the absurd objections against this place of sepulture, are losing ground in the opinions of the community; and that Richmond, like other large cities, will possess in Hollywood a Cemetery suitable to its rank and increasing importance.

Education is well provided for in Richmond, by its numerous and well-appointed schools and academies. The Lancasterian school is supported partly by the funds of the town, and partly by voluntary subscription; by it the benefits of

a good education are brought to all who will take them. The mass of the children are taught in private, or in denominational schools; where the ability of the teachers, and the wisdom of the managers, are shown in the prosperity of the establishment. The Baptists have a College for the instruction of their own people; the Roman Catholics another; and there are many other schools in the city under the influence of other religious doctrines. The female seminary of the Rev. Mr. Hoge, is under the influence of the Presbyterians, and that of Mrs. Mead is similarly attached to the Episcopalian church. It is better to place education under church influence, than under that of the State; and by leaving the whole matter to the activity and emulation, as well as to the real learning and sanctified wisdom, of the leading men of the various denominations, a better system of education must result, than does now from the abortive effort made by the State to educate its sons and daughters. The government cannot, itself, educate the community; it can only act by a cloud of irresponsible and ignorant school-masters; nor would it be right for it to exercise the power, if it possessed the ability of imparting a good education. It is no more a part of government to provide education to the people, than it is to provide labour and wages; nor is it right to tax one section of a community to educate the other. Another objection is, that State education must be an irreligious education; if the effort be made by a State to educate religiously its people, it either fails totally, or else a tyrannical union of Church and State results.

A splendid system of State education may look well on paper, and excite the praises of superficial minds; yet, as in many of our northern States, where so much boast is made of the common school system, it has proved a splendid failure, or has been a source of continual wrangling and dispute in regard to religious teaching. Nor do we find those communities, said to be best educated there, most remarkable for good order and for that obedience to law, which constitutes the glory of a State. Educated intelligence, without refinement or religion, must lead man to error; and a government, so based, tends to misrule. Schools originated and sustained by private, or denominational enterprise, are best; of such kinds are the schools in Richmond.

Much has been said, and many desponding expressions used, in reference to the degeneracy of Virginia, and the amount of ignorance among her population. And, if we believe the assertions of some, all that is wanted to make every man, woman and child in the State learned, wise and happy, is to build up school houses every where, and teach every one to read, write and

cipher. Such a plan we consider impracticable in our thinly settled country, impossible to carry out, unless attendance is made compulsory by law, improper and tyrannical if such forced attendance is required, and inefficient to accomplish good proportioned to the expense and trouble necessary. It might produce a herd of spelling-book philosophers and primmer literati; but could hardly afford even the means of a good education, in the right sense of that term. For the least part of education is that acquired in the walls of a school room.

The State should afford to all its youth, so far as it can without oppressive taxation, the means, not of a common school education, but of obtaining the very best and most concentrated knowledge. And to do this she should bring together Libraries, and endow Colleges; access to which, and to the stores of information and means of acquiring knowledge, which they possess, should be opened at merely nominal prices to all Virginians. We would wish to see the University of Virginia containing, not 400 students, as at present, but 4,000; and a Library proportioned in extent to the number of its students. Knowledge, like heat and light, must come from above. Great ideas, important improvements in science and art, come not from the collected atoms of the mass of minds—they are the godlike emanations of individual men, and flash out from some high point of intellect to illumine and enliven, as the rays of the sun do, all beneath them. We have enough of common minds in Virginia; we have enough of half-educated men; what we need, is an opportunity of thorough cultivation to all who are capable of, and desire it. It has been computed, that if all the lamps, candles, and other means of producing light, which are nightly used on the dark half of the earth, were collected in one mass, there would be produced a light and heat equal to that of the sun in its full shining. Yet, being scattered, they cannot overcome the darkness of the shadow of the earth, and appear insignificant when compared with the bright god of day. A similar comparison might be made between such farthing rush-lights as the common schools, and the concentrated intelligence, deep and thorough culture, and decided mental impression found in and made by a well-endowed and justly constituted University.

In 1838, the Medical Department of Hampden Sydney College was transferred to Richmond, and has been slowly gathering reputation, and increasing its number of students ever since. A handsome building has been erected on College street, in the rear of the Monumental Church; it is 100 feet long and 60 broad, and is of the Egyptian style of architecture, being one of the

very few specimens of that mode of building in this country. It is well built, well arranged for all the purposes of a Medical College, and well situated. From being placed, however, in rather an out of the way spot, it adds but little ornament to the city. The same consideration that makes us wish Richmond to be the concentrated intelligence and great city of our State, would lead us to encourage this school. No good medical school has ever flourished out of a great city; for none other can afford sufficient material to maintain one. The increase of Richmond will benefit the school, and its increased attendance, by men from all parts of our State and Southern country, must benefit our city. Some two hundred students annually go from Virginia alone, to Northern medical colleges, and probably between six and seven hundred from the Southern States. Their estimated expenses, amounting to something like half a million a year, is thus borne off to the Northern cities by Southern students. It surely is our interest, so to build up our city, and our Medical College, that we may prevent this emigration of men and money, and thus make Richmond the Medical capital of Virginia and of the South. There can be no doubt that much trade flows into Philadelphia through her medical students, and that indirectly they benefit that city. The various trades that belong to medicine, the very commerce that is carried on in drugs, and the money paid for the medical journals in such a city as Philadelphia; with the sums expended by medical students, and by the patients that follow in the wake of the great medical reputations there, make up a sum almost, if not entirely, equal to the trade of Richmond. And most of this comes from the South.

By improving and building up our school, we effect another purpose; not only is there increase of wealth and reputation, but we also raise the intellectual character of the profession throughout the State; and by concentrating, as in a focus, the scattered rays of intellect and of genius, the fame of Virginia will burn brighter and her light shine farther. To do this several things are necessary: we must have both additions and changes before our standard of medical education can be raised to its proper height. There should be a school of Pharmacy in Richmond, to afford every advantage for the study of the various drugs and articles used in the practice of medicine; this is the more necessary, as there is no school of the kind in the whole South, and none nearer than Philadelphia. It is hoped that some of our physicians and druggists will take interest enough in this matter to form such a school. We have already a State Medical Society holding its meetings here; in it, essays are read and discussions are carried on upon diseases and their

treatment. It is well attended, and mutual benefit results from its meetings. Branch societies exist in different parts of the State, and a more general interest is now felt in regard to medical science.

Recently a medical journal, the *Stethoscope*, has been established. It is the first and only one of the kind in Virginia; and certainly is very much needed. For if properly supported by the profession, it will, without doubt, be a valuable mean of collecting information, and of stimulating the medical mind of the State. No pains will be spared by its able editor, Dr. Gooch, assisted by the faculty generally of the city, to render it an excellent Virginia medical journal. This Medical Society, it is hoped and intended, will become eventually a College of Physicians, similar in aim and principle to that of London; and this journal serves as its organ, and as the voice of the profession in the State and in the South.

Some change should also be made in the medical schools of the State. The one in the University is more thorough in its course than any other school in this country, yet from its being in a small town, must ever remain a miniature school. It will be necessary, in order to form one good medical college, to combine the school of the University and the school of Richmond; retaining the course of instruction of the one, and the city advantages of the other. We should thus have the best men of both schools, and the most perfect course of instruction, with all other advantages. Then, again, to keep this up as a superior institution, the system of "conours" should be adopted in filling vacancies; that is, whenever a chair is vacant, let it be advertised, and let him who can prove himself, before competent examiners, the best informed physician, and the most able instructor, receive the chair as reward of merit. It is this system which makes the French schools of medicine superior to all others, and it is besides better suited to our republican principles than the present one.

Let these, or similar changes be made, and the Virginia school of Medicine will acquire greater reputation, and attract a larger number of students. We must make it not only good;—it must be superior; for thus only can we overcome the reputation that bears off so many Virginia students to Northern colleges. It is not just to blame any man for going out of Virginia to obtain a superior education. One must be perfectly selfish in getting an education; and go wherever it can be obtained best and cheapest. Patriotism has nothing to do with obtaining knowledge; and to excuse a bad education because one was too patriotic to get a better one, is the extreme of folly. Learning has no country or

climate; it owns no political limits; but is free to all countries as the winds that sweep over them, and universal in its benefits as the air we breathe.

We wish and hope that the Legislature of Virginia would take this matter into consideration, so that Richmond may become important to Virginia and to the South generally as a school of Medicine. They have already assisted the College here existing; yet by extending judicious and abundant aid, and by wise legislation on the subject of medical instruction, they may enable the faculty to build up and perpetuate a great State school of medicine.

Although there are many men in Richmond and in Virginia who have highly cultivated minds, and possess great acuteness of intellect, few or none have ever devoted themselves to scientific pursuits with ardour. There has been no demand for such men by the public, and in consequence the few Virginians who have cultivated deeply the sciences, have sought fame and appreciation in other States. With every material to make a scientific people, Virginia has allowed the talent within her to lie idle, and made no steady effort to develop her resources by the scientific observation of her sons. It only requires the same time that is wasted in politics, and the same energy that has given her the lead in other things, to give her superiority in scientific pursuits, or in the arts that adorn the old age of nations. In the South men study the sciences for amusement, or as an accomplishment; they have no ulterior end in view. Whereas in those countries, in which scientific knowledge abounds, those who cultivate it, have in view the emoluments and the fame which knowledge brings; they expect to lecture or to publish; to fill professors' chairs, or to improve the arts. Consequently their scientific knowledge is thorough, and the pursuit of it ardent. Thus we in the South, pursuing that as an amusement, which the men of the North follow as an employment, have not equalled them in the completeness or thoroughness of our scientific attainments. The same observation and comparison holds good in literature; for we possess both sufficient intellect and insufficient industry.

The Historical Society is the nearest approach to any thing of this kind in Virginia, and it has but a galvanized existence. The meetings are held in this city, and the annual address attracts attention. William C. Rives, now Minister to France, is its President. The public have not taken much interests in its objects; and have neglected the periodical published by its Secretary, William Maxwell. This is an able little journal; devoted, of course, to the history and antiquities of Virginia, and called *The Virginia*

Historical Register; it deserves more notice at the hands of the public than it has yet received. The editor designs it to be a storehouse of facts in relation to our early history; and if properly aided by those who have opportunity of collecting such facts, or of making antiquarian researches, will render it a valuable collection of historical records.

It would scarcely be proper in writing the history of any place of importance, to omit some account and description of its press. In fact, the corp of editors, form the most influential body in every country where the press is free; and well deserve the name of *The Fourth Estate*. In our day and country, they represent the communities among which they live, they are mouth-pieces for the silent masses, and possess more effective influence than any number of the most eloquent orators. They speak to men of all ages and in all places, they give information to the deaf, who cannot hear the orator, and bring persuasion to the contentious partizan, who will not listen to the words of an opponent. The press not only represents, it also forms public opinion, and either elevates or depraves the sentiments and the character of a people. He was a wise man, who said, in olden time: "Let me make the songs, and I care not who writes the laws of the nation." Had he lived in these times, he would have said: "Let me direct the press, and I care not who makes the laws or the songs, or even writes the books, or directs the government of the people." His knowledge is, indeed, power, who manages an influential press; for, he not only puts thoughts into the mind, and excites emotions in the heart, but also brings words to the lips, and arms that mighty weapon, the tongue, with its most powerful means of assault and defence. It may fairly be asserted, that the substance of almost the whole conversation of an entire community, for a whole day, may be found in the morning papers of that day. The newspaper press of a city, is, in fact, so many brain-points for that city. And, our great boast, as a people, is, not that we can bring three million of bayonets into the field to meet an invading foe; not that we live in a country where equal rights are extended to every class of citizens, and where the will of the people is the law of the land; it is, that we are a people who possess twenty-eight hundred newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 5,000,000. A free press is at once the symbol and the cause of liberty in a people. It is not necessary to inform the Richmond public, that their papers indicate a high order of talent; and, that their influence, throughout the State, is more powerful, than the press of any other city in any other State. The political character of Virginia, has been very

much formed and kept in existence, by the intellect and energy that has marked the political papers of this city. And this character of the press has resulted from the fact, that Richmond has not only been the Capital of the State, but also the place of holding great Conventions, where great men have gathered together, and have sent forth resolutions and opinions, that have ruled the Commonwealth. It is, in fact, the political heart of Virginia; and, by its press, has pulsated through the whole State. Within a few years past, several new papers have been added to the number of those already existing: a greater stimulus has thus been given; a more extended and varied amount of knowledge required, and a higher grade of intellect exhibited in the press now, than in former years. In its influential press, Richmond is, beyond all question, the capital city of Virginia.

Richmond is admirably suited for trade and for manufactures. Her position was chosen, as formerly mentioned, under the Indian Rule, from its facilities as a place of trade, and it is now realizing the justice of its selection. Placed in the centre of Eastern Virginia, at the head of tide-water navigation, having a fine, large, tobacco producing back country, with extensive coal fields on each side of it, and minerals and metals in abundance in the regions above it, connected by its canal, with the wheat growing upper country, and with Railroads extending their arms in every direction around, she draws, necessarily, heavy trade from Virginia, East and West, and from North Carolina.

By carrying out her present schemes of improvement, she will connect herself with the Ohio river, and with the Mississippi, and thus will gather much Western trade and travel unto herself. Her merchants are very active in these schemes, and are pursuing an enlightened policy, that will very much benefit their city.

For manufacturing purposes, Richmond has a situation equal to any other place in this country; its water power is certainly unsurpassed, and is sufficient to make her another Lowell. The population might be increased 50,000 persons, employed in and about her manufactories, without making full use of her immense power; which seems, indeed, sufficient to put in action machinery of all kinds for all purposes.

Some account of those already in existence, may be found in the Richmond Directory, published by William L. Montague, which contains much interesting matter relating to this city.

Richmond might become the great manufacturing city of the South. It has around it, and in parts of Virginia accessible to it, treasures of metals that would give great scope to manufacturing enterprise. Virginia has lead enough to

furnish shot to the whole country, yet her mines are not worked, nor is there a single shot-tower in Richmond, or in the State. Her mountain caves yield saltpetre, and sulphur is abundantly found, yet she buys foreign gunpowder, and relies on other States for the very materials of self-defence. With abundance of copper ore, she has no smelting establishment in Richmond, to encourage the working or to afford a market for the produce of the mines. She possesses a single factory for making nails to drive down her floors, and none to make a sheet of lead or zinc to cover her roofs. She is dependent on other States for her manufactures, and instead of making locomotives* in this age of progress, is still rearing race horses!

It may be said, that these require capital and skill, to undertake and carry them on with success, and therefore, are unlikely to succeed here. Yet, the same may be said of manufacturing tobacco; although large quantities of that article are manufactured in Richmond, and its value very much increased in the process.

There can be no doubt, that more than half the tobacco crop of the State is worked up, and the value increased, by the labour bestowed on it, a hundred per cent. It would be good policy to export none but manufactured tobacco, thus employing our own labour in enhancing the value of our ancient staple.

Again, much of the imperfect and refuse article, is sent to foreign countries, there manufactured, and comes back to us in the form of snuff. It may not be out of place to suggest, that it is not impossible to make snuff in Richmond. James River would probably furnish water power to turn a snuff mill without interfering with its other employments; and the good people of Richmond could go to mill with their boxes, or have a snuff cart perambulating the streets to supply customers. The coarse tobacco, the stems picked out of the leaves, and all the refuse parts, are sold for this purpose; and the difference in value, between the unmanufactured and the manufactured article, is indicated by the price at which one is sold and the other bought. The stems are bought for from two to four cents a pound; the foreign snuff sells here for three dollars, and the northern have half a dollar to a quarter per pound. The expense of the Atlantic voyage, in going and returning, the manufacturers' profits, and the exorbitant Custom House duties in foreign countries, make this price so heavy. Yet, the profits necessarily made in this manufacture, by the men of the North, should stimu-

late us to take in our own hands, this entire business. There are about 45,000 hogsheads of tobacco, annually made in Virginia, estimated at \$5,000,000 value. Of this, from 25,000 to 30,000 hogsheads are manufactured; and the rest, with the stems, taken from the leaf, previous to manufacture, are sold to foreign countries, or in the North. The manufactured article is increased more than an hundred per cent in value; and the stems, &c., which constitute one-fourth of the leaf, are also sold for their specific purpose and price. Consequently, if the whole was worked up, as it should be, the tobacco crop of the State would be then worth at least \$10,000,000 in the manufactured article alone. And if the one-fourth or one-fifth part of which the entire consists, were ground and compounded into snuff, it would set the whole world sneezing; inasmuch as there would result some 21,600,000 pounds of snuff, (one pound of tobacco, making, by the mixture used, two pounds of this titillating powder.) Truly, Virginia would make a noise in the world, if this was put to use!

We know that manufactured tobacco cannot be entered in the European ports, and that these calculations could not be realized. We have made them simply to show a neglected source of wealth; in the creation of which, slave labour can be largely employed, and which becomes an important subject of consideration, when we consider the increasing commercial importance of our position as a State; as the trade with and from South America, and that of Asia, will soon pass along our coast or through our territory.

There is another branch of industry, which does not require much skill or capital, which may be, without trouble, extended as it proves profitable, and which has never been cultivated in the Old Dominion. We allude to Gold Beating. The Gold Mines of Virginia, should be a source of wealth to the State; they are, instead, a means of impoverishing it. We produce the raw material, and send it off to the Mint. In digging the gold, we do little more than pay for the labour employed, and we ruin the soil, utterly; no real benefit results from gold mines, to the community in which they are found. Yet, no substance is so valuable, when manufactured; the king of metals repays its labourer in a kingly manner. Let any sum in gold be manufactured into jewelry; its value is increased at least four hundred per cent. The gold pen, the simplest form of manufactured gold, will sell for from four to eight times the value of the metal. And so of every other form of manufacture. In making the gold leaf, for the dentist or the gilder, the metal is first rolled out thinly, and then beaten with heavy hammers, to reduce it to the requisite degree of tenuity. The hammers are

* We deem it just to our manufacturers to state, that the finest Locomotives are built in our City by Mr. J. R. Anderson and Talbot & Brother.—ED. MESS.

changed as the gold becomes thinner; and to render the work uniform, as well as to prevent waste, the metal is placed between layers of animal membrane; and of these, the best are made of the membrane that surrounds the heart of the ox, or from parts of the intestines. By this process, an ounce of gold (a doubloon) may be made to cover a space equal to 160 square feet; it will take 232,000 such sheets, to make the thickness of an inch; and it is so thin, that light will shine through it, yet is its continuity perfect. To do this, requires the hammer, the anvil, the membranes, and the hand to use them. Care is taken, that no loss occurs, by daily washing the bodies of the workmen, and collecting the dust of the shop; all which passes through the crucible, and the scattered or adherent particles, are thus collected.

The quantity of gold from Virginia, coined in the United States Mint, during the year 1849, was valued at \$129,382; from the quantity bought up by jewelers, or sold in other ways, it may be estimated that 150,000 pennyweights of gold were dug in Virginia alone, during that year. And since the year 1824, when gold was first found in one or two spots, up to the present time, (1850) with very little more than surface workings in a few counties of the State, more than two million dollars worth of gold, has been found in Virginia. If this amount had been beaten out into gold leaf, it would have covered over, with thin gold, a farm of 500 acres; and would have been increased in value, by the manufacture, to five or six millions. If made into gold pens, it would have furnished from six to seven million pens, valued and sold at a dollar for each; thus enhancing the value of the article three hundred per cent. Again, if manufactured into jewelry, while the expense of working and the skill necessary, would be much greater than is required in either of these modes of manufacture, the proportionate increase in value, would far exceed either the beaten leaf or the manufactured pen. Much depends on the fashion of jewelry; and probably one-fourth or one-third the cost of such ornaments, arises from the fashion of the time. This, added to the alloy used, and the workman's skill employed in the manufacture, would render an hundred dollars of gold capable of being worked into jewelry, sold for ten times that sum. The gold of Virginia, is but a small part of her annual products, yet, it is sent from her unmanufactured; whereas, large numbers of her people could be employed in the various kinds of work resulting from its use, and her wealth materially enhanced by such manufactures.

It was, at one time expected, that the silk-worm and the mulberry would be largely cultivated in Virginia, and that Richmond would be-

come a market for silk, and a place of manufacture for its beautiful fabrics. As when rightly looked at, the handsome houses and the extended streets, the wealth and the commerce of Lyons, in France, were built up by the insignificant silk work, (so that not inappropriately, it may be termed, one vast cocoon.) a similar cause acting here, would produce similar and equal results. Such anticipations have been disappointed, by the entire absence of the silk culture in Virginia; although it may be demonstrated that the worm flourishes here, that it can be made profitable, that such a staple is well adapted to our climate, and that for the cultivation of staple crops, our slave population is peculiarly fitted. Yet, it is thought better by our farmers to impoverish their lands, and to make a bare support for themselves and their slaves, by the present system of cultivation; while the trash gang, as it is called, consisting of the women and children, could attend silk worms enough to pay all expenses, and to enrich their owner.

It is no new thing in Virginia, to raise silk; attention was early paid here to its cultivation, and the coronation robe of Charles Second of England, was made from silk raised and spun in the county of Gloucester.

Again, of another article, we believe that the great staple of China can be raised in Virginia; it remains to be shown with what success, and at what profit. Tea is a saleable article, its use increasing, and becoming universal, its effect on man a good one, and its price great. These are inducements to cultivate it. An effort is now making, to introduce it in South Carolina, with every prospect of success. Lower Virginia, in its relation to the ocean, and its prevailing winds, in its numerous rivers, intersecting and rendering unhealthy the country, in the tendency to malaria, &c., closely resembles China. We have too, a large population, (as was said in speaking of silk, another product of China.) that from exhaustion of the soil, and the absence of staple crops, do not support themselves by their labour; who grow up and are sold off, to pay the expense of bringing them up, and to support those who stay behind. The cultivation of the tea plant, as of the silk worm, would give profitable employment to this class; and thus prevent that constant sending off of slaves to the Southern States, which is rapidly depriving Virginia of her labouring population.

Again, in tea drinking, and tea producing countries, there is but little malarious influence; it is probable that the bad air, bad water, and abundant malaria of China, compelled the use of this plant; some skilful physician discovered its properties, and made its use universal. Now, the malarious tendencies of our lower country, are

well known; and in this point of view, perhaps, the cultivation of the health-giving tea plant, may be thought worthy of consideration.

Wine making is another occupation that has never flourished in this State. Although we are opposed to its use; yet, as the mass of men will ever drink, it is better that fermented liquors should take the place of distilled spirits; wine is certainly less hurtful than whiskey, and it is more patriotic as well as more wholesome, to drink the pure wines of our own country, than foreign adulterated mixtures. Wine drinking countries, are temperate countries; a drunken man is a rare sight in the lands where the vine grows freely. The same cannot be said of a whiskey, and rum drinking community. The vine can be raised with profit on our soil, and its fruit may become a profitable source of commerce. The very blackberry that covers our worn out soils, will yield a wine, equal in strength, and similar and superior in medicinal properties, to the best Port wine.

In the tea making, wine producing, and silk growing countries, we find wealth and commerce to exist, and that the condition of the people improves. They may be called agricultural manufactures; and their tendency is to disseminate wealth throughout a community; as well as by creating commerce, to build up its cities. No nation can rise to eminence, and retain it, if her people follow only one occupation, or pursue only one road to reputation. Agriculture has been our only employment, and political renown our only pursuit. Both are worthy of being followed; for, the science of government, and the culture of the earth, are occupations fit for freemen. Yet, we may pursue either improperly, and to an excess; our agriculture has worn out our soil, and our mad pursuit of political honour, has impoverished our State; the one pursuit is as barren as the other; and to enrich Virginia, we must turn our energies into other channels also. Agriculture to produce, manufactures to increase the value of those products, and commerce to disseminate the manufactured articles, and enhance their price, make the wealth of a State, and form a triple cord, that binds society into an active and mutually dependent body. In Virginia, we have no commerce, scarcely any manufactures, and an imperfect and murderous system of agriculture. Richmond affords facilities of the best kind for trade and for manufactures; as the great city, and place where everything is centering in the State, it furnishes every advantage, to employ the rich agricultural and mineral resources of the old Dominion. When the lines of communication, now making, shall terminate here, and all the improvements contemplated, be finished; when the James River shall be so cleared out, that vessels can sail above the bar,

and enter the dock; when foreign commerce shall pour its treasures into our store-houses; and trade, having its beginnings in the distant California, shall come on the rivers and through the States of the West to our doors; when the spirit of manufacturing shall spread among her citizens, and the immense water power be used in developing and increasing the resources brought in by this trade, creating commerce, and enlivening and enriching our State; then will Richmond take the place which, from her position and natural advantages she was designed to occupy, as the great commercial manufacturing city of Virginia and the South.

THE STYGIAN RIVER.

BY GEORGE E. SENSENEY.

Across the Stygian river
The boatman Charon rows;
Right to and fro for ever,
No holiday he knows.
In vain we would discover,
With mortal eyes, the track,
Though myriads pass over,
There never one came back.

Along the margin dreary,
Beneath the cypress cold,
Stand many, sad and weary,
Holding no boughs of gold.
Why should they look so sombre,
Beside the waters black?
From all the countless number,
There never one came back.

The lover and the maiden,
The olden and the young,
The soul with sorrow laden,
Beauty idolized and sung:
They come, they throng together,
Awe-hushed, demoniac,
They go, they know not whither,
There never one came back.

Across the Stygian river
The boatman Charon rows;
Right to and fro for ever,
No holiday he knows.
His heart hath high pulsations,
His will doth never lack,
His oar hath ferried nations
Where never one came back.

A DAY OR TWO IN IRELAND.

(COPIED FROM MY JOURNAL.)

Monday, Sept. 1, 1851. Here is the Fall. I left home the last week of Spring, and so have been absent an entire season. The summer, with its harvest, its fruits and flowers, is over. The grain that I left growing is housed; the corn that was hardly above the ground is matured, and its heavy ears will be hanging from the stalks when I return; the grass fields will be brown—the early falling leaves will be beginning to drop—the evening of the year will be coming on, and nature will be looking forward to the repose of winter. These changes I can anticipate; but what are the changes that will surprise me when I see them? How much, oh, how much that is precious to me, does that home contain! Is it now, as it was when I left it? Wife, and dear children, and friends? No: every thing is not the same. The world has its being in vicissitude, and doubtless some change has occurred in the circle most important to me. I had this morning a shade of trouble to pass across my breast. I felt as if my nest of young ones was invaded, and as if their mother was struggling to defend them, and was calling aloud for me. Oh, that I had the unwearied wings of an eagle, to clear the space that separates me from my loved ones: and if these, what then? Suppose you found the dearest of them all, stretched upon a bed of sickness, with the wing of the Death-Angel shadowing the pale brow—what, weak man, couldst thou do? What, but pray! and that thou mayst do, as well, as earnestly, and as efficiently here as there—and therefore pray. Ah, have I ever forgotten to invoke for the loved of my heart, the blessings of that Providence that has been so gracious to me.

At 7½ we left Belfast for Dublin. We travelled some distance by railway to Portadown, then about 18 miles by coach to Newry, and thence by railway again, passing Drogheda, (the Irish pronunciation of this name is inimitably sweet,) to Dublin, which we reached about 3½ P. M. Some of the country through which we passed was picturesque and quite fertile, especially about Belfast, and as we approached Drogheda; but even in the best parts the cultivation is not equal to that which is to be seen in either England or Scotland. The fields are not as clean, nor the enclosures as good, and everything has a more temporary look than in England. This part of Ireland is Protestant, and the State of agriculture is superior by far to that of the South of Ireland, and the condition of the labouring classes is much better. Still, the char-

acteristics of Ireland, the mud cabin, the thatched roof, the dirt floor, were every where to be met with. And so too was to be seen in great abundance. Ireland's bane, licensed grog-shops. I asked if Father Mathew had done much good, and a clergyman sitting beside me, said that his influence, though surprising at first, had proved to be temporary in the main. However, I was told elsewhere, that his efforts had accomplished a great deal for Ireland, and that there is not near as much drinking now as formerly, and as a proof of this, my informant referred to Donnybrook Fair. This fair had been held just the week before we reached Dublin, and it was said that never had one more orderly been seen, and that as compared with what it once was, its character seemed to be entirely changed. However this may be, there is certainly a great deal to do upon this subject. I have no doubt that the money now spent for intoxicating drinks in Ireland, would be sufficient, if properly applied, to relieve all the suffering in it. And all this drinking occurs under the sanction of the British Government. It licenses a vast system of the cruellest slavery on earth, and allows a vast number of men, for their own profit, to catch freemen, and make them slaves for life, and as far as they can, devils for eternity. And all this slavery the British Government might at once break up by refusing to grant licenses to sell, and by directing the innumerable police to see to it that the laws were observed. But will it be said, that to endeavor to force a deliverance of the people from their bondage, in this summary way, would be the height of fanaticism, as being of no value to the persons sought to be benefitted, and fraught with danger to the peace, and it might be to the existence of the Government? This may be true. And cannot England see that the principle is equally true, as applied to the immediate abolishing by America, of a slavery of a different and much less oppressive sort, for which, however, England is still crying out and disturbing herself: not about Ireland, which she understands, and is responsible for, but about America, of which she is greatly ignorant, and with which she has no right to intermeddle?

We had in the cars a very pretty specimen of an Irish beauty. Her colour was bright, her skin transparent, her teeth ivory, and her hair brown and soft. Her full bust was set off to great advantage, by a sort of fur tippet thrown over her shoulders, while her loose sleeves, edged with lace, played prettily around her white arm. Her eye was dark and sparkling, and her mouth mischievous to the last degree. She was speaking contemptuously of some officer who, when his regiment was ordered to the Cape, had sold out

his commission, because, as he said, his mother could not part with him. Surely, thought I, to be called a coward by a pretty woman, is the deepest disgrace than can befall a man. I had frequently heard that the female beauty of Ireland surpassed that of any other country in Europe, and as far as I had an opportunity of observing in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Holland, my observation abundantly verified the remark. It will not be a matter of surprise that I add, that the Irish ladies reminded me more forcibly than any others that I saw, of the fair of our own land. Indeed, all the better classes in Ireland, men and women, looked more American than any other foreign population that I saw. As my companion and myself seated ourselves yesterday in Dr. Cooke's church in Belfast, as soon as we had looked around, we whispered to each other almost simultaneously, how home-like all this seems! It may seem strange, but it is true, that even the elocution of the speakers, brogue and all, was less foreign to my ear, than the tones of the speakers in the English Parliament or pulpit. I could not admire the Irish as I did the English, but my heart's sympathies flowed in a quick, warm stream for them.

We reached Dublin in time to dine out in the evening, in company with two gentlemen from Bedford, Virginia, who had just arrived. We rode over the city, and out to the Park by the mansion of the Lord-Lieutenant. The Park is a very extensive green, on which range many hundred deer. The public buildings of Dublin are fine; among them may be mentioned the Cathedral, the Bank, the former Parliament House, Trinity College, and among several other fine churches, St. George's, at the head of Sackville street. Almost all the buildings of Dublin are of the classic order, and this style is more acceptable to my taste than the Gothic. It possesses the charm of unity. You see at a glance how all the parts make up the whole, and your eye is satisfied; whereas, in looking upon the Gothic, you feel bewildered, and it is only after a continued study, that you attain any tolerable understanding of the whole. The Madeleine and the Pantheon, in Paris!—how they delighted my eye, and how perfectly the beauty of their faultless proportions lingers in my memory, while of the huge piles of the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne, I think rarely and dimly.

Tuesday, Sept 2. We went to visit Trinity College or Dublin University. It is now in vacation. When in term and full, they have about 1600 on the books. There are 36 fellows, 75 scholars, and 45 sizers. The architecture is plain, but the buildings are of such form and arrangement, that they produce a very fine effect. The

best fellowships are worth between one and two thousand pounds, and they range down to £80, which is the lowest. Scholarships are worth £20, and the sizers get a shilling a day. The fellows and scholars have rooms assigned to them, and dinner provided every day. The dining hall is a fine room, with plain furniture, though adorned with pictures and furnished with an organ. The servitor, who was dressed in handsome livery, with knee-breeches and white stockings, told me that dinner was provided every day for a given number of fellows, whether they were present or not—"For example," said he, handing me a bill of fare, "this was yesterday's dinner provided for sixteen, though not one was present." What becomes of the dinner in such case? said I. "It goes to the servants," said he, as a complacent expression stole over his face, at the mention of this handsome perquisite. We were shown the apartments of a fellow. They consisted of two good rooms below, well furnished, with his library in both, two good chambers above and a kitchen. With such rewards for scholarship, a man may well struggle for the preëminence that will secure the prize, and with such facilities for cultivating letters, it would be wonderful if the after lives of those who start with such a capital, did not yield rich fruits. How much we stand in need of something like this in the United States, to encourage men to devote themselves to some other pursuits than those that people will pay money for. And what an opportunity was offered when the Smithsonian fund was to be appropriated, to do something in this way. Even a few fellowships, and these of moderate incomes, established to be gained by open competition, would have done more towards the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, than many lectures adapted to audiences that will not attend unless they are amused. For every successful candidate, many scholars would have been made in the attempt to secure the prize, and not many years would have passed away, before the fields of science and literature would have made rich returns for the fertilizing rills thus directed upon them.

In the Examination Hall of the University, we saw some valuable portraits; among others, those of Burke, Swift and Bishop Berkeley. The library and museum we could not see.

As I walked along the street, I stepped into a sadler's shop for some little article, and began talking with the foreman. He said that it was very difficult to gain a livelihood, and when I asked of him the question that I have asked of so many here—Why he did not come to America, the answer was the same—that he had not the means to carry him. He said that it would cost about five pounds, and by the blessing of

God he would be in America in another twelve-month, as he had already scraped together one pound, and he hoped to be able by that time to scrape together the other four. In the course of a year, a grown man, with a good trade, hoped to be able to save \$20! He looked pale, as if he worked hard, and watched and was troubled. His shirt bosom, though clean, was well-worn, and his whole appearance, as well as his earnest, sober words, showed me that he was a man who was tasking his powers to the utmost, to enable him to accomplish a purpose that he had set before him. And yet if his zeal should overdo itself, and the pallor on his cheek increase, and sickness come on, then will his hopes be blighted, or at least deferred with heart-sickness, for a single week's illness will consume the savings of half a year, and he will be obliged to commence again to roll to the summit, the stone that has just escaped from his wearied grasp.

We went in a jaunting car, to see something of the country around Dublin. The country we found in some portions very beautiful, and eminently fertile, and some things we saw of uncommon attraction—as the glen of the Dargle, which is the best display of wild nature that I have seen since I left home,—the grounds of Lord Powis court, and the view of Dublin Bay. Our driver was a thorough Irishman in his sentiments, but in his manner was very American. There was not a particle of gaiety about him, nor was there any remarkable quickness in the way of repartee. But there was great earnestness of feeling, and much mental activity directed mainly to one subject—the wrongs of Ireland, and her poor. On this theme he spoke in a manner to command attention, and though one might not, perhaps, approve of his hatred to England, it was hardly to be wondered at. He said that he thought that the land was able to support its people, if they had their rights; and when I urged their intemperance as the main cause of their want, he said that it was not as great as it was represented to be, and that Father Mathew had done much good, and that the poor did not drink, for the very sufficient reason that cheap as was the poison, they were not able to buy it. He spoke of some outrages committed by the peasants upon the land-owners of the South and West; and the way in which he detailed some cases of the murder of oppressive proprietors, or their agents, showed that his sympathies were strong with the oppressed. He said that it was a strife between the rich and the poor, and that difference in religion had nothing to do with it. A Catholic proprietor was not at all more safe, than one who was a Protestant. He deprecated the religious dissensions in Ire-

land, and from any thing that escaped him on this point, it could not be told whether he was Catholic or Protestant, though from the emphatic manner in which he inveighed against persecution for religious opinions, and blessed America because it was unknown there, I took it for granted that he belonged to the oppressed party. It was evident that he attributed the suffering of Ireland to the tyranny of England. "But," said he, "if we ever get them into a snare we'll desave them—it's tached to us as our prayers, and we don't nade any taching at all, for it's what's just natral to us entirely. Many a man in a red coat would be mainly glad to see a fight, and it would'nt be for England that he would shoulther his musket then, but for the dear land to be sure. Many a one wears the uniform now, that's well ashamed of it, and never would have put it on at all, but that bitter want druv him to it." If ever there is a rebellion in Ireland, I am sure that our driver will be knee-deep in it, and I have taken some space to record what I remember of his conversation, because it seemed to me to be a fair illustration of a feeling that was very general among the persons that I heard talk in the public conveyances and at the hotels. To whatever cause we may assign the suffering in Ireland—whether to the Catholic religion, to English misrule, to intemperance, to native unthrift, or to all conjointly, as to the fact that there is great suffering there can be no difference of opinion. The country round about Dublin, is in a condition far more prosperous than that of other parts of Ireland, but a ride of not more than twenty miles from the capital showed me such misery as I had never seen before, and such as one, who has never been out of the United States, finds it hard to realize. It was astonishing to see, as we rode along through several villages, the number of unemployed persons standing about; and the dirt and miserable clothing of the population was quite as noticeable.

In forming, as I travel, an estimate of the social condition of a people, I fix my attention upon the women and children as the best comparative index. Men are slovenly by nature, and many of them are drunkards, but women will clothe themselves and their children decently if they can. The women here are very ragged. They wear, many of them, old cloaks, as the best thing to conceal their persons, but many have to huddle their tattered calico over their bosoms, as the stranger casts his eye upon them. I compared them in my mind again with our slaves, and I am sure, that public sentiment where I live, would not allow negro women to go about in the garb of these Irish. I thought, when crossing the Alps, that the people there were the poorest I had ever met with, but I noticed that

the children who were herding a flock of goats on heights almost inaccessible, were nevertheless comfortably clad; but here the case was far different. As we drove along, we stopped for a moment to look into two hovels by the wayside. In one were two women, mother and daughter, the daughter lying upon straw and dying of consumption—in the other, the sole occupant was a child about three or four years old, who seemed to have been left in charge of the hut, (which, however, was adjoining the other,) while the father and mother went out to work. I could see nothing like furniture in the room, except a cricket and a little iron pot hanging over a peat fire. The only arrangement for sleeping that was visible, was a little straw on the damp mud floor of the cabin. We stopped for refreshment at Iniskeny, a village on the estate of the Earl of Powis-court. While there I stepped across the way to look into a house of an appearance somewhat better than ordinary, but found myself under a thatched roof that had great rents in it, through which the water must come in torrents when it rains. The tenant was a widow, and her means of support seemed to be in hiring out two donkeys that were standing with their heads in the door while the children were caressing them. A donkey, the driver told me, is worth here from two and a half to five dollars. As I stood at the door, a stout-looking man came to ask alms, saying that he had been journeying about all day, and could find no work by which he could gain a mouthful of bread for breakfast. Old women were pressing up to us with baskets of fruit, or without, to ask a trifle for the widow and orphan. A vast number of husbands must have died lately in this locality, if every woman was a widow indeed, who so styled herself. They never call you anything lower than *yer honor*, make a curtesy at every answer, and pray for blessings on you *ad libitum*, if you give them a penny. This scene was repeated at every place the carriage stopped, and many made their applications as it drove along. One lad especially moved my sympathies. We met him as we walked up a hill at the top of which is the gate of entrance into the domain of Lord Powis-court. He was between 17 and 18 years of age. He approached us, and thinking that we were pedestrians, asked if he could serve as a guide to any of the surrounding localities of interest. Having told him that we were in a carriage, and therefore did not need a guide, I asked him if a lad like himself could not get work to do. "And look here, if you please," was his reply; and pulling up the sleeve of a tattered man's coat that he had on, he showed me his wrist all swelled. "It was much worse," said he. "I was in the harvest field some days till yesterday.

I was to get a man's wages if I could keep up a man's row, and I overreached myself in striving to reap more than I could, and my wrist swelled till I could not gather a straw. I have no father—I must support myself and keep my mother, and I can get nothing to do. I asked him if he could read, and he told me that he could not, as he had been always obliged to work, and had never been to school but one week. I asked him what he had to eat at his meals. He said that it depended entirely upon what he could earn—sometimes it was a cup of tea and bread, sometimes *stirabout*, but most times potatoes. I asked him if he did not eat meat. "No, sir, I cannot buy meat." Perhaps you drink whiskey, it is so cheap. "And if it is cheap, sir, it is too dear for me to buy." Well then, said I, why do you not come to America, where every body can get enough to eat. "Because, sir, I have no money to carry me." But could you not save a little. "Save, sir; I must eat something, or I cannot work, and sir, *the bit is always waitin' on the yearnin'*, (meaning that he needed food always before he could earn it,) and then all the ha'pence goes, so that I cannot save any to buy me decent things to put on my back." In fact, an old cast-off coat, and tattered trowsers held together by pins, seemed to be all his raiment.

"Oh, sir," said he, "I wish some gentleman would take me to America, and would'nt I work for him, till I satisfied him for all? I would work till he drove me away!" Ah, England thought I, we have no slavery like this—we are entreating our free blacks to go to a land of plenty and Liberty—we are willing to pay their expenses on the way, to support them for half a year after they arrive at their destination, and to give them a free-hold to live on. And your bondmen, hungering for food that our slaves would reject, are pining because they know that there is a land of Liberty and Plenty, where they would be welcomed, and yet they cannot reach it—and, England, you will do nothing. Before you speak against us, go help that pale tradesman in Dublin,—come take this hungry, half-naked, earnest-spirited lad, who is striving to gain a livelihood for himself and his mother—take him by the hand; but remember that his wrist is grievously swelled by over-work, and therefore, take him gently by the hand, and lift him up from his sorrowful depth, and let the oppressed go free. I say, England, let us look at home, each of us, and endeavor to do what God has set before us, as He shall give us strength; but whatever we do or forbear to do, let there be no casting of stones across the Atlantic. As I have said, we met this lad just at the Porter's Lodge of the estate of Lord Powis-court. The old Lord has been dead for some years, his widow has married

again, and the estate is awaiting the majority of the heir. The driver said that it had been noticed of this family for several generations back, that not one of them had reached the age of 30. He seemed to think the late lord a hard man, and said, among other things, about him, that he would not allow a Catholic chapel to be built in Iniskeny. The family were at this time occupying the mansion, and we could not go over it, but we gave the porter a shilling, and were allowed to drive over the grounds if we kept away from the house. It is an immense property, extending for many miles through the country. The park is very noble. You approach through a wide avenue of the finest beech trees that I had seen since I crossed the Atlantic, and on each side you have the park stretching out of sight over a rolling country—handsome trees are scattered in a picturesque manner over it, except where, for the sake of effect, some acres of clear lawn are shown, with the grass clipped with the greatest nicety. We caught a glimpse of the house through the trees, and it seemed to be, from its site and the style of its ornament, entirely worthy of its uncommonly fine situation. My companion and myself enjoyed our ride very much, but we could not repress the sentiment uttered oftener than once, this is too much property to be in the hands of one man, and this expenditure for scenic effect, however grateful to the taste, is lavish to an excess that is sinful. These feelings were certainly not diminished by the recollection of the beggarly groups that we had left outside the entrance. How unsightly would be the appearance among these ancestral trees, casting their proud shade on velvet grass, of that tattered harvest boy with his swelled wrist, hanging for *the bit that was waiting for the morn'g*. If the lord of the domain, as he rolled along in his carriage over the wide gravelled avenue way, should cast his eye upon such a vision, would it not disquiet him? But there is no danger of his rest being disturbed or his conscience pricked by any such rencontre; for there is a high wall around the Park, and the porters and all servitors know their duty too well to allow want to cast its gaunt shadow over any part of these pleasure grounds. But I will not forget it as an instance of the juxta position of gorged riches and grim want in Ireland—and in England things are in similar disproportion, for if the poverty is less, the wealth is greater. If there ever comes an uptearing revolution in these countries, what booty the mob will have.

I have forgotten to mention a little incident that touched me. Just as we emerged from the Glen of the Dargle, into the highway, a band of supplicants met us, and one of them, hardly more than a child, seeing that we were foreigners, and

guessing that we were from the United States, struck up—that ever I should hear it in the land of the Celt—“*Oh, carry me back to old Virginia's shore.*” The worst of it was, that while my bosom was swelling with feeling, and my eyes suffused with pleasant water, my pockets were absolutely empty, and I had not even a crumb to throw to this robin that had sung to me a note of home—my companion was in no better condition—we had laid in an extra supply in the morning for charity, but all was gone, and we had borrowed all the little that our driver had. If ever any Virginian should hear that song beside the Dargle, I pray him that he would, for my repose, just double his donation.

How pregnant with reflections is even a hasty view of Ireland; but I have no room for reflections in my note-book, and will close for to-day, by making the remark, that since I have been in Ireland, I have talked with a good many men about America, (among the humbler class, however,) and I have not met with one—absolutely not with one—who either does not purpose to go to the United States, or wish to go there, or who at least has not some dear friend there—that is, not one who has not some stake of Home or Love in our heaven-blessed land. S. L. C.

FRAGMENT TO SHELLEY.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

The white lips of the murmuring sea
Kissed nature's precious idol in his youth;
Because in his large soul, there seemed to be
For earth, too much of nobleness and truth.
He sank when all the billows were at play,
Banqueting in storms, like his own heart,
Just as the thankless world had learned to say;
Thy work is nobly done, you may depart.
Then to that land, bright as he made our own,
His spirit fled to live anew the dream,
Which glittered in his being like some zone,
Boundless and measureless, but shining still;
A mystery to minds which striving own
It hath no manifest to human skill.
The marble founts of Arcady ne'er gushed
With freer pride, than did thy glorious lay;
And the loud roar of nations shall be hushed
Before its dewy pauses pass away.
His faults were heaven's alone, they are not ours—
The conquering grave dissolved their harshest hue—
There is a poison in the richest flowers
That ever held their cups to catch the dew.
His Genius—symbol of a gracious ill
Made fiery contrast of his purer life—
Came like a tragic minister to fill
The call-boy's quick invasion; but the strife,
Had he but lived until each act's last close
Would have adorned the Drama of his days,
How shall we bless thee, for such happy hours?

How shall we joy in the proud circumstance,
Which made thy language and thy feeling ours?
How shall I praise thee for thy strange romance;—
For portraits, drawn of the returnless dead—
For forms, as fresh from the consuming grave?
For sunshine over present darkness spread?
For strange excitements that the Cenci gave?
These offspring of thy mourning spirit live
The guardians of my being—to our days
The fulness of a fruitful essence give;
Dissolve the anguish of emotion pent
In the o'erburdened heart, and save perchance
A perpetration of the woes they paint.
The pale, but lasting marble shall enhance
The immortality of such a dower—
The palaces of earthly beauty shine
In joyful recognition of thy power;
The beautiful records of the world shall wear
Impress of that melodious string,
That quivered in the thronged and charmed air,
And frenzied fire of thy imagining.
Like a bright bird that singeth all its spring,
And dieth when the virgin season dies;
Mourning its life away, because its wing
Soars not beyond the bound'ries of the skies;
So pined thy lofty spirit to absorb,
The mystery to which the future clings,
And soar beyond our planet's poised orb,
To school the soul in doubt's insensate things.
'Tis thus the daring thought, will ever climb,
Where ruin beckons from its ghastly throne,
Cleaving the formless shore of ancient Time
In search of vistas to the vast unknown.
Such Poet, dawning on our darkened years,
Is like the sight of a new firmament,
When a new constellation first appears.
The garniture of equatorial night,
Or the remotest skirt of Southern zone;
Give no such rapture to the mental sight,
As he along his field of thought hath sown.
The zenith of our hopes is brighter far,—
Pleasures, like Pleiads, light our gleaming way,
Filling the spaces of life's little star
With joys as huge as scattered nebulae.
Should common evil shroud his restless lyre,
'Tis but the lifting of a warning voice
In accusation of its own base fire,
Giving the appetite her liberal choice;
And like the doleful cry of ominous bird
From plague-afflicted Islands, turns away or keeps
The voyager to the danger, as preferred.

Scenes and Incidents of the Old Dominion.

NO. 1.

READING PRAYERS FOR THE KING!

"Duty! my child, duty!" said the venerable clergyman.

"Nay, but, father, these angry and infuriated people aim at thy life!"

"Give me the pistols, then, and in God's name I will go forth, and if needs be, defend his cause by violence. These be the sons of Belial, my daughter; and it would ill become thine old

father to shrink from duty, now that duty has become dangerous."

And with a resolute hand, this stout-hearted servant of the church and of the king thrust a pair of pistols into his bosom, and with a single kiss upon the fair brow of his weeping daughter, mounted his horse and departed from the parsonage.

* * * * *

Robert Manly was an English Clergyman—a gentleman of the old school—who had charge of the parish of St — as rector, in one of the counties of Eastern Virginia. He had, some twenty years before, brought over from the pleasant shores of his native land, a large family of sons and daughters, to settle with him in the "wilderness" of America. One by one, however, had these all fallen from his embraces, and now lay gathered together in the quiet churchyard of the parish where he ministered. His wife, too, the aged partner of his sorrows, was recently departed also; and now none were left around the family hearth save one, the lovely Edith, a tall, fair-haired maiden, just growing to beauteous womanhood, and who, as has already been perceived, was engaged in a fruitless intercession with her stern father, to forbear from an attendance upon the usual services of the Sabbath. For the times were troublesome ones, and a loyal subject of George the king, was endangered, both as to life and estate.

It was early in the spring of 1777, that the events of our present sketch open. The winter, which had been more than usually severe, was now at last over, and the budding spring-time had been ushered in. The early birds sang their accustomed notes, and nature seemed disposed to wear her annual garb of cheerfulness and beauty; but the flowers bloomed in vain, and in vain did the birds sing. Around the mansion of Robert Manly, there was noise and discord, and the din of horrid war: and even within the portals of that once joyous abode dwelt sorrow and heaviness; and there was mourning and lamentation for the absence of those loved ones who had gone hence to return no more. The war of the Revolution was in progress,—it had been going on for a couple of years, and had become irreversible in its results. The decision of the Congress, which then sat in Philadelphia, had changed the aspect of the whole affair, and from an ill-concerted rebellion, the attitude of the people of the revolted Colonies, was now that of "revolutionists,"—a new-born nation, indeed, fighting for her separate and independent existence. As in all hotly contested periods of public emergency, the *party lines* had become drawn, and men were either one thing or the other. They were for law and order,—for the majesty

of the king, and for his tyrannical sway, upon the one hand;—as they were for the resistance of oppression, for the upholding of the strong hand of the people, and for the levelling of regal power and dominion, upon the other. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the dismal tidings had gone forth, and the summons had penetrated to every fireside, to join either with the friends or with the enemies of the American Congress.

Among the older and more aristocratic families of Virginia, there were numerous adherents to the British crown; and perhaps no class of the community embodied a larger proportion of "loyalty" than the clergy of the established church. There were many reasons why they should be so: and we, in the present day and generation, when the prejudices of men are no longer so keenly alive to the subject, may look back, and canvass with entire freedom the motives and principles of those who, in revolutionary times, were content, nay, who were proud to be considered as "loyalists." One such was Robert Manly, himself descended from a sturdy cavalier stock, and whose family tree, in all its honored branches, could be traced back through the vexed period of the Commonwealth, into the eventful times of Elizabeth, and so on to the days of the fourth Edward, ever true and steadfast to the throne. Thus, therefore, there were family pride, and the lofty pulsations of an old English heart within the breast of the reverend Rector of St. ——'s parish. And besides, he had received his ordination abroad—his Diocese was the Bishop of London,—and morning and evening, for many revolving years, he had been accustomed to read prayers for the Sovereign. He had ever felt as an alien from home; that home was the home of his fathers; and if there was any other home that he thought of as worthy of his aspirations and affections, it was an heavenly one! As to politics, he knew but little, and he cared to know less. His own life was dedicated to his God and to his king; and although the distractions of the Colonies for the five or six years last previous were not unknown to him, still there was no sympathy in his breast for what was deemed to be oppression;—a quiet spectator of the scene he remained steadfast and loyal, even as his fathers had been before him.

It was among the very first acts of the republican legislature of Virginia, to repeal all laws of parliament constraining men in the matter of religion. From the earliest period in the history of the Colony, there had been upon the Statute books, penal laws for the protection and support of "His Majesty's" form of religious observance, and it was by means of the strong arm of law

that the Church of England was implanted upon the soil of the Old Dominion. That these laws were, in latter times, enforced with as much rigor as they once had been, no one pretends to say, but still every individual, whatever may have been his creed or the complexion of his faith, was subjected to a tax for the support of the parish clergyman. And whenever a church edifice was required to be erected, there was a *pro rata* assessment upon "all and sundry the white inhabitants of the parish" for the carrying on of the work. Many of these church edifices—and they were substantial ones too—built long ago in the Colonial times, are still standing, and the traveler may even now visit them, and may stand at the desk, or may climb into the lofty pulpit where prayers were offered, a century ago, for kings and princes, and "all the royal family." It was in regard to this ancient, and in some degree oppressive system, that the Virginia Legislature, after the dissolution of the royal assembly in 1777, first set to work in the necessary business of reform. Ninety-five parishes were included within the ample bounds of "His Majesty's Colony of Virginia," and these were supplied by some ninety clergymen. After the war was over, and efforts began to be made to gather up the fragments of Episcopacy, but seventy-two parishes could anywhere be found, and only eight and twenty clergymen of the Church of England remained to minister in holy things. Such were the immediate, and indeed, somewhat disastrous results of a measure, wholesome in itself, and rendered indispensable by the declaration of American independence. In the present day, when men's feelings are no longer personally interested, and when the support of the families of a considerable class of the community do not hang upon the issue, we may leisurely survey the wreck of things then existing, and deem the subject a fair one for the pen of historic research: of flocks scattered and driven without a shepherd—of church edifices ruined and falling into decay: of a starving clergy expelled from their livings, and left to wander and pick up a scanty support by teaching school, or as they best were able to procure bread. Some went home to England, some "went over to the Dissenters," as the phrase then was, and some few, the instances being distinctly recorded,—entered the army as officers, and became "soldiers militant," indeed.

The blow fell more heavily upon some parishes than upon others. To the parish of St. —— there was a glebe of one hundred acres attached; and the provisions of the new law were such, that glebe-lands, already purchased and paid for, were secured for the benefit of the incumbent. But, besides this, the Rev. Robert Manly possessed a considerable inherited estate in England, and was

in circumstances above a condition of want, such as had driven asunder so many of his suffering brethren in the ministry. Himself careless as to the political movements of the day, his heart never swerved for a moment in its loyalty to the king; but neither, except in one particular which we have to notice, did he render himself personally obnoxious to the "Whigs."

And as to this one particular :

When other churches were closed, and when other pulpits and reading desks were deserted in consequence of the popular indignation against the Clergy of the "Church," this stern old man, a worthy descendant of the stout-hearted cavaliers of king Charles' time, remained steadfast and true to his principles. Nay, furthermore, although the American Congress had, the year before, declared these States to be "free and independent," and had "absolved themselves from all allegiance to the British crown," yet would Robert Manly still persist in reading prayers for the king, in defiance of popular outcry against him, and in utter disregard of what others considered as law; but which he, with all the unyielding pertinacity of his nature, stigmatized as a "most sinful rebellion."

Many of the incumbents of well provided parishes—for some few such there were—abstained from the offensive formula,—they omitted "prayer for the king;" and although they were thoroughly loyalist in principles, yet they would fain act prudently, and so shelter themselves and their families from the enkindled anger of "the people." Not so, however, "Parson Manly;" he was made of stern stuff, as we have said; and neither admonitions nor threats, such as had had the effect of frightening off so many others from their pulpits, upon the accustomed services of the Sabbath day, were of any avail in deterring him from his post.

"Fear!" he would say, when importuned upon the subject, "when was it ever known that a Manly proved recreant to his trust, or faithless to his king! And would he now flee to England only because the times were troubled ones: would he forsake the consecrated spot where lay so many of his gathered kindred, and where he himself too, hoped, in God's well appointed time, to be joined to those buried ones in the last and final union of the grave: would he see the sacred portals of the temple of God desecrated, and the profane feet of armed men to tread its sounding aisles; and would he permit those hallowed walls to echo to the bacchanalian songs of a God-forgetting generation of levellers who would fain prostrate the fair daughter of Zion, together with all the time-honored associations of the past, into the dust together! No, he would resist to the death were such extremi-

ties needful; and he would only require that they should bury his body in the grave with his sleeping children, when they should have taken away his life—that life being yielded up to the call of a duty which he owed both to his king and to his God!"

More recent developments had made known the fact of a conspiracy against the parsons, and it might be against the lives of those clergy, who in defiance of public indignation continued to officiate in their churches as in times past. The parish of St. — was known also to be adverse to the Revolution, and its more wealthy and "aristocratic" citizens were avowed "tories." But the neighbourhood roundabout, and especially those who were opposed to the Communion of the Church, were by no means inactive as friends and favorers of the popular cause. In fact, spies were abroad, and were disseminated among the "disaffected" throughout the parish: oftentimes they were those of a man's own household, although he knew it not. A loyalist who remained quietly at home, and who took no part in public affairs, was permitted to rest in peace; but even he had a spy upon his actions. Those, on the other hand, who were noisy in their demonstrations of opposition, or who secretly favored the royal foe, soon felt the violence of popular indignation poured out against them; houses burnt, property destroyed, perhaps their persons treated with insult and indignity, either by tarring and feathering, or by ducking in a horse-pond, or by enticing them from their beds at night, and seizing them, and scourging them with inhuman severity in the forest, and, in some instances, even by assassination itself. All this was executed by Lynch-law, as we term it in these days. But when the State Government interfered against "meddlesome tories," the heavy retributions of civil law were seen in confiscated estates, in imprisonments, and in severity in whatever way it might legally be exercised. It was, indeed, a period of peril and dismay,—a time that "tried men's souls:" neither was there a family but experienced in a greater or less degree the attendant consequences. In times of peril all share alike as to the apprehension and alarm: and this was most particularly the case in the parish of St. —, where party feeling ran to a wild extreme upon one side or the other of the vexed question of the day; and where none knew in what quarter the blow would next fall, or how soon they themselves might be aroused at midnight by a band of depredators at their door, or how soon the family roof which sheltered their wives and their little ones, would be in flames over their heads.

Parson Manly had been advised to forbear. More than one anonymous letter had reached

him, threatening vengeance if he persisted in offering up public prayer for that "wretched tyrant, King George!" His own people, too, as firm in their loyalty as he himself was, urged him to be silent, and not to press a point upon which the people were so violently indignant. They avowed, 'tis true, a readiness to stand by their beloved pastor in every emergency, yet for his own sake, and his own personal safety, they urged him to omit the obnoxious portion of the Church Service. But it was all in vain; the spirit of a brave line of mettlesome ancestry was strong within him, and neither threats, nor entreaties, nor the tears even of his own fair daughter could avail; and upon the Sabbath morning in question, having armed himself, as we have seen, he kneeled down before setting out, and prayed to the God of battles that he might be strengthened in this his duty, and that, if it was according to His good pleasure, an honorable deliverance might come. The distance was a mile or more from the parsonage; and as he rode slowly on his way, unattended by any one, he was passed by a number of hardy looking fellows, clad in homespun, and bearing conspicuously upon their hats the well-known republican cockade. There were ominous looks and glances over the shoulder at the "Parson," as these suspicious individuals rode by: but no word was spoken—not even the accustomed morning greetings were passed.

Presently there rode up one of a different stamp from these—a man whom our clergyman had formerly known, and had highly esteemed, but from whom, in consequence of the violence of the times, he had become alienated. It was Col. —, himself a member of that same Congress which had, the summer before, passed the irrevocable decree of independence, and who was then at home upon a visit to his family. Having learned of this anticipated violence, that was threatened upon the person of the aged clergyman, he had determined to ride over and ascertain how the thing was, and, if possible, to avert so disgraceful a catastrophe. Upon recognizing each other, a friendly salutation passed between them; and as their horses seemed inclined towards an instinctive companionship, as horses will very often incline, the riders fell into conversation.

"These are troublous times, father Manly," said the colonel, willing to lead the few moments of discourse that might be afforded to them, to a topic uppermost in the minds of both.

"Aye, you have well said," replied the old man, with a sigh, "and as for myself I find that my last days are by no means my best days:—but God's will be done!"

"Men may have an honest difference of senti-

ment, and still be friends: think you not so, good father?" asked the other.

"God forbid that my heart should call any man my foe, however far he may have gone astray from the beaten paths of public honesty," said the blunt minister.

There was a momentary pause here, upon the part of the "rebel" politician, and he felt slightly nettled at the home thrust the clergyman had given him; but his goodness of heart overcame presently his scruples, and he proceeded:

"I suppose there can be no possible accommodation between men occupying positions of sentiment which differ so widely as ours?"

"None!" answered the other.

"And yet prudence, and a desire for peace in all the quieter relationships of life, might require of us to avoid pressing our sentiments when they become obnoxious," observed the colonel in a suggestive tone.

"Why, I am essentially a man of peace, Col. —," said the old gentleman, "and would fain avoid embroiling myself with any one; but where the stern dictates of duty constrain us, then it is that all compromises for the mere sake of peace become weakness and craven-heartedness."

"Have you failed to perceive that there is a falling off in allegiance to George the king, in these latter days," enquired the Congressman?

"Say rather His Majesty," interposed the loyalist.

"No; I'll use no superfluous words, or vain titles," rejoined the other, "'tis plain George the king with me henceforward; but you seem to be unaware of the doings of our Congress, and that a Declaration of Independence has been passed."

"I have heard of it," said Mr. Manly, "but I have continued to regard it as only an item in this same odious act of treason, in which His Majesty's colonies are now so unhappily engaged. May God of his mercy avert the dreadful retributions of offended justice which must follow in the sequel of this foul rebellion."

"I see, my dear sir," observed the colonel, with earnestness, "that you view the whole transaction in an aspect which savors of prejudice on your part. This act of independence has been most deliberately declared, and with a full knowledge too of its weighty consequences. Believe me, Parson Manly, that although you may not live to see it, and even my own life may pay the forfeit to this same "offended justice," as you term it, yet still the cause of liberty will gain ground, and will ultimately triumph in this land. The sword, sir, has been drawn, and the scabbard has been thrown away. Duty may have, and doubtless it has, its different phases,

when regarded by different minds, all of which are equally sincere, but truth is mighty—it is omnipotent—it will, it must, in the end, prevail.”

By this time they had reached the parish church, which was situated upon a hill, and was surrounded by the lofty trees of the then unbroken forest.

Here they parted: the one riding on so as to avoid witnessing an act of open indignity to the laws of the land, and the other sternly intent to fulfil a duty, as he esteemed it to be, to his God, and to his king.

Arriving at the church door, Parson Manly found that an unusual collection of people had already gathered;—not such, however, as had been wont to assemble upon the peaceful Sabbaths of times past. No affectionate greetings of kind “mothers in Israel” met him now;—nor the unladen treasures of coaches and chariots, eager to press forward, and welcome the minister to his post of duty and his “labor of love.” Neither were there any of the humble community of wives and little ones present, such as was usual to throng together upon the “sweet day of rest,” and to accept the proffered hand of Christian fellowship from their revered pastor. No children were seen to

“— follow with endearing wile,
And pluck his gown to share the good man’s smile.”

O, it was sad to see such an exhibition of the grosser parts of human infirmity around so sacred a spot upon so holy a day! Men were there whose faces were not often visible “where prayer was wont to be made;” and an air of sullen determination, perhaps of defiance, sat upon the stern countenances of them all.

Above, the mild sun of a Virginia spring-day, was beaming forth in its accustomed beauty, and shedding a light of unrecognized gladness upon the scene. The joyous throats of the forest birds were in tuneful unison with the season, but not with the occasion, for there was no responding echo from any individual heart of those there collected. The graves, too, of the dead were on this day unvisited by the pious footsteps of those who usually came thither to drop a tear of memory to loved ones who were gone from earth, and were there gathered to their last and long repose. The quietness of a quiet place was broken in upon, and the peaceful solemnity of a peaceful and solemn day was disturbed. There was anticipated violence lurking in the hearts of those rude and unchastened men, who, for this one day in their lives, felt so deep an interest in the services of the sanctuary. Whilst the aged servant of the church was dismounting from his horse, and was making his way, all unattended and alone, to the vestry room, for the purpose of

donning his cassock, his rude congregation of unsanctified worshippers were seen communing together in knots, and in little companies around the sacred edifice. They were no doubt conspiring as to the most fitting time to “drag the old tory from his nest,” and in what manner to proceed in the execution of the vilest indignities upon his person.

The purpose of carrying into execution their sacrilegious design, however rigidly determined as to the measure itself, was by no means so well agreed upon in regard to the mode and manner in which the thing should be done; whether by tarring and feathering, or by ducking in the river, or by personal chastisement by whipping. Some of the more unfeeling of the number were for “hanging the old mule upon the nearest sapling,” and allowing him “to swing there in the wind, robes and all, and under the sky of heaven.” “If he wants to be so conspicuous,” said they, “we’ll elevate him a little higher than perhaps he desires.” Happily such brutal suggestions were not favored except by very few, and milder counsels prevailed with the majority. Nor was there any concert of action agreed upon, up to the very moment of the arrival of their victim. All this was favorable to Mr. Manly; besides, it was one thing to swear stoutly out in the woods of what they would do, and it was quite another thing, as they found it to be, when it came to the point, and they were required to go forward within the rails of that sacred place, and to lay unholy hands upon a minister of Christ—that minister an aged man, and one whom the finger of calumny had never been pointed at;—who had been a faithful servant in warning men from the “error of their ways,” and who was, at this moment, borne down beneath the burden of domestic sorrows and afflictions of his own!

But they all huddled into the church together, and sat themselves down; filling up the remotest pews first, and so on until the house was crammed. No seat was vacant. Not a female was in the assembly; and if there were any of the parson’s friends present, they were not known as such. It would, indeed, have been madness in any one of his most devoted adherents to have been present on such an occasion, as their burnt houses and waste property would but too truly have testified. Even the pug-nosed clerk, who sat beneath the reading-desk in his own appropriate box, such as is still seen in the relics of the olden time,—those ancient edifices of Virginia’s colonial existence:—I mean those old churches built a century ago or more, which are to be found in many parts of the State to this day, untouched by any hand save that of the all-devouring hand of time: even Joel Jenking, the

clerk, was constrained to "fraternize" with the populace upon this same critical Sabbath day; and it was remarked that his responses were carefully timed and modestly delivered, and that his "Amen," which usually were so nasally sonorous, were given forth very softly and quietly, as if in sympathy rather with his own caste than with his master, the parson.

Expedition was upon tiptoe, for as yet the good man had not entered. Many triumphant glances were cast among the "conspirators" at the delay, and even words of satisfaction were whispered that he "dare not come!"

But this triumph was of short continuance, for presently forth came the old gentleman, in his robes, as calmly, and with as much self-possession as usual, and he kneeled long in private prayer to Almighty God for strength in this his time of need, and for support in such an hour of trial and difficulty as that he was now called to go through. He rose and stood at the desk; his long gray locks hanging in glistening masses upon his shoulders, and his countenance beaming with confidence, and trustfulness, and quiet resignation to the will of God. He began: "*The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.*" No one arose to receive the Exhortation, as is customary, nor did any one kneel at the Confession, save only himself and his time-serving clerk, who was evidently in a wail in his anxiety to please his one master, and yet not to offend the other master, who was the mightier just now. There was nothing new occurring in the ordinary service of "Morning Prayer." The Athanasian creed was said, as was the custom in those days, and the Liturgy progressed without interruption of any kind, and yet without assistance, except in the one lone faltering voice of Jenkins in the clerk's box. What, however, there was in the service that was most remarkable,—not a "worshipper" stirred from his seat, not a suppliant knelt at the throne of grace amongst the whole crowd there assembled as the "congregation." Eager eyes were upon that same stout-hearted old priest of God's house, and watchful ears were intent to catch the words of his mouth, and to hear whether he would now "dare" to pronounce the hated formula when dangers awaited him, and when heavy trials with pains and penalties were threatened upon his person should he so proceed.

"Let us pray!" said the clergyman, the Creed being ended.

"O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us."

"And grant us thy salvation," meekly replied the voice of the clerk alone.

"O Lord save the King!" said Parson Manly, in a steady, determined voice.

There was no response to this from the clerk's

box, only there was an ominous rustling in the pews below as of men breathing deeply, and gathering themselves up for some serious encounter.

After the usual collects for "peace" and for "grace," the earnest, solemn, unfaltering voice of the minister was heard to continue:

"O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth: Most heartily we beseech thee, with thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord King George; and so replenish him with the grace of thy holy spirit, that he may alway incline to thy will and walk in thy way; Endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him, that he may overcome and vanquish all his enemies; and that finally after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

He paused as usual for the response; but no response came,—only silence, a deep silence succeeded to the last words of the prayer. Still he paused, and no voice was heard throughout the assembly; and then he himself became his own respondent, and pronounced an AMEN! so loud and so emphatic, as left no possibility of doubt upon the minds of any, that he was in earnest in his supplications for royalty. As the last echoing syllable of the word lingered upon the ears of that motley assembly, there was a gazing of men one upon the other, as much as to say—*Now is the time for the attack!* But no man moved. The old parson, himself, as if expecting interruption, did not proceed with the concluding portions of the Ritual for some moments. Interruption, however, there was none. Not a man arose from his seat, but in mute astonishment at such an exhibition of absolute heroism, they all seemed fixed to the benches on which they sat. And after such a momentary pause, as if to invite the "conspirators" to the sacrilegious assault, the voice of the brave old man was again heard at the reading desk in the concluding sentences of the service. The "Morning Prayer" was gone through—the king had been prayed for, as was usual within those walls; and that there should be no incompleteness in the solemn petition made to Almighty God, the priest himself had responded with that same loud and hearty Amen! which made the walls of the old St. —'s church reverberate again; and still there was no assault attempted, nor even a motion towards an outrage of the kind contemplated.

What could all this mean!

Here were men, strong men, men of violent feelings and of embittered prejudices, who had

come together for the avowed purposes of harm. They were all gathered upon the very spot where their victim should be immolated, to appease this overflow of popular indignation and wrath. They were present in numbers far above what would be necessary to execute their unworthy purpose. 'Tis true, the old man did contemplate resistance; that is, he at first contemplated such a course, and, as we have already seen, had prepared himself for the encounter by the pistols which he had taken from his daughter's hands. The belligerent nature of the Manlys of old time had mounted high in the proud bosom of this representative of a once proud family, and for awhile he was bent upon blood—"blood for blood." But after that he was alone, having started upon his way to the church, his spirit became more calm, and took its accustomed attitude of prayer: and then it was that Robert Manly perceived his error, whilst a something whispered in his ear, and echoed in his heart: "*The servant of the Lord must not strive!*" Still a sense of his danger had reassured him, and he had instinctively felt for his weapons to see if they were safe; but again the admonition sounded within him, and was repeated with increased emphasis: "*The servant of the Lord must not strive!*" He thought of his daughter,—of Edith, lonely and now deserted—even her old father has taken his life in his hands and has given it up without a struggle to preserve it;—ruthless men have assaulted him, and he makes no effort to preserve a life so valuable as his must be to an unprotected child,—and again he had felt for his pistols. But the voice of warning was not to be smothered by sinful doubts like these—for sinful they were, seeing that they led him to distrust the hand of that Providence which had ever been his reliance, and which even now gave him convincing assurance that not a hair of his head should suffer harm. "*The servant of the Lord must not strive!*" became again vocal to his conscience, so that his doubts were removed, and his determination was fixed to put his trust in the Lord, and that he should deliver him. And thus resolving, he had drawn the deadly weapons from his bosom, and had cast them into the hedge by the road-side, and so had gone onward unarmed, save by the "*Sword of the Spirit,*" to his appointed scene of trial.

What then was there to hinder that these evil minded men should execute their severe purpose upon the aged servant of God, who in this emergency had felt it equally his duty to be a faithful servant to his king? He was unarmed and helpless, and even without the countenance of friends, and he stood there firm in the spirit of his duty—a duty as he honestly held it to be—and unsha-

ken by any threats of men. And yet they harmed him not.

Perhaps it was that the hearts of these men were overcome by the display of moral courage here manifested. Courage is an elevated feature in human character, which ever adorns and beautifies its possessor; and their minds being full of what they there saw exhibited, it is quite possible that other feelings were for the moment forgotten. No doubt these men did admire the stern and unflinching manner in which the proud old loyalist bore himself upon the occasion, and that they felt for him a sympathy which they themselves were unconscious of having possessed. And that thus their hands were stayed. But, perhaps, also, as we have already intimated, they were not prepared, any of these rude men, to lay the hand of violence upon a priest of God as he ministered at the altar. This was no trifling matter, as they now regarded it. The hard heart of infidelity, and the unboly hands of him who believes that "there is no God," might have essayed to complete the rash enterprise, but not of such were those here congregated. Rude and unlettered men they were, and little observant of the respect due to an aged man,—that man a scholar and a gentleman, but they were not in heart essentially bad. There were political exasperations, it is true, but these were incidental to the times; and it was for a political purpose only that they had met here together on this day, and for the chastisement of a political offender. These men had no idea of insulting the majesty of Heaven, even though their political prejudices and preferences had been assailed and set at naught; nor had they hitherto perceived the enormity of their plans, and the necessary sacrilege that would attend the consummation of them. In a word they hesitated, they held back when it came to the invading the Church of God with unhallowed feet, and with hands and purposes so unsanctified. To burn down and lay waste a "tory's" barns and out-houses, was not so bad, because in this they seemed to be justified on the score of necessity, as the times were themselves violent ones, and outrages had been practised by the adherents of both parties;—but here was a different case altogether, and the religious instincts of even the rude hearts of rude men took the alarm, and rendered hands, otherwise bent upon mischief, harmless and inactive. Such, at least, is a well grounded presumption of the causes which led to the failure of the anticipated assault. Parson Manly had concluded the Morning Service, and had neither omitted nor changed any part or portion of it, even to the "prayer for the king," and still he remained unmolested at his post.

Then he ascended to the lofty pulpit,—which to this day rears itself mid-air, so to speak, in the same old parish church of St. —, and prepared to address his submissive auditory, who sat uneasily in those big, square, old-fashioned pews below. They had not only heard the king prayed for, but they must now perforce open their unwelcome ears to a sermon in the same strain of obnoxious politics. The text was from the psalmist David: “*Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?*” and it afforded ample scope to the abilities of the speaker, who here took occasion to enlarge upon the virtue and duty of Obedience. This was discussed in a temperate and respectful manner, but firmly and with earnestness. Obedience to law and to order—obedience to church and to king—obedience to the “‘powers that be,’ all of which,” said the venerable minister, “‘are ordained of God!’” This was the strong argument of that day on the part of “king and law,” and there were zealous advocates for it too, and none throughout “his Majesty’s Colonies” had advanced these claims with more tenacity and vigor than the aged man who now raised his voice for the last time in public condemnation of the popular cause. “What is it,” said he, in the conclusion of his remarks, “that I should fear? Shall I who minister at God’s holy altar, and who look for a recompense solely at His hands—shall I fear the face and the mere frowns of men? Or shall I, treading the dark confines of that grave, where lie buried all the fond prospects of a father’s heart, stagger from my duty, and bend with unwilling subservience to these traitorous designs? Shall I, in my old days, with a bare inch of life’s brief candle left to me, now desert the earthly master in whose service I have long lived and labored? Desert him, too, without any inward conviction of conscience that I should do so, and indeed with every feeling of my nature in open repugnance to the foul wrong in which these rebellious Colonies are now engaged! No! my hearers, no! no!—you may despoil the old man of these his robes of sacred office,—you may treat his person with such indignity as best befits your taste and your inclination,—nay, you may shed the poor last remnant of royal blood that trickles along these worn-out veins, but you shall never deter a Manly from his duty, or compel him by threats to prove recreant to his trust. But,” continued he, “I am now too old to war it any more; my energies and my faculties have wasted with my decaying frame, and I cannot strive longer against a useless current. I am compelled to desist now. I have had strength to stand up here to-day, and to declare my solemn protest to these rebellious measures, and I thank God for it. You have

heard my words, and as you hear them now you may remember them. But I yield,—and I yield not to any conviction of wrong, but from the necessities of age and its increasing infirmities. The sound of my voice in this sanctuary shall trouble you no more. I can make no compromises in a matter of duty, so neither shall I choose such selections from the sacred Liturgy as may best suit the time-serving caprices of this unloyal age. I adhere to the land-marks whilst I live, and if, through constraint, I must needs be silent, let all that hear me this day bear testimony that it is in obedience to the wilfulness of violent and unsteady men. I announce, therefore, that this church is now closed for the solemn service of God, during the impending years of this sad contest.”

The old man sat down; and at this signal the assembly arose, and with quiet footsteps left the edifice. They mounted their horses and so dispersed to their homes.

As for Parson Manly, he lived in retirement throughout the whole period of the revolutionary struggle, or until the last year thereof, when quite worn-out with increase of years and ripe for the full harvest of the grave, he died and was buried with his kindred. But although the resounding plaudits were for “independence and freedom” forever, the blessings of which were already beginning to be universally felt, he himself had held out firm to his principles, declaring that he would die as he had lived, loyal both to his church and to his king.

E. K.

THE MAGIC WORD.

BY ALTON.

* * * Our doubts are traitors—
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare.*

I.

There is a word—the WORD of words—
To which a charm is lent,
That keeps the universe alive—
That word—Encouragement.
’Tis like a mainspring to the world,
That, with a sovereign sway,
Whene’er the Ball would cease its course,
Impels it on its way.

II.

It bids the wearied Husbandman
Toil cheerfully through care,
Reminding what a rich reward
Attends the Harvest-ear;

By picturing to his happy sight,
Though tempests scourge the earth,
His Boys and Girls, from hunger free,
Around his merry hearth.

III.

It bids the Warrior rally still,
Though all his Comrades, 'round,
Sad victims to the thirsty brand,
Have strewed the bloody ground :
For not the dreadful carnage near
Attracts the fiery eye,—
But dashing wildly on, he sees
Fame—Glory—Victory !

IV.

The noble Sailor scorns to fear,
Though fierce the lightnings flash,
And, roaring through the scowling clouds,
Loud peals the thunder's crash :
For, while he treads the strong ship's deck,
Where bolt nor plank are rent,
Be smiles undaunted on the scene,
And feels—Encouragement!

V.

'Tis this which from the Lover's heart
All sorrow may beguile,
And light that sacred ray of Hope
Which lives upon a smile!—
Inspired by this celestial beam,
For her all things he'll dare :
But break the spell—and lo, how soon
He'll leave the scornful Fair.

VI.

For he who still abjectly kneels,
Despite her cold disdain,
Knows nothing of that nobler love
Which animates my strain :
A manly heart the while it breathes
Devotion deep and true,—
If spurned—will proudly crush each pang,
And scorn again to sue!

VII.

Lo, Genius, o'er whose wasted frame
Disease is sadly stealing,
How, all unmindful, still he toils,
New truth on truth revealing :
Night is for rest, the sun reminds,
Bright setting o'er the hill ;
Midnight her warning gives in vain—
Dawn finds him toiling still.

VIII.

" Oh ! this is madness," cries the friend
" Thy fevered cheek how pale,
When health and happiness are lost
Can empty FAME avail?"
Alas! such words are lost in air,
Who knows what stern control
That Magic word—Encouragement
Hath over such a soul!

IX.

For hearken to his stern reply :
" Oh ! Pleasure's idle son,

Wealth, honor, rank—a world were naught,
If I must die unknown :
Could I believe such were my fate,
Then every fruitless breath
That life condemns my heart to heave,
Would seem a living death! "

X.

The Christian meets with rude repulse
When oft his voice is heard,
But, humbly looking up on high,
He hears the Magic Word ;
And, when it grieves to find his heart
On earthly things intent,
Boldly he braves the Tempter's art,
And feels—Encouragement!

XI.

For hath not He, who made the world,
The Father—Lord of all—
Kindly proclaimed, unknown to him,
A sparrow shall not fall?—
And will He, then, a servant see
Oppressed with grievous care ;
Nor, like a Father, hear his voice,
And give him strength to bear ?

XII.

See how the Conscience-stricken Child,
Who doth his conduct rue,
Will, at his slightest token, kneel,
And sweet forgiveness sue :
For, at its sound, within his breast,
What new emotions rise,
As now, ambitiously, he strives
To win approving eyes.

XIII.

But yet, deprive him of this charm,
And wound his shrinking heart
With cold reproach—and how he writhes
Beneath its cruel smart;—
His noblest feelings withering up,
That self-respect so dear,
Till, crushed with grief, he falls, disgraced,
A Victim to Despair.

XIV.

For ah ! too vain the heart will strive
To mock Adversity,
And, if not aided by this spell,
Soon joy forsakes the eye ;
And soon less frequent on the ear
'The mirthful laugh will rise,
The spirit lose its wonted nerve,
As Hope uncherished dies.

XV.

Then, oh ! let none forget the charm
This simple word hath won,
But bear it with him o'er Life's paths,
To cheer a brother on :
And, as the good Samaritan
His aid the Stranger lent,
So, when a friend beside thee sinks,
Whisper—Encouragement!

The Storming of the Arsenal at Vienna.*

At six o'clock, there was but one place of refuge left in the city for the troops and National Guards who took sides with the government, and that place was the arsenal—famous not only for the immense quantity of arms of all kinds which it contained, but for the valued trophies acquired in the crusades in the Holy Land, in the Turkish wars, and in the French campaigns.

All other places being in their possession, attempts were now made by the mob to carry this point by storm. They first attempted to force the gates, but failing in this, operations were abandoned until after nightfall. They next endeavored to gain entrance from the roofs of the adjoining houses, but this effort was attended with no better success, as the assailants were picked off by the sharp shooters in the arsenal as rapidly as they made their appearance.

At seven o'clock, and as soon as the shades of night afforded some concealment for their manoeuvres, the attack was renewed with great vigor. Two barricades were constructed not far distant from the arsenal, and in both of the streets which met and formed right angles in front of the gate, and the fire was opened from all houses within reach, both in the Renn Gasse and Wiplingher Strasse, while from the barricade on the Hopen Brücke the cannons poured forth their contents against the feeble gate, the concussion in the narrow streets and lofty houses shivering to atoms all the glass of the windows, and drowning all other sounds with its deafening thunder.

Captain Castell, commanding the only company of regulars left for the defence of the arsenal, prudently waited until the enemy's shot had made in the gate an aperture sufficiently large to enable him to point out the only but well-directed cannon which he had, and the effect of a few shots was indescribable—the streets were cleared, and the captain, venturing out with a few men, took the deserted cannon, which had been brought over the barricade for the purpose of attacking the arsenal from a nearer point.

The combat deepened, the garrison swept the Renn Gasse with grape and canister, and killed and disabled a great number of the populace, whose fury increased after each unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of the building. The assailants proceeded to the civic arsenal, and demanded cannon for the loudly expressed purpose of bombarding the military arsenal. With these

they proceeded on the bastions, and attacked the building in the rear.

Parliamentaires were despatched to the arsenal both by the diet and the students, ordering the garrison to surrender, and the combat to cease; but these were shot as fast they approached the building, not by the garrison, but, as was generally believed, by assassins posted in the opposite houses of the Renn Gasse.

At ten o'clock the arsenal was bombarded from four different points. At eleven o'clock, from the discharge of the congreve rockets, the building took fire, and great apprehensions were entertained that the powder magazine would explode; yet the gallant little band, intrusted with its defence, held out undaunted. Some well-disposed citizens attempted to dispatch fire engines to the relief of the arsenal; but the enraged mob interfered, and prevented their departure. The fire fortunately communicated with the wood and coal depôts, and, by the untiring exertions of the garrison was kept under control. Every species of stratagem was resorted to, to obtain possession of the arsenal, but all without effect.

One of these schemes was very near consummation, and had it been carried through would have decided at once the fates both of the garrison and the arsenal. A little after midnight, a great sound of many voices was heard in the Wiplingher Strasse, and a band of mixed persons observed marching up to the arsenal, some bearing white flags and others torches and candles. From afar they proclaimed words of peace and requested a parley, and the garrison was inclined to listen to the most advanced speaker. Two loaded cannon were posted in the gateway and pointed down the street, and Captain Castell, with nearly his entire force of forty grenadiers, advanced toward the doubtful band; and while there listening to their communications, and preventing them from pressing them too closely on the arsenal, the captain happening to cast a look behind, remarked a flash upon the tube of the double loaded cannon. Amazed, he sprang toward the cannon where he perceived a young proletarian searching with a burning match for the touch-hole of the gun, which, in a second more, would have discharged its murderous contents upon the backs of the grenadiers. An instantaneous cry directed the attention of the cannoniers to the youthful assassin, and the next moment one of them, with a rope hammer, struck him speechless to the earth. Incensed at the treachery which was attempted, Captain Castell immediately withdrew his grenadiers, and answered the faithless band by two discharges of grape, which produced great havoc in their ranks, and caused a death-like stillness through the street.

* From a work entitled "Austria in 1848-49." By Hon. William H. Stiles, recently our Charge at Vienna. These interesting and important volumes will appear in elegant style, from the press of Harper and Brothers, New York, in the course of a month.

The attack and defence of the arsenal continued through the entire night. Never was more strikingly exhibited the advantage of skill and discipline over rude masses than occurred that night, when the handful of regular troops held out, with Spartan valor, against all the force which could be brought against them, and never yielded their post until next morning, when summoned to do so by their own commander, Count Anersperg, who had entered into stipulations with the Diet and common council for the surrender.

But the horrors of that awful night—the alarm-bells pealing from all the steeples in the city; the arsenal at times wrapt in flames; the uninterrupted musket fire; the thunder of the heavy cannon, and the streets strewed with the dying and dead, will not soon be forgotten by the quiet and pleasure-loving inhabitant of Vienna.

At eight o'clock next morning, the brave little garrison which, with a scarcity of ammunition, had all night long defended the arsenal, amid fire and flame, surrendered it into the hands of its pledged protectors;* and, marching unmolested through the tumultuous streets of the capital, reached in safety the encampment in the Schwartzberg Garden, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their companions.

Scarcely had they left, when the populace, whose rage could no longer be restrained, rushed into the arsenal from every quarter, some even over the still burning ruins; and when the yard became full to overflowing with human beings, whose horrid faces and grotesque appearance beggared all description, the doors were burst open, and a general plunder commenced. So great was the rush to obtain arms, that, notwithstanding the fire had just again burst out with all its fury, and groups of thousands surrounded it on all sides, not a man could be obtained to assist in extinguishing it, and a number of boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, could alone be gathered to work the engine; and they really laboured with great constancy until the flames were subdued.

The four long galleries, leading into each other, and surrounding an immense hollow square, were filled with arms and trophies of every description; and so tasteful had been the arrangement of them, that that hall constituted one of the most attractive objects to the eye of the stranger that Vienna afforded.

The two hundred thousand new muskets which it contained soon disappeared; and then followed the trophies, collected by the imperial government through many centuries, from the period

* That the National Guard and Legion would occupy and defend it.

of the crusades to the present day. Some strutted forth in complete suits of ancient armor; others were decorated only with helmets and gloves of mail; some brandished an ancient battle-axe, while others delighted only in a breast-plate and pike; some shouldered a Swedish blunderbuss, captured, perhaps, in the battle of Lutzen; and some waved a Turkish cimeter.

For hours the Arsenal thus poured forth a rabble, in comparison with which Falstaff's regiment would have appeared a noble guard; all delighted with their spoils, and boasting of the havoc they would now make upon the military. The coat of mail of Libussa, the first princess of Bohemia; the buckskin shirt in which Gustavus Adolphus received his death wound; the sword of Eugène of Savoy, of Wurmser, and of Schwartzberg, and thousands of other invaluable relics disappeared.

Some were subsequently purchased for a zwentzinger;* many have been lost forever.

* Twenty cents.

THE SPIRIT OF MY DREAMS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What beauteous form art thou I ever meet?
When sleep o'ercomes me 'mong the fragrant flowers
Who weavest wreaths for me, of blossoms aweet,
Plucked from the shrubs which circle these bright bowers
Who art thou? Spirit bright I fain would know!
Thy glances fire my soul, I hear thee speak;
And oh! with love unspeakable I glow,
When thy warm hand is pressing on my cheek.

I seek thee near the village linden trees,
I search the city, each romantic spot,
I hear thee sighing on the hollow breeze,
I seek thee, loved one, but I find thee not.
Where'er a lattice opens, there I gaze;
Where'er a veil falls o'er a lofty brow;
Where'er a tongue is heard in beauty's praise,
I seek, and have sought hopelessly, till now.

Come often, then, sweet vision of the night—
Thy form in dreamland, I would often see,
Clad in those maiden robes of spotless white,
In which thy visit was first made to me.
Bring, when thou comest, in thy snowy hand,
Which captive bore my willing heart away,
Sweet violets, fastened with that purple band,
Which round thy swanlike neck was wont to play.

And bring, oh bring, those soft blue eyes of thine,
From which an angel's glances seem to gleam,
And bring that face, which sweetly smiled on mine
When first I met thee in my rapt'rous dream.
Bring then thy rosy mouth where bright smiles bask,
And heaven will open to thy lover's eyes;
Bring all thy charms, beloved, then I ask—
Bring in thy heart, the love of Paradise.

PEONY:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS AND OPPONENTS OF
FREE SCHOOLS.

BY PEN. INGLETON, ESQ.

I.

PEONY GOES ALONG SINGING.

Peony came down the Blue Ridge merrily singing. First and foremost, let me say, in a few words, how Peony looked. She was a little girl of ten or eleven, with a round ruddy face, curling hair of a dusky auburn, and a jaunty, careless bearing. She was clad in an old, ragged gown, of the coarsest texture, and the torn and dragged skirt scarcely reached to her ankles; below it two little red, unwashed feet, without shoes or stockings, plainly revealed themselves. But what did Peony care for shoes or stockings that beautiful day? The sun was shining very warmly; the tall trees were full of birds' nests—if she could only climb so high!—and the grass felt nice and soft to her feet, and did'nt hurt them like the ugly pebbles and stones of the highway! Therefore she went along singing; but her song, though so merry, was not a pleasant song! No, rather a woful song—so merry was it—as the light in her eyes was a woful light for all its brightness!

On by cottages shrinking back from the road, and tall mansions raising proudly their white walls amid bright waving foliage and flowers: on by the murmuring stream and the little bridge went Peony singing. She went by all carelessly, toward the village where she was to have the black bottle under her arm filled for her father.

Just as she came to the bend in the road, from which the white houses of the town were visible, she heard behind her the hoof-strokes of a horse, and, turning round, saw a tall, elderly-looking traveller, who had just emerged from a by-road, and was leading a horse evidently much fatigued. Peony scarcely complimented the stranger with a second glance, and went on her way again singing like a forest bird.

"My child," said the stranger, in a mild voice, "you sing very merrily."

Peony turned round and stopped. The traveller joined her, and patting her kindly on the head:

"What is your name?" said he.

"Peony," answered the child; "please sir gi' me somethin'."

The old man sighed.

"Give you something, my child?" he said.

"Yes, sir, please. I'm poor and aint had nothin' to eat for—for—ever so long," said Peony, assuming a whining tone, but cunningly glancing from the corners of her eyes to see what effect her eloquence had produced.

"Nothing to eat!" said the stranger, involuntarily putting his hand into his pocket; but suddenly checking himself, he sighed again and shook his head.

"Here, here too!" he muttered, "I am indeed wanted."

"What did you say, sir," said Peony, whining; "did you say you'd give a poor child somethin' to buy some bread to eat?"

And perceiving that the stranger, in his pre-occupation, had not observed the bottle she carried, Peony slipped it dexterously beneath her apron, and assuming an innocent look, glanced again at her companion.

The stranger looked at her attentively and sadly. Deep commiseration was written in his melancholy eyes, and for a moment he appeared to be sunk in thought. Then turning again to the little girl:

"My child," he said mildly, "do you know who made you?"

"No, sir—I dunno."

"Has no one told you this much, even! Are you ignorant wholly of your Maker?"

"What is ignorant?" asked Peony.

The old man bowed his forehead.

"Do you not know, my daughter," he continued, "who made the earth—these trees—the stars in the sky—every thing around us?"

"They growed so, I reckon," said Peony, in her little tinkling voice.

"Have you never heard of your Saviour?"

"Oh, yes!" said Peony, proudly; "yes I have. That was Washin'ton, the saviour of his country. I've heard father say that."

"God pardon us!—and this is Virginia in the nineteenth century! My child, have you no conception—I mean, can you tell me what your life is for—why you are living: tell me not that you are wholly darkened."

"I aint darken'," said Peony, puzzling her brain. "I live to wash dishes, and go to town for father."

"And for nothing else?"

"I dunno. What else am I livin' for? Oh, yes!" she said, struck by a sudden thought, "to hunt birds' nests and make dams in the run."

"Do you know what State this is?"

"Oh, yes, it's Squire ——'s 'state. He lives up there in the big house. I was in it once, beggins, and oh! how rich and fine every thing was! They was all sorts of pretty things on the table, and soft carpets on the floor; and they give me

some nice coffee, and when the readin' time come, they let me kneel down on a *real* mahog-'ny cheer."

Peony seemed carried away by enthusiasm, as she mentioned these wonders.

"And do you not remember, Peony," said the old man, mildly, "the name of Jesus at the reading?"

"Oh, yes—Him that died on a cross; but I disremember where."

"God pardon us," ejaculated the old man again; "surely we can expect nothing but his curse!"

"Curse, sir," interrupted Peony; "did you say they cursed there? No, they don't, though. Oh! Squire — and Miss Annie and all are too rich folks for *that*. Father and we all curse; though for that matter I don't like to, and I tell the boys it's wrong. Oh! *they* don't curse. They live so nice and easy; and have such nice things to eat; and such warm beds; and the fine horses and carriage, and all—*they* hav'nt nothin' to curse for!"

"Yet there is something better than fine meats and beds and carriages, Peony: education, knowledge, and purity of life. If you have these—and God vouchsafe to you these, and more—a change of heart!—the carriages and horses and all, would not make you half so happy."

Peony didn't seem to understand, but shook her head with extreme doubt, whether anything whatever could be half as pleasant as the Squire's rich things.

"Peony," said the old man, "have you never heard of heaven?"

"Yes: that's heaven up there over the trees."

"But have you never heard who live there—exist forever there?"

"The stars, I reckon, does," said Peony, thoughtfully.

"And where do you think you'll go when you die, Peony?"

"Father says we'll all go to hell together," replied the child, gaily.

The old man bent his head.

"Ignorant of her God," he murmured; "ignorant of Jesus and his law—worse than a beast of the field in this, our boasted age of enlightenment and civilization! Oh, yes! they 'perish for lack of knowledge,' and we do not move a hand to preserve *these souls*!—they grow in baneful ignorance from day to day; and this life, which is but a series of coarse gratifications of the senses, we look upon, and let be, still! God grant that here also some good may be done—that my labors may bear fruit, grant me, O Father, zeal and strength!"

Then turning to the child, the old man asked again her name, which he took down in his note-

book, to Peony's profound consternation; and still conversing, they entered the town. At the tavern, the stranger called for pen and paper, and was about to write to the child's father, when Peony informed him that her father could not read. Again the old man sighed; and laying down his pen:

"I will call, my child, and see him then," he said. "Go, and God bless you!"

II.

PEONY RETURNS STILL SINGING.

Peony ascended the Blue Ridge, singing merrily, as when she came down—making, indeed, the forest resound with her clear, birdlike carol. But in that song, there was scarce the degree of *sentiment* discernible in a bird's note—in the robin's, the partridge's, the skylark's. For the robin, when he hops and chirps, and turns his bright head from side to side, seems to be telling the world of his forest travels;—the partridge, perched on some rock which rises above the harvest field, discourses plainly, in his bold, defiant call, of peril from wandering hunters, and of the forest shelter near;—the skylark soaring above the mists, which lie upon the morning earth, means by his clear, sweet note, you may readily imagine, "I but revel here in the bright matin light, to greet the fresh morning, before I sink once more to my nest in the fern below."

But Peony's joy was merest joy from her bounding blood—had in it nought of *sentiment* whatever. It expressed nothing. It was the voice of her exuberant health; her thoughtless mind; her brain—God save her!—which like an empty vessel, resounded loudly at every touch, and all the more for its emptiness and utter vacuity.

As to any effect produced upon her by the questions, and sighs, and pitying glances of the old man—there was no effect whatsoever. His words had fallen on barren—worse, on untilled, rocky—soil, and had not taken root: even so much as impressed the surface, of that unpropitious earth. No cultivation had prepared that soil, no note had even been taken of its existence in the great sum of human things.

Just as Peony reached the path which led directly homeward, she saw gathered around a mossy rock, which raised itself above the slope of the hillock she was ascending, a crowd of boys and girls, who seemed by their boisterous gaiety to derive great and unusual pleasure from some object, which as yet was concealed from the child. These children were of widely different ages—from little tender blossoms of five or six, taking their first lesson in a rude school of animalness and coarse recklessness—to the boys

of sixteen and seventeen, who acted as leaders in all countryside rambles, and were looked upon as worthy of the highest admiration, respect and fear. They were all coarsely clad—the girls in cheap, poor lindseys, which were scarce long enough for decency, and revealed, above, freckled and sunburnt necks; below, stockingless feet: the boys in old, cast off clothes, a world too large or too small, torn straw hats, and ragged, slipshod shoes, which were mere parodies on *real* shoes.

Their freckled faces, half covered with disordered hair, were lit up, as Peony approached, by coarse animal enjoyment; and—alas for her! the poor child went to meet them with a face which was worse to look upon than any there.

III.

THE CAUSE OF THE ASSEMBLAGE.

At sight of Peony they all set up a shout of welcome: for our little heroine, (such for want of a better she must be,) was a great favorite with all the neighborhood—as far as the children went. She was as wild as the wildest boy on all mischief excursions; she scarcely had a rival in bird-nest hunting; and still there was about her at times a softness, and especially a dreamy manner and look, as of struggling wondrous thoughts within, which attracted the boldest, equally with the young and yet unhardened.

Peony advanced into the throng, humming gaily, and closely holding her bottle;—she well knew the penalty of breaking or losing *that*. The cause of all this merriment and uproar was at once apparent to her. The eldest boy of the party had chased a ground-squirrel into a pile of stones, and then assembling his companions, had made them toss one after another all the stones away, until the poor animal, deprived of his refuge, had sprung out. Then the boy in question had struck it heavily with a stick—so heavily, that both hind legs had been broken by the blow. The squirrel lay now writhing on the grass before his tormentors. At times he raised himself and slowly dragged himself along by moving his fore feet, and consequently his hind legs trailed, so to speak, upon the ground. His large, dusky eye, was enough to cause commiseration in the most hardened.

But the party were far from feeling such commiseration—least of all, Peony. She laughed and shouted louder than them all at the poor animal's contortions; and when he turned upward his complaining eyes upon his enemies, Peony liked to have dropped her bottle in the excess of her mirth. Suddenly a project seemed to strike her; this project was suggested by the stripes

upon the animal's back. She would harness him! No sooner said than done; and in a trice a coarse piece of twine was tied round the squirrel's neck, and,—brought along on each side,—placed in the hands of the youngest of the party. Then all collected switches and commenced whipping the squirrel to make him move.

For all the pain, however, he moved but slowly—his wounded legs disabling him completely. Peony grew angry. It was plainly a sham on his part that they should have no fun;—so catching violently the strings from the little child, she drew them tightly around the animal's neck. It writhed, thrust out its tongue and expired.

Peony burst into a roar of laughter.

IV.

PEONY TASTES OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

With the death of the little animal, all "fun" from that quarter disappeared, and the party began scattering themselves through the woods in search of birds' nests. Some hastily manufactured pin-books to fish for minnows in the stream which gurgled by in the warm, laughing sunlight; others rambled off in search of sloes and berries; none paid the least regard to the beautiful flowers they trod upon at every step, to the fair cloud-shadows which made a fairy-land of valley and river, or to any carol of the sweet-voiced birds, which made the woods and the air vocal with their merry melody. What had they to do with birds, except to kill them and destroy their nests;—with landscape beauties which afforded them no "fun;"—what did it signify to them that God's great wealth of summer flowers was poured out from the lap of nature on every meadow, laughing in the heaven-light; on every streamlet's bank, where they were mirrored clearly in the azure vault below; on every sunny knoll; in forest glade; over the whole earth, hopefully awaking? Flowers were not good to eat, like fruit; or fit to "play with" like squirrels and birds; no sensible person cared for flowers!

So Peony thought, and so thought all. They were bound on far different errands than gathering flowers; and with descriptions of what they were going to do, they endeavored to wile Peony away to go with them. The child felt a powerful, almost irresistible inclination to accompany them: not for a moment would she have hesitated, had she been rid of the bottle. She must, she knew, carry that home at once.

Now Peony was not actuated, in thus resisting the temptation, by any objection to disobedience of her father; not the least in the world! She was afraid of the consequences which bitter ex-

perience had taught her would ensue. She therefore refused to accompany the bird-nesting parties, or the fishing-parties, or any whatsoever, and took her way homeward.

As she went along, Peony began to reflect,—if the word reflection may be applied to any operation of her mind,—on her father's habits. When the bottle is empty, thought Peony, he looks angry and gloomy; he curses and quarrels with mother, and beats us all if we say a word to him. He looks just like a thunder-cloud! But when he has drunk of this, he is changed entirely—he is gentle and affectionate, laughs, and kisses me, and calls me his “dear little daughter,” and seems, oh, so happy! How can the bottle do all this? “I will try for myself,” said Peony aloud.

This was not difficult, as she had the magical bottle under her arm, with no one to see her. Peony looked warily around on every side—everywhere but toward heaven—and the stream was near to supply the water which she knew was necessary. So she took a large leaf and crimped it into a forest-cup, and pouring some whiskey into it, which she mixed with water, drank it. The taste was harsh and burning, and the liquid seemed to have scorched her throat. Her eyes filled with moisture, and she almost dropped the bottle, so dizzy did all things suddenly look. This soon passed, however, and with a draught of pure water, she washed the burning taste from her mouth, and continued her way.

As she approached home it seemed to have changed entirely since her departure early in the morning. It did not look so poverty-stricken and unhappy. She felt in her heart a new and strange sensation, which she could no more have explained, than she could have explained the mist which seemed to wrap everything. She saw her father's face at the door, wrathful and impatient; she put her hand to her head and reeled. She was only conscious after this of dropping the bottle which broke to pieces, and exclaiming “Father, father,” as her mad father struck her; and after this all was a blank to Peony.

V.

PEONY GOES ALONG WEeping.

Since Peony's meeting with the stranger, two years have past. She is now thirteen.

Again, on a beautiful morning, when the grass is green and soft, and the tender flowers look up and smile, and the fair trees wave in the joyful upland breeze, Peony goes down the mountain-side. She is not the Peony she was in those long-past, dimly-remembered days, when we

first saw her one bright morning rambling along and so merrily singing—not that Peony outwardly any more than within. She is clad in a pretty little calico frock, cleanly washed and spotless. It fits beautifully, for did not the Master's wife herself show little Peony how to cut out and baste, and sew and line it, and finally, herself, put the finishing touch to this wonderful, beautiful frock! And does not Peony boast that the trimmings are of her own selection; and the little pocket, from which peep pieces of calico, and scissors, and needle case, and a nice little handkerchief, her own peculiar invention? On her feet are strong, good shoes, which show plainly her neat, white stockings; round her neck is a red riband, confined by a little anthracite brooch, given her by Robert, (he was present by-the-by at the squirrel's death that day;) and a neat school-bonnet covers her curling auburn hair, once so wild and tangled, now falling neat and well-brushed around her face, and on her shoulders below her hood. On her arms swings a satchel woven of waterflag leaves skilfully by Robert, and meant by that young gentleman as a true-love gift;—in her hand, covered with a thread, openwork glove, many-colored, (the Master's wife taught her to knit too,) she carries an open school-book.

Peony was weeping bitterly. So bitterly, that she passed unregarded the sweet-briar she had watched day after day, counting its buds, and rejoicing in each new shoot;—saw not the mossy rock where she was wont to study her lessons in the long, bright afternoons;—heard not the voices of the myriads of bright-winged birds which circled, and darted, and rose and fell upon the air-billows up above her, and seemed to have but one occupation in the wide world,—that, to bear away on every side the perfume of the opening tulip-tree flowers, that it might so be scattered everywhere for Peony and all! Peony neither saw nor heard what usually attracted so strongly her attention. Why was this?

On that morning her father, who had wholly given up his intemperate habits, and grown healthier in mind and body, whether from shame at revelling, as he had been long, in brutal animal excess, before and in the presence of this little, pure child, or other cause, no one can tell—on that morning her father had relapsed into his old ways, and in the fury of intoxication struck little Tommy, and, they thought, much injured the child.

Peony wept for this, and could not refrain from weeping more bitterly the longer she thought of it. She saw ever—it could never pass away—the whole; and not the least part of Peony's grief, were the evil feelings of her own heart, which rose and swole with agitation.

The letters of the book she held were blotted by her tears; and everything around her was as indistinct as on that morning, yonder by the brook: Peony turned aside and hurried by the spot! She came thus toward the school-house alone, but was met suddenly by a merry, laughing boy who, crying "There's Peony!" and gaily holding up a bunch of flowers, ran toward her. She dried her eyes hastily, and covered her face as she met Robert, and they walked on, he merrily talking; she trying to answer his questions without betraying by her agitated voice her secret.

And thus they came to the school-house.

VI.

THE MASTER AND HIS SCHOLARS.

The school house was a small log building in a glade of the woods, with large windows, which, at night, were closed by wooden shutters with leathern hinges. Not far off was the playground, where the children went when school was out, to play; and near by, stood a large birch tree, from which alone, the Master, with a laudable respect for ancient tradition and usage, cut his switches, or more classically, "rods."

As Peony and Robert entered, hand in hand, a busy scene presented itself to their eyes. Ranged on benches round the room, and leaning on the long continuous desk fixed against the wall, the scholars, boy and girl, might be seen, engaged closely at their tasks. Some were fathoming the mysterious depths of arithmetic, with scowling brows, hands buried in and tugging at their hair, and persevering though unconscious attempts to dog-ear still more completely their books: others, with many-colored maps before them, were travelling around the world, stopping at the Sandwich Islands, or sailing by Australia to the Indian ocean: others still, painfully striving to copy the Master's bold heading to their copy-book pages, (hair-stroke up, broad mark down,) and in the effort, were expending an amount of energy, mental and muscular, sufficient to merely compose some new *Novum Organum*. There were exceptions, it is true, to the almost universal industry, and it was observable that these exceptions were either girls who had grown weary over problems in arithmetic that "wouldn't come out right," or gallants who insinuatingly edged themselves toward their sweethearts, only to retreat with precipitation at sight of the Master's eyes turned on them.

The Master sat "proudly eminent" on a rostrum against the wall, a desk at his side, and before him, a class who had no eyes for anything

but the dreadful rod, which they faintly hoped might not descend upon them in requital of their neglect of study.

As Peony and Robert entered, they became conscious that it was long after school hours, and the Master seemed of the same opinion.

"Peony," he said, severely, "you are half an hour after school-time. Why are you so late?"

Peony bent her head, and a burning blush, suffused her whole face. Then her eyes filled with passionate tears.

The Master was a man who divined quickly. He knew—could not but know from his knowledge of Peony—that something had happened, and rising hastily:

"Take your seat!" he said, "and come more punctually to-morrow. Now, Robert," he continued, as Peony went sorrowfully to her seat, "why have you come after school hours again, sir?"

Robert fidgeted, and looked at a flower he had in his hand, as if it was an object of wonderful interest.

"Answer, sir," said the Master.

"I won't tell a lie for it!" the boy suddenly answered, "I went to get some flowers."

"Recollect," said the Master, sternly, "that whoever tells a lie here, will receive the worst and most disgraceful punishment possible. Flowers for whom?"

Robert remained silent.

"Answer, sir," said the Master, looking round him.

The boy only became more sullen, and blushed. The Master saw the flowers in question, blooming from Peony's satchel, and smiled.

"You will remain this evening for one hour after school, for time lost this morning," he said "not for gathering or giving flowers, sir. I object to no one's doing so. It is not in the rules. Next class!"

At luncheon, the Master beckoned to Peony, who was going out with the rest; and, to Robert's great indignation, "went and kept her in all play time," as he expressed it.

Still, for all this keeping in, Peony went home with a lighter heart that evening, blessing the kind good Master.

VII.

FOR A GREAT PAINTER.

Peony felt more sad and lonely, the nearer she drew toward home; home, which should be surely not a place for a little child to shrink from with

a sort of fear! She felt all the baneful effects of that ignorance and vice in which they had grown up—all beside herself and her little brother—as beneath the withering shade of a upas tree, as in the pestilential miasma of a morass which choked the life from out them: worse, annihilated hopelessly in those on whom they were permitted to do their work, the purity, the innocence, the bloom and joy of life forever. She thought now with a sort of shudder of her own life, when the Master met her first, and spoke so pityingly, (which she but laughed at and forgot,) and prayed to God to give him strength to change her unhappy nature. Her whole school life came to her, and this gave her strength to go and meet her father.

He was not there, however. He had gone out with his gun, her mother assured Peony, and said he would not be back that day. Little Tommy was not hurt by the unhappy act of his father, and he was running about now, gleefully, and making letters in the sand as Peony had taught him. He could almost spell sister's name now! and so the night drew on with the child's laughter, and the shadows falling on the sunset, and in Peony's breast a struggling hope.

Her father came back early, and as soon as he saw his Peony, he took her in his arms, (Tommy, too, had got there somehow,) and kissed her, and laid her head upon his breast. Peony burst into tears, and only sobbed her joy at seeing him again the altered man he had been for nearly two years. Since that unhappy time, his whole form had changed for the better, as, indeed, had everything about the house; which was no longer poor and mean and dirty, but cleanly and neat. The father had changed, however, more than all. He was now a hale, strong mountaineer, with muscles as hard as oak; and not the weary, murmuring invalid of the old time, who complained that everything wore him out, and could not walk a mile without fatigue. His eye was bold and bright, his face cheerful and hearty, his long, white beard, and high, clear forehead, gave him the appearance of a patriarch. None so strong as he now! none so looked up to and respected among all the mountaineers!

And Peony had caused this change throughout! Undoubtedly she had! She had lent an attentive ear to the Master's directions, (that worthy Master who saw all,) and gradually the place became changed, as Peony herself, was changed. The house was neat: the ground annexed to it was better tilled: the father had given up his bottle gradually, and at last wholly: a newspaper, borrowed by Peony, might often be seen upon the rude but neat pine table, or in Peony's hands at evening, when all—grouped around her—listened. The whole was changed,

and Peony had done all—a little child, but strong in faith and hope!

After embracing Peony tenderly, and kissing his wife and little son, the father took the bottle and broke it, declaring he would never more touch it or any such. Then pointing to a deer he had brought on his broad, strong shoulder from the woods where he had shot it, he told Peony that they would sell it and buy some good books. Peony rejoiced so much to see her father once more gentle and tender! She felt such a rush of gaiety and joy, that she all at once, proposed that she should give her father a lesson in reading, or rather, spelling! To this, the old man consented with great heartiness and pleasure; and, simple as the child who sat beside him, he betook himself to gravely spelling in a spelling-book which Peony brought at three bounds, from her little room up stairs.

As the fair morning-light of the glad, early summer, burst upon them there, and lit up, as with a golden halo, that little child's pure, innocent face, and bright auburn curls, and happy smile, and sparkling large blue eyes, and white arm, resting on the spelling-book; as it lit up, too, the old mountaineer, his bulky shoulders, large muscular hands, his grey hair, cut close at the temples, and his long white beard, which fell upon his breast;—as the fair morning light fell on them thus, the little child teaching the aged man, and both, so earnestly and simply engaged, they might have afforded to some master-painter a subject which his imagination sought in vain.

Peony changed all—but the FREE SCHOOL changed in all things, Peony! They were two different persons, were they not—the Peony, who shook with mirth at a little animal's suffering, and begged in beggar-garb, upon the highway, and that Peony who, snatched from ignorance and vice, taught her old father there in the glad morning light?

VIII.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

One Saturday, a merry company of boys and girls spread themselves far and wide along the mountain side, in merry play. The Master was forgotten—he was far, very far, from the thoughts of those jubilant urchins and young maidens, as they ran after birds'-nests, and then pleaded for them that they might remain untouched, just when the excitement of search was over, and that of pillage about to begin; and gathered the tender little wood-flowers, faint and pale—like the rich, blooming, magnificent queens

the meadow yonder; and skirted the merry stream which tripped on gaily; and finally crossing it, on a mossy log, (which gave the little maidens a good opportunity to cry out and be afraid of falling in,) came to the spot selected for their pic-nic!

They were neatly clad, and each had a bunch of flowers—be sure of that—and were busily engaged in making necklaces of the little steeple-crowned-hat-like meadow buds: and breaking honey-suckles to get at the honey; and holding butter-cups under each other's chins; and writing names with pins on sweet-briar rose leaves; and doing a thousand other foolish, happy things, as chasing butterflies, and challenging each other to races, and running like little merry-footed fairies, with bright hair streaming, and bonnets thrown down carelessly on the ground.

These little poor children, no longer rude and coarse and ignorant, but moulded by the worthy Master's hand, delighted now in innocent, gentle play, not in tormenting animals and all unworthy sports. Before, you might have sadly pondered on their fate, and seen them, in imagination, grow up, rude and ignorant—the boys to brawl and drink, and bully on the court house green, till the strong law overtook them—the girls to that precarious position of ignorance, which none can ever feel satisfied, will not ripen into vice. Now you are hopeful for them of a happy, because a cultivated life—mere animals no longer, as to the high attributes of humanity, you see that a moral and pure existence is offered to them here, and a heaven to look to hereafter.

They rambled merrily, after eating the good things in the big basket, and it was evening when they returned homeward. It had been a happy day to all, and as Robert had attended exclusively to little Peony, she could not complain, at least.

Another sort of complaint she did make, however. "She was weak and faint;" Peony, indeed, was ill.

IX.

PEONY GATHERS HER BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

The summer waned and faded—for its bloom and joy and glorious splendor could not last, struck by the fresh autumn wind. The radiant morning sun shown on far fewer flowers than he had met with on that happy day when Peony and her companions rambled merrily along the stream, and over the hills, (though not so "far away,") and in the vast old forest. The noon-tide glory streamed through the wood-roof on yellow leaves, already fallen, and the maple had a

fire at his heart which wrinkled and burnt away his foliage. The golden sunset lingered still, but shone not over such fair summer scenes; the glades for happy children; quiet nooks; and streams that gently washed bush, grass-plats, and tall flowers, that went down to their margins to see heaven reflected there, and dream *they* were in heaven!

And Peony waned with the waning summer. Faint and pale as a poor little flower, she lay quiet and resigned upon her bed, only turning her eyes from the landscape, seen through the window, to the Book, which she had so often read from to the Master's wife, on quiet Sabbath mornings, at the Sunday school.

It soon became known through all the country side, that Peony was very sick; and her play-mates in the old days, (those days seemed so far from her now!) sent gifts to her, of pretty books—purchased with miserly savings from little sums they earned: and sweet-scented tender flowers, and carvings, which did honor to the artists, and white plaster mouldings, bought from wandering Italians, of praying children and blooming Coresses, and myriad little things which—tender hearts!—they thought would give her pleasure. Sometimes they came in person, and would sit timidly at her bed-side, watching her fair pale face, round which flowed her long golden hair; only too happy, could they hand her water, or a book, or make her smile, with some neighborhood news, repeated with a subdued, earnest voice, and stolen looks. Robert, Peony's especial cavalier on all occasions, was often there, and many times, Peony had long, pleasant chats with him; and when his voice trembled at the thought of losing her, would give him gentle, hopeful words.

And so the summer waned and faded with its radiant mornings, and its noon-tide glory, and its golden sunset, lingering to the last—and Peony, with her mother's hand in hers, waned with the waning summer.

The Master and his wife came often to see her, and his face was ever a joy and comfort to the child. He talked to her of great hopeful truths, and prayed at her bed-side—all knelt, praying in *their* hearts, too—and supported her with cheery smiles and merry tales. The father seemed borne down, all at once, by age:—his eye was darkened; his cheeks worn away; his lips gave forth but heavy sighs, in answer to his wife, or any one who spoke to him. Peony was never gloomy; her face was rather, at all times, calm and cheerful, and her eyes would often beam with the light and joy of one who wanders in glad thought, over blooming, flowery fields, in the early May.

And so the summer waned, and Peony waned with it. One evening the master came to see her, and taking her little thin, white hand, he talked to her of all the happy scenes of the last two or three years; and read her some hopeful verses, which fell from his lips like jewels in the fairy tale. Anon, he told her of the love all bore her, for her gentle, loving, innocent life, which none could fail to know of. And he pointed to her father, *reading*—so forlornly!—and her mother, trimming prettily, a white gown for her, though the tears would often dim her eye-sight; and anon, the worthy master called little Peony's attention to a crowd of children, who were coming gaily up the mountain side, to see her;—bearing flowers for her.

Peony smiled, and nestled closer, on her pillow, toward the window; and they saw her and set up a shout—a glorious, loud-resounding, a triumphant shout!—that echoed from the hills, and rolled far down into the valley.

“Peony! there's Peony!”

“Dear Peony! as sure as I'm alive!” they cried; and in excess of happiness at seeing her as she ever was to them, smiling, and beautiful for her goodness, they threw up their caps for joy—those merry, laughing children!

“They bring you flowers, my daughter,” said the Master, pointing to Robert, who hastened on amid the foremost—lit up by the fair, bright sunset—and carried in his hand a wreath—for Peony! for Peony! who else!

“Oh how beautiful they are!” said the child, gently and dreamily, “what are the heavenly flowers the angels gather, mother—how lovely they must be?”

The father wrapped his head in the covering of her feet, and pressed his pale lips to them.

“I hope and trust that I shall go to heaven, mother,” she murmured, “I hope and trust I shall, for my Saviour died for me too, with the rest: for me, a little feeble child.”

The golden sunset waned on the mountain and the children: on Robert, who was standing at the chamber door, behind her mother, and father and the Master—and on Peony.

“Beautiful flowers,” said Peony, faintly, moving her head and gazing on them, “everybody is so good to me:—a little child like me.”

He treasured them for evermore, those words! he wore them in his inmost heart through life—he died with them on his lips!

The Master took the wreath from him and laid it on her bosom; then fell upon his knees, and sobbed and prayed. The summer and the sunset and the child, had waned and died away together.

April, 1852.

MICHAEL BONHAM: OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS. IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHRON.

PART IV.—SCENE I.

Night. Within the Ramparts of Bexar. The sentries lie sleeping by the gate. Enter Bonham and Crockett with the keys.

Bonham. The gates are ours, the sentinels asleep—Your work is ended, comrade, barely ended—Milan is on his march. In three hours more Comes the grand struggle. Meanwhile for the mask; You, garb'd as the Camanche, are secure, In silence; but beware of speech to any—Your tongue were fatal to us. You can play, The masker, as a hunter, happily, By signs and action;—but the tongue, the tongue; Keep that in bonds, dear comrade.

Crockett. A needful warning enough, major, to an ex-member of Congress. But if I was Quincy Adams now, you would lecture me in vain. He, poor fellow, can't help his tongue. But the hunter who has properly learned his rifle to make his speeches, knows pretty well when he ought to keep silent himself.

Bonham. Do so, to-night, and all goes as it should. Now to your preparations. Bring your weapons, Be in full costume, as an armed Camanche, The masque will sanction it. Beneath my cassock, I am a Texian. When you hear my bugle, Make answer with your own. 'Twill waken Milan's And the full chorus of our shouting comrades Will waken Bexar, not again to sleep, 'Till she or we are silent, or subdued. Away! 'Tis victory or death to-night.

[*Exit Bonham.*]

Crockett. Well! Who's afraid of victory! Not I, And as for death—we'll call it victory.

[*Exit Crockett.*]

SCENE II.

The chamber of Donna Maria. She is preparing for the Ball, with Jacintha in attendance.

Jacintha. There Señorita, you are ready. Truly you are a princess. The great-princess Papantzin, whose dress you wear, never looked half so beautiful in the times of Montezuma. You will win every heart in Bexar.

Maria. Have you done your best? I tell you, Jacintha, my fate hangs upon this night.

Jacintha. Oh that's what you've said a thousand times before.

Maria. But never 'till now in earnest. On this night I peril all my hope.

Jacintha. What! to a man?

Maria. Ay! but one among a thousand. But go forth,

See if my cousin's ready. I would see her.

See if she's ready! That I know. She is not.

[*Exit Jacintha.*]

And will not be to-night. The blow I've struck,
Will keep her in her chamber. To make certain,
'Twill need another. I will urge upon her
A frank submission to her father's will,
Show her the hopelessness of any struggle,
Dwell loudly on the sinfulness of passion,
That wars with filial duty; and in painting,
Make doubly odious, to her shuddering spirit,
These nuptials that she loathes! Ah! if I err not,
The arrow from my bow, already shot,
Sticks fast and deep, and, humbled in her terror,
She keeps her chamber close. The *Bal Masqué*
Shall be my field of triumph. Do I look
Prepared for conquest? Are my charms displayed,
In happiest fashion? Is there, in my habit,
My glance, the free array of linked beauties,
The smile that smarts, the danger that invites,
The flowing tresses that, in youthful fancies,
Beguile and lead them wanton,—'till the heart
Clings to the one perfection it beholds,
And knows one faith forever? Are these mine?
Look I, indeed, the princess, born for sway
O'er hearts and o'er affections,—prouder sway,
Than sovereigns over subjects?
—Mock me not—[addressing the mirror.]
Thou bright misleader of the weak heart's passion,
That, through the blinding spells of vanity,
Presents a lovelier image to the owner,
Than charms the stranger's eye. Delude me not,
Bright mirror, nor abuse that easy faith
That woman gives thee still. I must believe thee!
This form, these eyes, this port of regal splendor,
Were made for conquest. Shall it be to-night!
I wait not for thy answer.

Re-enter Jacintha.

Speak Jacintha! My cousin?

Jacintha. Why, Señorita, your cousin's not dressed.
And does not mean to dress for the *Bal Masqué*.

Maria. I'll go to her. Auspicious to my prayer,
The field is won—I have no rival there.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE III.

The chamber of Olivia. She sits in a desponding attitude—her hands crossed in her lap—her head drooping upon her bosom. Duenna in attendance.

Duenna. My child, shake off this sadness. Take the counsel of one who honors the world—who loves you dearly, as if she were your mother. You're too quick, to hearken evil tidings.

Olivia. Stay! she comes!

Enter Maria followed by Jacintha.

Maria. Can it be possible, my dear Olivia,
You do not go to-night?

Olivia, [with a sad smile.] You see, my cousin.

Maria. But why this, Olivia?

Olivia, [reproachfully.] Can you ask?

Maria. Ah! but your father's wishes—well, you know
How much his fond designs—his dearest hopes,
The all that he has schemed for, hang upon it.

Olivia. 'Tis for that very reason I remain.

Maria. Surely you will not then oppose your father.

Olivia. I know not—cannot think. I must have time.
Let us not speak of it now. I sent for you
To see your dress. 'Tis very beautiful.
You look the princess. You were born for conquest—
Will conquer. Go, my cousin; I'll not keep you.

Maria. It makes me sad to see you so—to leave you—
It vexes me, I told you.

Olivia. Let it not.

'Twere a worse sadness, cousin, unto me,
To have a suitor forced upon my hand,
In presence of the goodly company,
Against the natural feeling of my heart.

Maria. Surely, my cousin, you do wrong Don Pedro;
He seems to me a proper gentleman—
Well formed and brave—a handsome cavalier.

Olivia. No more, dear cousin—not to theme like this
Can I give ear. Go you to easy conquest
If such as he find favor in your sight—
I doubt not you will conquer where you choose:
You cannot choose but conquer. You were made
For queenly station—brow and eye commanding,
Stately and beautiful.

Maria. You do but flatter, cousin.

Olivia. Alas! I have no heart for flattery—
You may believe me. You are beautiful,
And will be sovereign in all eyes to-night.

Maria. It deepens my regret for your own sake,
You are not there on mine. I'd have you see
My conquests, dear Olivia. What you say
Fills me with hope. I hasten to secure them,
For you must know that, like Don Esteban,
I too have plots and little stratagems,
And,—but you do not hear me,

Well! I leave you.

Good night. Good night.

[*Exeunt Maria and Jacintha.*]

Olivia. Good night. Be prosperous, cousin.

Duenna. You wish against yourself, my child!

Olivia. How so?

Duenna. Your last words to your cousin.

Olivia. And they?

Duenna. Still wish'd she might be prosperous to
night.

Olivia. Do I not wish it?

Duenna. At your own expense?

Olivia. What is it that you mean?

Duenna. Your cousin's not your friend.

Olivia. Fie, mother; Fie.

Duenna. She knows not friendship. Has not, in her
heart,

A single feeling for you; loves herself,
And has her stratagems to help herself;
Why counsel you to give up Amador,
Marry Don Pedro, at your father's bidding,
Without a word of pleading in his ears,
Though well she knows he loves you in his heart,
Above all other objects? 'Tis my notion,
She loves Don Amador herself—

Olivia. Oh, no!

Duenna. Yes, but 'tis very probable, my child.
The cavalier's a noble gentleman,
None like him in all Bexar—just the man,
That she would like to have. Why should she take
This time to tell you of your father's scheme,
But just to keep you from the ball to-night,
To have him to herself.

Olivia, [reusing herself.] You half persuade me.

Duenna. I am sure of it.

Olivia. Such was my own suspicion, swift and sharp
As summer lightning from the cloud unseen,
But that my heart repelled it in its fondness,
Lest I should wrong my cousin. We have slept
On the same couch together fifteen years—
Linked in each other's arms; we've prayed together,
Confessed our mutual cares to one another,—
Our loves, our fears, our hopes, and still I fancied

The early link that knit our hearts in childhood,
Time never could have broken. Could I think it—
Could I believe?—but no! I will not wrong her
By any doubt like this.

Duenna. You do not wrong her.

Olivia. I will not, but I'll baffle her, if wrong
Lurk in her heart to me. Go, dear Ursula,
Get me the gipsy garb I wore at Rosas;
She has not seen it, will not know me in it,
I'll habit me in that;

[*Exit Duenna.*]

I'll watch her movement,
And see the joys I have no heart to share.
Ah! bitterness, to find the colors fade,
The brightness from the day, the balm from night,
Sweet from the evening air, and scent from earth;
The parent heedless—the friend false—the heart,
In peril and dependence, needing succor,
Yet with no faith in him that offers it.
Nay, Amador, I wrong thee, thou shall have it,
My heart, my faith, my hope, my all of being
Unquestioning if thou wilt. Within thy bosom
I'll place the trust, by father and by friend
Equally wronged—that never questions love,
And looks to love and heaven for all its succor.

[*Exit Olivia.*]

SCENE IV.

*Splendid saloon in Governor's Palace for the Bal Masqué.
Individual masques and groups discovered. They en-
gage in the Spanish dance. Enter Governor as Julius
Cæsar, and Don Pedro as the Grand Turk.*

Pedro. You make a famous Roman.

Esteban. The famous Roman—I am Julius Cæsar!

Pedro. You look the hero famously! But she,—
Where's your fair daughter—how does she appear?

Pedro. You'll find her somewhere, as a nun, in sable.

Pedro. I see a dozen such.

Esteban. Then must you try your wits in seeking her.
I've nothing more to tell you.

Pedro. This Don Amador,
Does he come here to night?

Esteban. Be sure of it.

Pedro. How habited?

Esteban. Nay, nay, Don Pedro, you must pardon me,
That is a question out of precedent.

Pedro. Save in particular cases; this is one of them;
Knowing your admiration for him, I desire
To show him marked distinction, as a stranger,
During the progress of the festival.

Esteban. Ah! that indeed. He comes, then, as a
monk,
There—you will find him in yon group,—dost see him,
His head above the others?

[*Exit Esteban.*]

Pedro, [gloomily.] It is he!
The instinct of my hate had taught me truly.
Now will I set a blood-hound on his path,
Who shall not sleep until his fierce pursuit
Avenges my dishonor.

Enter Canales the Bravo, in the garb of a muleteer.

Canales. You see me here.

Pedro. Hist! 'Tis he! Thou'lt do it? [*pointing to
Bonham.*]

Canales. The monk!

Pedro. He is no monk. He is mine enemy,
The dearest to my hate.

Canales. His grave is dug.

Pedro. To-night.

Canales. Ay! When he leaves the palace.

Pedro, [draws him aside.] It cannot be too soon for
my hurt honor;

His shadow chills my path. He stands between
My heart and all its sunshine.

Canales. Take your sleep—

His shadow will be less before to-morrow!
The sun that sets for him, shall rise for you;
He troubles you no longer.

Pedro, [giving money.] Be this the earnest
Of that which follows when the deed is done.

Canales. Account it done.

[*Exit Bravo who is thence seen to hang upon the footsteps
of Bonham.*]

Pedro. Then shall I sleep . . . and thou,
My proud and powerful enemy,—thou too
Shalt take thy sleep in death, accursed foe!
The first to teach me what it is to tremble
With loss of hope in love, and loss of faith,
In mine own weapon. Be the earth upon thee
Before the smiling sunlight blesses earth.

[*Exit Pedro.*]

Bonham Advances.

Bonham. She fails me—and the hours are waning fast:
Should Milam fail me too.

Enter Crockett.

Ah! my dear comrade.

Crockett. Major, this is famous fine. My head is a
swimming fairly in the blaze of glory, jest as it used to
swim when I looked on old Hickory's. It's wonderful
handsome. I never seed the thing better done at the
White House, even in Van's day, when Ogle got fright-
ened at the gold spoons. Lord, what a shine of dresses.
There's gold and silver enough about 'em to build a
church, not leaving out the steeple. And look at the dia-
monds; I reckon, Major, them's the ra'al grit, jest sich as
we'll git out of the gold mines if we ever git into them.

Bonham. In truth, good comrade, there is much to
dazzle

Such simple eyes as ours. But we've a purpose
That must not suffer mind or thought to wander
From the great duty we have here in hand.
Let not the brightness blind you to the loss
Of proper prudence. See, and smile, and idle,
As the mood prompts you; but beware of speech.
You're a Camanche and a warrior comrade—
No more a politician. Let your speeches
Be only in your actions. For the warrior
Blows are the proper language; swords and rifles
The proper parts of speech. Our eloquence
We will deliver, with due voice, in season,
Through our shrill bugles. Once more be counselled;
Keen eyes, even now, are watching us—we must not
Again be seen together, 'till the moment
When we must work together. Now leave me
And keep aloof with caution. If you will speak,
Choose you some uncouth Indian dialect,
Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, or Creek,
Either will suit the habit that you wear;
Say little even then. Would you make love,
'Tis but to sign with fingers on the lip,
Sigh hoarsely as a savage might, and mutter
With something of a panther's tenderness,
Whom the fit seizes 'twixt his sleep and supper.

Enough! and now let's separate.

Crockett. Right, Major.
You're always right. We'll make different tracks, then,
And hunt our game apart.

[*Exit Crockett.*]

Bonham. [*Solus.*] I see her not. I know not why it is,
But something seems to speak of treachery,
As if a busy tongue beside mine ears
Kept ever more one croaking chaunt of evil.
But who comes here? so gallant in attire,
Like a proud vessel with her full sails set,
And the gay streamers, from her lofty tops,
Coying with heaven's own breezes.

Enter Donna Maria as the princess Papantzin.
[*Bonham recedes at her approach.*]

Maria. You fly me, father.

Bonham. Not so, fair princess. I but shrink in wonder
At such a vision.

Maria. You do injustice
To the most holy vestments that you wear,
To shrink from mortal sovereign.

Bonham. But, if true,
The lesson that were taught me, you are not
A mortal sovereign, Lady. If I err not,
You rank among that royal race, which perish'd
In Mexico three hundred years ago,—
The race of Montezuma.

Maria. You have read
Our story but imperfectly: the race
Of Montezuma perish'd; but one Princess
Survived, in state of trance, and still survives.

Bonham. Princess Papantzin!

Maria. The same, good father;
And, by the virtue of that sacred trance,
Which keeps her spell'd by sleep, alternate seasons,
She reads your secret.

Bonham. What secret, Princess?

Maria. The heart that beats beneath that peaceful habit
Is scarce so peaceful!

Bonham. In your spells alone,
Lies the deep guilt of its inquietude.

Maria. Could I believe it, Señor. 'Neath that cowl
The soldier's front is hid. That garb conceals
The Cavalier, whose brave but callous heart
Could rescue beauty from the savage arm,
Yet fling it from his own.

Bonham. You wrong me, Lady.
You do not know this heart.

Maria. Oh, would I did.

Bonham. And why the wish?

Maria. Ah, vain, cold tyrant, man!
Wouldst force me to confession? Must I bend,
And, spite of maiden modesty and shame,
Lay my fond bosom bare. The simple wish,
Speaks the heart's secret.

Bonham. This habit, noble Princess!
Your royal state—your ancient family—
The wondrous mystery of your own repose,—
Three hundred years in life, yet blessed with youth,
And beauty—as I doubt not—to this hour,—
Are each enough to guard me from the sin
Of the poor vanity, such as, in your thought,
Has triumph'd over mine.

Maria. No more! No more!—
I am no Princess, Amador—and you
No monk! No monk! I am a woman,—fill'd
With all her passions and infirmities—
Loving as woman seldom loves, and freeing,
Before the man she loves, her secret bosom,

As tame and common love could never free it!
Your arm has saved my life; and in that triumph
Achieved another. Look upon your conquest,
And trample on it with your eyes of scorn,
Or lift it with your love. [*Lifts her mask.*]

Bonham. Donna Maria!

Maria. Ay, Señor—

The proudest heart that beat in Mexico,
Until it met with yours.

Bonham. Why do we meet?

Maria. Nay, tell me not you love, and love another!
Say not that to my cousin's feebler beauties,
Her sad and sighing passion, illy suited
To the brave spirit of ambitious valour,
Your heart is yielded. Know, that, if no Princess,
Such as my habit speaks me—in my bosom
There dwells a regal spirit, whose impatience
Brooks not a rival—brooks not that the heart
It seeks, should not, with ardour like its own
Burn to requite its passion.

Bonham. Dearest Lady,
I am not worthy of this high distinction.
You know me not! My home is desolate,
My fortunes overthrown! My name!—my sword—
My honor, and my will, alone, are mine.

Maria. Why speak to me of fortune? Dost thou fancy,
That she who dares, as I have done, thus boldly,
Beyond the solemn state that guards her sex,
And makes each step, without the narrow pale,
A step along the precipice! dost think,
That such as she gives heed to such obstruction—
Shrinks from the form of poverty, and joys
Only in sleek delights and idle passions!
No, Amador! thy name, thy sword, thy honor,
Are wealth enough for me. If that thy will
Be also thine,—thou hast thy answer ready!
I ask thee not to spare me! Speak thy purpose:
I speak to thee as woman cannot speak,
Save, when her heart, filled with one image only,
Forgets the world beside,—its slavish prudence,
And all its worldly policies,—but one.
If thou wilt take me from myself, I am thine!
And, O! believe me, never heart like mine,
Will cling about thy fortunes,—will partake them,
Through scorn, and shame, and grinning poverty,
And smile at all denial—all save thine!
—Speak to me, Amador,—my own speech fails me!

Bonham. Oh! Lady, how you humble me. In vain
Would I essay to answer thee, in language,
Meet in expression, full of thought and feeling,—
Which love like thine deserveth;—but, I cannot!

Maria. I understand thee, Señor. Thy reluctance,
To speak, is my reproach. Thou hast no answer
For burning words like mine! Thou feel'st the shame
That I should feel! Look on my face once more—
Not for its beauties, Señor! See the tide,
Of crimson, that rolls over it. My heart
Feels just such burning billows o'er it now!
My woman nature—maidenhood's deep shame—
For that the desperation of my heart,
Moved one to bare what others would conceal,
Through pangs of fiery torture!—Hear me, Señor—
Thou knowest my secret.

Bonham. It is sacred, Lady.

Maria. It shall be sacred, Señor. Dost thou think,
That I were mad to leave in mortal keeping
Such secret of my shame. Impossible!
It must be razed from out thy memory,
Pluck'd from thy heart;—lest, in thy future hours,
It serve, when nights are dull, and sports grow tame,
To cheer, with provocation to new mirth,

Olivia and her Lord.

Bonham. You wrong me, Lady—
Nor less your cousin—

Maria. Señor, on a cast,
I set my maiden fortunes—all my wealth
Of feminine hope, and heart and confidence,
Love that was like devotion—truth without fear,
Even of the cold world's bitter mockery!
The fates make war upon my luckless cast,
Through thee, their scornful minister! What more!
Cans't thou not read the dread necessity,
That drives me, where I would not—into hate!

Bonham. Why hate!—

Maria. Or hate, or love, or—nothing!

Bonham. Nay!

This is but madness, Lady.

Maria. Amador!

Farewell!—Hereafter, when we chance to meet,
Thou'lt mourn, it may be, that so fond a heart,
So full, to its own sorrow and o'erflow,
Was slighted off so coldly.

[*Going.*]

Bonham. Lady, stay!

Maria. If thou relentest, Amador, but lift
Thy finger; but if not, no words—no words!
Thy hand still keeps thy side. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Exit Maria.*]

Bonham, [solus.] Was ever such a woman! Soul so proud,
And yet so passionate, was never seen!
So prompt at each extreme; in love and hate,
Equally raging; ready with her life,
To prove her heart's devotion; not less ready,
That heart's devotion set at nought or wronged,
Avenging it with life! I pity her,
From my whole soul; would fear her, but that time
Is hurrying onward to that precipice,
Which, overleapt, between her world and ours,
A mighty track of chasm and cloud prevails,
Must separate our steps, forever more!
Give me the gentler heart, who, loving, trembles
With fear, not less than hope; that has no pride
Save in the loved one; whose humility,
Lofty at lowest, with a grace most winning,
Entreating still, where most it may command;
Takes, as a bounty, its best right, and blessing
For favour shown, is favour'd with love's blessing,
With every show of love. But who comes here!

[*Enter Olivia as a Gipsy Girl.*]

Olivia. Shall I read your thoughts, Father!

Bonham. A hard task,
And a sad volume, pretty sooth-sayer.

Olivia. I like to read sad volumes, at merry seasons.
I'm sometimes sad myself. Your palm, good Father.

Bonham. There! Read it quickly, damsel.

Olivia. Do not hurry me!

Oh, Señor, you're no monk!

Bonham. What am I then?

Olivia. A Cavalier! a gallant gentleman!
And what is more, beloved of a fair lady,
The greatest beauty in this gay saloon.

Bonham. Indeed! But one, my damsel.

Olivia. Oh, me! What vanity!

As if 'twere not enough to win from Bexar
Its highest prize, at once of wealth and beauty,
But you must have a score.

Bonham. But who's the lady, damsel?

Olivia. She who wears
The garb of the great Princess of Papantzin,
She who lies tranced at Mexico, they say,
Even to this hour, still young, still beautiful,

Though twice two hundred years have seen her birth:
—She spoke with you but now!

Bonham. You err, my girl!

That lady loves me not.

Olivia. 'Tis you that err,

Through modesty, perchance, your sex's failing;
I know she loves you! By my art, I know it,
And all that live in Bexar will inform you,
How great her loveliness, how vast her wealth:
But you have seen her; have you not?

Bonham. I have!

Olivia. Is she not beautiful?

Bonham. Very beautiful!

Olivia, [mournfully.] Ah! I knew you'd think so!

Bonham. Wherefore do you sigh?

Olivia. At your good fortune, Señor. You will be
The envy of all Bexar! 'Tis not often
A stranger makes such conquest. Doubtless now,
You have forgot some other vows: I know it:
Some other maid, in secret sighs—forsaken,
For your new passion.

Bonham. 'Tis I that am forsaken!

Were you, indeed, the mistress of your art,
You'd know that true to all my bosom's pledges,
The maid I loved, who vow'd to me her heart,
Has failed me, and is false!

Olivia. She is not false!

Bonham. Ha! Speak!

Olivia, [aside.] Ah, me! my soul; she comes again!
—Senor, behold your conquest, where she comes,
Princess Papantzin. On this talisman,
I close your hand. 'Twill keep you to your faith,
If even in your heart the flame of love,
Burned for another.

[*She closes his hand upon the antique cross, and disappears just as Donna Maria enters.*]

Bonham, [seeing it.] Ah! can it be! Olivia!

She's gone! I'll seek her!

[*Is about to go.*]

Maria. Senor, stay!

Bonham. Princess!

Maria. Nay! not another word of mockery!
You know me as the woman that I am,
Most weak when strongest, or I had not come,
Once more, to bare the weakness of a heart,
Already too much scorned!

Bonham. Cruel Lady!

Ungenerous as unjust. Too well you know
Such feeling in this bosom never yet,
Mock'd the fond heart in yours.

Maria. Hear me, Senor!

I said I had your secret. Until now,
I knew not that, beneath this priestly garb,
Other than gallant Cavalier was hid;
But now, indeed, your secret is my own!
You are a traitor here. I know you now,
A Texan rebel; whose position here,
Dooms him to death, a sudden and a sure,
From hands of hate and vengeance!

Bonham. Ha!

Maria. Dost hear!

Your comrade, the Camanche, has betrayed you!

Bonham. How know you this! By whom! How!
Where!

Maria. To me he has betray'd you. Thoughtlessly,
Beguiled to speak, he answered me in English,
A tongue I little know; but in the ears,
Of keen suspicion, wrought upon by passion,
The understanding quickens: a brief sentence,
Fell from his lips; but that sufficed to show me,
Your secret, and his own.

Bonham. What secret, Lady?

Maria. Would you evade,—deny? Are you not then,
A Texan? One, who, found in Bexar's walls,
Stands in the two-fold danger of the spy
As well as rebel!

Bonham. To other ears than yours,
Dear Lady, it were easy to deny
Connexion with the man you deem my comrade.

Maria. Himself declared it!

Bonham. Impossible!

Maria. How Senor: my own ears—

Bonham. Deceived you, Lady.

Maria. Nay, Senor, that were more impossible.
My heart was on his accents, for I knew him
Your comrade. I had seen you both together,
Whispering in seeming confidence. At noon
You were in close communion on the Plaza,
Too close to seem the common chance encounter,
Of unconnected strangers.

Bonham, [aside.] It needs but time!
How must I play the masquer with the heart,
And lull to sleep the vigilance of hers.

Maria. You muse: You meditate!

Bonham. Methinks it needs,
I should not answer rashly. Grant it said,
This person is my comrade. If I err not,
You are not here in simple mockery,
To tell me of the doom, the shot, the scaffold!
You have a purpose!

Maria. I have a purpose, Senor!
Down woman pride; down, swelling heart; be still,
Ye struggling thoughts of shame, that threaten me,
With worst of human scorn—the scorn of him,
Whose love is all I seek. Oh, gaze not, Senor,
While I declare this purpose. I am come
To buy you with your secret.

Bonham. Do I hear?
You cannot mean it, Lady.

Maria. By my shame,
I do! I do! How low this passion sinks me
To what abasement of my soul and feeling
My sex's pride, my maiden modesty,
I need not more describe! Fatal passion,
That flings me, shameless, on unwilling arms!

Bonham. Let me have time to think—to—

Maria. Not an hour!
Speak in your peril, in your hate, your passion;
With all your doubts upon you; all your fears:
—With thought, you will despise me.

Bonham. But one hour!

Maria. Why a moment! The question is your fate
or mine:

—Your safety from a doom—a death of shame:
Mine from a life more full of it.

Bonham. One hour;
Give me one hour for thought.

Maria. Alas! I give it;
But you speak coldly. You will play me false:
You meditate escape! Oh, bitterness!
That I should sink to this.

Bonham. One little hour.

Maria. Be it so. 'Tis now eleven; at twelve!

Bonham. My life then, Lady—

Maria. Your love! Your love! O, Senor,
I cannot now be generous! Do not hate me,
If, to the very moment of your promise,
In my despair, I hold you! *[Exit Maria.]*

Bonham. Be it so.

The hour must find the answer! I have none.

Enter Crockett.

Bonham. Ah, David, you have ruined me: your tongue!

Crockett. Dang the tongue, say I. I've never been
quite the master of it since I went to Congress. But
Lord love you, Major, how could you hear of it? It was
the merest slip; a fag end of speech; a sort of little end
of an argument. The truth is, I was taken in by that
Queen, or Empress, or whatever she is. In the very midst
of her Spanish talk, not a word of which did I understand,
and so warn't bound to answer, you know, what does she
do, but pops out upon me some broken English about you,
and before I could say Jack Robinson, I had said a great
deal more. I hope there's no harm done!

Bonham. Ay, but there is.

Crockett. What shall be done! Suppose I go and
make love to her, out and out—in airnest.

Bonham. Do nothing. Be in readiness. Be prudent.
Let not your tongue be trapp'd again. An hour
Will end your doubts and mine. Away, and leave me;
Be not remote; but keep aloof from me.

Crockett. Dickins! But I wish 'twas well over. I feel
for all the world as if I was walking in the dark, in a
snake country, every step among stings and rattles. *[Go-
ing, but returning.]* Oh, look you, Major, I'm thinking
you're watched rather closely by that sailor looking crit-
ter, yonder; him there by the urn, or vase, or whatever
fine people call that great drenching jug. You see him!
He turns his head away, as I look towards him.

Bonham. He may mean evil. Keep your eye upon him,
And that may save you from a second lapse.
But let us separate, now. *[Exit Bonham.]*

Crockett. Only give me work to do, if you wouldn't
have me in mischief. That sailor's after no good. He
turns just as the Major turns, and now he follows him!
Well, as there's no lady in the business, I'll play a third.
Any hand but Dummy's, which no man can play after he
gets popular. That fellow's after no good. He dogs the
Major mighty close; but I'll be the dog for him. He shall
have teeth, but no tongue! *[Exit Crockett.]*

Enter Olivia. Still as the Gipsy.

Olivia, [aside.] My cousin does not conquer! Her
impatience

Speaks in her gesture. Whither has he gone?
Ah, there she comes, again! She seems to seek him:
I must not meet with her.

[Exit Olivia.]

*[Enter Maria and Jacintha—the latter as a Shep-
herdess.]*

Maria. Can it be true! She here!

Jacintha. True, Senora, every word of it; and there,
as I live, she's going now! This very moment.

Maria. Where!

Jacintha. There!

Maria. What, the Gipsy?

Jacintha. The very same!

Maria. And they have met: these eyes have seen him
with her;

His hand in hers, conversing with their palms.
Oh! Hate! they love. I see his purpose now:
She flies to meet him. Married in an hour,
He will disarm the anger of the father,
By pleading through the daughter. But I'll balk them;
Come vengeance, to thy work. Away from me,
All weaknesses of love. Though scorn'd, though baffled,
Hopeless in heart, exposed to mock and shame,
Revenge shall yet be mine. Hither Jacintha.
Where did you see my uncle?

Jacintha. With Don José and Don Velasquez, at the
Monti tables.

Maria. Auspicious: follow me!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A gaming apartment. The Governor, with several persons in military guise, at the table. Don Pedro standing against a column, looking on sullenly. Don Velasquez, of the Cavalry, and Col. Don Sanchez, of the Artillery, at the table, with the Governor.

Governor. I shall surprise you, yet! Upon the red!

Velasquez. The black for me! If I have luck at all, 'Tis in that colour.

Sanchez. Colour of luck for me,
Seems in no colour of the cards to-night.
Methinks, Don Pedro frowns upon our sport:
He does not play.

Governor. Ah, my brave son-in-law,
Don Pedro; where's your spirits?

Pedro. In the red;

If that be deep enough to look like blood.

Governor. You're too bloody-minded! Where's the humour

Of savage thoughts like these? Look to the ladies,
Unless you care to play.

Pedro. Is it not time
That you should look to them?

Governor. Ay, very soon: the hour—
Is close upon the signal! There! [*Flinging a card.*]

Velasquez. And there! [*Flinging cards.*]

Sanchez, [flinging cards and money.] And there
am I. The old predicament!

I'll play no more! [*Rises.*]

Velasquez. An hundred ounces gone!

Governor. Ha, ha! my worthy colonel.

Sanchez. Done, sir, done.

Enter Maria suddenly. They all rise but Esteban, who does not see her. She touches his arm.

Maria. Sleeps Cæsar, when conspiracy awakes,
And treason, far apart, with mask and dagger,
Watches the fatal moment when to strike.

Governor. How's this. What's this. Ha! my fair
princess,—you!

What! with your secrets and your stratagems.

Maria. Even so. Away with me: your ears awhile;
I'll ope them with a vengeance.

Governor. What's all this!

[*Exeunt Gov. and Maria. Scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.

As in Scene I. The Bal Masqué. Enter Olivia hurriedly.

Olivia, [solus.] His life! The life of Amador! A
traitor—

A Texian rebel! He, my love—my soul!
Where shall I find—how save him—from this danger?
Oh, cruel cousin, failing to usurp
The love that was mine only, must thou rob
Him of his life and me of all the hope
That made life precious to me? I must find him—
Save him, or perish with him!

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. My life! My love!

Olivia. My Amador! My heart! You are in danger.
You are betrayed! My cousin, to my father,
Reveals your secret. By a happy chance,
Concealed behind a column in the chamber,
I heard her cruel story—saw the passion

Which, in her face and voice, disclosed the fury
Of woman's passion baffled. She has told him
That, by her arts detected, you confess'd
Yourself a Texian rebel—spy in Bexar,—
You and your comrade. Oh, my Amador,
Even now they threaten. Tell me, is it true:
Are you this traitor?

Bonham. What, if I confess?

Olivia. Ah, me, my heart!

Bonham. The foe to Mexico,
But not to you, Olivia. False, perchance,
To all beside but thee.

Olivia. Alas! my Amador,
What is it that you tell me.

Bonham. That I am true to thee.

Olivia. Are you a Texian?

Bonham. I am.

Olivia. But not a Texian rebel.

Bonham. A Texian citizen! The friend of Freedom,
Rebellious 'gainst injustice—born to fight
'Gainst every tyrant that between the sun,
And man, his victim, rears his giant shadow.
This was the earliest lesson of my youth
Taught by rare ancestors. Among the States,
Honored among the empires of the North,
Stand two fair sisters. On the map behold
The Carolinas! She that nearest lies
To your own land, my love, is land of mine.
Upon the hills of Congaree, I first
Drew breath of freedom. Thence I came to succor
Our friends in Texas. Seeking for the foe,
By Loro's springs, in place of him, I found
A trembling fawn, and Love.

Olivia. My Amador!

Bonham. If still I wage the war with Mexico,
I do it with half a heart—with fettered hands,
For love, that takes the place of hate, disarms
My soul of half its fury. Thou know'st at all—
Dost hate me now, Olivia?

Olivia. Hate thee? Oh, no!
How should I hate thee.

Bonham. Hear me, Olivia—
An hour will make me captive to my foes,
Or see my triumph over them. Even now,
Behold, the crowd is stirring. They prepare—
The women disappear. The masques
Survey us from afar. All things declare
For the approaching struggle. Art thou mine?
Wilt thou be mine?—mine only—let the fates
Declare them as they may!

Olivia. Thine—only thine.

Bonham. Then come the foe. Let the wild storm
begin;

I'm cased against its dangers. In my heart,
Whate'er the evil without, sits smiling hope,
Secure in sweet communion with the thoughts
That wait on happy love. But hasten thou,
And, in the costume of the nun, prepare
To mate with me in flight. Away! they come.

[*Exit Olivia.*]

[*Bonham retires to one side of the stage, leans against a column in an indifferent attitude. Enter on the opposite side the Governor, Don Pedro, Don Velasquez, Col. Don Sanchez, the Bravo, and other masques.*]

Pedro, [to Esteban.] What! shall we scruple now!
Hold parley here,
In presence of the spy?

Esteban. He hears us not.

Pedro. But sees us, and that's quite enough for shame!
If we stand gazing at him through our fears,

When that one cry, from fiery hate should be,
Upon him, Braves, at once!

Esteban. You are too rash:
Leave it to me. I'll manage it, my friends,
So that no danger—to the ladies, mark me—

Pedro. They are all gone.

Esteban. Patience! A little stratagem—

Pedro. And where the need of little stratagem
To take or slay one man? We've but to rush—

Esteban. Indeed! and get his bullet in your brains.
No, no. We'll act more wisely. Go you, Sanchez,
And bring a score of men, with muskets ready;
Meanwhile we'll parley with him.

Pedro. Parley with him:
Parley with shame and cowardice!

Esteban. You're but young, Don Pedro, wait the
event,

And see the uses of my stratagem:
I'll show you reasons for it.

[He leads Pedro and the rest up the stage, while Bonham advances, and rests against a column in the foreground. While this takes place, Olivia, in the guise of a nun, has rejoined him; placing herself on the opposite side of the column upon which he leans, and partly behind him.]

Olivia, [whispers him.] I am here, Amador.

Bonham, [with a glad start.] Ah, faithful! You are here.

Olivia. To die with you!

Bonham. Nay, never say to die. We shall not die;
Life is too precious now to me, my girl,
With such a treasure. I have friends at hand;
Have weapons in my grasp. We shall not perish.

Olivia. Harm not my father, Amador.

Bonham. His head
Is sacred in my sight. I will not hurt
A single hair that claims thy love. But hence;
Hide thee within yon niche. They come.

[Exit Olivia.]

Esteban, Pedro and others re-approach.

Pedro. To falter thus,
With but one foe against a score of us.

Esteban. Ah, but the benefits of stratagem.
You are but young, my son; art brave, but lack
The wisdom that still teaches how to venture,
And calculates the blow before it strikes.

Never press closely on a desperate man;

He drives an ugly bargain for his life,

And gains the odds before he loses it:

We'll parley with him.

[Advances to Bonham, slowly followed by the rest. Bonham retains his position.]

Esteban. Most reverend father, I implore your blessing.

Bonham. You have it, son.

Esteban. Most fitly answered—with becoming grace,
And holy unction. But most reverend father,

There are about me those, my counsellors,

Sage, grave, and potent gentlemen, brave chiefs,

Famous in battle, next in great repute

To him, the warrior more than all renowned,

Whom Fame has styled "Napoleon of the West"—

I say there are, who somewhat doubt your zeal,

Who make some question of your holiness,

And strangely do proclaim you nothing better—

Bonham. Than hungry wolf in wool of meeker beast.

Esteban. How excellently said. But, reverend father,

Though not without some curious doubts myself,

methinks they wrong you much; and, with your leave,

I'd ask you certain matters.

Bonham. Cæsar may speak!

Esteban. Full of discernment! Upon your arm, my father,

You bear the holy symbol of your faith,

But do you ever lift it to your lips?

Bonham, [kissing the cross.] Behold!

Esteban, [aside to Pedro.] He could not do it better,
were he the Archbishop

Of Mexico. Tell me that any heretic will kiss

Holy Cross. I know better.

Pedro. Pshaw!

Esteban. Mark the further progress of my stratagem.
Hem!

And now another question, Holy Father.

Bonham. It needs not, Senor. I will spare you
trouble,

Spare you some breath, and answer ere you ask me—

I am suspected, first!

Esteban. No, not exactly, but—

Bonham. 'Tis so. I see it in the eyes of all,
And hear it in your accents.

Esteban. Nay, good father! You are too quick, but
say that something of this sort is the difficulty, and you
will at once see the propriety, and the prudence, and the
necessity, of accepting my protection! My officers, you
perceive, are furious: it will not be possible to restrain
them; they are terrible as lions in rage, and your only
hope of safety is in—

Bonham. There needs no parley, Senors. Your fierce
warriors,

Are not so dreadful in mine eyes, to make me

Seek your protection. You would have my secret.

'Tis yours! Know me a Texian, and your enemy!

[Throws off the monkish disguise, and appears as a Texian warrior, with hunting shirt, bowie-knife, sword and belt with pistols.]

Esteban, [recoiling.] My eyes! Was ever such a
stratagem!

Pedro. Upon the traitor!

Bonham, [presenting a revolving Colt.] Up on him
with what appetite you may!

This little weapon counts a score of lives:

Each ready jaw is open for its victims.

Who first? Is't you—or you—or you? What, none!

[They severally recoil as the pistol is presented.]

What, Cæsar, are these cohorts from Pharsalia?

Pedro. Oh! shame; shall this one traitor mock us
thus.

Upon him, all at once—but one can perish!

Bonham. And you that one! But ere you muster
courage

For deed so brave, I'll summon to the game

An equal set of players.

[Winds his bugle, and that of Crockett's sounds.]

Hear ye that?

And that? *[Another bugle: from the rear.]*

Pedro. Treason is busy!

Esteban. What a stratagem!

Ring the alarm bell. Bring up the troops;

Fly you, Don José, for the cavalry;

Look, Don Velasquez, for the infantry;

Don Sanchez, see to the artillery:

At once unmuzzle! I will take command.

See you, Don Pedro, to Don Amador;

Let him not escape you. Set upon him, fellows—

Do not fear danger. Fly to it as I do!

[Exit Esteban.]

Pedro, [to Canales, the Bravo, aside.]

Get thee behind him. When we charge in front,

Make in upon him, and with shortened dagger

Make the work short!

Bonham. Ye are slow to quarrel!
Ye lack the violent spirit of your chief,
And do not fly to danger.

Pedro, [aside.] He disappears—
Another moment brings him through the chamber,
And the game's ours!
Ho! my brave fellows, must we stand defied
By one foul traitor! Shame upon this baseness;
Give me your hearts and hands. From all your throats
Send up the cry of death—Death to the traitor!

Mexicans. Death to the traitor!

Pedro, [whistle heard.] The signal! He is there.
Upon him now!

[Olivia shrieks from behind.]

Bonham. That voice! That shriek!

Crockett, [from behind.] Hurrah! She's safe!

[Struggle heard, and blows, within.]

There's for you, leather jacket;—

A feather for your cap, or I'm mistaken!

[Bonham is about to turn, when the shout of Crockett re-assures him. The Bravo is driven in, staggering from a wound in the head, at the very moment when the attack is made on Bonham in front. The Bravo passes between him and Pedro, and receives the shot meant for the latter. At this sight, and the entrance of Crockett, the assailants recoil.]

Bonham. What, do ye pause! Is all your courage gone,

With one poor puff of battle? Lo, we stand,
My comrade and myself, awaiting you—
But two to twenty!

Pedro. Were our weapons equal,
I'd mate with you alone.

Bonham. Ha! say you so? .
Upon these dastards, Davy, like the rush,
Of the flame-torrent o'er the prairie's waste;
Sweep them from sight, while I—This gallant seems
More valiant than his comrades; we must hold
Meet conference together; point to point,
In private. Art thou satisfied? *[To Pedro as he puts up his pistol and draws.]*

Pedro. I am!
Look to it! *[Rushes on—they fight.]*

Crockett. You have the best of it, Major; you've the man,
But there! I'm good for any twenty.

[Swings his rifle over his head, and rushing upon them, drives them out.]

Bonham, [while fighting with Pedro.] Bravo, comrade,

You've done your work to shame me. Now for mine!
But fly you to the Alamo. It is ours.
I hear the signal. I will follow you!

[Presses Pedro back.]

Pedro. Hell's curse upon my weakness!

Bonham, [disarming him.] 'Tis already. Behold!
A second time, my mercy

Has suffer'd you to live. Beware the third!

Pedro. Demonios! I am blasted. *[Exit.]*

Bonham. Now for Olivia,—to a place of safety
She must be borne, and then—my life! my love!

Enter Olivia.

Olivia. Art safe?

Bonham. As love could wish.

Olivia. What mean these clamours, Amador?—that shouting.

Bonham. The sound of combat: said I not, Olivia,
That I had friends and arms? We shall not perish.

Olivia. Ah! but my father.

Bonham. We shall care for him.
But let me bear you to a place of safety.

Olivia. Where?

Bonham. The Convent of La Guayra. Come—away!
The moments now are precious: precious lives
Depend upon them. Fear'st thou me, Olivia?
This Texian rebel, traitor, spy!

Olivia. Ah, no more—
I love thee; fear thee not: will fly with thee!

Bonham. We shall be happy! *[Exit.]*

Enter Donna Maria.

Maria. The Convent of La Guayra!
All is not lost to vengeance as to love;
The serpent now must overcome the dove. *[Exit.]*

END OF PART IV.

Introductory Address, on Opening the Richmond Athenæum.

BY THE HON. JUDGE JOHN ROBERTSON.

(Published at the request of the Athenæum Committee.)

[CONCLUDED.]

So far I have considered knowledge as the source of power in nations and individuals—as a mighty means of augmenting our physical enjoyments. Let us, for a moment, regard it in its moral aspects.

I will maintain no extravagant hypothesis, by affirming that knowledge and virtue are indissolubly united. In the Deity, as already said, this must be so. In Him we cannot conceive the possibility of mental or moral error. But the voice of reason is not always heard, nor heeded by man. She may teach us the way we should go; but we may shut our ears if we will, and follow the false illusions of our passions.

We know the right, and we approve it too:
Abhor the wrong, and still the wrong pursue.

The career of civilized nations furnishes but too many proofs, that knowledge and virtue do not always go hand in hand. Instances may also be readily cited of individuals, distinguished for mental attainments, and yet notorious for moral delinquency. The sad example will occur at once to all, of the profound philosopher whose maxim I am endeavoring to enforce, and who has been described as

The wisest, brightest, MEANEST of mankind.

Notwithstanding this, as a general truth, knowledge must be conducive to virtue; and instances to the contrary, strong and striking exceptions as they are, yet are exceptions which

prove the rule. Let us not evade the full force of the objection. Let us admit that there are instances of nations and individuals, highly cultivated, yet steeped in vice and crime; while, on the other hand, every virtue has been often found among the ignorant and illiterate; still, I repeat, the hopes of the moralist must rest mainly upon the illumination of the mind.

If man were born with a knowledge of right and wrong, all instruction, in a moral view, would be evidently superfluous. But Locke, in his searching analysis of the human understanding, long ago exploded the doctrine of innate ideas. Those of virtue and vice, I apprehend, form no exception. [Our moral duties have reference chiefly to our social relations. Ignorant as we are at our birth, of those relations; destitute of the ideas of country, or kindred, or friend,—nay, even of man himself—it must be equally certain we can have no idea of the duties those relations impose. Yet there is a vague belief in many, perhaps, to the contrary; holding, it would seem, the opinion that we have an innate knowledge of what we owe to beings, of whose various relations to us—of whose very existence, indeed, we are ignorant. There are others, who, conceding the want of any knowledge strictly innate, believe in a spontaneous consciousness nearly as miraculous, or in an immediate revelation from Heaven written on the tablets of the heart, pointing out our moral duties as the occasions arise calling for their performance. Nor is this last opinion confined to the pious alone. Byron, sufficiently sceptical on most points of ethical or religious doctrine, strongly urges this:

Yet still there whispers the small voice within
Heard thro' gain's silence and o'er Glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's CONSCIENCE is the ORACLE of God.]

Many will think Byron's own life and conduct the strongest argument against the truth of his doctrine, or, at least, the sincerity of his faith. Passing this—whatever difference of opinion may prevail of the true origin or function of what we call conscience, none will deny its existence. The universal assent of mankind, in all ages, testifies to a real and feeling consciousness of pleasure or pain consequent upon our actions, according as they do, or do not, conform to our own convictions of right and wrong. Ancient authors forcibly depict the enjoyment of a mind "*sibi conscia recti*"—and still more vividly paint the horrors of a guilty heart. Juvenal tells us these last are more intolerable than the pangs inflicted by the stern Rhadamanthus:

Trust me no tortures which the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

But that this consciousness is intuitive—or, as Byron expresses it, "the oracle of God," seems at war not only with sound reasoning, but with facts known to us all. Were there such an Oracle in our bosoms, its responses would of necessity be uniform and unerring; the same to infancy and to manhood; to the savage and to the sage. But is this so?]

The infant in the cradle appears to have as faint a notion of moral obligation, as of its A. B. C., or of the planetary system itself. It seizes without the slightest regard to *meum* and *teum*, on whatever strikes its fancy.

As we grow in years, we are not too apt, if left to the desires of our own hearts, to grow in grace. The proneness of boys to mischief was proverbial, probably long before the days of old Æsop. It is only by repeated admonitions, not always as soft as words, that we come to have a proper sense of moral duty.

Savages are notoriously thievish, cruel and remorseless. The horrible usages, which for ages have existed among them, have already been the subject of remark. [I heard Keokuck, in asserting publicly the title of his tribe to lands on the Missouri, exultingly boast that his fathers, in an incursion against the tribe who originally held them, *had not left a man alive.*]

But not by barbarians only, does this innate or spontaneous consciousness, this Divine Oracle, as some regard it, seem unacknowledged or disobeyed. Its monitions—even the accredited revelations of Heaven itself—have proved utterly inefficient, at all times, to restrain mankind from vice and crime; nay, have often been relied on as justification for the exterminating wars, the bloody massacres, the inhuman tortures, which have disgraced nations boasting of their civilization and piety. No one, it is true, will believe that Pizarro and his followers, when with the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other they pillaged and murdered the Peruvians, were actuated by other than the basest motives. But we may well believe that the persecutions of the Jews by the Christians—of Catholic by Protestant, and Protestant by Catholic—were often, among the great mass who inflicted them, the result of a conscientious conviction. However we may deplore such delusions, we have no reason to doubt the sincerity of the barbarians who offered human blood to their idols; nor of the misguided zealots, of what are termed civilized countries, who consigned to the flames those whom they piously regarded as the enemies of God. It is difficult to suppose they could have thus acted, had they known or believed they thereby incurred the displeasure of that Being whom they professed to serve: and it is wholly incredible, that deeds so monstrous, so inconsistent, not only

in themselves, but with the divine nature, could have been commanded by the revelations or the oracles of one and the same Deity.

But, it may be asked, if the dictates of conscience, the acknowledged revelations of Heaven, be not sufficient to restrain the depravity of man, is not the fact itself a conclusive argument against the moral efficacy of knowledge? Far from it: it proves, at most, what is admitted—that knowledge and virtue are not inseparable: it proves no more. The cruel persecutions just alluded to, it is true, were not prevented by the superior cultivation attributed to the communities in which they occurred: they existed in spite of that cultivation—such as it was; or more correctly speaking, though existing in what are called enlightened communities, were really the fruits of that abject ignorance which prevailed among the great body of the people. Culture to be efficacious in improving public morals, must be extended to the masses; for in them abides the power, which, according as it is directed, results in social good or social evil. It is mainly to Ignorance that Despotism and Superstition owe the long continuance of their gloomy empire. Conscious of this, the tyrant and the bigot would keep the minds of their slaves in a darkness as impervious to the rays of knowledge, as the walls of their holy inquisition to the light of Heaven. Within those walls Galileo was incarcerated for affirming the revolution of the earth; and it can scarcely be doubted, that Locke and Bacon and Milton and Shakspeare, had they come within the grasp of the pious Torquemada, would have been made chief performers in that mild ceremony, called an *Act of Faith*; and their sinful volumes, with their living bodies, consumed to ashes for the benefit of their souls.

To the same cause which filled the dungeons, and fed the flames of the inquisition—the want of general information—may be traced the shocking atrocities of the French Revolution of 1789. In France, it is true, there were at that period men well educated; some profoundly learned. Science and literature no where had made a more rapid progress. But they were confined comparatively to the few. The many were sunk in ignorance. They had groaned for centuries, under the three-fold tyranny of the monarch, the nobility, and the priesthood, when roused by the “trumpet of the Revolution!” Can we wonder at their excesses? They had suffered all manner of cruelty and degradation. They saw no relief—many still insist there was no other—but by guillotining their rulers and abolishing institutions, which conferred mischievous powers and revolting distinctions. Their oppressors had taught them there was a God; a future state. They regarded the conduct of their oppressors

as giving the lie to their doctrines. From the extreme of fanaticism, which had prompted them to burn and torture infidels; nay, even to massacre their brethren of the same faith, differing but by a shade from their own infallible creed, they rushed into the opposite extreme of Atheism. They now proclaimed that death was an eternal sleep; and for the worship of the true God, substituted that of an idol they called REASON.

Never had Reason less sway over the human mind, than when her temple was erected by the murderers and assassins of Paris. The Goddess herself, whom they degraded by a false and disparaging image, had for the moment disappeared from the eyes even of her former votaries—wrecked amid the moral tempest of the revolution; and Folly and Madness ruled the hour.

A greatly disproportionate number of those who partook in the sanguinary scenes of that epoch, were wretches of the lowest character and intellect. Those of a different description were urged on by a momentary madness, or by the terrors of proscription, which self-preservation prompted them in turn to visit upon others; and they repented too late to save themselves from the fate they dreaded and perhaps deserved.

Let not then the atrocities of that day be quoted as an argument against the proposition, which asserts the moral influence of mental improvement. The era itself stands out unexampled in history; and is at most but another exception rather than a refutation of the doctrine. Had education been generally diffused among the people of France and of Spain, mankind had been saved from the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, the frantic butcheries of the revolution of '89, and the more deliberate and fiendish tortures of the inquisition.

It is but too certain that neither wisdom nor virtue is born with us; that conscience itself, without mental instruction, is at best a blind guide—an inefficient restraint. Its sole power consists in the satisfaction or remorse its approval or its upbraidings occasion. But it approves or upbraids our actions only because of their conformity or non-conformity with our judgments. If our judgments err, our consciences follow in the wake. The more unenlightened our minds, the more prone our judgments to error.

Locke, while he denies the existence of any innate knowledge of vice or virtue, distinctly affirms that men are born with a *capacity to know them*. We may, perhaps, go farther and assume that the law of our nature so far *predisposes* us to virtue, that we would seldom do wilful wrong if not impelled by uncontrolled passions or appetites. Even ferocious brutes, it is said, if sup-

plied with food, may be taught to lie down in peace with those they have been wont to slaughter. Man sympathizes with his kind. Feeling pain from the cruelty, and pleasure from the kindness of others, a similar, though fainter emotion, is excited when others experience similar pleasure or pain. But this reflected emotion, this sympathy, will not always suffice when our own selfish gratification seems to stand in the way. The suggestions of self-interest, the love of life, the expectation of immediate pleasure or advantage, often make us regardless of the rights and feelings of others: and these disturbing causes operate with the greatest force on the weakest and least cultivated minds. The passions and the appetites, it is true, may be as strong in the wisest as in the most ignorant: but enlightened reason; knowledge,—the fruit of culture,—teaches men not to extinguish, but to govern them. In the uninstructed mind, they reign fierce and uncontrolled. Such a mind resembles “an unweeded garden—things rank and gross in nature possess it more.” It is only by eradicating the ill weeds which spontaneously infect it, that we may hope to see it produce good fruits. Pope told us long ago,

’Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.

Moral truths as well as physical, not only are not innate, but are not always obvious. They must consequently be *taught*:—*acquired* by the assiduous culture and exertion of our intellectual faculties. Wisdom delights in truth. It was Wisdom herself, who in the reverend form of Mentor guided the footsteps of the youthful Telemachus, and taught him the lessons of virtue. Such lessons cannot be too often repeated, too earnestly inculcated. It is thus alone that the heart and the understanding are awakened to a perception of the beauty and fitness of virtue; to comprehend fully that unless we do justice to others, we have no reason to expect it will be done to us: that crime, even when successful, ends in misery; in short, that virtue is not only conformable to our own nature and to the will of God, but the indispensable means of insuring our happiness—here and hereafter. An untrained mind may doubtless take these truths upon trust: but as readily may reject them—for ignorance is ever weak and credulous; the victim of unregulated passions; the dupe of error. Rational convictions take root only in minds to some extent previously enlightened.

But I would not rest the proposition, that education tends to promote sound morals, upon abstract arguments alone. Let us appeal to facts: the best test and only sure foundation of just reasoning—and does not experience show that

the obligations of justice, truth and charity, though too often violated, are more respected among civilized men than among savages, among the well-informed than the ignorant? Search the Newgate Calendar; the records of crime in our own and other countries; read the private lives of robbers and pirates, thieves and murderers; visit the inmates of jails and penitentiaries; and you will find that usually the most debased and the most criminal, are the most illiterate; and that but few among them, comparatively, were ever engaged in literary pursuits, or had received a good education. Again, how few comparatively of those who have enjoyed the advantages, of such an education, haunt the receptacles of vice, or unite with the lawless in deeds of violence. Mental culture, even when ineffectual to restrain, seems to mitigate the vices of men, taking from them the ferocity which characterizes ruder natures: *Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*. The failings of the great philosopher, whose name it were painful to mention in this connexion, have been already alluded to. I would not palliate them: he contaminated his fingers with illicit gains, and “sold the mighty space of his large honors”—for *trash*. Yet, justice to that cause, which, (though his frailties brought upon it, in the eyes of many, a lasting reproach,) no man ever more loved or served—bare justice to *him* requires us to say, that those frailties, dark as they have been painted, degrading as they were to himself, had no tinge of malice towards his fellow man, and were mingled even with generous and redeeming virtues. After all, may we not add, that the amazement and regret of the world at his fall—and never fell a brighter star from the literary firmament—the very frequency with which it is mentioned are speaking proofs of a general belief in the *natural union* of knowledge and virtue; a concession that the catastrophe itself was one as little to have been anticipated as it has ever been deeply deplored.

Reason and experience then concur in proving that mental cultivation at once disseminates the seeds of virtue, and best prepares the mind to receive and mature them. This conceded, the advantages of education must be proportionate to its general diffusion: indeed, greatly more than proportionate. Partial instruction may act beneficially on the individuals who receive it. But the ignorance and consequent immorality of the many must *tend* to demoralize the entire mass; and the best instructed may not always escape the general contagion.

A striking argument to exemplify this may be drawn from the luminous essay, already more than once referred to. Its immortal author, than whom perhaps none ever more thoroughly pen-

etrated the unexplored regions of the human understanding, not content with tracing the origin of ideas, sought out the very head-springs of human conduct, and despite the ridicule and censures of "an erring world," boldly proclaimed his discoveries. He tells us that the laws to which men generally refer their actions, to judge of their rectitude or obliquity are, "the laws of God, whether promulgated by the light of nature, or the voice of revelation; the civil law; and the law of opinion or reputation." To this last he ascribes an influence, greater even than that of the divine law itself. If it be so—if public opinion be the great regulator of morals—how indispensable is it to the welfare of society, that this public opinion should be enlightened? In this view, how important is it, that instruction should be given to the great body of the people! How transcendently important, in this country, above all others, where public opinion not only defines the boundaries of right and wrong, but makes and unmakes the fundamental institutions on which the personal and social rights and security of all must depend.

The desire of knowledge seems as much a law of our nature, and is manifested well nigh as early, as the appetite for food. Repressed or unsatisfied, it may become dormant or extinct. Gratified and encouraged, it grows with our growth, and may glow brightly during life. Let us suppose that due culture has been timely bestowed; the rudiments of knowledge, the first principles of morality inculcated; what powerful aid will not these principles derive from well-directed studies? In the pages of Roman and Grecian history, what models of every noble and manly virtue are placed before the eyes of the ingenuous student. He will read with delight of the stern independence and constancy of Cato; the heroic and patriotic devotion of Curtius and Leonidas. He will be indignant at the exile of Marcellus; the proscription of the inflexible Aristides, whose justice could not be swerved to uphold an act of perfidy, though redounding to the advantage of his own country. Still more will he condemn the ingratitude of Rome to the blind old Belisarius, who had spent his best days in her service. And he will turn with disgust and abhorrence from the cruelty of the Tarquins, the Neros and Caligulas;

For vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

We naturally desire to be, or resemble, the characters we admire—to shun the vices and crimes we abhor. To the delightful volumes of Plutarch, the constant companion of Madame Roland, is ascribed her pure and sincere devotion to the cause of human liberty. We may

well believe that our own fathers in their resistance to British oppression, had before their eyes the great examples of Roman and Grecian excellence. And it is no extravagant supposition, that Washington himself, whose character shall serve as a model for all time, of private and public virtue, was encouraged in the noble and generous resolutions of his own heart, by the unselfish ambition of Cincinnatus.

Kossuth, whose name is gall and wormwood to the Great Bear of Russia, and the Lesser Bear of Austria, himself seems as though anxious to be guided by the light of Washington's example. God grant that he may live to see his efforts rewarded by the liberation of his country from the despotism of Cossacks; and that like Andrew Doria and George Washington, he too may merit the venerated title of "Father of his Country, and restorer of its liberties."

How greatly may the beneficent influence, now adverted to, be increased and extended by spreading over our land institutions similar to that whose birth you are now convened to commemorate. You at least may look forward with confidence to the time when this stand shall be occupied by men really qualified to delight and instruct you: when the spacious rooms above us will be filled with literary stores of all eras and countries: a feast for every taste and age and humor.

But let it not be supposed that the advantages of knowledge, are limited to the increase of our physical power, animal comforts, and moral improvement. It is also to be considered as the *perennial source of exquisite mental enjoyment*. With what avidity does the youthful mind listen to the wonders of creation and the tales of fancy? How does the girl's soft heart bleed at the sufferings of Elizabeth, the sweet exile of Siberia; the unsophisticated loves of Paul and Virginia. How does the boy rove in imagination with Sinbad the Sailor; and participate in the wild adventures of Robinson Crusoe, envying him his solitary hut, and above all his faithful and grateful savage. Such is the power of *sympathy*. In youth or maturer years, even in age and exile, in "every ill that flesh is heir to," how vast a resource is found in a cultivated mind! I appeal to those who have acquired in early life a love of books, a fondness for science and literature, whether the wealth of California could tempt them to forego the pleasure it affords?

But if such be the enjoyment of those whose pleasures are derived from the intellectual labors of others, how high the gratification of the mighty intellects whose radiance penetrates the most distant ages and countries:—not like that of the sun, disappearing with the great luminary whence it flows—but long after their mortal forms descend below the horizon of life,

leaving a track of light ever shining with unabated lustre over the earth.

Numerous are the recorded manifestations of exquisite pleasure, experienced by those whose works and discoveries have immortalized their names. When Franklin first brought down, as it were into his hand, the lightning from heaven, it is said he heaved a deep sigh—the sigh of full content and joy—and would at the moment willingly have resigned his life. Pythagoras was so elated at discovering the demonstration of a mathematical problem, that he made an offering of a hecatomb to the gods. Ovid in his exile found a delightful resource in composing his beautiful *Metamorphoses*. On concluding them, with the fervor of a true poet he predicts their immortality. Nearly two thousand years have passed away, and they still remain uninjured by the corroding tooth of time, to verify the prediction and delight the world. Milton was stricken with blindness; but the light of his mind seemed to shine with an increased intensity, and he gave to the world a poem, if ever equalled, never surpassed. Deprived of intellectual resources, how dreary would have been the exile of the Roman poet: how much more wretched a blank the life of the blind bard of England! Darkness of mind added to loss of sight, could have left but one hope—that of speedy death.

Think of the ecstasy that must have been enjoyed by the poet, whose “eye in a fine frenzy rolling,” glanced

From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

Fancy him, as *haply* once he

sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

See him now enjoying the broad humors of Sir John Falstaff; or the tortures of the surly monster, Caliban; or laughing in his sleeve at the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe; or at the mock-tragedy of the *Mouse-Trap*, “designed to catch the conscience of the king.” Stray with him in his own fairy-land—the companion of Oberon and Titania, of Puck and Ariel; or behold him listening to the incantations of the weird sisters; or “at the witching time of night” summoning from the world of spirits the ghost of the Royal Dane; or of the blood-holtered Banquo; or the horrible phantoms which distil deadly remorse into the heart of the crook-backed murderer. Unlike the mighty Alexander, who wept because he could find no new world to conquer and destroy,

Shakespeare could create worlds at will—not for destruction, but for enjoyment. Were there but one copy extant, of the works alone of the immortal bard, I would not surrender it to the bigot hand which would destroy it, for all the treasures that earth can boast from its surface to its centre.

Is it not a Godlike privilege, knowledge confers on its votaries—that of calling up, as it were, the shades of departed sages, philosophers, and poets, and demanding of them their living thoughts—for their thoughts still live. Consult the wise men of antiquity, and from their pithy answers, you shall collect truths which still “electrify the sage.” We have already enquired of Bacon, what is knowledge? He has replied, *Knowledge is Power*. Ask Shakespeare, what is virtue? He shall tell you, *Virtue is Beauty*. Are not these “mottoes of the heart,” these gems of the mind, treasures, compared with which, mines of gold are but dross, and diamonds but glittering baubles?

Considering the unappreciable importance of education, both socially and individually, it is painful to reflect what an immense proportion of the human race are deprived of its benefits. The public mind is fast awakening to the value of knowledge. It is not enough that we have able orators and statesmen; that a few or even many are well educated. Light, I repeat it, is wanting for the mass. Nowhere is it so necessary as in our American Republics; and in our own State its necessity is now become more indispensable by the recent changes in our fundamental law. Sovereignty—absolute power—must abide somewhere. Nowhere can it be so rightfully and so safely exercised, as by the great body of the people. But absolute power must be better and more safely trusted with an intelligent people, than with one immersed in ignorance. By our law, masters are compelled to give the rudiments of education to their apprentices. What reason is there that every parent and guardian should not be placed under the same obligation. No parent indeed who has the means, should stand in need of legal compulsion: There are stronger motives to urge him on. Let him call to mind the almost innumerable instances in which men in the humblest walks of life—raised in utter indigence—have, with the merest rudiments of education, by dint of resolution and perseverance, risen to great eminence in scientific and literary pursuits, or served their country in the most important offices. Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning machine, was an itinerant barber; Davy, the son of a carver in wood; Burns, a ploughman; Bloomfield, a shoemaker. Had they confined themselves to their handicraft trades—had they not assiduously cultivated their minds, and exercised

its faculties of thought and reflection, they most assuredly had never benefitted or enlightened the world by their works. Franklin might have given us something, doubtless, better than a farthing candle; but he had never held up to our eyes the bright lamp of science; still less taught the fiery bolt of Heaven to play harmlessly over our heads.

I would not be understood as inculcating the idea, that all men should engage in literary pursuits: All men must live, and many, therefore, must toil. Nor can all hope to attain distinction. But there are among the humblest, as well as the haughtiest, minds so active, so indomitable, so persevering, that, aided by an elementary education, and placed in situations to call forth their peculiar talents, they may raise themselves, if not to the most exalted office, as some have already done, in this, our own free and happy land, to the still loftier condition of an *American nobleman*; and pointing, like Franklin, not to the spurious rolls of heraldry, but to virtue and merit—the *only true nobility*—hold up their heads far above kings. Even amid the most engrossing employments, so easily are the means of living obtained, in our country, by moderate industry, and so vast the resources of an active mind, that time may always be found for mental improvement. Under circumstances less advantageous, amid the most laborious avocations, Sir William Jones acquired the knowledge of many languages. It would be easy to cite numerous instances of similar perseverance and success.

And now I have, in a manner—I say it in perfect sincerity—unsatisfactory to myself, and, I fear, tedious and unprofitable to you, gone through the task I had undertaken; not through the theme I have attempted—*of the value of knowledge to man*. We who grope below, from the transient glimpses we catch, may well believe that with every step wider and grander views would open before us. But the glories that surround the topmost summits of science, or blaze in “the highest heaven of invention”—we may have faith indeed to believe; but we must believe them to be divine in their nature; and all but divine, must be the thought to conceive and the lips to describe them. For myself, I appear before you as an humble pioneer, to point out, if I may, the entrance to those paths which I trust, under other and better auspices, may lead you along the steep slopes of science, or the flower-enamelled meads of literature, to the attainment of social prosperity and individual happiness. I confidently appeal to every parent, who would reap the highest gratification of our nature—the consciousness of having done our duty—to furnish his children, hungering for knowledge, the means of obtaining it. I pray you to remember, that Knowledge is

Power. “It is better than strength;” “it is more precious than rubies”—for it is the safest guard, and the companion of virtue. Would you have your children prosper in their pursuits?—placed in a condition not merely to serve themselves, but their fellow-men? *Educate them*. Would you give them a lasting resource and consolation in health or sickness, in prosperity or adversity, in society or in solitude? *Educate them*. Would you fit them to compete with the high intellects of their age and country—to associate hereafter with the mighty dead—to stand foremost with those most worthy to be admitted to the presence of the Most High? the best gift you can give them is—not lands and houses, nor silver and gold—but mental and moral culture—*Education—Education*.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not!

By the pale moon which I have questioned oft,
By its mild rays which fall so still and soft
Upon my brow, while I have prayed its light
To make thy onward pathway pure and bright,
Forget me not.

It seeks thy gaze!

I know thy wondrous eyes to it upturn;
I know that in their depths thy heart-thoughts burn,
That heart, to which I pray may come no fears,
Those eyes, oh God! protect from sorrow's tears,
Forget me not.

Oh think of me!

By the fierce sun's slow pathway through the clouds,
Wrapt in the slight robe of their solemn shrouds,
By my fond prayer to him that he would shine
Not fiercely, on that sacred head of thine,
Remember me.

Forget me not!

By the hushed gloom whose pressure I can feel,
Like human hand upon my eyelids steal,
But its deep pause, God-made, and bringing calm,
By the wrapt sense of Night's delicious balm,
Remember me.

I ask it not

In the cold world's familiar, common way,
But from a heart that knows not love's decay,
By a mysterious feeling strange and deep,
Which never rests e'en in the arms of sleep,
Forget me not.

Lo, in the West

Thou see'st on evening's purple edge a star,
Which smiles serenely in the sky afar,
As thou to it dost lift thy tender gaze,
So I to thee my worship glance do raise,
In homage blind!

By that pndying star,
 And more—by all the future strange, untold,
 By the sweet hopes its silence may enfold,
 By each blest thought that rises clear and sweet,
 By love, by life, by *all*, for we *must* meet—
 Forget me not.

EARLY HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.*

These well-printed volumes are by far the most interesting contributions made to Southern literature within the last few years. The authors have done much to throw light on the colonial history of Louisiana, which, until lately, has been a sealed book to Americans, in consequence of the early colonial records having been sent, on each transfer of that country, either to Paris or Madrid, where they were carefully filed away, and all access to them prohibited by the governments of France and Spain. It has therefore been only since the publication of the works, which head this article, that the public has begun to discover that the colonial records of Louisiana are prolific of interest and of materials for Romance and the drama.

The archives of France, as shown by Mr. French's analytical index of the documents in the marine and colonial departments, at Paris relating to the discovery and colonization of that country, are extremely rich in whatever relates to Louisiana; and if that State had possessed half the patriotism of New York and Massachusetts, she would ere this have caused them to be collected and published. As it regards her colonial records in Spain, it was not until last year, that that jealous country was prevailed upon to allow any access to them. Under the auspices of the Historical Society of Louisiana, the Legislature of that State appropriated two thousand dollars to procure copies of original documents from Spain. The Society employed Señor Gayangos, who commenced his examinations in the city of Seville, whither the colonial archives of Spain relating to America had been transferred from Madrid, in the year 1828. He also made some researches at Madrid, but the obstacles constantly thrown in his way by the

officers of the several departments, almost precluded the possibility of a thorough research. The Duke de Sotomayor positively refused all access to the papers of his father, on the ground that while he was the Minister to the United States, he was concerned in secret correspondence for the separation of a part of the United States. And the Señor Gayangos subsequently states in a letter, that he obtained proof of the intrigue, in which General Wilkinson and others were concerned, to separate the Western from the other States of the Union. Mr. Gayangos has forwarded to Mr. Gayarré copies of very important documents relating to the period when Louisiana was a colony of Spain. And it would be a proof of the good taste of that State to have those documents published without delay.

The merit of first calling the attention of the public to the existence of those documents, and publishing them in an English dress, (the *Memoirs and Journals of La Salle, Tonty and Jontel*.) is due to Mr. French, whose research and enlightened labours in this department deserve the highest praise. They were soon after followed by Mr. Gayarré in his *Histoire de la Louisiane*.

The first volume of the Historical Collections of Louisiana, was published in 1846; and from the number and importance of the original documents it contained, and their bearing upon the Oregon and Texas boundaries, it was frequently quoted as authority, and referred to in the debates of Congress. It clearly appears from these documents, that France always claimed jurisdiction over Texas to the Rio del Norte, and was the first European nation who planted a colony and built a fort there. Among the papers in the volume will be found De la Salle's Memoir, on the discoveries made by him; Tonty and Jontel's Journals of the expedition of De la Salle; and Hennepin's account of the discovery of the Mississippi, and the country adjacent thereto, together with other papers of equal value and importance.

The second volume, published in 1850, contains Marquette's journal of the expedition to discover the Mississippi river in 1673; a narrative of the expedition of Hernando de Soto, by a Gentleman of Elvas, and another by Luis Hernandez de Biedma; an Analytical Index of all the public documents in Paris, relating to the first discovery and settlement of Louisiana, &c.

The third volume, just published by the Messrs. Appleton, contains translations of the MS. Journals of Benard de la Harpe and Sanvole, Charlevoix, Richebourg, and the memorable history of the Expedition of Jean Rebaut, who built the first fort and planted the first colony in Florida, or New France, in the year 1562.

* 1. HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA: Embracing Translations of Rare and Valuable Documents, relating to the Discovery and Settlement of Louisiana, with Historical Notes. By *B. F. French*, Member of the Historical Societies of Louisiana, Pennsylvania, New York, &c. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 1851.

2. LOUISIANA: Its Colonial History and Romance. By *Charles Gayarré*. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1851.

These volumes have been annotated by Mr. French, with numerous historical notes of great value and interest, and extend over a period of more than a century and a half.

Besides these papers, there are others full of historic interest, abounding in bold adventure and incidents of romance, showing the difficulties and dangers that constantly accompanied those pioneers of civilization, and the undaunted resolution, and consummate address with which they met and overcame them.

In the great volume of History, there is nothing either of itself, or in its results, of more magnitude than the discovery and the exploration of North America; and the first adventurers seem to have been specially fitted by Providence for the mighty enterprise. Pizarro and Cortez have written their deeds, in fire and blood, on the tragic records of Peru and Mexico, but they had veteran soldiers and were supported by the chivalry of Spain—then the most renowned country in Europe. It was not thus, however, in this quarter of the New World. While the sovereigns of France were engrossed with sanguinary wars, or dissolute pleasures, and could rarely be importuned to make an adequate outfit for conquest, or even exploration, a few French gentlemen and missionaries, stimulated by love of adventure and religious zeal, at various intervals crossed the stormy ocean in little vessels; penetrated the wilderness, navigated the lakes—Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior; traced the course of mighty rivers; selected with singular sagacity, the most important military and commercial points—butted in the snows of Canada—slept in Indian wigwams, with no covering but the canopy of the heavens; exposed to mortal foes, or still worse, to the damps and dews of an unhealthy climate; bivouacked under the burning suns of Louisiana and Texas, and proselyted the barbarous savage to the Christian faith. Such examples of physical and moral courage, of much suffering, of patience, and of loyal efforts to extend the dominion of France, until it embraced all of Canada, a portion of the Eastern, and most of the Southwestern States, without tarnishing its honor with the blood of an inferior race, are without a parallel in history, and make up a drama of the most thrilling interest.

We understand that it is the intention of both Mr. Gayarré and Mr. French, to publish another volume of their respective works in the course of the spring or summer.

The work of Mr. Gayarré is a pleasing romance of history, which will always find readers. Its pages glow with a poet's imagination. He paints in brilliant colours the incidents of the expeditions of De Soto and Marquette—of La Salle and Hennepin; Saint Denis and Bien-

ville;—but it is not history. It may therefore be doubted whether this volume, so ambitious in style, so redolent in invention, will create the same interest that was accorded to his first work in French, entitled "*Histoire de la Louisiane*," which, with less pretensions as to style, is a valuable compilation of facts, as far as it goes, for history. It cannot be said, although several have attempted it, that any one has yet written even a readable history of that State, for the very obvious reason, that the materials for such a history are not to be found in the United States; and the historian who hopes to succeed must first go to Europe and enter upon the laborious duty of consulting the *authentic* materials in the archives of France and Spain, where they were deposited during its colonial dependency—and from 1803 to the present time in the public offices of that State, and in the State Department, at Washington.

It is not, therefore, safe to rely upon the romance of Mr. Gayarré for facts, as it would be difficult to select the facts from his romance; nor to take the Historical Collection for a full and complete history of Louisiana; although, so far as it goes, it is an interesting collection of authentic materials for history, agreeably diversified with valuable notes even more interesting than the text, which should find a place on the shelves of every library in the United States. In fact, no library can be considered complete without the Historical Collections; and we sincerely hope that the author will continue to give us volume after volume, until he has exhausted his storehouse of historical treasure. S. T. G.

LOVE-LINES.

Translated from Anacreon.

On the Phrygian mountain lone—
Struck with inward grief and pain,
Weeping for her loved ones slain,
Niobe was turned to stone:
And the passionate unrest,
Working wild within the breast
Of the child of Pandion pale,
Changed her to a nightingale.

If the fate were mine to prove
The transforming power of love,
I would be a mirror bright,
Hanging ever in your sight;
I would be the vestment warm,
Clinging round your graceful form;
I would be the limpid wave,
Brow and cheek and lip to lave;
I would be, oh, lady fair!
Precious unguent for your hair;
For your slender waist, a zone;
For your neck a lucent stone;
And the sandal lightly pressed,
Where your dainty foot might rest!

M. J.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

Having rested a day, the march was resumed up the bank of the Platte. A strange river and country it is! You may ride all day without encountering an object to break its sameness;—not a tributary—a ravine, a tree. To-day the river formed again, a portion of the unbroken horizon;—is this the case with any other inland river in the world?

A South wind—on our left hand—blew so fiercely as to make it difficult for horses to keep the road; nevertheless, we marched 26 miles—hoping to find good grass, but in vain; and there is no fuel nearer than a mile from the camp. At this point it is scarcely—strictly speaking—a “bottom,” for there is a rise of about 4 feet in a 1,000, from the water’s edge: and the soil and grass have the characteristics of hill prairie.

June 1.—The wind continued,—a perfect gale—nearly all night; covering everything with a penetrating dust, which it raised from the prairie, so lately soaked. There is a breeze now from the N. E. Last night, sand bars in the river on our—windward—side, were *bare*: this morning they are covered with water; while others have *appeared* on the other side, *now*, the windward: this phenomenon must result from the wind; its forcing the shallow water of the very wide river, from one channel to another; they being divided by very extensive islands and bars, which must assist in continuing such an effect. Most provokingly, we found, this morning, good grass extending for ten miles. After all, this strange river has its beauties; nay, there is all the variety consistent with the prevailing flatness. For miles, this forenoon, it was charming: there was a labyrinth of islands adorned with tree and shrub of every shape; some very long, forming vistas,—others, mere dots of verdure, like emeralds set in silver: from thence, all the bright summer day was saluted with songs of birds; the cheerful and chatty blackbird, the whistling curlew, the gay lark, and—queen of songsters—the mocking-bird. Then, I observed a view as strange as beautiful: long narrow islands were fringed with tree tops, through and above which, I could see extensive strips of water; then came the opposite bank with trees just alike, which were relieved against the sky: but water and sky were the same!—thus there were *two horizons* of beautiful trees, which the eye could not distinguish! This novel illusion extended for miles.

But the prairie does not always charm the eye

or the imagination: often its sameness and the monotony of slow motion, lull us to dreamy thought, then, happily, we create of solitude, a world of our own; or people it with the loved absent, or the long dead. To-day, by an easy association, I dreamed of the old warrior explorers from Spain—’ere her glory died—of De Soto Cortez, and others. Hernando Cortez! What a name is there! What hero of antiquity excelled him? None but Cæsar: his military genius resembled Alexander’s; but—as in the comparison of our Washington with the world’s Captains—with an allowance for the scale of action and of means. (*His passage of the Delaware and subsequent campaign gave indications of what he might have done!*) The master-stroke of the career of Cortez, was his desperate march to Vera Cruz, his attack and defeat of the braggart Narvaez and his vastly superior numbers. Truly, his were enthusiastic genius, energy and constancy, beyond all proportion to what Providence implants or requires in man in ordinary times. In the world’s story, among all wondrous events, in Mexico alone History and Romance form an unity. And Cortez, like Columbus, was self-made; he forced his way over great obstacles, with which that age heaped the paths of aspirants from the low classes.

About noon, we saw a company of some fifty wagons, winding a toilsome way to the high-grounds: it was a proceeding as inexplicable as unusual, and gave rise to much conjecture: at last it stopped; we came up abreast—far to their right: then soon we learned the truth: they were burying an infant! It is Sunday; forty-seven wagons and families form a procession, which so slowly and painfully leaves far its course to reach that grassy hill which poetic affection would choose for a place of sepulture. There they solemnly consign to the unblest earth,—to the howling wilderness—the father’s hope—the mother’s love, and her pride. Pity her! it is no common loss! Wonderfully must the outward presence of hardship, severance from the world, and its distractions,—the solitudes of wild Nature, the want of kindred sympathies, strengthen the bonds of family love! Pity the mother! who bears a burthened heart to encounter her rugged and unkind Destiny. Honor those hard woodsmen for their attentions! their hearts are right.

But “march! march!”—shift the panorama! The sand hills approach the river; they are elevated and picturesque; and here is the first prairie dog village; (and as I expected, their inseparable buffalo grass:) the dogs are in great excitement, and never saw such sights. See that old gossip with eager and important bustle, rushing with the news from door to door! but she is now

excusable, and may tell the truth: behold hundreds of horsemen,—a hundred wagons,—hundreds of cattle,—and sheep too! But these marmots are a hackneyed subject. There are beautiful antelopes, too, which excite the hunters. It had turned sultry; white clouds shut in the warm atmosphere, and reflect back the heat like an oven-lid: ahead of us, for a wonder, is a creek-bed, fringed far into the hills with tree and shrub: we pass on, and turn into a sweet green bay (or bend) of fresh grass, and skirted with trees: they are on islands, to which we must wade for fuel; but are close by. Here we make our camp: the sun shines out brightly, but muttering thunders marshall forth black clouds: instantly the wide, green sward, is alive with horses, rolling and neighing with the delight of release and welcome food: next, rises, as by magic, a Canoso city: the men run over to the islands for the driest sticks: curling smokes soon give token of supper. We turn and look back; at a little distance is a long line of wagons, attended by lowing herds. Just now an antelope dashes between, pursued by grey-hounds; shot after shot are fired; the poor animal is hit,—falters,—is pulled down. What an animated invasion of this primeval solitude: the prairie nymphs must shrink in amaze! Since the world began, this beautiful meadow was never peopled thus.

June 2. There has been a hard rain in the night, and its quiet was disturbed by yells from an emigrant camp, half a mile off: why they should thus play Indian, is beyond my comprehension. We march early: the bottom widens much, and is very barren; sand-hills, washed into picturesque shapes, and partially green, invariably bound our view to the left; and to the right, the river variegated by islands: they nearly all have groves—not regular, forest masses; but each tree has had room to develope, and reveals against the sky, untrammelled beauties, and in infinite variety.

We touched, near mid-day, the river, and found—which is rare—a good watering place; the banks only two or three feet high—are generally vertical; and the horses then can scarcely be forced into the opaque water, which, if only an inch deep, looks bottomless. It is surcharged with mud, and millions of odds and ends of all things near, which its great swiftness keeps suspended. Here, too, was found clear, cool water, in a well only two feet down; just above, were the remains of many Indian fires, and buffalo bones, and the willow frames of old wigwams.

We are too early for the backward grass season, but here it has been swept off by ten thousand buffaloes. After a fatiguing march of 32 miles in eleven hours, we encamped on a spot which, having escaped the annual fires, the buf-

faloes have neglected. There is no fuel but *bois de vache*.

June 3.—We have rain at camp every night; but it seems to extend little further; and the dust, when there is not a side wind, is so annoying, that we sometimes abandon the road. This morning, at marching, blue-black clouds overhung the sand-hills, to which they imparted their hue; and their irregular sketchy outline, presented a singular and beautiful appearance; but it must be a very desert that is not pleasing in early summer morning! And if this flattered us with hope, of even the picturesque, we were this day disappointed. We had, once, however an unbounded water view up the river; and the fast growing signs of buffalo, gave some excitement to the dull march.

When it was time to stop, there was great difficulty in finding any grass. We turned, at last, into a long strip of meadow, between trees and bushes—so very rare on shore—and the river bank: the buffalo has been before us; but we have found some scant grazing;—it is buffalo-grass,—very backward, and looks like curled grey horse hair.

Three fine horses were picketed beyond the screen of bushes, out of sight of camp, or any other animals; as usual in such cases, they were uneasy; imagining, perhaps, something fearful in the bushes; or, more likely, were excited with the fear of being abandoned in these unwonted solitudes: be this as it may, about sun-down they broke loose, and scampered off for the hills: some men were hastily mounted and sent in pursuit; but they have returned late, unsuccessful.

June 4. Ten men were sent at day-light, on a new search: I feared it would be unavailing, as horses will join and run with buffalo; but fortunately, the trails of their ropes were discovered in the heavy dew, and they were brought back in two hours. Meanwhile, two empty wagons were sent back to Missouri, with a small escort, with broken-down horses: "all flesh is grass," and the grass is very poor.

This proved the great day of such excursions: the day of meeting buffalo. It was toward noon that they appeared in large numbers on the hills at our left. Immediately the fever rose; and as party after party prepared and rode off for the chase, the coolest heads became affected: we knew that even better opportunities would certainly occur; but the first fresh view of the chase became almost irresistible to all but old hands like myself. We see them charging helter-skelter, up hill and down, without prudence, skill or regard for horse flesh: the perverse wind brings from the rear clouds of dust, which add confusion to excitement. Let me attempt to describe a fragment of the scene: A horseman

seen dashing at a gang of twenty or thirty; he appears to penetrate their close order, and they are dividing into two parties; he has selected his victim; a puff of smoke appears; the report is heard; then a wounded buffalo rushes forth alone, but followed by the hunter, who is re-loading, and loses ground: now he gains again; is very near; we eagerly expect his discharge; but no! they are diverging rapidly! the horse has shied in affright, and the buffalo too, has dodged: the horseman pulls up and tries again: now he regains his place near the flagging animal; the smoke is seen again, and the report follows more slowly: they have stopped; the bull is tired—enraged and desperate: he is at bay: with a toss of his vast head, he makes a sudden and fierce dash at his enemy! Our hunter stops not to show his skill, but flies with prompt good will; fifty yards is all, and both again have halted: another shot! and now the bleeding and baffled beast turns to fly again; and there! they have disappeared over the top of that far off hill.

An hour or two after, a horseman is seen gradually nearing us: he approaches very quietly, and puts on an air of business-like coolness. Oh! nothing extraordinary has happened; he even appears unconscious that a tongue is conspicuously dangling to his cantle. It is his trophy! and, when green, to my taste, good for little else.

Meanwhile, the “forks of the Platte”—the junction of the “North” and “South” branches—has been passed, and few but the guide has known it. Cheated of knowledge and view of a principal point of note! too bad! We have got far out from either river, and can just see the water of one, and a fringe of trees beyond, which, no doubt, mark the course of the other. We are ascending the South Fork, but shall cross over in a day or two, to the North. Now we stop to water at a small, running branch, the first we have seen; it is without a tree: a buffalo calf approaches, and is evidently trying to join our cattle; but some men turn it off: there is the mother, which a hunter pursues up the steep hills: it is exhausted, but his horse refuses to go near; he has fired—probably ineffectually: we pass on. At 3 o'clock, we encamp at some ponds, in the middle of the bottom. Many horse loads of meat are brought in: the buffaloes—nearly all cows and calves,—are not yet fat.

We pass continually, companies of emigrants; they all have many breeding cattle. The girls must consider as a lively feature of this dull region, (or they are not common girls.) For our part, it is reported that one of them has been seen actually—that is, evidently invested with a “tournure;” who would believe the tyrant Fashion held so wide a sway!

June 5.—This morning at daylight, the buffalo had approached so nearly among the horses, that the officer of the guard sounded an alarm: they were driven off without accident. We were soon abreast of the point of bluff between the two rivers; it is eighteen miles above the junction,—we are 30° west of the meridian of Washington city. We are now fairly on the buffalo grass: its sod is a near approach to wooden pavement. This branch is not half so large as the main river; but the general character is exactly the same, near the bluff, but extensively winding, is a kind of slough; the river water soaking through the sands here, rises perfectly clear: there is a new feature—large bare spots, white with salt.

Again to-day—and it was very warm—we had buffalo chasing, chiefly by officers, who killed an abundant number. I now first indulged; mounting my led horse—too spirited and fractious for ordinary use—I passed forward to meet a herd that had just forded the river, and I knew would cross to the hills a little forward of us, *against the wind*, as their instinct invariably leads them: it was given them, it is supposed, for their protection; but they carry it to an extreme which I have often observed lead to their destruction. But my buffaloes are in motion, and will not wait a discussion: as I passed the head of the column, a friend thrust into my hand a six-barrel pistol; taking it almost mechanically, I dashed forward after the herd, which are now at desperate speed: my noble Brown is in his element, and goes joyfully to work; he soon places me alongside a fortunate bull, whose destiny it is to test the value of this patent plaything. With some difficulty, I succeeded in snapping it twice, and then consigned it, indignantly, to the uttermost depths of my off holster: I now draw my old Harper's Ferry “buffalo slayer,” and select a barren cow—round behind as a barrel,—at five paces—all at full speed—and deliver my fire; the shot soon stops her; she keeps her head toward me, and I fire several times before her quick motions allow me to strike her full through the lights; the blood instantly spirts from her nostrils, and she is soon out of pain—cut up and in a wagon.

We passed this morning, an emigrant camp; they were lying by,—had lost oxen, frightened off by buffalo,—several persons were sick,—a poor woman at the point of death. This Oregon should be a paradise!

The hills beyond the river are wilder and more elevated than before—all there looks arid, sandy, desolate; this side, we wade through sand; *all* is strange: prairie-dog villages; antelopes; large grey wolves; buffalo, attract but little attention or remark; but of all, how strange seems the

eternal wind—the high South wind; to what purpose does it day and night, so fiercely blow—blow! A flat muddy river, sand, buffalo and wind, are the universe! But no; ungrateful; three rose hushes bloom in my tent, and I have almost ice water from a hole in the sand close by: and that beautiful hare so gracefully bounding over the plain, was it not made for man's pleasure? or food for wolves?

June 6.—The clear stream on which we encamped last night, is a very singular one; it rises in the flats near the river; but does the river supply it? it is clear and cold, has quite a current, and contains fine large fish, which the river does not.

It was a sultry morning, but soon arose the South wind, which has blown a gale with most unpitying persistence all the day. After travelling a few miles, the guide bore down to the river; on the way, we were diverted by the pursuit of a young hare, by a number of men on foot; it was captured after many laughable tumbles, occasioned by its doubling.

The column marched right through the river; it was about 800 yards wide, and from eighteen inches to three feet deep; the quicksand made it laborious and tedious. The regiment then dismounted, and the horses were held to grass wherever it could be found. I passed over alone to a long island near the shore; it was grown up with grass, young willows, and the most delicate and beautiful rose bushes, in bloom and very fragrant.

I stood on the point of the island and gazed down the river, from whence shone the morning sun; our wagons were slowly making the winding passage, followed by cattle and sheep; to the right was a vast meadow, which insensibly swelled into green hills; on its bosom, like a string of white beads, were seen extending to dim distance, the tops of Oregon wagons; a few buffaloes seemed calmly looking on; the hills gradually melted in perspective, to a faint, blue horizon, terminating in the water view; for the river here, adorned by many green islets, and sparkling in the sunlight, extended below, as far as the eye could wander; on the left was a vast range of sand hills, on which, for ages, the rains and winds had worked their pleasure; exposing, at places, great masses of white marl in fantastic shapes: in the foreground, armed men and horses lounged or grazed at ease in picturesque groups. The high wind, though monotonous, gave music to the foliage, to the tall grass, and to the rippling waves; these waves, and the unbounded reach of river, reminded me of the ocean; nay, there the ocean was before me! that ocean whose visible grandeur expands the conception to compass the vast earth, whose ceaseless motion types

the moral unrest—the troublous action of the toiling world.

The music of the wind, which hushed, or softened to accord all other sounds—the happily mingled beauty and majesty of the view—my pleasing and isolated position, and the repose, snatched from that action which now was only pictured to the eye, had an irresistible charm: I fell into that dreamy state, in which, while the senses, keenly alive, are intoxicated with pleasure, the soul is soothed to happy thought; is winged by beauties to the high and abstract sphere of its nobler elements; or, skimming the fairy arches cast by Memory to the oases of the desert life behind, these meets, in rosy bowers, the absent loved! then, blissfully oblivious, we soar again with flattering Hope, to fall, with sudden shock, in the darkness of the land ahead. For, alas! while thus we dream, stern care plucks us by the skirts: we shrink, and struggle, and linger, to drain the cup of happiness; but our earthy element drags heavily; a voice, trumpet-tongued, awakes us to the REAL.

Truly, the trumpet had sounded; the men, the horses, had gone from careless rest to labour; all the living elements of the scene had disappeared; the sun himself was veiled; and I was now in a wilderness, nearly as tame and dull as it had been to every careless mind—to every untutored eye. But the fleeting beauty so painfully described, *was* real! and its enjoyment was mine!

It is wonderful how many go through the world with eyes shut, with minds unawake; but without the keen relish of the beautiful, without souls sensitive of lofty emotion, they have the enjoyments of animals, and are dull to painful reactions.

June 7.—A winding valley, a hundred paces wide, is overhung by a lofty white cliff on one side, and by the thick and most glossy foliage of ash trees on the other: a crystal streamlet murmurs amid the grass, over its gravel bed; a crescent silvers just the top of the precipice; whilst between it and the tree-tops, the stars look down through this pure, dry air, with a wondrous lustre: here and there camp-fires, dying out, cast an uncertain and pale light upon white tents; the horses, hungry and grazing in the obscurity, doubtful of this strange spot, make uneasy sounds, always answered by the rest. Since nightfall, an emigrant company, belated like ourselves in the passage over to this Northern Platte, passed at random through our straggling camp—blinded by the lights—in much danger of upsets, at which women and children were plaintive, and to the detriment of picket ropes, and discomfort of our horses and tired men.

I was lying on the grass by a small fire, greatly fatigued, but with face upturned in dreamy

enjoyment of all this beauty, so strange to the long wanderer on treeless plains—a sentient beauty! of the Heavens and earth, which seemed to look down upon me as a long expected guest! My friend joined me.

I. F. “Ah! gazing at the stars? The three mortal hours we passed on the verge of the table land, whilst the guide sought a clew to this strange labyrinth of hills, or mountains—”

C. “And found it, much thanks to the buffalo, and the aid of their paths—”

I. F. “Were enough, with an empty stomach, to evaporate an ocean of romance.”

C. “Considering, too, how dry it was; we had not drank for thirteen hours.”

I. F. “Considering, too, you slipped off alone to the island yesterday, and ‘fell asleep;’ but, as I verily believe, only dreamed; for, in our silent ride to overtake the regiment, you were still rapt, past all observation.”

C. “What on earth was there to observe? there was sand, wind, and ten miles!”

I. F. “And nothing more?”

C. “There were wild hills to our right; and I remember a great ravine, a torrent bed, which I thought would make an excellent ambushade; nothing more.”

I. F. “Then you overlooked something strange, and twenty times repeated, a natural paradox; a miniature and extravagant illustration of the formation of all our Western valleys, where the banks are always the highest ground; namely—little *ridges* of sand and gravel, only four or five feet over, all coming from ravines, and crossing the bottom to the river, and evidently made by water; little aqueducts, with scarce a rim to hold the water!

“The wind changed, too, and a whirlwind on the river, raised the water in a column, as of steam.”

C. “Ah! I dare say I was still half asleep; the wind and waves, and monotonous cries of cattle drivers on the river, were very composing, a regular lullaby. But, what a mighty table land was crossed to-day, the very top of the earth! While no sense was cognizant of anything higher, this plain seemed to slope away! The total absence of forest, is essential to this grand illusion, and I doubt if Europe present an instance of it.”

I. F. “They seem favorite resorts of buffalo; we observed it on the Arkansas. Those were grand chases we had this morning!”

C. “To be so unsuccessful; the buffalo run down a slope at racer speed; their strength is principally before, and ‘they let go all holds.’”

I. F. “This oasis is truly beautiful! and with a surrounding wildness and desolation, which have a real grandeur; for miles, we could sel-

dom see over a gun-shot in any direction; it seemed that nothing but water, which had everywhere riven the sides of the steep hills—could have found the outlet, which, in fact, it made; then the thin column, far winding, now disappearing in part and next seen in the most surprising positions; the grizzly bear alarm, and the strangely echoed shouts; the clouds of dust bursting through the gorges! nothing gave promise of this quiet nook which delights the senses, while it ministers to every want.”

C. “Thanks, for the broken wagon which kept us here, whilst the rest went on to the river.”

I. F. “This must be a kind of Indian post-office: we found arrows and lance poles singularly marked and disposed; and various colored strips of cloth with evident arrangement, a record by symbols, which, no doubt, is plain to them.”

C. “As I gaze up from this deep vale—now so dark—on that planet so serenely bright, the little opening between rock and leaves, seems but the gateway to a path of ether, never so short and inviting! Methinks I see a pitying smile which reveals the hollow littleness of all our eager struggles.”

There are times when the lethargic soul shrinks even from itself; is numb; nothing can excite it; we forget to hope! And with some such speech, or soliloquy, to which I heard no answer, I must have slumbered, and dreamed; but my acts and troubled thoughts were life-like, and of which the stars were certainly no portion: I would not repeat it, but I was tortured by a dear friend, who seemed to know me not, or to be estranged; and there was a spell—as in a nightmare—which always made me powerless to clear up the cause, or exact nature of the calamity. This heart-pain half aroused me; but I scarce knew where I was; there was a sense of something wrong; but my apathy, or a kind of *ennui of sleep*, was so profound, that I lay wondering whether or not, I still belonged to the world; and so, must have slept again; for then I surely dreamed: a night alarm led me to the door of an ancient castle; and though all were then dumb with fear, I knew a flood was coming down far slopes that threatened with death; but beyond, I looked and saw, on a plain which was a lofty mountain top, a vast multitude; the earth’s habitants, mingled, I thought, with celestial visitants; for their faces shone; they sat motionless on horses, and wore helmets and bright mail; but Terror was on the multitude, and a baleful and uncertain light shone from their midst. Then, there was a rush downward of strange animals, like elephants and horses; which, I thought, would trample down all that

stood in their way: next, the mailed warriors charged, with lances set, upon flying men on foot, who were like no others I ever saw; of red countenances, and strange garments and mien; they too were armed, and resisted, but many were slain; and, as they drew near, the warriors fought too, with each other; and thus was supernatural war brought with awful reality, to the very door, which I struggled to maintain against them all. Suddenly I was in a hall with several of those who had fled on foot, and asked them in the Spanish tongue, who, and whence they were? and was astonished that they knew such language, when they answered, "from Egypt."

Next, I was conscious of flickering gleams of light, which seemed reflected from cavernous arches, and of rumbling reverberated sounds. I was half awake with awe, which fancy again was softening, when a glare of light—a crash, as from the crags overhead, and a sudden fall of water, recalled me to life, and my aching limbs to motion; and I stood upon my feet in "Ash Hollow."

Notices of New Works.

THE GOLDEN CHRISTMAS; A Chronicle of St. John's Berkeley. Compiled from the Notes of a Briefless Barrister. By the author of "The Yemassee," &c., &c. Charleston: Walker, Richards & Co. 1852.

We have passed a few hours very pleasantly in running over this little Christmas tale of Mr. Simms. There is about it a freshness and healthiness of tone very agreeable, in these days of false sentiment, fabricated passion, and almost universal striving after the "effective." In Major Bulmer we recognize more than one trait of a most excellent and entertaining old gentleman of our acquaintance, and in Ned, his son, a very strong resemblance to a personage equally real. Mr. Simms is accustomed, however, to make his characters something more than mere copies of humanity in general. Major Bulmer is a most life-like portrait, but that is not all—he is the South Carolina gentleman of the Old School, with all his eccentricities, his humours, his oddities, and strange anomalies, painted at full length. Irascible, yet kind: tyrannical in dictating to master Ned in the most delicate matters, yet yielding at once when he perceives that his son's affections are really engaged; stately, yet amiable and yielding; worldly, yet practising the fine, delicate teachings of the old "Christian gentleman"—he strikes us as something very attractive and excellent, and, what is saying much for the author, very distinct and unmistakable in his broad characteristics. A few loftier and grander traits would make such characters models for their own generations and all coming after them.

The other characters of the "Golden Christmas" are well and skilfully drawn; and though we cannot approve of the clandestine meetings, letters, &c., by which young Bulmer with the aid of his friend, deceives Madame Gi-

rardin, the plot is in general both pleasing and gratifying: gratifying above all for the old English "poetic justice" so carefully observed in the *denouement*. The description of Christmas festivities at the Barony is also very graphic, and these scenes—equally with the Boar Hunt, the party, the upset, and the shopping on King street—and drawn with precision and brilliancy. We are always pleased to meet with works of this description, aiming to describe American localities and personages; and the strong interest manifested by the public in many such volumes recently published, seems to auger well for our literature and literary taste. Many portraiture of English characters, by English authors, have made a great noise in the world, with much less truth and freshness about them than our Major Bulmer.

We repeat that the "Golden Christmas" is throughout a very pleasant and readable tale, and, at least, in our opinion, far superior to the thousand and one strained and unnatural fictions which periodically inundate our booksellers' counters.

For sale by J. W. Randolph.

THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES, in a Series of Fifteen Tales. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1851. Tale V. *Meg and Alice: the Merry Maids of Windsor.*

We have already expressed our opinion of the series of tales illustrative of Shakspeare, of which the present is the Fifth. Mrs. Clarke has afforded much agreeable entertainment to the lovers of the great bard, by her romantic elucidations of the text;—for the object of these small works is to supply from chance-hints and apparently unimportant passages, a further account of the heroines of the various plays, and especially to unfold their earlier characters. That the authoress has scrupulously followed Shakspeare, down to the most trifling details, names and dates, the notes at the end of the tales abundantly prove. Of course the outlines are in the main the same as in the full-developed personages, but much skill was required to take from the delineation all the worldly experience and matured individuality of womanhood, and thus throw them back, so to speak, into the fresh atmosphere of early girlhood.

No one will say that Mrs. Clarke has not succeeded in this attempt. In "Katherine and Bianca" she has most signally succeeded. In "Ophelia" and "Portia," the characters of Shakspeare are thus metamorphosed into children with rare power and freshness, and in the present tale, "Meg" and "Alice" are the Meg and Alice of the "Merry Wives" as they must have been in early womanhood.

Sir John Falstaff, Shallow, Slender and Dame Quince are the characters, and the reader from this may judge that the work is entertaining. We commend to him the tale and the whole series.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

ISA, A Pilgrimage. By Caroline Cheesbro. Redfield Clinton Hall. New York. 1852.

The heroine of this story is a sort of Greeley in petticoats, who goes about talking obscurely of Woman's Rights and Social Reform, and is represented by the author as that fearful thing—a woman of strong mind, which, however, she never gives us any evidence. Rescued from the poorhouse, at a tender age, by the humanity of a lady residing in Richmond, and brought up as a member of the family, she first falls in love with the author, but crushes the feminine sentiment in the bud, and, when arrived at womanhood, goes off to edit a socialist newspaper in some distant city. In this praiseworthy ex-

prise she is assisted by a half-civilized, but highly intellectual being—one Alanthus Stuart, an atheist, whose whose books she has read with enthusiasm before making his acquaintance. Thrown together in this manner, these worthies do all the mischief in their power, by heaping ridicule upon religion, assailing existing institutions, and endeavoring to overturn society. They are especially savage upon the institution of marriage, which we are taught to believe is repugnant to nature and subversive of good morals. To carry out their consistency in this respect, they form a connexion which the French (with more tact than ourselves) designate as a *mariage au trizime arrondissement*, and are made the parents of a child who inherits, we suppose, their own mental vigor and superiority of will. The conclusion of the story presents us with a death-bed (the heroine's) made tranquil by unbelief, at which Alanthus and a Christian minister are present; the atheist referring to the scene in triumph over the man of God. Such is the outline of "Isa, A Pilgrimage." We need not say that to us the effect of the book is painful—shocking—we might add disgusting. We do not know who sits behind the mask of "Caroline Cheesbro;" some one probably of the new-light school of New-England, but we fear for her principles if "Isa" is a revelation of her own being.

As a literary performance the book is barely respectable,—what may be called heavy reading, and is full of affectations and bad English. Such words as 'enchantire,' 'syllabellie,' 'mistakeless,' Caroline will hardly find in any dictionary.

"Isa" was sent to us by J. W. Randolph.

COURSE OF THE HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By *M. Victor Cousin*. Translated by O. W. Wight. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 200 Broadway. 1852.

We are disposed to doubt very seriously whether this republication of M. Cousin's great work was judicious in the Messrs. Appleton. The French professor has proved no exception to the general rule, that they who write histories of philosophy, make their volumes each the vehicle of some darling hypothesis of his own. M. Cousin's system is upheld throughout the two volumes before us, and that system has never found favor in our sight. Built up, as it is, of the most incongruous and fragmentary materials, and presented to us under the delusive title of Eclecticism, it seems, to our judgment at least, but another form of teaching the philosophical scepticism of the German idealists.

As regards that part of this work—its translation—which has fallen to Mr. Wight, we must say that it has the air of being well performed. We have not the original at hand to compare the two, but the flowing style of the English version demonstrates the translator's familiarity with the foreign language.

For sale by A. Morris.

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS: or, London, from the Tower to the Crystal Palace. By *F. Saunders*. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1852.

The pleasantest guide-book that has ever fallen under our observation. Mr. Saunders has succeeded in combining the literary reminiscences of London with the mere topographical description of its streets and squares, in such a manner, that the forms of buried authors rise before us as we follow him along. Burly old Samuel Johnson revisits Bolt Court, and attenuated Charles Lamb fig-

ures again at the India House. We walk into Edmund Curll's bookstore, and step in to see Dryden at Will's. Mr. Saunders is a genuine cockney in his love of London, having been born, we believe, within sound of Bowbells. His acquaintance with all the haunts of the great metropolis is, at all events, very accurate, and those who cannot go to London, will derive a very correct impression of its vastness and magnificence by reading these "Memories" in connection with Cruchley's Map.

Nash & Woodhouse have the book for sale.

LYRA AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alice Carey*. Redfield. Clinton Hall, New York. 1852.

The two most distinguishing gifts of Miss Carey's muse are great exuberance of fancy and a wonderful richness of diction. The unpoetic reader of these poems, whose vocabulary is not copious, will either rise in an ecstasy of delight, or in a condition of utter bewilderment, at their splendid imagery and gorgeous coloring:—we cannot conjecture which result is the more probable. There are many sweet and touching compositions in the volume, which bring a holy moisture to the eyes and are calculated to make one better and purer than before. But taken altogether, they are somewhat obscure and monotonous, and exhibit—shall we say it?—traces of imitation. It is not difficult to see the influences of Milton, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow and Tennyson upon Miss Carey's style. She reads too much of the poetry of others to write independently. To point out the beauties of the present collection would be no short task—"Annie Clayville," the "Death Song," "Jessie Carol" and "Home-sick" please us most.

A. Morris has the book for sale.

THE STANDARD SPEAKER; Containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry for Declamation, &c. A Treatise on Oratory and Elocution. By *Epes Sargent*. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1852.

This admirable work, which has been compiled with great taste and discrimination, ought to supersede all the elocutionary school-books now in use. The original portion of it is excellent, and the selections embrace some of the choicest gems of English literature in prose and verse. The publishers have done themselves great credit, by the handsome style and clear, accurate typography of the publication.

It may be found at the bookstore of Harrold & Murray.

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY. By *Theresa Pulszky*. Redfield. Clinton Hall, New York. 1852.

HUNGARY IN 1851; With an Experience of the Austrian Police. By *Charles Loring Brace*. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1852.

Though Monsieur Louis Kossuth has somewhat prejudiced the cause of Hungary in the eyes of the American people, there is yet a remarkable interest felt by our countrymen in the condition of that unhappy land. Books, therefore, which relate to Hungary meet with a ready sale, and here are two, of diverse character, which are likely to find great favor with the public.

Madame Pulszky's collection of Hungarian legends is really delightful. Kossuth has been highly complimented for his acquaintance with the English language, but all who read these "Tales and Traditions," will see how far Madame Pulszky has exceeded him in the acquisition of a pure English style, free from strained conceits and foreign idioms.

Mr. Brace's volume is a full and satisfactory account of the State of Hungarian affairs during the last year. It will be recollected that this gentleman underwent some experience of Austrian tyranny by imprisonment in the dungeons of Gros Wardein, and the reader will find in this work a graphic narration of the incidents of that outrage. Pleasant sketches of men and manners intersperse the political reflections of the writer throughout the whole, which is presented to us in clear and beautiful type, set off with handsome lithographs.

Both of these works may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

ROMANISM AT HOME. *Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States.* By *Kirwan*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 329 and 331 Pearl Street, Franklin Square. 1852.

"Kirwan" is the *nom de guerre* of the Rev. Dr. Murray—we say *nom de guerre*, because that worthy divine carries war into the ranks of Romanism with great spirit and effect. His former Letters to Bishop Hughes excited a sensation in the religious world by their point and directness of aim, and elicited a compliment even from the learned Catholic prelate to whom they were addressed. The present series, written from the Eternal City itself, exposes some of the more remarkable of the Romish practices which obtain under the very shadow of the Vatican. The reader will find them highly interesting.

The book may be purchased of A. Morris.

ESSAYS ON LIFE, SLEEP, PAIN, ETC. By *Samuel Henry Dickson*, M. D. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1852.

The fame of Dr. Dickson in his profession, has long been coextensive with the spread of medical science. The present volume, if he had written nothing else, would establish for him an enviable reputation in Literature. Some of these essays first appeared in the pages of the Southern Quarterly Review, where they were generally read and admired, and the present publication of them in one volume will meet with universal favor. They are marked with acute observation, the utmost delicacy of sentiment, subtle analysis, and great affluence of style.

The volume may be obtained of A. Morris.

MUSINGS OF AN INVALID Second Edition. New York: Published by John S. Taylor, No. 143 Nassau Street. 1852.

This book is quite good enough to assure us that the author could have made it infinitely better, had he chosen to do so. A strain of quiet humor pervades his Musings that reminds us frequently of Lamb, and there are not wanting occasional touches of deep pathos. The style, however, is deplorably slipshod, and there is no method or arrangement whatever in the author's speculations. In spite of all this, we have enjoyed the book exceedingly, and we can commend it warmly to the public. For the remittance of One Dollar the publisher will send the volume to any part of the United States post-paid.

We have received it from the Methodist Book Concern.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical on the Book of Revelation. By *Albert Barnes*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

This volume completes the Commentary on the New

Testament commenced, many years ago, by its distinguished author. It was not originally designed by him to extend his critical labours beyond the gospels, but the public favor with which the earlier "Notes" were received, and the amount of good accomplished by them induced the author to persevere, and he has now arrived at the end of the sacred volume. *Finis coronat opus*. No commendation of Albert Barnes' Notes is needed at our hands. They are much too widely and favorably known.

A. Morris has the present volume for sale.

THE ORATIONS OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO. *Literally translated by C. D. Yonge, B. A.* Vol. 1. London. Henry G. Bohn. York Street, Covent Garden. 1851.

This is the latest volume of Bohn's Classical Library—a series of translations from the great authors of Greece and Rome, by means of which the English reader has been introduced to the splendid literature of the age of Pericles and the age of Augustus. The matchless orations against Verres which stand as the finest efforts of ancient oratory, are comprised in the volume before us which will be followed up by others making a complete edition of Cicero's works.

For sale at all our bookstores.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNEY THROUGH TARTARY, THIBET, AND CHINA, during the years 1844, 1845 and 1846. By *M. Huc*, Missionary Priest of the Congregation of St. Lazarus. 2 vols. New York: Appleton & Co. 1852.

Not only was Monsieur Huc the most indefatigable of missionary priests, as his labors in the "apostolical Vicariate of Mongolia" abundantly show, but he has contrived to write of those labors after a very charming fashion. His work has greatly interested us in a twofold manner—as a record of travel, and as a self-revelation. Few tourists have given us a fresher or more truthlike account of what they have seen. In this respect the "Recollections" are capital. But as revealing the character of the author, they are yet more agreeable. Monsieur Huc seems to be writing an autobiography, and the subject thereof—like the greater number of the Catholic priesthood—is as delightful an old gentleman, as fine a specimen of *bonhomie*, as one might wish to encounter. With an almost childish simplicity of character, he exhibits a 'smartness' that would do no discredit to a Vermont pedlar or a Mississippi boatman.

Monsieur Huc, among other things equally novel, describes, in his "Recollections," the religious rites and ceremonial of Buddhism or the faith of the Grand Lama. These volumes belong to the Popular Library of the Appletons and are well printed on good paper.

They are for sale by A. Morris.

CLARET AND OLIVES, From the Garonne to the Rhone By *Angus B. Reach*. New York: George P. Putnam. 1852.

The last and decidedly the best issue of the *Sear* Monthly Library. Fresh notes of travel are as rare as these days, as black swans, and Mr. Reach writes in a strikingly piquant and original style. Our limits forbid making extracts—else should we quote largely from two pages. But we cannot give our readers either a sip of the Claret, or a taste of the Olives. We can only commend them to get the volume, which may be bought at any bookstore for twenty-five cents.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NO. 6.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER VII.

The rights of a ladder; A queer specimen of a fine officer; Blood of the dolphin; Duff; Crossing the equator; Splice the main brace; Being sick at sea; Mess-table sketches; "No gentleman;" What characterizes a gentleman; A booby; Las Roccas; Nativity of ship's company; Mother Carey's Chickens; Usage of the sea-service; What a fall may do for the faculty of memory; Speak a whale-ship.

April 13th. Latitude 4°39' north; longitude 35°01' west. The wind still favorable.

This morning a lieutenant reported to the first lieutenant that the carpenter did not get off from the steerage ladder when he was coming. The carpenter was immediately called and told that neither he nor any of the "forward officers," (under this term are included the boatswain, gunner, carpenter and sailmaker,) should hereafter use the steerage ladder. "I give you this, sir, as an order; you can obey it or not as you think best." Soon after, the sailmaker inquired whether the first lieutenant would object to an appeal to the captain from the forward officers; the answer was, "Certainly not; whenever I give any order which you think presses unfairly, you have a right to make a respectful appeal to the captain. I think it is a right of every officer. I order you to use the main-hatch ladder, because it is most convenient to your apartments."

The appeal was made; the decision of the captain sustained the order of the first lieutenant.

No doubt the "forward officers" fancied that they might use the steerage ladder without interfering with the duties or discipline of the ship; and they probably imagined that being forbid to use the ladder was in some way disparaging to them. On the other hand, it might be contended that the steerage ladder was the only common route of the officers of the ward-room and steerage to their respective apartments, and that the forward officers could not use it without passing through the steerage, the apartment common to midshipmen and passed-midshipmen. The convenience of all was therefore increased by rescinding the number of persons who habitually

passed by a narrow thoroughfare. There could be no question that the main-hatch ladder was most convenient to the apartments of the forward officers; but it is, also, by custom, the common route of all the shipped men to and from the berth-deck, and these gentlemen were liable constantly to meet sailors on their way. It was this circumstance which caused the forward officers to prefer the steerage ladder, upon which they might occasionally encounter a commissioned officer, when one or the other must yield the passage.

It is probable the moral effect of this order was to render the lieutenant, whose report provoked it, temporarily at least, disagreeable in the eyes of the forward officers; and no doubt, they charged their exclusion from the steerage ladder to aristocratic notions of their superior officers.

This evening the merits of several officers were discussed. One of the gentlemen said that "Captain — is as fine an officer as there is in the service, barring that he is always in debt, has a bad temper, and that he will get drunk." A certain lieutenant (now deceased) was mentioned: he borrowed some \$500 from a surgeon, who, in the course of two or three years, several times asked for the liquidation of the debt. At last the lieutenant declared to the surgeon he would shoot him if he ever asked for the money again. To expect the payment of borrowed money from an officer possessed of \$2,000 a year, besides his annual salary, does not seem unreasonable; yet, even here there was certainly a wide difference of opinion, whether honestly entertained, is a question I leave to the decision of casuists.

Friday, April 14th. Latitude 2°52' north; longitude 33°35' west: thermometer 80°F. At meridian a heavy fall of rain, and change of wind not in our favor. A number of flying-fishes were caught during the morning. It fell almost calm in the afternoon. Caught a dolphin about three feet in length; the stomach contained three flying-fishes, one of them partly digested. Found the blood corpuscles in this animal to be larger than those of the human subject; in other respects they presented the same characters under the microscope.

Saturday, April 15th. Latitude 2°11' north; longitude 33°32' west. Rain. Mess-cooks were busy preparing the dessert for Sunday's dinner—The materials are wheat-flour, raisins, water and

a little salt; good housewives need not be told that it must require no small skill in cookery to make them into a light, tender pudding. Yet, by dint of stirring, and perhaps by aid of standing twelve or fourteen hours in the kid in the shape of a stiff batter, before it is included in a bag for boiling, quite a popular dish is produced. This "duff" is eaten with molasses.

April 16th. Latitude $1^{\circ}37'$ north; longitude $33^{\circ}1'$ west.

April 17th. Latitude $0^{\circ}15'$ north; longitude $33^{\circ}13'$ west: thermometer 83°F . Breeze light; at six o'clock P. M. we found the ship was in the Southern hemisphere. I have now crossed the equator for the fifteenth time. On this occasion the custom of admitting Neptune and his tritons on board to shave and maltreat enophytes for the amusement of old sailors was departed from, and instead, "all hands" were called "to splice the main brace," that is, to drink an extra or unaccustomed allowance of grog.

For two or three days past I have been very unwell. The remark of a much esteemed mess-mate of a former cruise was brought to mind. He was seriously ill at a very good boarding-house in Philadelphia, and was carefully attended, but during convalescence, he remarked, "After all, there is no place like a ship to be sick in, because there is every thing at any hand for any emergency!" He was a bachelor then; now he has wife and children, but whether he still maintains this opinion I do not know.

If there be a time when the inconvenience and depressing influence of ship-life are more strongly impressed upon the voyager than at any other, it is when disease lays hold of the body so far as to shake the mind with fearful conjectures as to the result. Selfishness may exaggerate the absence of the bodily comforts of home, and sigh for the light of day, an atmosphere uncontaminated by the odours of bilge water and tar; for clean transparent water cooled, if desired, with ice; for a dainty mess of gruel or *soupe maigre* of unsuspected cleanliness: but what is most missed is that solace which a sufferer can derive only from the sympathy of loved ones, a sympathy manifested by numerous little acts of kindness and attention, which are best appreciated by the sick when wanting. It is no small deed to put yourself beyond the reach of the household affections for any considerable period. Residence in a man-of-war for years, is something better than in a railroad car, or in a stage coach, but is not equal to a river steamboat for "creature comforts," which are there always within reach. A river steamboat surely affords not very appropriate accommodations for sick men; and in this respect a man-of-war is far better, but with every care and attention on

board, better accommodation is almost always attainable on shore.

Without meaning to betray confidence, I may relate some of the personal history and opinions occasionally told at mess. It is not uncommon to discuss at table the merits of officers, particularly if they are remarkable in any particular. A lieutenant was named to day, who was praised by one as a martinet; while others characterised him as haughty, silly, tyrannical, tantallizing and "no sailor." "If you were to squeeze Captain ——'s little finger for five minutes, it would yield more seamanship than you could get out of Lieutenant ——'s whole body under a hydraulic press for a month." Another remarked, "He thinks the best use officers can make of sailors, is to flog them; he would flog a whole watch if every man was not on deck within five minutes after the bell struck eight."

A commander was named, and pronounced to be the first officer in the navy. No one present offered a word in objection; on the contrary, every one offered some reason, or alluded to some trait, to prove him to be an accomplished and efficient officer in any and in every sense of the word. "But," added one, "he is a religious man, and when he gets mad he suffers most awfully; because under such circumstances it is natural for him to swear, but he works religion against nature, and the contest almost strangled him, although religion always carries the day, seeing she has a powerful ally in the third article of the law of 1800, which, you know, makes swearing a court-martial offence."

It will be perceived, from the above samples, that the portraits of navy officers, drawn by respectable artists, are to be received as sportive sketches or caricatures, rather than as deliberately designed pictures; yet they sometimes possess a truthfulness of outline, which makes them speaking likenesses of the originals, in spite of a little excess in coloring. Wanting as they do Daguerreotypy exactness, these pictures are still accurate enough to show that sea air is very conservative of the moral imperfections of man, and to teach us that we should not be disappointed to find no more virtue, generosity, liberalism or forbearance in the exercise of power, or less vice, prejudice, avarice or meanness than may be met in an equal number of men of other vocations. Men employed as officers in military service, are generally so conspicuous as to be readily observed; and hence their salient points, whether virtuous or vicious, are quickly seen by the community and noted, especially by respectable artists who delight to render their representations somewhat spicy in order to tickle the prevailing taste of the times. There is a danger to be apprehended from this fashion of free

discussing the characters of men; in the hands of a humorist an absent brother officer may afford infinite amusement without much injury to his reputation, but if skill in delineation be united to a malicious disposition, the minds of listeners may be very seriously prejudiced against a really meritorious man. Indeed, a fair reputation might be entirely destroyed by heedless misrepresentation, designed only to furnish present amusement. It would be well, perhaps, if every one could be taught never to say any thing about a brother officer, disparaging, until ready to hold himself responsible for his statement. To say an officer is "no sailor," is equal to charging incompetency upon him; and it is a charge that it might not be easy to disprove. I remember to have heard it related of the naval times prior to 1812, that a sailing-master of one of our frigates, upon a certain occasion, cast himself on a camp-stool beside the ward-room table, and buried his face in his hands in an attitude of grief and vexation. He rolled his head about and sobbed aloud. A mess-mate asked the cause of his distress, and received in broken tones an explanation: "The Commodore, d—n his soul, has put an insult upon me that will carry me to my grave. If he had said I was 'no gentleman;' or that I got drunk; or cheated at cards; or lied, I might have got over it, I think; but Jack, my boy, it was worse than all these together, for he said to me, (an old, experienced sailing-master in the service as I am,) says he, 'Sir, you're no sailor!—and you may go below!' Oh! I shall never be able to show my face on the quarter-deck again.—d—n his soul."

It has been substantially asserted in more places than one, there are many excellent, worthy gentlemen in the navy who are not distinguished seamen; and not a few highly accomplished seamen who cannot readily pass muster as gentlemen. Macaulay, (History of England,) speaking of the British navy, says, "There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen. A very ancient Commodore has the credit of having said, "Make gentlemen of your officers, and the natural consequences will be, you will not have a sailor among them at the end of ten years."

If the gallant old commodore understood the term gentleman to designate a variety of the *genus homo*, characterised by remarkable precision in the fashion and fit of his garments, the prominence of white kid gloves, (even in the rain,) and a luxuriance of hair on the lip and cheeks, redolent of perfumes, and noted for repugnance to pay landlords, tailors and laundry maids their just claims, while ever ready to "venture a V on a turn of a card" in the presence of

company, he was correct in the notion that gentlemen could not be sailors. But in fact, a man may be "every inch a sailor," and measure no less as a gentleman, if I am not mistaken in the meaning of the term. By a gentleman I do not mean a dandy; nor an animal who constantly refrains from using his hands under an erroneous impression that it is degrading to employ them, except for a very few purposes, such as manœuvring a tooth-pick on the front steps of a fashionable hotel, or an opera-glass at a dramatic entertainment. A man of education, good breeding and civil manners, is said to be a gentleman, but these qualities alone are not enough to constitute a gentleman. A man of courage, truthfulness, integrity, frankness and intelligence, who is civil in his deportment, who respects all men without regard to their vocation, and who always acts on the Christian principle of doing to others as he would others should do unto him under all circumstances, is worthy of the title of gentleman. Surely such qualities are not incompatible with a perfect knowledge of seamanship, or of any other professional knowledge, whether scientific or mechanical. But there are some who regard prodigal expenditure of money as the criterion. A hostler pronounced a man to be "a first rate gentleman," because he gave him a half dollar for holding his horse while he took a drink at the bar of a road-side inn. Costume of a particular fashion, in the estimation of some few hastily thinking people, is essential to respectability and social position. But fine clothes, fine manners, and fine words may disguise a man, who, when placed beyond restraint of law or superiors, would avail himself of opportunity to overreach a child, to deliberately wrong a woman, to betray a trust or a confidence for profit; who would play the braggart, be overbearing, tantallizing, exacting or tyrannical towards inferiors, while he is at the same time towards superiors a very polite, attentive, cringing sycophant and parasite.

Personal selfishness, carried to any remarkable degree, is inconsistent with the qualities which characterize the high-toned gentleman, because selfishness cannot be indulged without invading the rights of others. Among the first principles of gentility is to recognise the claims of all, and yield to them due respect; to demand only what is clearly right, and to submit to nothing which is clearly wrong. It unfortunately happens that men possessed of self-esteem or vanity in a high degree are prone to over-appreciate their own qualifications while they depreciate those of others; and thus blinded by conceit, they do not perceive the merits of men among whom they live, and thus misled they may perhaps innocently, do them wrong. Men

thus constituted are apt to indulge in extreme views, and to regard the most valuable labors of their fellows somewhat contemptuously. They find it difficult to modify their egotism, or come to a compromise upon any subject; and if placed in power, they are governed in their deportment chiefly by their desire and will, without regard to the opinions, feelings or rights of their subordinates. Their own views of peculiar advantage or interest are alone consulted. Yet the same men are honest, honorable and respectable in all their relations of life, except only when their own interests are in any way involved in their actions. Such gentlemen do not understand the injunction, the command of the Greek philosopher, "know thyself," and never subject themselves to the wholesome exercise of self-examination; an exercise which may be freely indulged without danger to the moral health of the most worthy members of society.

April 19th. Latitude 3°46' south; longitude 34°29' west: temperature 84°F. The wind is against us. There are dangerous rocks in our route, lying between the island of Ferdinando-de-Norhona and the coast of Brazil. The danger of these rocks, called Las Roccas, is augmented by the fact that nautical authorities are not agreed as to their exact position, a fact which illustrates the importance of accurate surveying. Our English chart places the Roccas in 33°33' west longitude; Horseburgh, in 33°06'; Owen, in 33°7'; and Purdy in 33°07', a difference of 27 miles between the English authorities. According to Bowditch, the American authority, the Roccas are in 33°10' west.

April 20th. Latitude 3°03' south; longitude 33°44' west: temperature 83°F. Finding it impossible to clear Cape St. Roque on the course the ship was steering, the vessel was tacked last evening, and we are now running to the eastward.

April 21st. Latitude 3°20' south; longitude 33°12' west: temperature 83°F. We have advanced very little in the past twenty-four hours. At sunset last night a booby, (*Sula fusca*), alighted on deck, which broke the monotony for a short time. The bird is about two feet five inches in length. It has a strong, conical, roundish, sharp bill about four inches long, and a keen eye. With the exception of the belly, which is white, the rest of the plumage is of greenish, or rather grayish brown. Owing to the length of its wings, the bird could not set them in motion on the deck; its efforts to fly excited the mirth of the spectators. After being a prisoner about two hours, it was set at liberty.

In the course of this afternoon we passed a vessel, about ten miles distant, supposed to be bound to the United States.

April 22nd. Latitude 3°45' south; longitude 33°27' west: temperature 86°F. To-day the decks were thoroughly "holy-stoned," that is, scrubbed. At half past eleven o'clock, A. M., the look-out on the fore-topsail yard shouted, "breakers ahead." We presumed we were near the Roccas by our reckoning, which makes the position assigned to this reef on the English chart correct.

At 1 o'clock, P. M., a line of sand and foam, glittering like frosted silver in the sunshine, was visible from deck, it extended several miles, and was estimated to be distant from the ship about five miles. This reef of coral rises scarcely above the surface, and would be fatal to any ship that struck upon it at night, especially if the wind were fresh. There seems not enough dry land, even now when it is almost calm, for fifty men to stand upon. A current sweeps past to the westward, at the rate of two miles an hour, which would drift a vessel situated to the eastward of them upon the Roccas, in spite of every precaution, because there is no bottom available for an anchor.

Numerous sea birds were sailing above the breakers, and individuals were occasionally seen to dive, no doubt in pursuit of fishes, but we were too far distant to observe their success. Many sharks were seen, and about three o'clock, one was caught, which was only about five feet long. As usual, it was speedily despatched, and its spine was dissected out of the body to be converted into a walking-cane.

Several on board were anxious to land, some to gather shells, and others, because they imagined no person had ever been on shore there willingly, and for this reason, they would have accomplished what others had not done.

April 23d.—Easter Sunday.—Latitude 4° 52' south; longitude 33° 12' west; temperature 84°F. A vessel passed at a distance, presumed to be the British mail-packet from Pernambuco.

April 24th.—It rained heavily from eleven till one o'clock. Since the rain, it has been calm and sultry. Our dead reckoning places the ship in latitude 6° 22' south; longitude 33° 22' west.

The company on board this ship numbers in all 217 souls, of which number, 73 are not citizens of the United States. The places of their birth are as follows:

At sea,	1	Canada,	2
Russia,	1	Scotland,	6
Prussia,	1	Ireland,	36
Nova Scotia,	1	England,	23
France,	1	U. S., including	
Malta,	1	12 negroes,	144

They are classed as follows: Passengers 2; Commission and Warrant Officers 24; Petty Officers 37; Seamen 37; Ordinary Seamen 44;

Landsmen 30; Boys 9; Apprenticed Boys 8; and Mariners 26; making an aggregate of 217.

The man born at sea is of Irish parents. He at first declared, in the strongest Hibernian brogue, that he was born in New York, but finding his statement doubted, he added, in a somewhat ingenuous manner, "The *rale* truth is, I *waz* born in New York, but it happened the day before my mother arrived."

April 25th. Latitude 6° 53' south; longitude 33° 01' west; temperature 48° F. It is very sultry this morning. Moths are found on board; it is feared woolen clothing will suffer. To-day the crew was exercised by divisions—a sort of company drill—and two rounds of shot and shells were fired.

This morning a Mother Cary's chicken was caught.

Ornithologists describe this bird under the generic names of *Thalassidroma* and *Procellaria*.

"This ominous harbinger of the deep is seen nearly throughout the whole expanse of the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to the tropical parts of America, whence it wanders even to Africa and the coasts of Spain! From the ignorance and superstition of mariners, an unfavorable prejudice has long been entertained against these adventurous and harmless wanderers, and as sinister messengers of the storm, in which they are often involved with the vessel they follow, they have been very unjustly stigmatized by the name of Stormy Petrels, Devil's Birds and Mother Carey's Chickens. At nearly all seasons of the year these Swallow-Petrels, in small flocks, are seen wandering almost alone, over the wide waste of the ocean.

"On the edge of soundings, as the vessel loses sight of the distant headland, and launches into the depths of the unbounded and fearful abyss of waters, flocks of these dark, swift flying and ominous birds begin to shoot around the vessel, and finally take their station in her foaming wake. In this situation, as humble dependents, they follow for their pittance of fare, constantly and keenly watching the agitated surge for floating mollusca, and are extremely gratified with any kind of fat animal matter thrown overboard, which they invariably discover, however small the morsel, or mountainous and foaming the raging wave on which it may happen to float. On making such discovery, they suddenly stop in their airy and swallow-like flight, and whirl instantly down to the water. Sometimes nine or ten thus crowd together like a flock of chickens scrambling for the same morsel, at the same time pattering on the water with their feet, as if walking on the surface, they balance themselves with gently fluttering and outspread wings, and often

dip down their heads to collect the sinking object in pursuit. On other occasions, as if seeking relief from their almost perpetual exercise of flight, they jerk and hop widely over the water, rebounding as their feet touch the surface, with great agility and alertness.

"There is something cheerful and amusing in the sight of these little voyaging flocks, steadily following after the vessel, so light and unconcerned, across the dreary ocean. During a gale, it is truly interesting to witness their intrepidity and address. Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, descending their sides, then mounting the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads, sweeping through the hollow waves as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, it trips and jerks sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the storm, and like some magic being, seems to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers. At other times, we see these aerial mariners playfully coursing from side to side in the wake of the ship, making excursions far and wide on every side, now in advance, then far behind, returning again to the vessel, as if she were stationary, though moving at the most rapid rate. A little after dark, they generally cease their arduous course, and take their interrupted rest upon the water, arriving in the wake of the vessel they had left, as I have observed, by about nine or ten o'clock of the following morning. In this way, we were followed by the same flock of birds to the soundings of the Azores, and until we came in sight of the isle of Flores.

"According to Buffon, the Petrel acquires its name from the Apostle Peter, who is also said to have walked upon the water. At times, we hear from these otherwise silent birds by day, a low *weet, weet*, and in their craving anxiety, apparently to obtain something from us, they utter a low twittering '*pe-ūp*, or chirp. In the night, when disturbed by the passage of the vessel, they rise in a low, vague and hurried flight from the water, and utter a singular guttural chattering, like *kūk kuk'k'k'k'k'*, or something similar, ending usually in a sort of low twitter, like that of a swallow.

"These Petrels are said to breed in great numbers on the rocky shores of the Bahama and the Bermuda islands, and along some parts of the coast of East Florida, and Cuba. Mr. Audubon informs me that they also breed in large flocks on the mud and sand islands of Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, burrowing downwards from the surface to the depth of a foot or more. They also commonly employ the holes and cavities of rocks near the sea for this purpose. The eggs, according

to Mr. Audubon, are three, white and translucent. After the period of incubation, they return to feed their young only during the night, with the oily food which they raise from their stomachs. At these times, they are heard through the most part of the night, making a continued clattering sound like frogs. In June and July, or about the time that they breed, they are still seen out at sea for scores of leagues from the land, the swiftness of their flight allowing them daily to make these vast excursions in quest of their ordinary prey; and hence, besides their suspicious appearance in braving storms, as if aided by the dark Ruler of the Air, they breed, according to the vulgar opinion of sailors, like no other honest bird, for taking no time for the purpose on land, they merely hatch their egg under their wings, as they sit on the water!

"The food of this species, according to Wilson, appears to consist, as he says, of the gelatinous spora of the gulf-weed, (*Fucus natans*), as well as small fishes, barnacles, and probably many small mollusca. Their flesh is rank, oily, and unpleasant to the taste. Their food is even converted into oil by the digestive process, and they abound with it to such a degree, that, according to Brunnich, the inhabitants of the Fero Isles make their carcasses to serve the purpose of a candle, by drawing a wick through the mouth and rump, which being lighted, the flame is for a considerable time supported by the fat and oil of the body."

The fidelity of the above description by Mr. Thomas Nuttall* will be at once recognized by all who have had experience at sea. The facts stated, I have witnessed again and again at different times; there is nothing related for truth which cannot be established by any number of competent witnesses, which is more than may be safely asserted of many statements relative to human history, or to human institutions. The usages of the naval service of the United States, for example, are not as readily ascertained and stated as the habits of the remarkable petrel, known under the name of Mother Carey's chicken.

At dinner, to-day, it was asserted by one of the gentlemen, that it is a duty of the flag-lieutenant to keep watch at sea on board a Commodore's or flag-ship. The correctness of this position, was at once denied, and the usage of the sea service was appealed to for a decision. Opposite sides of the question were advocated; one party declared they had never known a flag-lieutenant to keep watch at sea, while the other stoutly maintained the reverse. One gentleman

was very confident in his knowledge of the customs of the service, and based his confidence on the circumstance that had served on board of no less than twenty two different vessels in the navy. After patiently hearing the testimony on both sides, I formed an opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to decide what is the custom of the naval service is on this point, though it was enough to show that the flag-lieutenant sometimes at least, was not expected to keep watch at sea. It can scarcely be doubted that all questions on the duties of officers, might be placed beyond a necessity of reference to the usage of the sea-service by devising rules or statutes on the subject.

A striking instance of the difficulty of determining what is or is not usage in the naval service, occurred within less than three years, and has been recently alluded to in a congressional debate. A sailor, while on shore in a port of the Mediterranean, assaulted a lieutenant who was in command of the ship to which the sailor belonged. By order of the lieutenant-commander, the sailor was seized, carried on board ship, put in irons, and confined until brought to trial before a court-martial convened in New York. He was kept a prisoner more than three months, and it was stated before the court, that he had been gagged and "bucked." It is believed these facts were stated with a view to induce the court to award a mild sentence, on the ground that the prisoner had been already punished, in part at least. Be this as it may, it appears that of the twelve Captains, who constituted the court, not one understood the word "bucked," or the kind of infliction it implied. The lieutenant-commander knew what "bucking," was, and ordered the man to be punished in this way; he was the incensed party, the accuser as well as the judge, and directed the execution of his own sentence. But it does not appear that "bucking" was considered contrary to the "custom in like cases at sea," or that the lieutenant-commander had, in the opinion of the court, in any way transcended his legal authority, notwithstanding, no member of the court could explain the meaning of the term. The prisoner was sentenced to be dismissed from the navy with a "bad conduct" discharge, or similar infliction, which must have been considered by the man a small addition to being gagged and bucked, and kept in irons for three months.

This outline was given to me by a member of the court, and is related from memory. The court sat sometime in the beginning of the year 1850, and the record of its proceedings, which is no doubt on file in the Navy Department, can be referred to, if necessary, to correct any error of the above story, which is given here exclusively

* A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada. By Thomas Nuttall, A. M. F. L. S. The Water Birds. Boston 1834.

as an illustration of the value of the "usage of the naval service," as a rule of justice and equity.

The details of the case have not been published; but even in ignorance of the testimony, a conjecture may be hazarded that the offence charged was striking or offering to strike his superior officer, and for this reason, was to be adjudicated under the 13th, 14th and 15th articles of the law of 1800, which have been already quoted. Then, if "bucking" he proved to be a punishment in accordance with the usage of the sea-service, it was nevertheless, illegal in this case, because the 32d article provides that only the "crimes which are not specified in the foregoing articles, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases [namely, those which are not specified] at sea." This man's crime was specified and provided for in the law; and therefore, any mode of punishment not stated in the statute, whether by gagging, bucking, or crucifying, even if those were or are customary, is illegal. Whether a civil court could award damages, as for mal-treatment, in such a case, is a question; but whatever the law may be, it does not seem in accordance with justice or equity, that a sailor, illegally punished by a superior officer, (whether he be a military officer of the naval service, or a civil officer of the merchant service,) should have no remedy.

April 26th.—Latitude $8^{\circ} 39'$ south; longitude $33^{\circ} 36'$ west; temperature 84° F. Several rain squalls to-day. To-day, a sailor was wounded accidentally by a boarding-pike, during exercise at "general quarters."

April 27th.—Latitude $11^{\circ} 38'$ south; longitude $33^{\circ} 31'$ west; temperature 82° F. A run of 180 miles in the past twenty-four hours, has made every one hopeful; all are anticipating the time of arrival at Rio de Janeiro.

The comparative value of steamers and sailing ships for purposes of war, was a subject of discussion to-day. The liee-officers on board, seemed to be equally divided in opinion on this point: one gentleman, for whose judgment in nautical affairs I entertain high respect, exclaimed—"Give me a frigate with an eight knot breeze, and I will whip any steamer that ever floated."

At sunset every day since sailing, it has been the custom to reef topsails, without reference to the state of the weather. This evening, one of the men, hurrying aloft, fell a distance of about fifteen feet to the deck. He had no external signs of considerable injury, but it was remarkable, that he could not tell the number of his hammock, nor the number of his mess, nor the name of any one of his messmates, and yet he was entirely coherent on all other points.

April 29th.—Latitude $18^{\circ} 15'$ south; longitude $35^{\circ} 45'$ west. To-day a great event in our cruise has happened. The first despatches from the ship since losing sight of the United States, were put on board of a whaling barque, bound direct to New London, Ct. She has been five months without seeing land; has been absent two and a half years, and is now returning home with a full cargo of oil. It was pleasant to observe the pleasurable excitement produced by meeting this whaler, all sea-worn as she appeared. Her sails were thin and white from long exposure to the sun; but her bunting streamed out brightly, and her hull was well sunk in the sea, indicating that she was full laden. A whale's jaw-bones decorated the stern; her whale-boats rested bottom upwards between the masts, and at her main-mast head she wore a black ball, more than a foot in diameter, fixed on a staff, a signal of triumph which told other whalers that her cargo was complete. When her commander answered our hail, "Bound to New London," and signified that he would receive a letter-bag on board, every body whose duty permitted him to leave the deck, rushed below to seal up his packet. The boat which bore our letter-bag was followed by all eyes, and every body wished fresh and fair breezes to the whaler, whether because she had been already so long at sea, or because we fancied our letters were anxiously waited for, it is not necessary to explain.

"IF AROUND YOU SAY."

BY P. L., ESQ.

If around you say
Humn the merry golden-booted bees,
And an emerald splendor from the trees
Falls upon the day :

If with far-sent words
I am beckoned to the forests fair,
Where the violet scents the summer air,
And the joyful birds

Scatter in the shade
Long, melodious, never-ceasing trills,
Which to list to is a cure for ills
In the old years dead.

If around you say
Bloom the many-tinted tender flowers,
Flooding with perfume the light-winged hours
Of the golden day :

And that dim and far
Swim the silvery vapors, while the sky
Holds but a single cloudlet soaring high
White as the morning star :

Can I choose but come
With the swiftness of a fawn unbound,
Or a sunbeam, or a flying sound,
To my own heart's-home ?

1 May, 1852.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

CONVENTION OF 1851.

CONCLUSION.

In closing the history of Richmond, we shall give some account of the proceedings, and some sketches of the members, of the Convention that has recently sat in this city. We will make mention also of the government of the corporation, as it exists under the new charter; and refer to any matters of interest that may have been overlooked in the preceding chapters. This Convention has met, and this charter has been granted, since the previous pages were written. Time has not yet placed its mark of approval or of censure upon either, and although the historian is but the recorder of those opinions which time and experience have dictated, we can still, in observing the men and the course of this Convention, and judging of the future by the past, form some opinion in regard to its influence upon our State, and of the position which it will hold in history.

The dissatisfaction with the Constitution, as made by the Convention of 1830, was universal throughout the western portion of Virginia. Nor was it in much better odor in the eastern part; so that in fact, John Randolph's prophecy of its length of life, when he said that it would not live half a century, or even a generation, has proved true. The result of the labours of all the mighty minds collected in Richmond, in that Convention, has come to nought. The Constitution which they made, had an existence of only twenty years, and like a feeble, delicate youth, did not even reach maturity. The question was submitted to the votes of the people in 1850, whether they wished another Convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution, and by a very large majority, both east and west, decided in its favor. At once the whole State was agitated, from end to end, by the various candidates and their various propositions for reform. The questions of White or Mixed Basis were very much confined to their respective portions of the State; party politics, the well-known rallying cries of whig and democrat, and the indistinct titles of radical and conservative, marked out the opinions of different candidates all over the State. It would seem to have been intended that this Convention should be chosen on different principles from those by which the last one was selected; then, party politics were not made a ground of choice, and our people were more careful than in this one, to select able men who had been thoroughly tried, and who had already

done good service, without regard to political titles or party names. In this Convention, there were very few who had at all distinguished themselves in Federal politics; few who had a reputation to lose; and scarcely any who could point to their past honors and former renown as guarantees of great usefulness, or in anticipation of mighty effort. In one Convention, we had assembled our greatest, wisest, most renowned men, and they had disappointed us: we now reversed the mode of choosing with expectation of reversing the result. We tried the one, and it had failed; we then tried the opposite: let us now see how this succeeded. Old men, as they looked on this body assembled in the capitol, and thought of the former Convention of renowned names, spoke disparagingly of their youthful appearance, and predicted that they would never compare with their predecessors. Yet there was an appearance of vigor and of youth about the men composing this assembly, which the former one had not; few gray heads were to be seen; and none of those men, with antiquated reputations, whose powers had rusted for years in retirement, were to be met with among its members. It was an interesting sight to see this body of men, collected from the various and totally dissimilar parts of our State, assembled first in the capitol, and when that was claimed by the Legislature, in the Universalist Church; with the experience of all the past to guide them, with knowledge from personal observation of the defects in our then existing system of government, and with the eyes of the whole State turned on them with hope in their good sense and patriotism. Much was expected of them; there was such scope for the exercise of talent, knowledge and intellect, (as the question was one of government in all its various applications, and Virginia had always hitherto witnessed such imposing displays of eloquence and talent,) that the people looked forward with great interest to the eloquent efforts and solid results promised them. When they came together, it was found that apart from the division into whig and democrat, and into great parties on the Basis question, previously existing, there were almost as many elements of discord and disagreement as there were individual members in the body. It was the strangest assemblage of different opinions ever collected in Virginia; varying from high conservatism to the extreme of infinite radicalism, with all the variations and shades that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive. The Convention may not inaptly be compared to an immense kaleidoscope, which from its turnings and shakings, evolved every variety of figure and appearance. This character of the Convention resulted from two errors made in selecting its mem-

bers. One was that party service and party prejudice were called in to influence the elections. We thus had an abundance of men thoroughly trained to volubility in reference to federal politics, to those of the State, and of their own section; men fluent and able in that unclassical style of declamation, called stump-speaking; who divide the character of their oratory between denunciation and endearment, applying the terms of each respectively to political friends or opponents. These men had a reputation to make, and by the tongue; their diligence in the use of that powerful member cannot be sufficiently commended—considered only, however, as an exhibition of persevering industry. As it would have been far more difficult to have held the tongue still, they scarcely deserve credit for the use they made of it. If the same diligence of spirit prevailed generally in Virginia in acting, as it did in these gentlemen in speaking, the entire work of regenerating the State could be accomplished at once. Some of these men seem to have thought, that to *reform* meant to *overturn*, and that their work was not to amend and alter the Constitution of Virginia, but to destroy it, and casting aside the rubbish of the old, from the brick and mortar of their own brains to erect an entirely new structure. Had their efforts succeeded, the result would have been, (the materials being drawn from such sources,) walls of mud and a roof of lead.

Another error consisted in the fact, that a very large proportion of the members were lawyers; 97 out of 135 were of this profession. We mean no disrespect to this ancient and honorable class of men, (for from it have come forth some of the best men, and also some of the wisest statesmen this country has ever produced,) when we assert that whenever its members are collected in large masses, and in that capacity have affairs of State committed to their discussion and deliberation, they have rarely failed to do mischief. It is almost impossible for two of them to take a similar view of the same thing from the same point of observation; and consequently in affairs of government, where so much variety of opinion prevails, they would be expected to differ as widely as the poles, and as often almost as the meridian lines that can be drawn upon the surface of the globe. We think it may be laid down as an axiom, that a country governed by its lawyers, is the victim of misrule. And while we might instance France during and before the Reign of Terror by way of proof, we are content with the government of Virginia for the past forty years as an illustration. The State has been governed by a predominance of lawyers in its legislature. No one can doubt the facts, whilst cause and effect may be denied them, that

Virginia has been badly governed, and that her law-makers have been mainly drawn from the legal profession. Like fire, or water, or any other useful element, they are good and necessary in proper place and in proper quantities; in large masses, however, like these elements, they are unmanageable and destructive. The number of lawyers in our State is about 800; and of these 97 sat in Convention—a much larger proportion than that representing any other class of the community. In fact we have been cursed in Virginia with an abundance of small lawyers and still smaller politicians. These two characters are often combined together in the same individual, and form a class of political animals called *pettifoggers*, the like of which cannot be found in any one class of plagues or monsters that ever existed; whose parallel must be sought among the curses sent upon the Egyptians of old; yet who cannot be represented by any one of those curses, but whose nearest resemblance would be formed by combining together, in all that is disgusting and disagreeable, the plague of lice and the plague of frogs! This class had also its representatives among the members of the Convention. With these elements, then, of discord within them, the Convention assembled on the 14th day of October; and after a few days' session adjourned to meet in January, 1851. The reason given for this adjournment was, that as the census returns could not be obtained before the first of January, the comparative strength of Eastern and Western Virginia could not be ascertained until that time; upon these returns, the new apportionment of representation could be correctly based; and the Convention might thus proceed more clearly and more rapidly with its work. The chief reason of this delay, however, was that members might have time to arrange business, to attend the fall courts, (an instance of lawyer legislation,) and be ready and prepared to despatch the work of the Convention when they returned. This delay seems to have been the parent of many other delays. It was a measure expensive to the State, (for the pay of members went on during this time of recess,) unnecessary and unwise. This was the first error; it introduced a dilatory spirit into the entire body. Another and a greater one consisted in publishing the "Supplement." The speeches delivered were not only published in full,—although that would have been bad enough,—but a detailed account of every uninteresting conversation held in the Convention was also printed. A narrative as useful in the general, although not as interesting, as would have been the annals of the famous war between the birds and beasts, wherein not only lions and eagles, but also moles, bats, weasels and mice are

said to have flourished and acted ! It was doubtless hoped, by some who advocated the measure, that the threat of taking notes and putting them in print, would check the volubility of certain members. Vain hope ! the profusion of words and superabundance of talk prevailed like an epidemic influenza throughout the body ; and the Supplement no more checked the flow of language than would the preparing a reservoir, and clearing a course to it, prevent the pouring into its basin a "weak, washy, everlasting flood" from numerous muddy and nauseous springs. We will not go into a detailed account of farther errors committed in the commencement or during the session of this body, (the subject would be painful and wearying,) but will, according to our custom, lead out some of those who took a chief part in the debates, or who otherwise demand notice, describe them and their style of oratory, and give some account of the result of their deliberations. In so large a body, so variously collected, there were some men of great abilities and strong minds ; as well as others, whose intellects and acquirements were such as to excite astonishment at their presence in the Convention of Virginia. There were guns of every calibre, from the 64 pounder down to the very smallest pocket pistol. In listening to, or in reading, their deliberations, we find very great use made of the published debates of the Convention of 1830 : by some they were referred to as authority, and by others for purposes of ridicule and condemnation. It was plainly to be seen that there was a great need for some well written Constitutional History of Virginia. Such a work, from an able pen, would be a valuable contribution to the literature of our country ; yet it would require the comprehensive intellect of such a man as John Marshall to do justice to the subject. How great would be the extent of time that such a history would cover, and how many interesting changes would be contained in its pages. Commencing with the clumsy efforts at Constitution making, of the learned blockhead who sat on the English throne, while Smith was trying to build up Jamestown ; marking the changes that gradually occurred as the colony increased in size, the important ones that were made during the time of the Commonwealth and Cromwell, and the still more important laws and regulations made by Nathaniel Bacon and reversed by Gov. Berkeley, we come to those great and lasting alterations that resulted from the spirit of the Revolution. This wrought a greater change for us than Runnymede and Magna Charta did for England. Taking note then of the unsatisfactory results of the Convention of 1830, and of the entire and radical revolution made by that which has lately closed its sessions, we would have traversed the

most extensive field of constitutional history that could be presented. The extremes of despotism and radicalism would both be placed before us ; and it would increase our admiration of the men who made these changes, and of the law-loving people who both dictated and submitted to them, to mark that the Constitution of Virginia has been of slow and gradual growth, and that no violence or popular outbreak has ever accompanied these changes.

It would appear, however, that the Constitution of Virginia, as commented on in the debates of 1830, was not fully understood by many of the members of this body. These debates, and sundry works also on political economy, being apparently swallowed whole, and like strong, rich food disagreeing with weak stomachs, produced an intellectual indigestion ; by which complaint many were prostrated, until the Universalist Church resembled a hospital, and debility of mind and barrenness of thought prevailed.

We will now speak of the men of this Convention : and in doing so, we will not bring out the Richmond delegation, because they dwell among us, and are well known to our citizens ; it is unnecessary to describe, to those who sent them, the person, manner and style of speaking of the able delegation representing the people of Richmond.

Henry A. Wise occupied an important and prominent place in this Convention.—not only because he had obtained a national reputation, by having served a long time in Congress, and having occupied a prominent place in party politics,—not only because of his eloquence and talents ; but also because he took so decided a part in the debate, occupied so much time in speaking, and also from the fact that he, an Eastern man, advocated the Western Basis of Representation. His political course has been an eccentric one ; he has revolved around no central sun, but has had an irregular orbit of his own. We find him changing from party to party, and from one political title to another. His political character is not understood ; probably the key to it is this, that he delights in opposition, and even if agreeing in opinion with another, arrives at his conclusions by a different train of reasoning from that of the person with whom he agrees. Accordingly, we find him changing his course to suit his convenience, generally when the party with whom he acts is successful, and there are too many with whom he has to agree ; and often appearing to adopt opinions for the sake of differing from those around him. It is highly probable that had he been born in the West among White Basis men and principles, he would have adopted and advocated the Basis of the East from this spirit of opposition ; as it is likely that,

from his Eastern birth and breeding, he now adopts the Western view of the Basis Question. In appearance, he was one of the most remarkable looking men in the Assembly, and would attract attention wherever seen. His face seemed full of cavities,—hollow cheeks, large hollow eye-sockets, and the most cavernous mouth; when he spoke, the eyebrow seemed thrown up towards the top of his head, and his mouth, immensely opened, like a gate on its hinges; so that he appeared to be all eyes and all mouth—two very good features and faculties in an orator. His face is full of flexibility, and by the easy play of its muscles expresses every emotion and passion of the mind. In fact, the whole face speaks in every muscle and fibre of it. When at rest, his relaxed features, tall, loose-jointed figure, and slight, spare form, give no promise of physical power; yet the length and frequency of his speech, and his earnest, violent gesticulation show that he possesses great power of endurance. From out this cavernous mouth, flow streams of eloquence, these hollow eye-sockets are filled up with the blaze of the eye, and the very flexibility of his features add force and emphasis to his words. His blue eye, even when quiet, has a daring outlook, that well expresses the character of the man; and in his excited moments, it blazed and burned in the fire of his own vehemence, as if it would consume all opposition, and intimidate all resistance. His action is always abundant, and is of the most vehement and excited character. Totally devoid of grace, which his loose, angular figure forbids, it yet possesses much power and eccentric force; his use of the long forefinger reminds us of Randolph, and like him, he excels in denunciation. His voice is the most perfect and beautiful feature that, as an orator, he possesses; it is at once powerful and sweet; as flexible as the muscles and features of his face, and as perfectly under control; it has compass, variety, depth and clearness, and beside this, it has that peculiarity of sound or accent which constitutes the winning spell of the orator, and which so effectually charms an audience. In his mental qualities and powers, there is close correspondence with his peculiar physical frame and strongly marked countenance. His mind is not of the highest order, nor is it a learned one; it is essentially dramatic. Excitable instead of powerful, acute rather than logical, keen rather than strong, he excels more in the manner than the matter of his speeches. Dealing more in appeals to the passions than in argument to influence the reason; in racy, pointed anecdotes, than in substantial facts; meteoric, not steady shining; he has neither the mind nor manner to lead a great party, or to carry out consistently and perseveringly, any great scheme of

policy. Yet no man, perhaps, ever possessed a more perfect unanimity or agreement of action in his powers and faculties. In the peculiarities of countenance, of figure, of feature and of gesture; in flexibility of voice and endurance of frame; in the singularities of his manner, and in the powers and capacities of his mind, there is a perfect concordance. And in this lay the secret of his power: he precipitated himself upon the subject or upon his opponent, with his entire powers of body and of mind. Face, figure, feature, gesture, flexibility of muscle, limb, voice and intellect, were called into full play; earnestness of manner, keenness of wit, biting sarcasm, denunciation, unsparing ridicule, anecdote, positive assertion, his own past history and his future hopes, whatever was known and whatever might be conjectured as bearing upon the subject, all were brought out, and flung wild-cat-fashion, into the contest. His style of speaking is a chronic passion; it is always at the height of expression, that voice, feature and gesture can give. In his impassioned moments, when the force of his words are thus perfectly aided by voice and manner, his arms flung aloft in every variety of unnatural gesture, his face twisting, his voice almost a scream, and his eye glaring with excitement,—at these times, his words seem like bullets dashed and flung with frantic vehemence in the face of his opponents; he speaks concentrated bitterness, bitter in language, sense, expression and action. Yet this very excitability of character which makes him so dangerous to his opponents, renders him also unsafe to his friends. He not only gets beyond their control, but also beyond his own; and when thoroughly excited, neither knows nor cares what he says; his course is as vivid, as erratic, as zigzag as the lightning, and almost as dangerous. Unfortunately for himself and his party, he will never take that second place for which his natural abilities so well fit him, (for it may well be doubted whether a more able and efficient second man exists in political life,) he will always strive for the first place, and for the entire management of affairs; and by his erratic course, soon wearies, or by getting out of his depth, draws his unwilling followers into destruction.

His many changes may be accounted for because of his natural disposition to differ from the mass of men; his ambition appearing to be that he may be leader of a minority in an attack upon the long established opinions of a majority. He has, however, at length reached a stopping place, as according to his own account, he is now an infinite radical, and beyond infinitude, even the agile mind of Mr. Wise cannot go. Had he been religiously disposed, he would, in ancient time, have founded a new order of Monks; not the Jesuit, (for

there is nothing but candor in this man's character. he could not conceal his opinions if he would,) but the Denunciative Order, condemning everything it did not like, or that was not infinitely excellent in its own eyes. In modern times, he would have belonged to the perfectionist school, and sought compulsorily to make a millenium.

Mr. Wise spoke on every question that came up, and in fact, scarcely a day passed that he did not have something to say. His greatest speech was made upon the Basis Question, towards the close of the debate upon that subject; he was five days in delivering it, and the best proof of his power as an orator, was shown in the intense interest with which this long speech was listened to by the people of Richmond. The galleries and the aisles were crowded with an interested audience; the members of the Convention gave up their chairs to the ladies, so that it was really a mixed assembly of citizens, delegates and ladies, before whom he spoke. The effect of his speech was strikingly evident; and if the true test of an orator, is in his power to convince a mixed audience of the truth of his own opinions, and to carry with him their attention and their sympathies, then Henry A. Wise is one of the most eloquent men in Virginia. To listen to that speech, would give one a very correct idea of Mr. Wise; to read it, would give a very imperfect idea. He must be seen and heard, to be understood; and when thus seen and heard, before such an audience, at such a time of success to his party, and with such a subject, he seems the very prince of stump orators. This he is in all situations; at the bar, in deliberative bodies, or before the people, he is the same,—a stump speaker, and nothing more,—and he never will be anything more. He led the van of the Western party, and perhaps contributed more than any other man to the success which that party obtained. It is but due, however, to him, to say, that he esteemed this Basis advantageous to the East as well as to the West; and hoped, that by giving power into the hands of Western men, they would construct lines of Railroad, connecting East and West, and thus increase the population, and build up the cities of tide-water Virginia.

If we are required to point out the man in this Convention who appeared to possess most power of mind, and to occupy the most prominent place; in a word, to name the strongest man in the whole body, we unhesitatingly point out Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier. No man in this Convention excelled him in those faculties and powers, that fit a man to be the leader of a great party, or that qualify him for and impel him into public life. And while we give him credit for great powers of mind, we by no means esteem him the

greatest orator of the Assembly. Indeed, in point of eloquence, he was equalled by many, and surpassed by others. Summers, of Kanawha, bore off the palm from all competitors on the score of oratory, and reminded us of the mighty men of old, by the glowing ardour and moving pathos with which he spoke. Yet, neither his earnest and persuasive style of speech, which so entranced an audience, nor the startling bursts and rapier-like thrusts of Wise, nor the adroitness and skill of Hunter, nor the energy of action and diffusiveness of speech that marked Sheffey, although they might surpass in momentary effect, could overcome or equal the sledge-hammer logic, hard to withstand and difficult to wield, which characterized Mr. Scott's manner of speaking. His father, Judge Scott, had sat in the former Convention, and was one of its ablest men. Had he not been confined by his practice as a lawyer, and to his court as a Judge, (thus compelling his reputation to be a local one,) had he mingled in public life, he would have been one of the most clear-headed, unflinching, determined leaders, that any party ever had; and he would have deserved and achieved honors in the arena of public life. It is matter of doubt if a stronger minded man was left behind in our State or nation when he died. The subject of this sketch, inherited, in a great degree, his father's faculties, and his father's character. He is a tall, fine looking man, with striking manner and appearance; the eyes blue, with rather a heavy look about them, until he becomes excited in discussion; the hair prematurely gray; the style of face Roman in the prominent arched nose, and the bold cast of feature. His character very well accords with his expression of countenance. He is a man decided and positive in his opinions, fearless in avowing and defending them, self-relying, composed under all circumstances, ambitious and capable of command, confident in his own powers, and yet not rash or unwary enough to despise an opponent, or to neglect preparation for debate. A cautious, firm, wise, and yet a daring man. His great antagonist in this debate, Mr. Summers, described him with no less felicity than truth, when he said of him, "that gentleman has heart and mind enough to energize a whole State." He had previously occupied a prominent place in Virginia, having sat in her Legislature, and taken an active part in State affairs. Yet, his attention has been directed more closely and entirely to his profession, than to politics. His acquirements are those of a learned lawyer, thoroughly informed in all points connected with his profession; his mode of thought and style of expression, exhibit the influence of practice at the bar, and show long acquaintance with the subtleties of the law. He

is a special plender. Going over the ground thoroughly, he is too prolix, and too careful to guard every point of attack; yet he opens up the whole subject in all its details, and when he has finished, there is nothing left unsaid that can aid the side he advocates. He speaks as though he had been accustomed to keep closely to the subject in hand, and to treat of it in its minute details. There is much gesture with him when excited in speaking; it is of that kind, however, which belongs to a lawyer pleading at the bar; neither very varied nor very graceful, yet suited exactly to the character of his oratory. His voice is not under any command; alternately it is a loud, ear-splitting shout, and then falls to a low and sometimes almost inaudible tone. It is defective too; a tendency to stammer, which has been, with difficulty, partly overcome, is still perceptible. There is, consequently, nothing of the stump-orator about Mr. Scott; he would not suit a mixed audience. He is not an eloquent speaker, not flowing, not discursive, not even fluent; he does not stir the feelings or excite the passions, he convinces the understanding. He uses solid argument, close fitting logic and clinching facts. The art of public speaking is not with him a matter of ornament, or an instrument of music, it is a weapon for attack and defence; unsightly, perhaps, yet well tempered and most effective. He uses it as a workman employs a lever, to overturn obstacles, and to arrange heavy materials into a substantial form. You describe his speeches then, not by praising them as beautiful specimens of elocution, or as fanciful emanations from an excited imagination; not as displays of well cultivated rhetoric, nor even as the result of enthusiastic feeling in an earnest spirit; you describe them when you call them powerful, mental efforts. Mr. Scott is a formidable adversary in debate, and possesses, with all this heavy power of logic, the readiness and versatility which belong to men of his profession. No one sees more readily an opponent's weak point, or takes advantage of it with more effect. Possessing great snavity of manner in debate, there is, from the very consciousness of power on his own part, a disposition to hear his adversary's full explanation; and then, after allowing full force to the argument of his opponent, he deliberately sets to work and destroys it, or he grapples with his antagonist, disarms him, and wraps him round with the folds of his logic, boa-constrictor-style, until the unfortunate victim is covered and crushed. The deliberation with which this is done, the cool pleasure taken in it by the operator, as well as the contortions of the victim and his ineffective efforts for release, render the exhibition sometimes a most amusing one. It is a power he is fond of using, and it some times appears to be

too great a violation of the law against cruelty to animals! There is, in the whole character and bearing of this man, added to his talents and acquirements, that moral power which results from the conviction in the minds of all who hear him, that he will not shrink from any consequences to which his words may lead him; that he will maintain whatever he has said at the risk of life, no matter by whom they may be called in question. Mr. Scott never appeared to more advantage than he did toward the close of the debate on the Basis Question. After battling manfully for the Mixed Basis, during a long discussion, it was found, that from the defection of some of the former friends of that basis, it could not be carried. And it was in this time of doubt and defection, whilst the contest was still uncertain in issue, and even after it had been pretty plainly ascertained that the advocates of the Mixed Basis could not carry their measure, that Mr. Scott exerted himself with more than his usual power.

It is a sight worthy seeing, to witness the struggles of a brave man against misfortune, or to mark the heroism with which one man can check the rout of his fellows, and combat bravely in the rear of a retreating army. And no less interesting was it in this war of opinion, when one party was losing and the other gaining, and when confusion was spreading in his own ranks, to see one man stand firm, and bear down upon his opponents with a power and energy that made them fear him. There was on this occasion a might and a recklessness, even a fierceness in the manner in which he spoke, that drew the admiration of his own party, and commanded the respect and even fear of his adversaries. In spite of his efforts and those of his party, who remained true to their principles, he was outvoted, and the white, or unmixed basis, adopted.

Mr. Sheffey, of Augusta, made a very able and eloquent speech in favor of the White Basis. He is still a young man, although from having served in the Legislature for several sessions previous to the meeting of this Convention, he has experience in parliamentary rules and practices. His profession as a lawyer, has given him opportunity of cultivating his natural gift of speech, until he has acquired great readiness and fluency. His style of speaking is of an excited, vehement character, accompanied with a great deal of gesture.—a superabundance, indeed,—especially when much heated in debate. Apart from this excessive gesticulation and unnecessary vehemence,—which time and experience will, no doubt, correct—Mr. Sheffey takes high rank for so young an orator, as a man of talent, industry and eloquence. His speech on the Basis Question, was carefully prepared and earnestly delivered;

although, like many other speakers, he had drawn largely weapons of offence and defence, from the arsenal of arms laid up in such a storehouse as the published debates of 1830. It was impossible for the speakers in this Convention, to strike out anything new; the ground had been thoroughly explored, and the whole subject made plain by former observers. Mr Sheffey certainly distinguished himself for the manliness with which he defended the principles of his constituents, and made a very sensible speech in a very vehement manner.

There were some men in this Convention, who seemed to form a party of themselves. They might be called, not the infinite, but the transcendental radicals. In listening to them, we were perpetually reminded that, although a man might be followed into the third heavens in debate, yet, when he got beyond that, we could not follow him, and were also forcibly reminded of that beautiful quotation from the child's primer, "the Eagle's flight is out of sight!" They, were, however, firm and earnest in advocating their inaccessible opinions, being honest advocates of what they thought right. We may misrepresent those men when we speak of them as transcendentalists, and utopians; we certainly could not understand them.

There were others who came into convention as radicals; yet, finding themselves soon out-radicalled by many more 'infinite' than themselves, rather abated in their pretensions to that title. They expressed themselves in milder terms with respect to their opinions, and were, in fact, somewhat conservative in their tendencies. These may be called indistinct radicals.

Again, there were some who spoke in an offensive tone, and a bullying and menacing manner—who demanded what they wanted with arrogance—who spoke of retiring from the Convention, and even of dividing the State—who justified the contemptible and rascally system of log-rolling that has so long disgraced Virginia Legislation—who endeavored to set one class of the community against another, drawing a distinction between the *rich* and the *people*—who spoke as if they thought the majority of any community had an absolute right to the property of the whole community, and who advocated in fact the irresponsible tyranny of King Numbers. They might well be called Detestable Radicals.

There were others who were well able to take a leading part in these deliberations,—men who rank high as men of mind and character, yet who were too careless of fame or of too philosophical a frame of mind to labor in such a turmoil, or to undergo the drudgery of composing such strifes. They were a class of digni-

fied, quiet-looking members who bore rather the relation of spectators than of active participants in the contest. In this respect they resembled those grave and revered men of great reputation who sat, solely by way of ornament in the Convention of 1830. It may be truly said of this Convention that it was a place of exhibition for men of moderate intellect; its strong men, with few exceptions, were silent and inactive, its weak men were noisy and diligent.

Mr. Chilton of Fauquier was one of the ablest, most indolent, and finest looking men in the convention. A large and rather portly figure, well marked features, ruddy complexion, a massive forehead, bright blue eyes and a countenance expressing at once good nature, humor and intellect made up his appearance. His style of speaking is slow and quiet, with very little action; his disposition is too calm to be much stirred up by the excitement around him; yet there is a vein of humor running through his speeches and breaking out whenever there is occasion. He possesses readiness at repartee, and proved himself a match for any present in a trial of wits. Mr. Wise and himself had an amusing encounter, occasioned by an assault made by Mr. Wise upon the conservative opinions of Mr. Chilton. After a few passages Mr. Wise was called upon to define his position as An Infinite Radical, and in doing so took abundance of time, abundance of words and superabundance of gesture; he spoke "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" resolved society into its original elements according to the theory of atoms, and put it together again on a plan of his own, and at the close of the speech supposed himself to have given the definition. It was certainly a microscopic one, inasmuch as no one save himself could perceive it. Mr. Chilton rose, and after thanking the gentleman for his explanation, said that the only way in which he could understand it was by comparison, and that it reminded him strongly of Falstaff's bill, "sack five pounds, bread one penny!"

Either from indolence or from indifference to the subject discussed he did not take the prominent place in the debates that was expected of him. The fact too that his opinions underwent a change, during the course of the discussion, rendered him less decided in his course, and prevented his taking any very active part in the convention. He possessed great power in debate; yet it was that of a gun of heavy calibre difficult to wield or bring to bear on any point. And in this case the gun may be said to have recoiled and damaged its own party, inasmuch as Mr. Chilton left the Basis of the East and voted with the western men.

Mr. Ferguson stood among the very best men

in the house in point of strength of intellect. He advocated the white basis with very great ability, and proved himself a forcible speaker well accustomed to debate. He is a large, strongly built man, with a heavy cast of countenance; and at first sight does not appear a man of that talent and power which he really possesses. His eye has a rather dull expression when unexcited, his forehead is high and well shaped, with the brow heavy and lowering. The style of speaking corresponds with his physical appearance. Solid and strong rather than elegant or graceful, he grapples a subject as a smith would seize a mass of iron and hammer it into shape by force of muscle and sinew. He marches boldly up to a subject, without turning either to one side or the other; and without any circumlocution or any seeking for fine words or figures of rhetoric to aid or adorn his progress, endeavors at once to overturn his opponent's position and then to establish his own. He is therefore readily exposed to a flank attack, and often suffers from the adroit and agile assaults of a cunning adversary. Still with admirable pertinacity he maintains his ground, and faces about to every new point of attack. He is a clear headed, independent, strong-minded man, always ready and always able. It is to be regretted that he did not take a more decided part in the work before the convention; as he possessed talent to do well what was done badly by weaker men. While we consider him perhaps to have been equal in native talent to any man in this convention he was not equal in acquired power, in accomplishment, or in influence, to many. He possesses that indolence which so often accompanies intellect, and which renders it useless or hurtful to the possessor or the public.

Mr. Edmunds of Halifax was another very able man who took but a lesser part in the work of the convention. He is evidently a man of talents and accomplishments, his mind being well cultivated in studies, and well trained in debate. His style of speaking is easy and graceful, rather noted for its quiet flow of words and for its logical evolution of thoughts and argument than for impassioned eloquence or a vigorous display of power. His appearance has nothing in it peculiar, or likely to attract attention; it is that of a quiet and dignified gentleman. The speech delivered by him on the basis question, following that of Mr. Summers, was one of the ablest delivered on that side of the question. It showed perhaps more statesmanlike ability than any one speech delivered in the convention, and indicated a high order of talent. The speeches of Mr. Edmunds, however, appear better when read than when spoken, and unlike most of those delivered on this subject will bear reading and re-

ward the reader. A similar remark may be applied to the speech of Mr. Goode of Mecklenburg, although from ill health he was unable to speak with even his usual vigor. He had sat in the former convention, and taken part in its deliberations, so that he was well prepared and well qualified by previous practice and present knowledge to bear an important part in this discussion. His speech was one of much eloquence and beauty; nor did its eloquence of style and beauty of diction detract from its force of argument. Messrs. Conway, Barbour, Purkins, Bocock and others of the young men of the convention made able speeches and took an active part in favor of the mixed basis; and Messrs. Neeson, Hoge, VanWinkle, McComas and many other western men battled stoutly in defence of their own views.

Mr. Andrew Hunter of Jefferson made a speech in the close of the debate that was listened to with great interest. It was delivered at a time when the citizens of Richmond and especially the ladies, had become interested in the discussion from having heard the long stump speech of Mr. Wise; and when it had become customary to consider the convention as a debating society, whose discussions were both amusing and interesting. The speeches were addressed to the chairman, and were meant for the audience. This was the only time that we had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Hunter, and while his speech was less argumentative and powerful than many others delivered, it was very skilfully adapted to the occasion and the assembly. He is a very pleasing speaker in manner and appearance, very adroit in the management of his subject, and very effective before a mixed audience. Mr. Muscoe R. H. Garnett had already acquired reputation throughout our state as a young man of learning and talent. His appearance is youthful, and striking from its air of quiet self-possession. Never appearing excited even in debate, using very little gesture, and exhibiting none of that contortion of countenance so common in our public speakers, nothing can be farther removed from the standard of the stump orators than his elocution. His oratory is that of a student, with the lines of thought still on his brow, speaking that which he has thought out and written down; and this too with no more gesture or excitement of tone than is used when alone. His speech is a soliloquy. This student character belongs to him; he is evidently a good classical scholar, and possesses much general and particular knowledge. Never speaking without full preparation his addresses "smell of the lamp." Learned in the law, and well informed in constitutional history he throws light upon every subject that he touches. Yet whether

offering argument, exhibiting statistics, exposing an adversary's untenable ground, uttering sarcasm, dealing forth wit, or piling up knowledge—there is the same quiet, unmoved countenance, the pale face is never flushed, nor is there any excitement of voice or motion.

Mr. Randolph, of Albemarle, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, led off that small body of eastern men who left their own party, and gave power into the hands of the West. His course and speeches exhibit a striking example of the well-known axiom, that talent is not hereditary.

We close our list with Mr. Summers, of Kanawha, who was admitted by all who heard him to be the most eloquent man in the Convention. He is a stout, even portly man, of middle stature, with rather a heavy cast of features; an eye neither bright nor dull, and nothing in his appearance to indicate the brilliant and beautiful elocution of which he is capable. He is a shrewd, sagacious party leader, possesses great tact in guiding himself and his cause among difficulties, and penetration in finding out and seizing upon an adversary's weak point. The success of his party is very much due to his eloquence and his efforts. In fact, of the three who chiefly distinguished themselves among the men who advocated the White Basis, Wise, Ferguson and Summers, we are disposed to place him first in point of influence. The imprudence and violence of Wise often injured the cause he advocated; Ferguson was not equal in tact, and was out-manœuvred and rather overmatched by Scott; while Summers was equal in skill and management to any, and overmastered all in point of eloquence. Perhaps to Mr. Randolph and his colleagues, is due the chief meed of praise for this success; yet as much is due to a fulcrum on which strength and skill have placed a lever, and by its aid raised a weighty burden. Strength and skill are praised, and the result of the labor is received gladly; the fulcrum is crushed into the earth and left there forgotten.

When Mr. Summers rose to speak, he at first rather hesitated, and appeared to labor in the effort; yet thoughts, and words too, soon came to his aid, and as he warmed with his subject, his eye became lighted up, his heavy form assumed more ease, the whole countenance beamed with the enthusiasm which he felt, and he stood forth a master of eloquence, swaying and guiding the minds of his audience as he pleased. No man who spoke in this Convention produced such an effect; and this is the true test of eloquence. There was a pathos in his words and tones when describing the state of feeling in, and the grievances of, the West, that melted all hearts, and even touched the well hardened ones of his fellow members. Like all true eloquence, no des-

cription can describe its character, or fully exhibit its power. It was not a storm sweeping all before it, and overcoming opposition by prostrating its opponents; he does not carry away an audience by sublime bursts of declamation, or persuade them contrary to their better judgment, to adopt sentiments they believe wrong: it was not a mere excitement of the passions—it was not simply a conviction of the reason—it was not alone a persuasion of the will—it was not entirely a belief in the speaker's candor and truthfulness, but something of them all combined in exact proportion, and impressed upon the heart and mind by beautiful thoughts and harmonious words. He led captive the will—he convinced the reason—he stirred up not the passions, but the feelings—he inspired a true belief in his own honest and fervent faith in the justice of the cause he advocated—he subdued his hearers by his touching appeals; he roused and thrilled them by his stirring descriptions; he attracted the eye by the ease and grace of his gesture, and pleased the ear by the melody and the harmony of his sentences—in a word, he so transplanted his own opinions, and his own feelings, into his hearers, that they thought as he thought, mourned when he lamented, rejoiced with his joy, anticipated triumph in his expectation, and exulted with him in the prospect of victory. He stood a head and shoulders taller than all his associates in point of eloquence; there was none like him in the Convention or the State. It reminds us of the description we have of Patrick Henry's powers of speech, when we see the effect produced by this man's eloquence. And as the Arab tribes are said to return thanks to God when a poet appears among them, esteeming this divine gift of song as more worthy of praise than any other blessings, so did those who listened to this man of gifted words rejoice that an orator had appeared in our midst, who brought to mind the memory of our former fame in eloquence.

The whole secret of this power consists in earnestness. When the speaker believes firmly and enthusiastically the truth and the necessity of what he says, and wishes his hearers to believe it too, he disarms opposition of its most powerful defence, and lays it open uncovered to assault. However uncouth the speaker; however ignorant and untrained; however offensive even in sentiment, candid opinions, earnestly advanced, are always impressive—always eloquent. And if to this great faculty there be added, only however as subordinates, the graces of elocution, the flowers of rhetoric, the force of logic, and the harmony of voice and gesture, the speaker charms, captivates, and carries with him irresistibly the hearts and sympathies of his audience. Earnestness is the true soul of eloquence.

In comparing the two great champions of the opposite parties, Mr. Scott and Mr. Summers, we are somewhat at a loss how to bring them together, that their respective merits may be estimated. Both are able lawyers—both are effective speakers—both are discreet and skilful party leaders: both powerful, yet different. The one is a logician; the other an orator: the one is anxious to prove his point fully, entirely, satisfactorily, to his own mind—he demands of himself a grade of effort, and brings his argument up to his own high standard of perfection; the other, satisfied with the correctness of his own views, strives with all the earnestness and skill of an orator to convince his audience, and persuade them to his belief. One considers ornament an incumbrance, and strips himself for the encounter of all that he has esteemed superfluous; the other adds ornament to beauty, and tastefully combines elegance with strength: one removes every obstacle from his way, that all may see clearly to the end; the other covers the pathway with objects of attraction and interest, and leads from one to another until the distance is easily accomplished. One handles a quarter-staff, and sweeps down every thing within its range; the weapon of the other is the rapier, gracefully, easily and effectively used by a master of the art. The closed fist is an apt symbol of the one, and its use to grasp firmly and to smite powerfully, well characterises his intellect and his oratory: the open hand marks the other, and is a fit emblem of his power to persuade and his disposition to conciliate.

There were many others in this Convention worthy of description; yet as we have mentioned those who were chief, and who took most prominent part in its labor, it is unnecessary to speak of those that remain. The public was disappointed in the display of talent exhibited. And if the session of this body be looked upon as a fair specimen of the intellectual standing and statesmanlike character of Virginia, then Virginia has certainly degenerated during the last twenty years. She must be in the dotage of second childhood, if we are to judge by the amount of nursery babble and antique garrulity exhibited in its debates. Much eloquence, much intellect, are to be pointed out in individual cases; yet taken as a whole, looked upon as the men of other States look upon, or as history will consider it, (*viz*: as the condensed intellect and character of Virginia,) it has proved any thing but a cause of honor to our State. From its expensive length of session, and copiousness of Supplement—from the radicalism of opinion expressed, better suited to the demagogues of France in the Reign of Terror than to the free and equal citizen of our Republic—from the tame-

ness, to call it no worse, with which one party, the East, defended a time-honored and justice-founded principle, and the submissiveness with which they allowed it to be wrested away—from the desertion of party and of principle exhibited by some, in spite of electoral pledges and subsequent instructions—from the bullying tone of menace adopted by another party, the West, with the threat of retiring from the Convention—and from the successful effect of these threats and menaces in intimidating their antagonists in carrying their point—from all these causes of shame we cannot, as Virginians, point to this Convention, without feeling our State honor to have been lessened by its existence, or without a blush of shame mantling our cheeks when we speak of this contest in its progress and in its results.

But this Convention was not a fair representation of Virginia intellect or Virginia character. The very manner in which it was selected, and the errors made in choosing its members, evidently show that not the best men of the State in general, but the noisiest were selected. We do not hesitate to assert, that a more able and more dignified body might have been gathered in Virginia than this one; and we will go farther, and say that in many instances, the better man was left at home, and the inferior one elected by the people in choosing its members. Yet the very fact that such a body was elected by the people of Virginia to revise their constitution, tends in some degree to confirm the assertion often made of the degeneracy of the State. This assertion we do not believe, there is as much high character in Virginia now as formerly; but we must confess that it is not seen as frequently in public life as it was in times of old.

Tried by her various Conventions, how strikingly does Virginia resemble that mighty statue which the royal sleeper of Babylon saw in his dream. The upper part of fine gold, the middle of silver and brass, the last and lowest of mingled iron and clay. The first glorious and splendid, shedding beauty all around and attracting admiration from every quarter. The second rich and strong, each distinct and each valuable, yet harmoniously and usefully blended in one excellent mass. The third a tottering, unnatural mingling of strength and weakness; neither ornamental, useful or honorable.

The Virginia of our fathers, that Old Dominion of which we have been so proud, no longer exists. We are in a transition state; there is nothing fixed, nothing settled; a middle state is one of doubt, uncertainty and danger; we are in that condition, and what we shall be no one can divine; the froth and foam and trash of se-

ciety is thrown upon the surface as evidence of the fermentation going on within, and by this are we now judged in the eyes of strangers. The old things cannot be restored; we must make the best of what is left us. From the materials of the old, from the knowledge of the past, with the skill of the present and the hopes of the future, we shall yet again build up a character and establish a fame for this good old commonwealth, that shall eclipse all her past honors and make her to be widely, favorably, and reverently known.

There must be, however, another set of architects than these Babel-like builders, who have lately scattered to every part of our State. The changes made are too great, too hastily made, of too crude a character not to offend in some points, and to require revision and changes in many others. Virginia will need, and may yet hope for another Convention of better men, better instructed in the science of government, and capable of producing a better result. This must be in the future, however; the possibility of such another assemblage occurring, would affect this venerable commonwealth, as a return paroxysm of disease would an exhausted patient; she would expire of "deliquium animi," or linger long under constitutional disease, and die of intellectual marasmus. Yet if, after trying the evils of this constitution, it should appear impossible to make a better selection for another Convention, it would be preferable to suffer the certain evils of our bad system of government than to fly from them, and like the fool in the fable, call up an evil spirit whom we cannot lay, and whose power to injure we cannot prevent or resist. The salutary warning, imparted to the people of Virginia, by the existence of this Convention, will not easily be forgotten; nor will they again hastily call into being and action a large and irresponsible debating club, with the name of Reform Convention. A huge, lethargic, self-existing and many-mouthed monster; not Argus-eyed, silent and watchful; not of the Cerberus character, guarding carefully his trust; but something that the ancient poets never dreamed of, unless indeed the one-eyed Cyclops with his eye torn out be a fit resemblance; "*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*."

This Convention met on the 15th of October, 1850, and adjourned the 15th October, 1851, after a session of nearly eight months. The larger portion of this time was consumed in discussing the basis of representation, and when this was finally adjusted, the other important discussions had to be hastily made. So that many things which should have been carefully considered, were acted on without much debate. The members of the Convention were tired of one another and worn out with discussion: the pub-

lic was weary of both. The expense accruing to the State by the session of this body was more than two hundred thousand dollars; an immense sum to pay for so small a return; the balance decidedly against the Commonwealth; no one can doubt that she has lost by the experiment. The Constitution was adopted by 75,740 voters while 11,060 cast their votes against it; and there were in Virginia 195,927 men over twenty-one years of age, (who are all, or very nearly all entitled to vote by this Constitution,) it follows that of the 195,000 voters in the State, 119,000 were either openly or secretly hostile to it; either voting against it at the polls, or unwillingly acquiescing in it to avoid another Convention. The Constitution, (like the one of 1830,) offered no premium or bribe to any who would vote for it by giving the right of suffrage to every one who chose to exercise it in favor of this Constitution. The new voters created by this change of government, were allowed to vote in favor of the change. In fact, the people of the State had no choice—but of evils. It was well known that a numerical majority of voters was in the West, and that they would vote for any scheme, however arbitrary, which contained their favorite White Basis. The only choice then lay between accepting this Constitution with all its evils, and the election and session of another Convention. Under these circumstances the people chose the lesser evil of the two, and the Constitution is now the law in Virginia. Again it was made a party test. As the majority was asserted to be in favor of its adoption, the argument was used to influence some that if they voted against the Constitution they were opposed to the government of the people, &c., &c. This absurd fear of being in a minority influenced many; a fear as contemptible in its character, as is that other fear like unto it, a fear of tyrants.

We may have judged too harshly of this Convention, and may think too meanly of its work; time alone will decide whether our opinions are correct and our censures just. As we were unfortunately present in Richmond during the session of this body, and heard, or heard of, continually, its long drawn discussions and unnecessary debates, we confess to a feeling of exasperation having arisen when we witnessed its waste of time, waste of State funds, and, more than all, its waste of Virginia character and dignity. A state of exasperation similar to that into which one is thrown on entering a country of musquitoes, and finding his ears continually annoyed by the buzz, and his skin pierced and irritated by the persevering efforts of these inquisitive insects. If we examine the different Constitutions of Virginia, we are struck at once with the wonderful completeness of the first one; that one which

emanated from the mind of George Mason.* It was made in a time of difficulty and war; it was quickly made, and it was the work of one man. We consider it the best Constitution Virginia ever had; the departures from its principles have been errors, and the chief of them has been in reference to the right of suffrage. That Constitution was a creation; it sprung forth at once from the mind of this great man, perfectly formed and fully equipped. The two succeeding ones have been made by a process of dilution; the first of them occupied many wise men for the space of three months, and has lasted twenty years; the present one resulted from eight months labor, and no one can predict its time of duration. Their value may be computed in an inverse ratio to the time it required for their completion.

The present Constitution seems to have been made upon the model of that of the State of New York, and may perhaps be well adapted to the people and the institutions of that State. There, Mormonism took its rise—there, the spiritual rappers exert their influence and are believed in—there, the anti-renters display unchecked their mob spirit—there, the abolition party commenced and increased in power—there, is the head-quarters of the freesoilers—there, was the birth place of Aaron Burr—there, is the scene of Arnold's treachery, and there still lives the man of Kinderhook. And because the men of that State are wise, and have dug canals, and have built railroads; because they have received the immense emigration, first from New England, and then from all Europe, to fill up their country and crowd their cities; because they have concentrated wealth and trade, and have built up large and numerous towns, and have, for this piebald population from foreign soils, instituted a system of common schools, and because they have formed a Constitution exactly suited to themselves and their mixed population, which may be all right and proper for the State of New York;—because these things are so does not afford good reason for an imitation of that Constitution by the people of Virginia. We dislike it for two reasons; first that it is an imitation, and second that its model came from such a State. Virginia should originate—not follow, and least of all should she follow New York.

Under the first Constitution, the freehold right of suffrage alone obtained in Virginia, and with it she existed as a great and honorable State. The departure from it, by the Convention of 1830, marked and produced a degeneracy of

character in the public men of the State. The Legislature of Virginia has not been as dignified or as honorable a body for the past twenty years, as it was for the previous fifty-seven. And now that universal suffrage has been established, we may look for a great change for the worse. The Convention of 1830 stripped off the lion's skin, and placing it on the back, concealed the ass who bore it. That of 1851 tore off this useless hide, and exhibited their favorite in all his long-eared beauty. Beside this radical change in the basis of representation, and the adoption of universal suffrage; other changes were made by this body of a similar radical character. An elective judiciary is to be established in Virginia; the justices of peace, sheriffs, attorneys for the commonwealth, &c., &c., are also to be elected by the people of counties or districts. To the election of Governor and Lieutenant Governor by the people, instead of by the Legislature, no objection can be made; inasmuch as the Governor's power is limited, and the office is not a very important one as regards the character of the incumbent. But the mass of the people know as much about electing judges, as they do about electing professors of mathematics. It is strange that in carrying out this system, they did not also allow the convicts in the penitentiary to elect their own superintendant; inmates of our lunatic asylums to choose their own physician; and school-boys to dictate who should instruct them in questions of grammar and geography. Is it to be expected that the many knaves, who exist in every community, are to cast their votes for honest judges; that the man who is half crazed by lawsuits and probable loss of property, is capable of an unbiassed vote; or that the adult children who constitute the mass of men are wise enough and firm enough to select a wise and firm man for a judicial station? These changes in the mode of electing officers, by taking them from the Legislature and giving them to the people, is one of the most severe censures ever cast upon the Legislature of Virginia. It was virtually saying that they had exercised their trust improperly, and that it should be taken from them. We heard much of the degeneracy of Virginia in this Convention, and we were forcibly struck with the truth of the remark so far as those who uttered this slander were personally concerned. It was like a convocation of quack doctors around an alarmed, though otherwise healthy subject; each one exaggerating the danger that he might have more credit for the cure, shouting forth the praises of his own panacea, abusing his rivals, and exhibiting his various remedies, labelled "White Basis," "Universal Suffrage," "Elective Judiciary," &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. Virginia is not de-

* We have fallen into an error, in a previous Chapter, in attributing the Bill of Rights to the pen of Mr. Jefferson. The Preamble was his; the Bill of Rights and all else was written by Mason.

generate; she has been exhausted by a vast emigration from her borders, while other States have been filled up by her losses, or by a foreign population. For some ten or fifteen years past, this emigration has been very much diminished, and she has been slowly improving; increasing in population, and consequently improving in agriculture, the arts and internal improvements. We shall hear, however, every advance in State wealth, hereafter made, attributed to this Convention.

As nothing can be altogether evil we find some things that are good in this new constitution, apart from those remnants of the old one which are retained. Among them is a provision which puts at rest the question of slave emancipation, and another which provides for the removal of the vicious class of free negro population residing among us. Another excellent provision is the one which directs that whenever a debt be created, a sinking fund shall be provided by taxation at the time to pay the interest and slowly redeem the principle of this debt. A valuable expedient for preventing excessive expenditure, and consequent loss of state honor through fear of repudiation. This convention lost none of its members by death or sickness as was the case with the former one. Judge Mason presided over its deliberations from first to last with ease and dignity. His frequent practice in various high offices, as well as his services in the convention of 1830, made him well qualified to preside here. And the assembly consisting of men trained in legislative practices was naturally an orderly body. The courtesy of debate was not broken, and however much members might differ in opinion, or however decided they might be in expressing those differences, none of those scenes of violence were exhibited that occasionally disgrace the American congress.

We intend to speak briefly of the government of the City of Richmond, both in the past and the present. The town was established by act of assembly in May 1743, and was named from a supposed resemblance to Richmond Hill in England. This place derived its name, in the old Norman times, from its peculiar color and appearance; it being really a *Rouge-mont* or red hill upon the banks of the Thames. By act of incorporation, dated 1782, Richmond became a city, and was at that time also made the seat of government. The act provides that the freeholders whether present, or not and such inhabitants and house keepers as possess property to the value of one hundred pounds, shall meet at the court house of the county of Henrico and elect twelve fit and able men, freeholders and inhabitants likewise, who, from their own number shall choose one as mayor, another as re-

corder, four others as aldermen, and the remaining six shall be common council. This election to remain two years; and any vacancy caused by death or otherwise to be supplied by the choice of the mayor, recorder, aldermen and common council in common hall assembled. No person, however, to hold the office of mayor more than one year in any term of two years. In 1803 this charter was amended by dividing the city into three wards, making the election annual, and directing each ward to choose eight freeholders and inhabitants of the ward; of whom one should be chosen as mayor, another as recorder, seven as aldermen, and the remaining fifteen as common councilmen. In 1842 a further amendment was made to the charter of Richmond. By it the freeholders, &c. were to choose nine persons from each ward, who were to elect from among themselves, or from the body of the citizens, one person to act as mayor; from among themselves also one as recorder, one as senior alderman, ten others as aldermen of the city, and the residue to constitute a board, called the council of the City of Richmond. The charter was still further amended or rather an entirely new one granted in March 1851, by which all the officers were directly elected by the voters, instead of being chosen by the common council as heretofore. Besides the members of the city council and the aldermen elected, as formerly, the following officers are those who are voted for by the citizens of Richmond; the mayor, recorder, sergeant, high constable, collector of the city taxes, city assessor, gauger, superintendant of the water works, register of water works, manager of the city poor house, measurer of grain, superintendant of the city gas works, captain and lieutenants of the night watch, and superintendant of streets. This change in the charter was put to the vote on the third Wednesday in April 1851, and adopted by the citizens. Now, under the new constitution, every one can vote who has been a citizen of the State for two years and has resided in Richmond for twelve months preceding the time of voting. Dissatisfaction already exists with this charter; the number of officers to be voted for, and the numerous candidates for each office creates confusion. The newspapers are annually crowded with nominations for office; and candidates make painful sacrifices on the altar of modesty in announcing their desire to serve, and their claims upon the public. In fact the only real benefit likely to arise from this change of charter, is in making the public aware of the vast amount of talent that has hitherto remained latent in our midst; in exhibiting the patriotic spirit of the many citizens who are anxious to serve the people at the public cost; and in developing that

amiability of disposition which shows itself in writing newspaper puffs. The people of Richmond were perfectly astounded when they found the immense number of men, who, if their own statements were to be received, were fully qualified although they blushed to say so, for any office however honorable or arduous. Men who were supposed to possess moderate abilities, suddenly casting aside both modesty and mediocrity, burst upon us in the full blaze of greatness. It was wonderful to behold the effect of the nominations on the candidates:—the lamb-like patience with which they allowed themselves to be named for the sacrifice; their apparent unwillingness to be brought forward, and their real unwillingness to be withdrawn, only, however, lest the people should be disappointed; the amiability of manner and speech that characterized them, and the reliance upon their own merits, upon the discrimination of the public, and upon the twenty, thirty or forty friend power, that had elevated them into notice, were worthy of all commendation. If the charter deserve no other credit, it deserves that of creating and bringing to light an unknown amount of obscure genius, character, talent, and patriotism! And in this respect is no mean rival of that other creator of light, established at the same time—the city gas works!

An Athenæum has been established in Richmond by the liberality of the city council since the previous chapters were written. Rooms are fitted up for the City Library and for the Library of the Historical Society of Virginia, and aid is furnished them to enable them to enlarge their collection of books. For which privileges and aid the public are permitted to have access to these libraries. Lectures are also to be delivered of a scientific and literary character in the same building. And thus the citizens of Richmond will have the best opportunity of receiving both instruction and amusement.

We have thus endeavored to trace the history of Richmond from its earliest period through all its important events down to the present time. We have shown it to have been a place of importance under the Indian rule, and to have been by them marked out for a seat of empire. We have shown that nature has pointed out the place as one central in climate and situation, and has added the advantages of easy defence against invasion, the excellences of a fine healthy climate, superior opportunities for trade and commerce, and the most efficient water power for manufacturing purposes that can any where be found. Besides these great reasons for building up a large and noble city, history has thrown its influences around the place; and the memory of great men and the records of great events, the stirring scenes that gave rise and character

to the Revolution, the might of eloquence, the ardour of patriotism, the fortitude that dared to resist oppression, the courage that overcame tyrannical power; with the calm wisdom and consummate skill that directed successfully those efforts which eloquence and resolution had inspired, and which patriotic courage carried through—all these ennoble and adorn the capital city of Virginia. Her past is rich in historic renown, her present is prosperous and honorable, her future will be glorious and wealthy. She must take the lead in Virginia; her situation, advantages, political position, all combine to give her that proud position. And in the new order of things that is springing up among us, when this good old commonwealth is rousing from her long state of indifference to her own interests, and looking abroad at the success of other states, inspecting her own dilapidations, casting about for some model and guide by which to be governed and instructed, we may hope that Richmond City will take that position as leader which every thing has combined to give her. If her citizens are true to their own interests, they can make her what she ought to be, the leading city of Virginia and of the south. Let her devote herself then to the arts, to manufactures, to commerce; let the mind already within her limits be properly employed in those pursuits which ennoble man and enrich a state; let the past same excite to a generous rivalry, so that the reputation of the dead may be increased by the emulation of the living; let due honor be rendered to every instrument of industry, from the hammer of him who toils at the anvil through every art and every science up to the pen of the man of letters. Let those things be done and one generation shall not pass before Richmond will take her place among the first of cities, not in population perhaps, but in activity, intellect and influence. By her example and from her position she holds in her hands the destinies of Virginia; and we are well assured that she will give to our good old commonwealth—the glorious mother state of the union—that preëminence which her age, her deeds, and her native character mark out as her proper place.

FINIS.

TO ———

On being asked by her to write verses for her Singing.

From jewelled goblets we demand
The choicest wine alone—
And statues from the master's hand
Should be of whitest stone.
Then wherefore ask for words of mine?
The thought itself were wrong;
Thy glorious voice should but enshrine
The purest pearls of song!

MICHAEL BONHAM: OR, THE FALL OF BEXAR.

A TALE OF TEXAS. IN FIVE PARTS.

BY A SOUTHRON.

PART V. SCENE I.

The streets of San Antonio. The clamor and confusion of a rout, mixed with the occasional uproar, keen and quick, of a mêlée à outrance. Mexicans, half-armed and in great consternation, flying across the stage, pursued by the Texians. Enter Alabama Davis, Richard Harris, William Harris, and others, with signs of blood and battle.

Davis. This is no fighting, comrade.

R. Harris. Fighting! No—I'm scarcely breathed for battle.

Davis. Wait awhile; We soon shall hear from Milam.

R. Harris. He has gone Against the Alamo.

Davis. There'll be fighting there: It is their citadel.

R. Harris. Let us join him then. We can do nothing here. We find no foe Worthy the name. Such panic-bitten wretches But sicken me to see. What wait we for?

Davis. The signal.

R. Harris. Would it sound then. How I pant For danger!

[Bugle sounds lively at a distance.]

Davis. Hark! We have it now.

R. Harris. Let's away.

W. Harris, *[to R. Harris, putting his hand on his arm.]* Why haste you thus to death?

R. Harris. I seek it, boy. But you! You follow closely. So much fear, Yet so much rashness.

W. Harris. My rashness comes from fear; I dread to stop behind.

R. Harris. You should be with your mother.

W. Harris, *[aside.]* Would I were!

R. Harris. Follow me closely. You are, at my side Much safer than behind.

Davis. *[Sounds of conflict.]* They're at it now. The shot is sharp and heavy.

R. Harris. Hurra for death! The old King Death that takes the crown from all, Whose subjects are the living; throne's the tomb, Whose columns compass earth. Hurra for Death!

Davis. For victory rather. On, brave comrades, on!

W. Harris. I must go forward. Heaven have mercy on me!

[Exit Davis, Harris and Texians.]

Enter Governor still as Julius Cæsar, with his sword drawn, making desperate passes in the air. He stops breathlessly.

Governor. Phew! Was ever such a stratagem! That fellow has a head for a prime minister. With what skill, what coolness, what audacity, he lied through the whole scheme: and so brave too—that is another merit. Holy Mother! But he looked fierce enough to swallow a regi-

ment. Jesu send that Pedro make mince meat of him. It were my ruin if he does not. What will his Excellency, Señor Don Lopez de Santa Anna, say? Say! He will read my despatches—the rebel army annihilated!—and lo! here it is anew, with San Antonio in their hands. Who could have thought it? But there is the Alamo yet. They will eat bullets before they get that. *[Shouts.]* Ha! more shouts. The enemy in front—between me and the Alamo. Cæsar help me! I am good only at the strategic part of the warfare. The subordinate parts—the mere physical struggle,—blows and shouting,—these are for the common soldier. Santa Maria! They are on all sides. They are here, and there, and everywhere. They come. The sounds thicken. At least they shall find me sword in hand.

[As he is about to rush out, Enter Sparrow, who confronts him. Sparrow is out of breath and almost speechless.]

Sparrow. Ho! ha! who—who are you? An enemy at all events. Have at you, breath or no breath. *[Governor flies, and encounters Crockett at the wing, and is thrown down in the concussion. Sparrow, who has been pursuing him, falls upon and grapples him.]* Ha! ho! The captive to my bow and spear. Shall I spear him, or spare him?

Crockett. Don't eat him, Sparrow, at all events.

Sparrow. Let him holler 'nough, then.

Crockett. I reckon he would if he could talk English, or if he could talk at all, with such a mountain upon him. Rise, old fellow, you are not upon a horse that you should keep up such an awful joggling. Do you know who you've got under you?

Sparrow. Ay! a fat fellow like myself—with more bulk than breath. Eh! Who?

Crockett. You are straddling no less a person than his Excellency, the Governor of San Antonio.

Sparrow. The devil you say!

Crockett. No. I say the Governor. Up, terrapin, and give him breath.

Sparrow. Breath! By the powers! but that's impossible. Give what I hav'nt got myself! The thing's beyond my generosity. But I'll tell you what I will give him Davy.

Crockett. What?

Sparrow. What he wants quite as much—quarter. He lies quiet enough, all but the blowing.

Crockett. And reason equally good for both quiet and blowing, with such a mountain of meat upon him. But don't be too sure of his quiet. He's a famous fellow for stratagems.

Sparrow. Ah, say you so? Then I'll rise with caution and deliberation. *[Rising with difficulty.]* It's one reason why I never like to get down; it's so very troublesome to get up again. *[Governor groans.]*

Crockett. He seems to be relieved. He's coming to. That grunt was good English.

Sparrow. Yes. I understand it. He will probably understand me now. *[Governor rises assisted by Sparrow.]* Hark ye, Don Buffalo, your sword, or you shall have mine.

[Solicits the sword of Esteban with the left hand, while threatening with his bowie knife. The Governor recoils, but yields his weapon.]

Crockett. He takes you at your word. Who says these fellows don't understand English?

Sparrow. Ah, when one speaks pointedly to them. We've only to use a steel pen. I'll try him again in English—he gets on so well. Hark ye, Don Buffalo, set forward, or I'll— *[Makes a show with bowie.]*

Crockett. He learns famous fast—does just as you wish him.

Sparrow. Faith, yes. It's wonderful. Hereafter we'll call an American bowie, an English grammar—an accident—a sort of first Beginner for young Mexicans;—the very rudiments of the language.

Crockett. Ay! and a handful of rifle-bullets, the seven parts of speech—seven is it, or nine?

Sparrow. It don't matter much. They're to learn the language, not we. But I must give this great fellow his third lesson. On, Don Buffalo! [*Pricks him with bowie.* Governor winces and goes forward.

Crockett. That's what you call a bloody noun, Sparrow.

Sparrow. Clearly. You see how he likes to decline it. But look you, Davy, what chance of breakfast in these diggings? After such a night as we have had, one is apt to hunger a little.

Crockett. Well, there was a famous fine supper cooking in the Governor's kitchen last night, but I reckon it's all burnt up afore now.

Sparrow. Burnt up, while we stand here doing nothing, literally nothing—for the country. I'll save it though I perish! Show me to this kitchen—this palace. Let them fight who want to. I have done enough for this bout. A man of my years is not expected to be everywhere. My prisoner will answer for me—what I have done. On, Don Buffalo! I'm mighty sorry to hurry a man of your dimensions; but look at mine—and I am in a hurry. But I will be amicable, even while I push you, and I promise you that we will breakfast together at your own tables.

Governor, [aside and going.] What a stratagem! What a stratagem! Bexar lost, and Esteban de Montezuma a captive! It is something to be able to say that I was taken sword in hand.

Sparrow. Slide, my good Don of Buffaloes, your speed

Is needful, if we both again would feed.

Crockett. Give him more grammar, Sparrow. Blood and 'ouns,

Try him in verbs, and lesson him in nouns, Until he learns my maxim which, if spread Through Mexico, would send 'em all ahead!

[*Exeunt omnes.* Sparrow pressing Don Esteban with the point of his bowie knife.

SCENE II.

The fight approaches the walls of the Alamo. A contested battle field. Alarums. The Mexican infantry recovering under Don Sanchez.

Sanchez. We yet outnumber the rebels. We are two to one.

Fear nothing, men of Bexar. It needs only one bold effort. Follow me. We'll meet them at the Northern gate of the Alamo.

Mexican soldier. They're in the Alamo!

Sanchez. What then! We'll drive them out. They are but

Few. We shall keep them fighting on both sides—Within and without. Come on! God and the republic!

[*Exeunt Mexicans.*

Enter Milam and Texians.

Milam. They fly before us. They can hold no ground With the old Saxon stock. My merry men, But one more tug and the whole field is ours!

Enter Crockett.

Crockett. Hurrah! hurrah! the Governor's in our hands,

Captured by Sparrow!

Milam. Hear you that, brave fellows, The Governor's in our hands. The biggest beast In Bexar captive to the smallest bird That ever flew from Georgia.

Texians, [cheering.] Hurra for Sparrow!

Milam. Here's Crockett too—

Brave Dave, himself a host.

Texians, [cheering.] Hurra for Davy Crockett—Congress Davy.

Milam. Where's Bonham?

Crockett. Is he not here?

Milam. I have not seen him.

Crockett. We parted soon after your first bugle. We had it, tooth and nail, in the ball-room. Twenty to two; and lathered 'em like all the world. I left the Major with his prize.

Milam. What prize?

Crockett. A woman. The Governor's daughter! He's a fellow that can love and fight in the same breath.

Milam. No doubt he's in the Alamo! Harris there, With less than thirty men, maintains his ground, In full possession. The foe without, o'ercome, And town and citadel alike are ours.

One gallant effort more my merry men, And you may sleep on glory!

Crockett. Ay, or in it!

[*Exeunt.*

Chorus of Texians as they follow.

We will show them that the bold,

Still inherit all the fruits,

And their moustaches and gold,

We will pluck up by the roots!

SCENE III.

A wood under the walls of the Alamo. Mexicans partially seen within it. Enter Milam, Crockett and Texians.

Milam. Behold the enemy! They seem prepared, But will not stand our onset. Follow me, To victory, and, if I fall, avenge me.

[*Rushes on. A shot strikes him down. The Mexicans shout—the Texians waver.*

Enter Bonham.

Bonham. What! shrink ye from these dastards—men of straw,

That fight in vapour—never show red-blood, Or sicken at sight of it. For shame!

The old Thirteen, the great Southwest, the North, The Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Countries of Bunker Hill and Saratoga.

Cowpens and Eutaw, Moultrie's isle, Savannah, Are looking to your actions, as their sons,—

They must not be dishonored! To that howl Of these saint-hearted Mexicans—these braggarts,

Give answer, my brave comrades, with another, Shall make them shake with agues. Milam's down!

Stone dead! But what of that: his spirit rises Above us now, and summons us to vengeance.

Out, bowie knives, and let the work be close;

I'll show ye to begin it. Follow me!

[*Charge. Texians rush onward with a shout. Battle fluctuates. At length the Mexicans disappear—the Texians following, leaving in the field of battle a group, Richard Harris dying, and William Harris supporting his head.*

R. Harris. My head swims round. The shadows on my sight

Grow darker. What I've pray'd for is at hand—
I'm dying! Who is it that holds my hand?

W. Harris. 'Tis I—Will Harris.

R. Harris. Faithful to the last;
You've clung to me in danger. But it's over;
The victory is ours—that's sure;—you're safe.

W. Harris. But you!

R. Harris. Will soon be safer still. I'm dying fast!

W. Harris. Oh, God forbid, and spare you!

R. Harris. Wherefore? I

Have rather need of mercy than of life!

W. Harris. May God have mercy on you!

R. Harris. That's right,

Pray for me. I have need of every prayer.

I've been a cold and cruel criminal—

Have spurn'd all natural ties.

W. Harris, [sobs convulsively.] Alas! alas!

R. Harris. How is this boy! You sob—you weep
for me,

As if I were some dearest relative.

W. Harris. You are! you are! Oh, Richard, look
upon me;

Do you know me now?

[Throws off her cap and lets down her hair.]

R. Harris. My reason's gone, I think—or, is it Ellen?

W. Harris. It is! It is!

She that was once your own, your only!

R. Harris. Is

My own—my only still! Hear me, Ellen,

I'll buy your last forgiveness. In my bosom

Search for the packet. It contains the papers

That prove your marriage—the certificate;—

You'll find it sealed with blood!—from Parson Baker.

Believing you had played me false, I slew him,

To hush for ever the last living proof

Of our unhappy union.

W. Harris. Merciful Heaven!

R. Harris. Nor he alone! Your brother John pur-
sued me,

Because of your dishonor—so he deemed it;—

He perish'd by these hands!

W. Harris. Have mercy on him, Heaven!

Let not these murders hang about his soul,

Dragging it downwards.

R. Harris. Pray. I'm failing fast.

I loved you all the while—believe me, Ellen;

And when, at last, I found that you were true,

I would have come to you again, but dared not,

Your brother's blood upon my hands and soul.

Come closer—let me hear you; in my ears

Still tell me of forgiveness. Christ! have mercy!

Look down upon me! Would that I had time

For pray'r; but no! I cannot. Death is rushing

Fast on my heart. His icy fingers grapple

My throat. I choke! My dearest Ellen! *[Dies.]*

W. Harris. His lips are cold. He stiffens in my
arms.

I hear his voice no more. Have mercy Heaven!

Mercy on both! Oh, take us both together!

[Sinks upon the body as the scene closes.]

SCENE IV.

A court of the palace. Pedro and Donna Maria.

Pedro. Art sure of what thou tells't me?

Maria. Ay, as sure,

As pride and hate made jealous of the object

Can make eye, ear and spirit. To Lagunayra,

I saw them speed together. Seek her there.

Clothed in the habit of some fallen Texian

One of your followers. Let him bear a message

As if from Amador. Bid her forth to him,

And take her to herself. Bear her away,

Fast as your love may carry you, to Rosas,

There wed her as you may.

Pedro. The plan's a good one.

Maria. 'Tis the only plan.

Pedro. I'll do it.

Maria. And do't at once!

Or, ere another hour he does it for you,

And we are baffled still.

Pedro. I half despond—

So oft already baffled!

Maria. Because too slow!

You linger now, when on the wings of love,

As I on those of hate, your arm should snatch

The pride of conquest from the unwilling fortune.

Go to! are you a lover and a man,

And talk of being baffled. Man or woman,

True to the lordly instincts of their souls,

Are never baffled.

Pedro. You should have been a man.

Maria. Oh! would I had been. Even now, a woman,

Had I but sway'd in counsel—had you listened,

This night had never happ'd. Delay no more,

Lest that the grinning fortune mock you still

With baffled love and vengeance. in full cry,

With "Hadst thou been a man!"

Pedro. I am a man!

Maria. Prove it then,

In 'haviour of a bold one.

Pedro. In one hour,

She shall be mine forever.

Maria. Yield no hour,

But take the fortune in its moment mood,

Or all the golden opportunity

Goes to the common loss. Away with you.

Nor linger at her pleadings. Harken not

Her cries and supplication. Make your ears

Deaf to all plea, all passion but your own;

And with most absolute certainty make her yours,

In spite of hell or heaven!

Pedro. By Heaven, I will! *[Exit Pedro.]*

Maria. Ay! had I been a man, this night of shame

Had never left such record. I have sunk

Deeper than plummet's cast in the deep sea,

In all that makes the glory of our sex;—

Its holy calm, its whiteness, purity—

The all, that far beyond its hope's fruition,

Were needful to its life. I cannot live,

Unless for vengeance. Vengeance must be mine!

And I will have it, if, faithful to his strength,

This man obeys my counsel. She shall fall

From her high pride of place. She knows my secret—

But shall not gloat, in future state secure,

On the possession. And for him!—for him!

Alas! I love him still!—the fatal passion

Works quivering in my heart, where still one hope

Looks to his passion for the generous sunshine

To gladden it with growth. *[Distant cannon is heard]*

The battle rages,

And the deep roar of the destroying cannon

Proclaim the assault upon the Alamo now.

Let them roar on! My soul, in a like tempest,

Glads in the echoes that still speak for passions

As terrible as mine own. But hark!—these voices!

And he—he here already! He pursues her.

Her flight discovered! I must thwart him now—

By proper artifice must check his search,
While Pedro takes the prey. We must gain time,
Or all is lost once more.

[Veils herself and seems to retire.

Enter Bonham with Textians.

Bonham. Who's here?

Maria, [in affected terror.] Spare me! Protect me,
Señor, from this danger—

These ruffian soldiery!

Bonham. Donna Maria!

Maria. Ah, Señor Amador! Alas!

I have not sought this meeting.

Bonham. Yes, 'tis well,

Dear lady, that we meet. These are not hours,

When, without proper guardianship, your sex

May rove the streets of Bexar. Be't my care

To have you guarded to a place of safety,

Where you will find your uncle.

Maria. Ah, Señor! can it be

That I have forfeited the happy claim

I had upon you in less hapless hours?

Bonham. What mean you, lady?

Maria. Do I hear aright?

You yield me to the fierce and brutal soldier,

For guardianship, at this all-licensed hour,

When plunder keeps the city, and blind fury

Whets every fearful passion known to man!

Bonham. The men who shall attend you—

Maria. Better none.

I thank you, Señor: leave me to my fate!

Bonham. Oh, lady, how you wrong me; but with me

I pray you be secure. Wilt suffer me,

To guard you to Don Esteban?

Maria. Señor, perchance

I cross more pleasant duties. You have cares

That need your presence elsewhere.

Bonham. None to suffer,

By seeing you in safety.

Maria, [aside.] Ay, cheat thyself with that, until too

late,

Thou wakest, to know that woman conquers still,

And, weak in vulgar weapon, works by will!

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE V.

A chamber in the castle, the Alamo, Governor Don Esteban de Montaneros seated at a table. Writing materials before him.

Don Esteban. [Solus.] Was there ever such a stratagem? And how to report it to his excellency, Señor Don Lopez de Santa Anna? That I should live to be surprised—surprised in my own castle. Taken prisoner. Captured by a single man. Nay, he was no single man. His name was Legion. Besides there were two, and I was taken sword in hand. Not taken until I was overthrown, with a matter of twenty men upon me. That is a point of which something must be made. The dispatch must be eloquent when I reach that part. But to account for the surprise. What shall be said about that. Ha! I have it. Treachery in Mexico. Don Amador de Aguilar—an assumed name perhaps; but, assuredly a Mexican; a native born citizen of Mexico—one of the deadly enemies of Santa Anna; seeking to sell the country to the Texians, as the Yucatanese have already sold theirs. It was no Texian force at all—very far from it. Mexicans all, every man of them—creatures of some chief conspirator in the great city. Let Santa Anna look to

it—captured, sword in hand, overthrown. I see his danger. I will warn him of it. No want of vigilance can be charged on me, I'm thinking. Ha! here he comes, Don Amador.

Enter Bonham. Maria.

Bonham. Your excellency. I kiss your hands.

Governor. Don Amador, you are very welcome.

Bonham. Señor, I bring your niece as to a place of safety.

Esteban. What, my princess. Ah! you see me not as when we met last night. Such is the fate of war. Julius, himself, was not superior to its vicissitudes. The great Hannibal yielded to stratagems. Scipio was not always successful; and shall I be so presumptuous as to expect from fortune what she did not always grant to Caesar, Pompey, Hannibal and Scipio. No, no, modesty forbids the notion. It would be sheer vanity. I must look for adverse winds. I must expect an occasional cloudy day. My own genius is not always equal. The warrior sometimes sleeps as well as the poet. That was a luckless moment which found me napping. Unhappily, just then, my enemy was wakeful. What a coincidence. But a single moment, and see the consequences. Behold me now, a prisoner. But where's your cousin—where's my child Olivia?

Bonham. In safety at the convent of LaGuayra, Whither I go to bring her.

Maria. Nay, you need not.

Bonham. Need not, lady.

Maria. You will not find her there, Because of certain stratagems of mine, To make her safety certain. Ere this hour She is Don Pedro's bride, and speeds away To the fair town of roses, or perchance To Tuscasito.

Bonham. Ha! Don Pedro's bride— In flight to Tuscasito.

Esteban. Well, let them go— I always meant her for Don Pedro, and don't See why they should have fled at all.

Maria. Ay, but our conqueror does, if I mistake not. He meant her for his own.

Bonham. I did. 'Tis true. I should have asked your blessing Upon our mutual loves.

Esteban. Don Pedro has been hasty. A good fellow, But with no taste for stratagem.

Maria. There you mistake. It was by stratagem He won his bride at last. Don Amador, 'Twas I that counselled him, that, at LaGuayra, Olivia lay secure. 'Twas I that taught him To clothe his follower in the Texian garb, And with a specious message, as from you, To win her to his arms. 'Twas I that next When you were pressing on his flying steps, Arrested yours and gave the needful time, To make the stratagem sure. I crossed your path, Pretended woman fears I never felt, And we are here together while they fly, Unchecked to Tuscasito.

Bonham. Say no more. Oh! treacherous woman, hateful to the last. What has your malice wrought?

Maria. My dear revenge, The only triumph of defrauded love.

Bonham. 'Tis not too late.

Maria. Before you reach La Guayra, They will have wed.

Bonham. False prophetess, in vain Your hateful story. Never will Olivia Consent to his demand.

Maria, [in low tones, approaching him.] He asks her not.

Nurse not this flattering fancy in your thought,
For resolute to make my triumph sure,
And leave your heart as desolate as mine,
I whispered him that woman, in her mood,
Is never more consenting than when most
She makes denial. Bade him never heed
The outward show of anger in her eye,
Or its sharp, bitter accent on her lips;
These, did I say, were natural to the weak,
The frail protectors of the woman's secret.
So stubborn is he made by my tuition,
I tell thee, Amador, he will make her his,
Though the last accent on her palsied tongue
Be gasped in mortal agony.

Bonham. No more.
Woman, away. I'll hearken thee no more.

[*Bonham rushes out.*]

Maria. He has it here. Ha! Ha! he has it here.
[*Presses her hand upon her heart, and suddenly sinks, swooning into the arms of Don Esteban.*]
Esteban, [supporting her to sofa.] Jesu! Was ever such a stratagem!

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE VI.

A wood near the convent of La Guayra. The convent seen in the distance. Pedro discovered in the wood.

Pedro, [watching.] He's lost within the gate. 'Tis my last hope—

The project is a good one. That old fool,
And dastard, Esteban, would surely name it
A stratagem. 'Tis something more than his;
More like to be successful. How my soul
Burns with impatience. Love and hate unite
To goad me into phrenzies of new passion,
That will not let me rest. Thanks to this woman;
Her subtle wit be honored, that, at last,
When most I felt despondency, could rouse me,
To hope and to performance. Whence her malice,
I neither know nor care, but if it prospers,
I'll take her as my counsellor through life.
Holy Maria, be my patroness,
Give me to triumph now above my foe,
That fierce and wily enemy, and claim
My homage ever after.

Mexican soldier. The gates unfold, my lord.

Pedro. Thanks, holy virgin. Thanks! We have her now.

She's ours. She comes. And victor in the end,
Though Bexar and the Alamo both be lost,
I bless my happy fortune. Hark, aside,
Spread yourselves, soldiers, but concealed be nigh,
So that we lose her not again. She comes.

Enter Olivia and Mexican in disguise.

Olivia. Where do you lead me? Where is Amador?

Pedro, [emerging from shade.] Here's one who loves you better.

Olivia. I am lost, Don Pedro.

Pedro, [takes her hand.] Nay, saved.

Olivia. Unhand me, Señor.

Pedro. You strive in vain. My arms are thrown around you,

Never to loose again. Your father's rights,
And mine, beneath his sanction, both demand
That, with a gentle force.

Olivia. This violence—

Pedro. Is but the action of a faithful love
That will not lose its labor.

Olivia, [screams.] Ambassador! Ambassador.

Pedro. How like a child,
You waste your feeble strength in feebler struggles.
You call in vain. Within the Alamo's walls
Your traitor lover lies. Would you oppose
Your woman strength to mine?

Olivia. Ay! though I perish.
Sooner than yield to thee, I welcome death.
My Amador. Oh! come to me and save.

Pedro. Your shrieks are vain. Your struggles! I must use
The needful force for safety.

Olivia, [faintly.] Amador! Help.

He carries her out struggling. Scene closes.

SCENE VII.

Another part of the wood. Enter Bonham with Texian soldiers.

Bonham. Methought I heard a cry. A woman's voice.

'Twas from this wood it rose, and look, the marks
Of strife upon the ground.

1st Texian. A woman's track.

Bonham. 'Tis hers! 'Tis hers! That fury's tale was true.

Follow me, comrades, as you love me, follow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Forest. Pedro and party hurrying Olivia in flight.

Pedro. We are past all danger, and you strive in vain,

Submission now were wisest. You are mine.

Olivia. Oh! hateful, how I loathe thee. Never in vain

The struggle against injustice—never wise

Submission to the criminal. If I call

Vainly on him I love, the God who hears

Will send me a deliverer. Hear me, heaven—

My Amador. Where are you. Amador?

Bonham, [from the forest. Here, my Olivia, here.

Pedro. Pursued? Demonios!

Olivia. Safe, O! safe.

Bonham, [bursting in—*Pedro releases Olivia and turns upon him.*] Ah, villain, you are sped.

Pedro. Fiends light upon you.

Olivia, [passing behind Bonham.] Oh! Amador,—you save me twice.

Bonham. [To Texians.] Drive out this scum while I dispatch this ruffian.

Texians with a shout rush on Mexicans and drive them out.

Bonham. [To Pedro.] Twice have I spared you, villain. When but late

You sunk before my arm, I bade you then
Dread our third meeting. We have met and now
Look to your weapon. Mercy from my breast
Is banished. This last villainous assault
On one who hates and scorns you, has rooted out
All seeds of pity. On your sword your life.
Be ready.

Pedro. I am ready. 'Tis my weapon
And not my will that fails me. If I perish,
Know that in death I hate thee still, as now,
While living, I defy thee.

Bonham. This sounds well.
Stout manhood somewhat qualifies the shame
That stamps the villain's brow. Yon tree, Olivia
Will shield you from the sight of bloody strife—
The man who dreads not foes his crimes have made
Is not unworthy of them. Sob not thus
If thou would'st not unman me, dear Olivia,
And make my heart as tender as thine own.
(*To Pedro.*) Art ready. Fix thy foot upon the turf,
Thou soon shalt sleep on. Look thy last to heaven,
Thou soon shalt face for judgment. To thy prayers
As well as weapon. Now say.

Pedro. *aPoint.*

Bonham. Guard—
And now good sword be true,—good arm be strong,
Good eye be vigilant, and heaven be good.
[*They fight. The sword of Bonham snaps suddenly.*]
Pedro. Ha! Ha! 'Tis mine. 'The day is mine.
Olivia, [rushes out from tree.] Spare him. Oh! spare.
Pedro. Death.

[*Thrusts vengefully—Bonham parries with left arm, does—draws bowie knife and stabs Pedro to the heart.*]

Bonham. Ay, death, but 'tis to thee
Fool! did'st thou think

My life was placed on worthless steel like that.

Pedro, [falls.] Hell's curse upon thee. Thou hast
won the game

At mine own color—the red. Help, ere I fall. [*Dies.*]

Bonham. From this spot, Olivia.

Olivia. Thou art hurt.

Bonham. A scratch.

Thou safe and in these arms, I feel no hurts—
Let us away. Look not upon this sight,
'Twas needful for my safety as for thine
We're victors now. I will recall my soldiers,
Then hear thee to thy father.

Olivia, [sounds bugle.] He is safe.

Bonham. [To Texans who reënter.] As thou could'st
wish him.

Take up the body,
See it well bestowed,
With honorable burial. Follow me.

[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE IX.

A court in the Alamo. Crockett and Sparrow meeting.

Crockett. The very bird I have been looking for, the
smallest of birds, and the most pert. Sparrow, I've a
message for you. You are wanted.

Sparrow. Where! For what! Is a man never to have
rest. Is he always to be marching and fighting, without
rhyme or reason, song or supper.

Crockett. Ah! there I have you. I can put you in
the best of humors by a single word. You are bidden to
the supper.

Sparrow. I'll come! What's for supper?

Crockett. You do not ask who gives it?

Sparrow. I do not care. There are only two parties
to a supper. The man that eats and the thing that is
eaten. I am willing to be the one, and I've done all that
is decent and civil in asking after the other.

Crockett. Well, it will be a rare supper.

Sparrow. That'll please me. I'm rather an English-
man in that respect. I can't bare your *done* meats. No,
the blood nicely trickling still from under the brown
edges, and I am pacified. A rare supper for me always.

Crockett. Bonham gives it, and the governor has a
hand in it; so it ought to be good.

Sparrow. Why the devil should the governor have a
hand in it before any body else?

Crockett. Good reason. It's his daughter's wedding
supper.

Sparrow. Ho! Ho! I see. Bonham's to marry her.
Well, he's a good fellow. I'm sorry for him.

Crockett. Why sorry. She's a good fellow too.

Sparrow. There's a pair of them, and that's reason
enough for some people why they should be paired. But
except the supper which comes with it, and which, I sup-
pose, reconciles so many persons to the thing, I could
never see any fun in a wedding. It's a melancholy so-
lemnity always.

Crockett. But you hav'nt answered me. Will you
come?

Sparrow. Count certainly upon me. I never disap-
point good suppers. I am never cold when they are
warm.

Crockett. You'll be at the wedding also, won't you?

Sparrow. Ah! that's another matter. I'll think of
that.

Crockett. [Bugle sounds—enter Davis.] That bugle,
Davis.

Davis. 'Tis Travis. He takes command. Bonham
is to leave us; to take despatches to Sam. Houston.
Have you heard the news?

Crockett. Any from the States? Old Tennessee, or
Congress.

Davis. D—n Congress. It's made up of old men's
souls and old women's tongues, and a buzzard is the only
means of communicating between them.

Sparrow. That's only since David left. He was the
leader of that body, and his decency went so far that he
refused to spit in the president's silver spittoon, and
emptied five finger basins at a draught. Say you, Davy,
is it true that when the waiter brought you a soupplate
of soup, you ordered him to bring the tureen?

Crockett. God bless you for a sweet singing Spar-
row. But many a fool has left on record the report of his
own braying, printed under the name of a better man.
But let's hear the news that Davis brings.

Davis. The news is nearer home. They say that
Santa Anna is marching down upon us with twenty
thousand men.

Crockett. We must stand a siege then?

Sparrow. Never think of it without laying in a plen-
tiful stock of provisions. A six months siege, for a force
like ours, would need eight hundred beeves, one hundred
barrels of buffalo tongues.

Crockett. Enough! you shall be made commissariat
to see to these things. You'll be at the wedding, Davis.

Davis. Ay! and the supper too.

Sparrow. You'll ask too many, Crockett. A supper
table should be select. I hate to see it crowded.

Crockett. Except with meats! Has any one seen
Kennedy? We want him for the singing.

Davis. He'll sing no more! He fell at the first rush:
Poor Harris, too: you heard about his wife?

Crockett. A sad story that.

Davis. He was a bad fellow, by all accounts, but died
repenting,—and died fighting.

Sparrow. Let me die eating. If any thing can lessen
the pangs of death, it is that you have the means of sat-
isfying the pangs of appetite. You'll see a bird, or beast,
dangerously wounded, still eat ravenously. Some fa-

mous naturalists have gouged out a buzzard's eyes, and plucked off a bird's wings, and, by seeing them eat freely have convinced themselves that the poor devils were not a bit conscious of suffering or loss. I confess, however, I'm not exactly satisfied. If the thing be true, it only proves that God gave the poor things very unnecessary and burdensome appendages.

Crockett. By the powers, Sparrow, before you became a sparrow, you must have been a wolf. What you'll be hereafter, it's hard to guess. You'll be at the supper, I suppose!

Sparrow. In some shape,—yes. [*Ex. Sparrow.*]

Davis, [to Crockett.] We'll go together Davy. I have something for your own ear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

An apartment in the Alamo, splendidly prepared and lighted brilliantly. The Governor in state, with Bonham, Crockett, Davis, Sparrow, and other Texans, with Mexican officers, &c. Olivia, with Duenna and Ladies, appears in the back ground.

Esteban, [coming forward.] Señor Don Amador, these are all your friends;

They know the full conditions made between us
Touching the town of Bexar and its people.
You leave us, and, at parting, take from me
My heart's best treasure. You will honor her,
Protect her, love her; be to her what I
Have toiled to be through seventeen happy years,
While I have been her father. You'll find in her,
If that you use her rightly, such a treasure,
As man can find in woman's love alone,—
In her's not always. Here, my child, Olivia:
Give me your hand. 'Tis yours, Don Amador.
Be witness Señores.

Bonham. Sir, I take the gift,
Not ignorant of its value. 'Tis a treasure
Such as I still shall cherish in my heart,
Secure from spoil without, secure from hurt
From erring mood of mine.

In other lands,
Where'er our lot is cast—whether we build
Our cabin here in Texas, or afar,
Among my native hills of Congaree,
Erect our happy roof-tree, in my heart,
As fondly as in yours, her happiness
Shall be the creature of my busy thought,
From sunny dawn of morning until night.
To this, with solemn pledge, in sight of heaven,
I bind my soul forever.

Esteban. She is yours!

Olivia. My father, O! my father!

Esteban. Speak, my child.

Olivia. If I have vex'd you, father—If, capricious,
I've given unheeding ears—

Esteban. Never! Never!
You still have been a child most dutiful;—
Will be a wife. Go to him. Make him yours
By love, by duty, and by gentleness,
As you were mine. My faith is in his pledges;
He will not wrong the venerable white
Of this old head, by harming hair of thine.
Kiss me, my child. I bless you ere I yield you!

Crockett, [to Sparrow.] Dang it, Sparrow, he's a sensible old gentleman after all. I can't tell what he said exactly, but I understand what he meant to say.

Sparrow, [to Crockett.] He's giving away his daugh-

ter—that I see, and he behaves well. I'm a little sorry I squeezed him so hard, when I had him down. But stay! Who's this?

Crockett, [to Sparrow.] Dickins! The Princess.

Enter Donna Maria, supported into the midst and laid upon a sofa.

Bonham, [aside.] She here!

Olivia. My cousin!

Esteban. My poor Maria! You were wrong to come. You only harm yourself.

Maria. I know it, uncle;
But could not bear, at such a time as this,
My childhood's first companion and my friend
To lose forever, with no word, no prayer,
For pity and forgiveness. You, too, Amador,
Ah! look not thus upon me. Never more
Shall my wild passion, wrought to madness, vex
Your generous nature. See the ravage here
Of twelve short hours. A week—another day—
And you will yield that tear upon my grave,
Your heart denies me now.

Bonham, [aside.] There's mischief in her eye!

Maria. Olivia! Cousin!

Olivia. Dearest Maria!

Bonham, [aside to Olivia.] Stay! Do not go!

Maria. Alas! you love me not. My moment madness
Has turn'd your heart aside from me. A life
Is blasted in a moment. Fifteen years
Of childish play and prattle—girlhood's dreams
Still nightly interchanged—dear confidence
Such as youth only cherishes—all gone—
Forgotten, as if never known, or worthless!
Will you not grant forgiveness? I have wrong'd you,
But that was in my madness! See you not
I cannot wrong you now. This face no more
Shall wear the smiles of conquest—as this heart
Must banish all those feeble hopes and feelings
That led it once astray. Speak to me, cousin;
But say that you forgive me.

Olivia. Why forgive?

You've never wrong'd me, cousin.

Maria. Ay! but I have;
Cruelly wrong'd you. But that time is past.
I've wakened from my dream, I loathe myself,
Now that 'tis over. Cousin, think of me
With sorrow and with pity, when beneath
Your foreign roof, secure in happy love,
You think on me no more.

Olivia. Ah! speak not so;
Still must you live—still conquer.

Maria. Amador,
Tell her it cannot be!

Bonham. Wherefore, lady,
So very young—so beautiful as thou?

Maria. No more! I must not hear you! Blessings,
cousin,
Be on you. There! now bear me to my chamber—
My work is done—the latest task is ended—
Now welcome death.

Olivia. Oh, cousin, speak not thus!
You rend my heart.

Maria. I would not—yet I must!
Farewell! Be happy! Yet we should not part
Without one fond embrace, one farewell kiss.

Olivia, [approaching Maria.] Sister—cousin!

Bonham, [anxiously—aside.] I like it not—beware!

Olivia, [aside to Bonham.] Oh! sure we cannot now
deny her this.

I have ever loved you, cousin. In my heart,
Where'er I go, will think of you with fondness,

Having a thousand things in memory,
Of what we were together. This embrace—
Maria. Is death!

Ha! There! [Attempts to stab her, rises from the
sofa and draws forth a concealed dagger.

Sparrow, [arresting the blow.] The woman's mad!

Esther. Jesu! Was ever such a stratagem!

Maria. Still baffled!

Bonham. Disarm her!

Maria. That ye shall not. See!

[Stabs herself.

Bonham. Horrible! It is a fatal blow!

Maria. Or it were mockery.

Go to your beauty, Amador. She faints!

I die, but faint not! Yet one look! I loved you;

I love you to the last! Oh! Amador,

She cannot love as I have done. This hand,

That smote its kindred heart, had, in your cause,

Borne weapon 'gainst a thousand foes—but now!

Support me, Amador. Your arm; yours only—

God! how I loved this man! [Dies.

Bonham. 'Tis over now—

Offin!

Curtain drops while the characters group themselves
around her.

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO.

TRANSLATED FROM CICERO.

1. When I arrived in Africa, being, as you remember, Tribune of the fourth Legion, under the Consul Manius Manilius, my first care was to visit Masinissa, a Prince who, for sufficient causes, was the ardent friend of our family. When I met the old man he embraced me and wept; then raising his eyes to heaven he said, "O Sun most high, immortal thanks be sent thee, and ye deities of heaven, to you all, that before I leave this life you have granted me to see in my kingdom, and under this roof, Publius Cornelius Scipio, a name, at the mere sound of which, I feel my youth revived, for I have always present in thought the excellent man, the invincible hero, that bore it." After this I inquired about the affairs of his kingdom and he gathered from me the news of our republic; the conversation was long and occupied the rest of the day. After a magnificent repast we passed a part of the night in discourse; the old king talked of nothing but Africanus, whose every action, nay every word, were treasured in his memory. At length having separated for repose the fatigue of the journey and of watching so late made me sink into a sleep more profound than usual. Then, no doubt because we had been speaking of him at such length, for the thoughts and conversations of the day very often occasion the dreams of the night; as it happened to Ennius in regard to Homer, of whom he was constantly thinking

and talking while awake: then, be it as it may, Scipio seemed to present himself to me with features more resembling his portrait than his person. I recognized him and shuddered; but he said, "Reassure thyself, my son, banish your fears, and register my words in your memory. See you that city, compelled by me to submit to the Roman people? It is rekindling war, and cannot remain at peace." As he said this from an elevated place, sprinkled with stars, luminous and radiant, he pointed at Carthage. "You are now come little above a mere soldier to attack it. Within two years with the title of Consul you shall destroy it from its foundations, and shall acquire by conquest the surname, which as yet you bear only by inheritance. After you have demolished Carthage, obtained the honors of triumph, filled the office of Censor, visited by authority of the republic, Egypt, Syria, Asia and Greece, you will in your absence be chosen a second time consul, and by the destruction of Numantia you will terminate a most dangerous war. But when you return to ascend the capitol in triumph, you will see the republic convulsed by the practices of one of my grandsons—then, my Africanus, you must show your country all the resources of your genius, courage and wisdom. But here I see the path of the fates obscured as with a mist; for when your life shall have compassed eight times seven revolutions of the sun, and these numbers for different reasons both reputed perfect, shall, in their natural rotation, have brought you to the crisis of your destiny. all eyes will be turned upon you, your name will be in the mouths of all, the Senate, all good citizens, the Allies, the Latins will consider you as their tutelary deity: you will be the hope of your country, and its tower of strength, in a word as Dictator you will reestablish the republic, if, however, you escape the impious hands of your kindred."

2. These last words having drawn a cry of horror from Salius, and deep sighs from all the others, Scipio, with a calm smile, said, "Pray, my friends, let me sleep out my dream. Do not wake me but hear the rest."

3. "To encourage you, however, in serving the republic, know, my son, that in heaven is reserved a certain place, for all who preserve or defend their country or extend its glory; where they are to enjoy eternal happiness. For nothing is more agreeable to that supreme God who governs this universe than those bodies, those constituted societies which are called states. The governors or benefactors of these return hither whence they derived their origin." Here—though startled not so much at the manner of death as at the thought of treachery in my family, I asked him if my father Paulus, and others

whom we thought were dead were still alive? "Yes, they live," he said, "and have escaped the walls of their bodies as from a prison. Whereas what you call life, deserves no other name than death. Open your eyes, you will see your father Paulus approaching." I did see him, sure enough, and I shed a profusion of tears. He embraced me tenderly, and forbade me to weep. When I had recovered myself enough to speak, I exclaimed "O most sacred and best of fathers, why, since the only real life is here, as Africanus assures me, why must I continue on earth, O why must I delay coming to join you?" "Not so, my son," he said, "for unless that God, whose temple is all you see, release you from the prison of the body, the entrance to this place is closed against you, others were made to superintend that globe which you observe in the middle of this temple, which is called the earth. To them a soul has been given from those eternal fires, which you call stars and constellations, spherical and round bodies, animated with divine spirits, they complete their circles with inconceivable celerity. You should therefore, my Publius, as all ought who revere the gods, leave your soul in custody of the body, and not depart from life without permission of him by whom you live, lest you seem a deserter from the post that God assigns you. But live like Scipio and like me your father: be just, have piety much towards your kindred, still more for your country. Such is the path that leads to heaven, to the assembly of those who have lived already, and now freed from their bodies dwell in that place which you see." It was that belt of light, studded with fires of gem-like radiance, which, after the Greeks, you call the galaxy. Thence casting a searching glance around me I saw nothing but wonders of excellence and beauty. I discovered stars that we had never seen from earth, and all were of a magnitude which none of us had ever suspected. The most distant from heaven and nearest the earth was the smallest, and shone with borrowed light. As to the others the earth is nothing in comparison; it appeared to me so small that I was ashamed of our empire, which is no more than a point as it were upon its surface.

4. As I continued to survey it with fixed attention, "How long," said Africanus, "will your soul be rivetted upon that object? Art not aware into what temples thou art come? Behold this marvellous whole composed of nine circles or rather of nine globes. That which embraces all the others and controls them by its presence is the seat of the most high God. There the fixed stars are set, which revolve with the everlasting motion of that sphere, then within it follow seven other spheres which revolve in retrogres-

sion, opposite to the course of heaven:—one of which is for the planet we call Saturn; next comes that brilliant orb, propitious to the human race, by men called Jupiter—to this succeeds Mars; whose lurid fires gleam terror to the earth. Lower down, and near the centre, is the Sun, the king and moderator of the Stars, soul of the World, principal of its harmony; an immense body, whose light illuminates and fills all. Venus and Mercury serve him as for escort. The Moon, enlightened by his rays, revolves in the lower circle. All below this is mortal and perishable, except the souls of men; which are given them by the bounty of the Gods. For the earth, which is the ninth sphere, and is placed in the centre, is immovable, and below the rest; towards which, all bodies naturally tend."

5. Charmed with this spectacle, I recovered myself only to exclaim, what do I hear? What concord as delightful as it is serious, thus fills and ravishes my ears? "It is," he replied, "the Music of the Spheres, which they produce by vibrations and movements, which following each other at unequal but concerted intervals, form, by a happy mixture of sharp and grave sounds, this regular variety of harmony; for so great movements cannot pass in silence, and according to the series of nature, of two extensive sounds, the one must be sharp and the other grave. For this reason, the Heaven of fixed Stars, which is at the summit, and its revolution the most rapid, causes a sharp and precipitate sound; whereas, the grave is that of the human circle, it being the lowest. As for the earth, the Ninth Globe, it remains motionless in its humble seat, as the centre of the Universe. As to the other eight spheres, two of which, Mercury and Venus, have the same powers, they produce seven sounds in seven different tunes, a number which is the tie, as it were, of all things. By imitating this harmony, whether with instruments or by accents of the voice, some men have opened for themselves a way for their return to Heaven, as all others have done, whose sublime spirits have cultivated upon earth, things worthy of their celestial origin. The force of these sounds which fill the ear, at length have hardened it: hence, it has become the weakest of your senses. Thus, the people who live near the Cataracts of the Nile, when that river precipitates its waters from the summit of the highest mountains, are deafened by its excessive noise. It is as impossible for our ear to sustain that which is the product of the infinite celerity of the Universe, as for the eye to gaze upon the Sun, and endure the impression of its rays." I admired all these things: and yet I could but cast, from time to time, a lingering look towards the earth.

"I see," said Africanus then, "that your eyes

still turn to that abode of mortals. If it appear to you small, as it really is, learn to despise it, and fix your views on heaven. What glory, worthy to satisfy your desires, can you find among men? You perceive that this earth is only inhabitable, here and there, in a few narrow portions which seem like spots interspersed amidst vast solitudes; that the inhabitants, thus insulated, can have no communication with one another; that being dispersed without order and in every direction, you can expect no renown from them.

6. "You see also that this same earth is encompassed by circles which are called zones; that the two extremes, each of which has for its centre one of the poles, are always buried in ice and snow, while the middle and largest is scorched by the rays of the sun. There remain then only two which are habitable; on this side is the Southern, the feet of whose inhabitants are planted directly opposite to yours, and the people of course for you as if they were not. With regard to this Northern zone, where you are, observe how little of it you occupy; for all that portion which you inhabit, narrow towards the pole, more extended from East to West, is no more than a little island surrounded by the Atlantic, which you call the Great Sea, the Ocean, though with all the pomp of these names, you perceive how diminutive a thing it is! There stands the Caucasus, and there flows the Ganges; now who among us, from these cultivated and inhabited regions, has been able to spread his renown beyond these limits. Will your name ever be mentioned in the more remote parts of the East or of the West, of the North or of the South? These parts, struck off, you see for yourself what a mere speck is left as the whole theatre of your glory—and those who speak of you, how long will they speak!

7. "Though the men who shall live after us, informed by their fathers of our great actions, were disposed to transmit them to their descendants, the ravages of floods and conflagrations, which must necessarily occur in the course of things, would not permit our renown to be lasting, much less eternal. Besides, what would it avail you to be lauded by the lips of the future, since you have been unknown to the generations of the past, perhaps as numerous, and certainly better. It would avail you the less, as you could not leave a whole year in the memory of those who might hear mention of your name. The vulgar measure the year by the revolution of the sun, which is but the single planet; but it is not truly completed until all the planets shall return to the same position which they once had, and after a long rotation retrace the same plane of the heavens; this year would contain more

ages than I could venture to state. For as the sun disappeared to mortals at the time when the spirit of Romulus entered these temples; so when, after the return of all the planets and all the signs to the point they were at then, a similar eclipse shall be observed at the same hour, the year will be complete. But know, that of such a year the twentieth part is not yet elapsed. Thus without hope of return to this eternal mansion, the seat of all good for the souls of the virtuous, how contemptible must appear this human glory, whose longest date is but a moment of the year? If then your aims are high—if you would raise yourself to this eternal country, despise the applause of the vulgar; limit not your hopes to human rewards: enamored of the charms of virtue, under her sole guidance aspire to solid glory. What others say of you is their own affair; that you will be their theme is certain; but their discourse will not extend beyond the narrow bounds you see. All popular renown must have an end; it must perish forever through the oblivion of posterity."

8. At these words, I exclaimed, "O my Father, though I have followed from childhood the footsteps of Paulus Emilius and yourself, without disparaging your example, yet since the services we render our country, open to us the gates of heaven, animated by the prize that is now set before me, I shall redouble my efforts." "Do so," he replied, "and recollect that not yourself, but only your body is mortal; for that is but the shell of yourself, and not you. Our existence is comprised in our soul, and not in this visible form. Know, therefore, that you are a God. Yes, a substance that combines force, memory, sentiment, foresight, that moves and directs the body over which it presides, as the Supreme God moves and directs this universe can be no other than a divine Substance; and as an eternal God guides this universe, which in part is perishable; so an immortal spirit animates your frail body. That which moves always of itself is something eternal; that which does but receive or transmit motion, necessarily dies as soon as it loses it. Thus it is only a being that is author of its own motion, which never ceases to move, because it never deserts itself; nay, more, it is a principle of motion: a principle can have no origin; it is the cause of all, and can have no cause: if it had a cause it would not be a principle. Now if it had no beginning, it can have no end. A principle destroyed could neither be reproduced by another, nor create itself anew; for every principle being of its nature creative, it cannot be created. The principle of motion, therefore, can only exist in a self-moving being; and it is impossible that such a being should be born, or that it should die: otherwise nature

comes to a stand; and thus deprived of that motion it received from its first impulse, all its properties must cease.

9. "Since it is evident that whatever moves of itself is eternal, who does not see that such is the nature of the human soul? For every thing that is moved by a foreign impulse is inanimate; that which lives has an inward and peculiar principle of motion; and such is the nature, such is the property of the soul; and if it is the only being that is self-moving, it is neither created nor mortal. Employ it in the noblest of exercises—in the service of your country. The soul that is thus exercised, that has been warmed with this zeal, will soar the more lightly to this mansion which is its true country; and its flight will be the more expeditious, if, while it is in the prison of the body, it sallies abroad, and detaches itself as much as possible from its confinement, and in the contemplation of those objects that are without it. As to the souls of those who, devoted to sensuality and enslaved by pleasure, have for the gratification of their passions, violated all the laws of God and man, such souls after their separation continue crawling in the mire of earth; and are not readmitted here until after many ages of pain and woe." He disappeared, and I awoke.

The "Erl-King" and the "Fisher."

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.*

THE FISHERMAN.

The water rushed, the water swole
An angler by it lay
And watched his cork—with quiet soul—
Upon the surges play:
And as he sat and pondered there
He saw the flood divide:
And lo! a maid with streaming hair
Rose up from out the tide!

She sang to him, she spake to him
Why tempt my brood beneath,
With human will and human guile
Up to a burning death?
Ah! did'st thou know how happy are
The little fish that play
Below, thoud'st leave thy world of care
And dwell with us for aye!

Sink not the moon and much-loved sun
Down in the quiet sea—

* All that these new versions of such well-known lyrics have to recommend them is the literal nature of the translation.

And from the waves, their race begun,
Rise doubly fair to thee!
Do not the heavens so deep and pure—
The moist blue-gleaming sky—
Doth thine own countenance not lure
To dews that never die?*

The water rushed, the water swole.
It bathed his naked feet,
A faint delight poured on his soul
As when the loved ones meet!
She spake to him, she sung to him,
(He heard the torrent roar)
She clung to him, she sung to him,
And he was seen no more!

THE EARL-KING.

Who gallops so fast through the night-wind wild
A father it is with his tender young child,
Tight round the child is his stalwart arm
And he wraps him more closely to keep his limbs warm.

"My boy thou art pale! to my arm why dost cling?"
"Father! and dost thou not see the Erl-King!
The dread Erlie-King with his crown and his train!"
"My boy it is nought but the shadowy rain."

"Dear child, sweet child! wilt thou go with me?
Such beautiful games I will play with thee!
So many bright flowers bloom on that shore!
Such robes has my mother of golden ore!"

"My father! my father! and dost thou not hear
The promises Erlie-King breathes in my ear!"
"Calm thee, my little son, be at thy ease
'Tis only the whistling wind in the trees."

"Darling, sweet darling, thou'lt go now with me?
Thy servants my beautiful daughters shall be—
They shall swim in the dance for my dear one's delight,
And shall rock thee and sing thee to sleep every night."

"My father, my father! and see'st thou not there
Erlie-King's daughters float by on the air?"
"My child, my child! I can see on the way
Nought but the old waving willow so gray."

"I love thee! thy sweet face has seized on my heart
And willing or not, boy, the Erl-King's thou art!"
"My father, my father! the Erlie-King's hold
Has chilled me and killed me! I'm cold—I'm cold."†

The father, with groans, gallops fast, terror-wild—
To his heart gathers closer the cold sobbing child—
He came to his castle—he shuddered with dread—
He looked—in his arms lay the little child dead.

L. I. L.

* *Ew'gen Thau.*

† *Erl-könig hat mir ein Leids gethan.*

AN OLD FRENCH TOWN.

(COPIED FROM MY JOURNAL.)

Dijon—200 Miles from Paris, July 11. 1851.—As I came out of Paris, I could not help experiencing a feeling of sorrow, as I thought I would see it again *nevermore*. I took off my hat as I passed the Tuilleries, and strained my eyes with a last gaze at the dome of the Pantheon and the towers of Notre Dame: of the Place de la Concorde and the Madeleine, I had previously taken a more deliberate and solemn adieu. I should like to indite in prose or rhyme, as best I might, a farewell to this city, in some respects the wouffullest on earth. But I have no time now; there is no opportunity of making up arrears in a journal, for on a tour as rapid as this, he must be very diligent who, by short notes, can keep abreast of his subject.

We left Paris at half-past ten. The railway was very good, but the rate of travel is slow, and therefore the better for travellers who wish to see the country. Some of the features of a country you take in better by railway travelling, than by any mode more leisurely. You have before you a slow-moving panorama, which presenting whole views at once, gives impressions more general indeed, but at the same time more distinct than when you receive them in detail.

It was delightful to get out into the country after having been pent up in Paris. No one knows the loveliness of verdure, and the endearing features of nature, till his vision has been long starved by the sight of brick and mortar around, above, and beneath. How sweet the air came over the wide fields, to us who had often been prying about the stifling alleys of the Latin Quarter! The day was of delightful temperature, and the weather had pleasant vicissitudes. Now a dark looking cloud would gather and pass away with nothing more than a pattering shower, and then the sun would shine out to be presently withdrawn again. The season of the year is the most favorable one for scenic effect. The grain crop is just ripening—(this surprised me, as I thought that in this part of France the season would be in advance of that of Virginia, and our harvest is over before this time,)—and its golden hue contrasts beautifully with the green of the vines, sometimes deep and sometimes pale. The grass for the most part is cut, and is standing with a most home-like look in haystacks;—you cannot give the honest haystack a foreign look—or wains with four horses, one before the other, are carrying it home—or men are mowing, and troops of laborers, mostly women with broad-brimmed straw hats, are making the

hay. So, too, they are working in the rows of the vineyards, binding the vines to the sticks which support them. A vineyard is not in appearance what I had supposed. It looks very much like a field of Lima beans, or hops upon short poles. The vines are very thickly planted, and are cut down nearly to the ground every year. The ploughing is done by four horses harnessed *tandem*, and the plough is aided by a large wheel, or wheels attached in front to the beam. The characteristics of the scenery, are absence of woods, and of all enclosures, minute subdivisions of the land, and the abundant cultivation of the vine. The valleys for the most part are given up to the growing of wheat and oats; the crops are good and of a most surprising uniformity in quality, but I saw none that seemed to be very remarkable for yield. I looked round with the hope of seeing growing some Indian corn, but I met with none. (After all, there is no crop equal to it: in the list of American blessings—I mean those peculiar to America, I set down first liberty, second cotton, and third Indian corn.) The hills are for the most part conical, swelling up bold and steep, but sometimes two hills will slope towards each other and enclose a lovely recess, or what is expressed by the Latin word *sinus*. The hills are cultivated to their summits, in vineyards interstriped with grain or other growth, and from the variety and contrast of their ribbon-like colours, are indescribably beautiful. As we approached Dijon, the country became much more hilly than before, and reminded me so strongly of home, that it made me melancholy. The thought came over me, that I might die away here in a foreign land. How many miles intervene between me and home, and I am adding to the distance at the rate of 200 miles a day. The streams that we have been crossing flow into the Atlantic, and we are now just at the head of those emptying into the Mediterranean. “Messieurs, voulez vous bien avoir la complaisance de descendre à diner—le diner est prêt?” What an interruption! And could any other than a French servant give notice in so graceful a manner, that dinner was ready? What an old looking place this Dijon is! with its stone houses, tile roofs, and tile steps and floors. There is a sort of variegated tiling here, which has a very singular appearance; it looks as if the roof were oil-cloth of the gayest colours, and of a very large pattern. The house we are in, Hotel de la Cloche, has two courts, and curious balustrades, and stairways. The landlady, (I have hardly ever seen a *landlord* any where in France,) is smiling and everything but pretty, the servants exceedingly polite, and the dinner better than the landlady and the servants put together. We met with two gentle-

men and a lady, Americans, who could not speak a word of French. The lady said she understood French *except the pronunciation*. It is surprising how many people are mistaken as to their ability to hold a conversation in a foreign tongue. A plague upon all liars!—meaning to include in this gentle anathema, all that pretend to teach in any small given number of lessons, all that one needs, or indeed, any thing that is of service. We could not get on to-day by the regular conveyances, and of irregular there seemed to be none. So we agreed to remain here a single day, not, indeed, unwillingly, as we wished to see at our leisure, this first-rate specimen of an antique French town, the former capital of Burgundy, when Burgundy stood next the throne and close to it. We visited first the museum, where there are some remarkable remnants of the middle ages; among them the tombs of Philippe le Hardi, and Jean sans Peur, his son. These monuments are chiefly remarkable for the figures in alabaster which support them, (about 40 to each monument.) representing a procession of monks in grief at the death of their master. A writer says of them—“All are represented as mourners, but with the most skilful variety of feeling—one in all the anguish of grief; a second equally afflicted, but tranquilly resigned; and a third stupified with sorrow—all as true as if you had the convent before you. The draperies are admirable, and whether we consider the goodness of the design or the skill of the execution, we confess that it would be hardly possible to rival at the present day, the skill of Claus Sluter the Dutchman, for he was the artist.” They are indeed exquisitely wrought. Some of the figures, whose faces as well as every part of the body, are entirely concealed by their cowls and frock, yet express most powerfully their emotions by their attitudes and the adjustment of their garments. What, however, most interested me in this room, was an exceedingly well-executed statue of Bossuet, who was a native of Dijon. In an adjoining room I saw copies executed by a skilful artist of the Apollo Belvidere and of the Venus de Medicis. I have hitherto seen only casts of them, and I suppose that I shall never see the original statues; and therefore I examined these with the greater attention. The Apollo is tall—I should say about six feet and an inch. The limbs are not large, a little bow-legged, with long arms, and the least trifle in the world corpulent. The countenance, though handsome-featured, is inexpressive. I remember reading a description of the original by a German writer, in which he speaks of the flush of victory suffusing his brow just after he had slain the Python, but I saw nothing of this in the copy. The Venus is of medium height, waist not taper, but of

good size, and not long—a little bit knock-kneed; her neck is tapering, and beautifully set on her shoulders, and her head as well set on her neck; her breasts are prominent and rather largish; her hands and feet finely shaped, but not very small. There is not the slightest expression of passion, or even voluptuousness about her. It is by no means as captivating as the Greek Slave. These statues are mere copies, it is true; but yet, as they have been executed by good artists, with great care, upon accurate admeasurement, they doubtless give some good idea of the originals. They disappointed me. So did the veritable specimens of ancient sculpture that I saw in the Louvre. Indeed the feeling grows upon me that the moderns are superior to the ancients. I have long been of this opinion with regard to literature: there is of course no comparison in the experimental sciences and in works of utility, and I now begin to think that in architecture, sculpture and painting, the moderns are fully their equals. I have seen no statues elsewhere that I admired, as I did some in the Crystal Palace, and no stained glass like the gallery there. In this last particular, however, I am comparing the moderns with the mediæval artists. In the same room with the statues already mentioned, I saw one of the Gladiator, which I like better than that of the Apollo. It is shorter, stouter, more muscular, and every way more expressive. We went to the church of Notre Dame, and that of La Flecke, the latter so called, from the arrow-like appearance of its tall spire. These churches are ancient and striking specimens of the Gothic style, but I did not see any thing in their structure particularly noteworthy. All the Gothic churches that I have seen, are very much alike. A main nave divided into three aisles, by two rows of columns that run along its length; these are sometimes plain pillars, as in Notre Dame, and sometimes beautifully clustered columns, as at St. Denis. The centre aisle is of course the body of the church, with the grand altar at one end and the organ at the other. There are no pews, but the space is occupied and very much disfigured, by a great number of the plainest and ugliest straw-bottomed chairs that ever I saw. The side aisles are divided into chapels, and contain the pictures and confessionals. From the top of the columns spring the ribs of the groined arches of the ceiling, meeting usually in the centre of the roof. Sometimes on a level with the top of the columns, there runs around a small colonnade, or gallery, making a succession of openings or small niches. At the hour for service usually is found a small collection of worshippers, who dip their fingers, going and departing, into the holy water found at the entrance in two vessels, which very commonly are large

specimens of a peculiar sea-shell. In one of the churches in Paris. (St. Sulpice I think,) are two shells of this sort, said to be the largest in the world. Ah, but this holy water is dirty! It looks stagnant, and is full of dust, to say nothing of the cleansings of an untold number of unclean fingers dipped into it. The worshippers are for the most part serious, and many of them seem devout. I have not seen any thing that looked like the worshipping of images. I saw in this church at Dijon, a company of about 40 pleasant looking boys, sitting together near the railing, who told me upon enquiring, that there was to be an exercise in the catechism. I resolved to tarry a little and hear it, for it is the first instance, (and it proved to be the only one,) that, in the multitude of Catholic churches that I have visited, I have met with any thing that pretended to be designed for instruction. Their ordinary service is not only unintelligible, as being in a dead language not understood by the worshippers, but is inaudible, because of the size of the buildings, the reverberation of the least sounds, and the low and rapid mumbling of the performing priests. Presently the priest appeared on the other side of the railing, and instantly the boys kneeled on their chairs and said a short prayer, the priest doing the same. He then commenced his instructions, sitting in his chair. He told them that on former occasions he had given them instruction as to two other sacraments, baptism and confession, (I believe,) and that he would instruct them as to confirmation, its nature, the disposition proper for receiving it, and its effects when properly received. The counsel seemed sound, and his manner was most earnest and affectionate. When he had made his little exhortation, he called upon one of the boys, who rose and repeated the answer to the first question in a fluent manner, and then the priest proceeded to examine him in detail, very much in the way that I have heard the shorter catechism examined on. My prejudices against the Catholics are diminishing, as I see their devotion at worship, and especially when I look upon the countenances of some of the Sisters of Charity, whose kindness and self-abnegation cannot be doubted, nor their purity impeached. And yet I am but the more convinced that many of their doctrines are not only erroneous, but anti-Christian, that their service is in itself an insincere formality, that their priesthood as a body are corrupt and immoral, and that the effects of the long-continued influence of this religion are manifest and devastating. I think that the rural priesthood and rural population, must be more virtuous than that of the cities.

We went to Salons, a remarkable eminence not far from Dijon, from the summit of which we

had a view of the surrounding, or rather underlying country, champaign, and variegated with vineyards and grain fields now yellow for the harvest. The horizon showed in the far off distance the Jura mountains. How varied is the beauty of the works of nature! Uniformity will mark the works of man, let him attempt as he may to disguise it. Castles, temples, pictures, statues, how have they ravished my senses with their magnificence and beauty!—but they are alike—I look over them now much quicker than I did at first, because I detect under different combinations the identical forms of beauty that I have seen elsewhere. But not so with nature. There is even in objects of the same class, an absolute diversity that makes every new object a novelty. Lake Leman and Loch Lomond, how different from each other, and both from our own great lakes. Yon Jura mountains, how they call aloud to my heart, because they remind me of my own loved Blue Ridge—and yet they are not alike. I have sailed on the Rhine, and stood gazing into the ultra-marine depths of the Rhone as it rushes forth from Lake Geneva, and how different they are from the Hudson, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. I have seen lovely cultivated landscapes in Kentucky, but not like those of England; and I have seen the wide spread prairies of the West, but nothing did I ever see before like the plains of Burgundy. What incredible diversity meets the traveller and draws forth his heart in wondering admiration for the Creator of all. Different lands, tongues, trees, flowers, birds, animals, by sea and on land, all different—nothing the same, but the sky above, and the God above the sky.

To-morrow at half-past three in the morning, we start in a diligence for Geneva. Baptiste is to rouse us. Capital fellow is Baptiste. At half-past two he called us up, gave us breakfast, supplied us with *provisions de voyage*, and at four we sat off in the diligence for Geneva, which we were to reach, and did actually reach, at six the same evening—121 miles in 14 hours, pretty good driving, counting in the long ascent in crossing the Jura mountains. A diligence is like an omnibus, holding from twelve to seventeen persons, and divided, the smaller ones into two, the larger into three compartments, entirely separated, the one from the other, so that no communication is possible between the occupants of them severally. The first division is called the *Coupé*, holds three persons, is comfortable rather, though confined, has an indifferent look-out, and is higher priced than the others. This was occupied Dr. A. M. N., a Chaplain in the navy, and myself. The other compartments are called *Intérieur* and the *Rond*, besides which there is on the top a covered space, called the *banquette*,

which accommodates two or three persons, and on the larger sort of diligences, still another in rear, and on top, being a sort of dickey. The diligence is drawn by four horses ordinarily, but whenever we had to pass over a stage road more hilly than usual, we had five horses, the three leaders being harnessed abreast. The horses for the most part, are quite common-looking, stout, but heavy, and as dirty as if the curry-comb was an obsolete idea. Nothing could look more slovenly than their harness, of which it may suffice to say that among all the teams that we used, I was never able to find a pair of harness exactly alike. Even when uniformity was attempted, there would be some difference apparent, but ordinarily no pretence was made, of securing even similarity—one horse would have a collar, and the one next him would be working without any—one would have chain traces—another leather, and a third ropes. The reins held by the driver, were long thongs of untanned leather. Yet these horses drew along the lumbering vehicle at an average of more than nine miles an hour. The stages, it is true, were not more than five or six miles each, but they went at a gallop up hill and down. Our route led us at first through, I suppose, the widest and most fertile, cultivated expanse that ever I saw; indeed, I did not think that in the old world were to be found such rivals of our western prairies. The road passes right through the midst, with the grain growing up to the very wheel tracks. There are no enclosures, fences, or hedges, to mark out the limits of the innumerable little properties—few trees, no side roads, and hardly paths. It would seem as if from the time of sowing, until that of securing the crop, they never entered upon the ground with any kind of wagon; thus every inch was cultivated, and contrasted strongly with the fields in England, where so much ground is lost in hedges, ditches, roads, and byways. Wheat was the principal crop, and although I have seen in our country single fields with a heavier yield, I never saw any considerable extent of land that would give any thing like as high an average. I saw but little grass, except along some small streams that we crossed, where the ground was evidently too wet for grain. The clover and lucerne that I saw them cutting, was not as good as I have often seen at home. The agriculturists do not live in farm houses, but in little villages, where the houses, built of stone in heavy walls, and covered with thatch so old that moss is growing and blooming on it, are crowded together with heaps of filth before the doors. The villages have narrow, dirty streets, and seem to be intended to be the closest imitation possible of the worst parts of a city. It seems surprising that people should prefer living in these close quarters, to having a nice, quiet little home, with a garden and play-ground for the children. I suppose that this habit of living is owing to something connected with the former tenure of the land, and to the fact that in early violent times, the inhabitants gathered together for protection. They likewise, in this way, economise ground, which is of course very precious. What cattle, cows, horses, sheep or hogs are allowed to graze, are herded—generally by the children, lads, and girls, and the little ones who are taken that they may be *minced* at the same time with the cattle. I have often seen very domestic looking, and happy little circles; for they sit together on some suitable spot, and huddle close to talk—a little dog generally makes one of the group. I never saw any one with a book or paper in their hands. Yet at Dijon I was informed by more than one person, that the laboring population, with rare exceptions could read and write. They look healthy and contented, and sufficiently well dressed. Their clothing, though plain, is suitable and decent, and never ragged, except in a few cases of beggary or something near it. The women wear immense straw hats, comfortable gowns, of which the fashion is to be rather short, and blue stockings fitting close around their tidy ankles. They wear, very generally, the *sabot*, or wooden shoe, which is unseemly, and I should think uncomfortable, but it certainly protects the feet very well. The men in the fields, and those driving carts, of which we met a great many, are clothed quite as well as laboring white men with us. The children were, without exception, comfortable looking. As to their food, I can only judge by their ruddy countenances and their well-developed frames, men and women, though they are not of a large size. There is no doubt that they eat less meat than do our laborers North and South; but this will not establish that their condition is below that of laborers in America, any more than it would be true to suppose that their repasts, at which a bottle of wine is always found, are equal to those in our country which have the same accompaniment. Each country must be estimated with reference to its own productions. Meat is cheap with us, and wine is cheap here; that our laborers have an abundance of meat, and that these have an abundant supply of wine, is undoubted, but a comparison of the mode of subsistence of the two respectively, would demand a much more extensive investigation.

The absence of farm buildings, and of enclosures, gave to the country the appearance of being owned by one mighty lord, but hardly a *chateau* was to be seen, and very little of any thing to testify to the existence of an aristocracy, either of birth or wealth; herein every thing

being in striking contrast with England. The country has nothing of that sort of beauty which is the glory of English scenery; lawns and parks, groves, hedgerows, fine cattle and sheep. This is a beautiful country, but beautiful mainly to the eye of the agriculturist, who must admire the world of wealth with which these wide-stretching plains abound. And yet no one can be insensible to the beauty as such merely, which belongs to waving grain, checkered here and there by by a vineyard, a strip of potatoes, or of green sward. Bless the yellow grain, and the plain, but honest-looking Irish potatoes! No distance, or climate, or any thing else seems to affect them. Here in the midst of Burgundy, they look just as they used to do in Rockbridge, and my heart warmed at the sight of them.

I was struck with the way they work oxen here, or cows, for both are here subjected to the yoke. They pass a band from the yoke to the head around the horns, and thus the animals draw with their heads instead of their necks, as with us. We caught to-day our first sight of Mont Blanc, it being, as we were informed, about 150 miles distant.

S. L. C.

The Burial Stone of Manhood's Prime.

BY. H. H. CLEMENTS.

Half way upon the road of life
A marble mausoleum stands;
And all that is with anguish rife
Hath there been traced by viewless hands:

It can make answer for the loss
Of hours that darkened as they flew,
And never can the gathered moss
Erase the record from the view;

Of hardness it may be the type
Of the world's judgment upon those,
Who with their tears all record wipe,
Of wrongs endured from friends and foes:

Of coldness it may represent,
The heart that laughed our love to scorn,
Or scoffed some motive kindly meant,
Before the act was fully born.

The eye that reads thy page aright,
All human history may scan,
For such from infancy to night
Hath linked the universal plan.

This marble stone doth give the sign
Of promise fair, but faith untrue;
Like fruit that clustered on the vine,
But withered slowly as it grew.

It doth restore the captive thought
Caught in its flight to endless years,—
Unchained, like Paul from prison brought,
To stand with Christ and his compeers.

One face doth watch it sad and pale,
The signs and seals of hopes to see;
Like one who gazed o'er Tempe's vale,
And viewed a pure divinity.

The airy tracery unwreathed
About its form—above, below,
Resembles what the tempest breathed
Upon the Alpine's brow of snow;

But like that snow, shall quickly fade
From nature's brow away! away!
Bearing the traces which it made
To a remoter life—Decay!

There is no death; the autumn flower
Which trembles in its frozen need,
Bears life's illimitable dower,
And scatters in the wind its seed.

Whate'er the future may provide,
Or fate's relentless mandate wills,
All stainless, may thy other side
Be free from such a train of ills.

So let thy promises release
The heart's despair—the soul's alloy,
That they at length may dwell in peace,
Like Sabine girl and Roman boy.

PINE FORK PLANTATION:

A CHRONICLE OF OLD DAYS IN THE OLD DOMINION

BY PEN INGLETON, ESQ.

I.

A VIRGINIA PLANTER.

PINE FORK was an old, huge, stone-chimneyed, swallow-haunted mansion, which stood, in the year 1680, on one of those pine-and-cypress-skirted streams, which water the county of Surry. It was built of substantial timbers, inasmuch as bricks were at that time almost wholly unknown in Virginia: its chimneys, (nearly a dozen in number,) were of stone; and you would at once have observed the peculiarity in the windows. The panes were small and diamond-shaped, the upper portion arched, and all were secured by thick, nail-studded shutters, which were evidently constructed far more with an eye to defence than beauty or convenience.

This even then ancient plantation-house was the abode of a certain worthy and estimable old gentleman, Colonel Ralph Purnell by name, his family, and some fifty or three score slaves, not to mention his "indented servants," sold into servitude for a term of years, and scarcely in any degree less slaves than the negroes. To the honor of Colonel Ralph be it said, these numer-

ous dependents of his almost baronial estate, were never heard to complain of their lot, and had you uttered in their presence the word "Christmas," or "Easter," bright visions would immediately have arisen before them of plenty, holiday and merriment. These three things are the summit of the negro's happiness, and the merriment is a consequence of the two former. Those were, indeed, happy times, and when the "whole plantation" approached the mansion playing on their rude fiddles, thrumming banjos, and rattling on tin pans and calabashes, to the tunes then in vogue, you might have easily perceived that they were wholly content, and that if they indeed wore the "chains" which figure so in rhetorical flights, those chains were wreathed with flowers—entirely concealed by them. Colonel Ralph Purnell, the master and lord of Pine Fork, was a worthy specimen of the old Virginia gentleman-farmer—but here he is before you.

It is a bright May morning, and the fresh breeze floating in through the open window is laden with the perfume of a thousand woodland flowers. Colonel Ralph is seated in a large arm-chair, in the spacious dining-room;—not an apartment, be it understood, with a rich carpet on the floor and walls covered with beautiful paper, and surrounded by a snowy cornice as in modern times; but a great room with a floor of oak; the walls of rough timber, against which spears, hunting-axes, antlers, fox-heads and guns are fixed; the ceiling of smoke-embrowned rafters, which support more than one beautifully tapering rod for ensnaring fish in the neighbouring ponds and streams, and numerous three-pronged spears for night-fishing—"gigging," as they called the sport at that time. The only approach to the decorations of our own time is in the pictures hung around the old walls:—the ancestors of the Purnell family. But after all they can scarcely be said to bear any resemblance to modern portraits—those old iron-clad chevaliers, and ruffed dames gazing down so primly on their descendants banished to the barbarian colonial life of Virginia; and the old fashions of their costume, give the walls of Pine Fork a more ancient appearance still.

Colonel Ralph is a gentleman of from fifty to fifty-five, good humored and jolly, but full of practical energy, which it requires but a glance at his well-formed mouth to perceive. There is about him, in his manner, his tone, his very gestures, much of that self-importance so often engendered—we might say so universally—by the isolated life of a wealthy country-gentleman ruling despotically, and without appeal from his decisions, over so large a number of human beings. But this is mingled with much good-

humored kindness, and would the Assembly only "mind its business," and not dictate to him, as he is accustomed to say, none under him should ever complain of their lot. This "Assembly," which acts so important a part in our day, and whose legislation is so implicitly acquiesced in, was a very different thing in 1680; and Colonel Ralph's peculiar notions on the subject are exactly those of all his compeers. He hates the name and grudges every tax imposed by it:—he takes no note of its action; he abuses it unmercifully when he is forced to know its proceedings. Colonel Ralph hates the Assembly, which very reasonably dissents from the proposition that he, or any of his brother barons, are supreme in their small kingdoms, and this important body, together with the Governor, serves him as a stalking horse for all his superfluous ill-temper.

On the identical May morning when we have taken the liberty of presenting him to the reader, the old gentleman was attentively perusing a small brownish sheet of rough paper, which bore at the top in large straggling letters, the words, "*Virginia Gazette*" and purported to be issued by a certain "Mr. John Buckner at the Berkeley Arms in James City." This was the first newspaper which had ever made its appearance in the ancient Dominion and Colony of Virginia; was strictly a court journal in character; and conscientious historians have since come to the conclusion that his excellency, Thomas Lord Culpeper only permitted it to be printed from his great desire to conciliate the colonists before fleeing them.

"Good!" exclaimed Colonel Ralph; and so suddenly, that a large negro, then engaged in setting some pine splinters in a blaze in the fireplace, opened his eyes to an immoderate width. "Here's Paul again, by my faith!"

"What! Paul Hansford—Cousin Paul?" asked a gay voice behind his chair.

"Yes, Amy; no less a personage than Mr. Paul Hansford."

"From London?" said his daughter.

"Certainly. Here is the notice of his arrival."

"Let me see," said Amy, taking the paper. "'Proclamation—ordered and decreed that all the followers of [the rebel Bacon]—pshaw! Ah! here it is. 'Among the gentlemen who arrived in the ship *Virginia*, eighty-five days from London, are Mr. Wm. Spotswood, Mr. Thomas Kildress, Mr. Paul Hansford, who has just finished, we understand his course at Oxford, and'—"

"Just finished his course at Oxford!" grumbled the old man. "No doubt he is vastly improved—not a doubt of it!"

Amy laughed rather irreverently.

"Vastly improved no doubt!" she repeated

imitating the old gentleman's grumbling tone. "Why can't we have a college at Jamestown, I should like to know?"

"A college! We have a college?"

"Certainly, papa," said Amy, seriously, "why not?"

"We have a college?" repeated the Colonel scornfully.

"Yes: have we not as good a right as any other country?"

"Right!" exclaimed her father.

"Isn't this a free country?"

"A free country!" repeated Colonel Ralph, with profound disdain; and overcome at last by rage, "a free country, say you! May the curse of heaven fall and blight such freedom as we enjoy! Freedom—free country! Oh, yes! free when we are trodden down and despised by these "Excellency's"—free, when the cursed Assembly does as it pleases with us and ours—free when men in authority may do what seems good to them! A college forsooth! You do not know what my Lord Berkeley said before the Commissioners: 'There are no schools or printing presses in Virginia, and will not be I hope these hundred years; for knowledge brings disobedience, and discontent with the best government.' That's what our new master too would say. Right! Free country! College! pah! with our rights trampled on, our best men ruined for their virtues, Bacon poisoned"—

"Poisoned, papa?"

"Yes, poisoned! and would to heaven this smooth Lord Governor heard me. Poisoned! and that because he was a man, not a serf! What an age do we live in—we freeborn English gentlemen! "Right," "freedom"—they are names, what more? "Right," when we are fleeced and cheated—when, if we ask redress, we are laughed at for our pains; "right," when we are allowed no printing presses in the land; "right," when we have no journals but this miserable, cringing, obsequious,—aping!"

And Colonel Ralph, with flushed face and fiery eyes, hurled the unhappy, *Virginia Gazette* upon the blazing faggots in the fireplace, where in an instant it was consumed. At this exploit Amy clapped her hands and burst out laughing very irreverently, declaring her father to be a roundhead more fiery than the fiercest cavalier.

"I will no longer read the miserable, sawing affair!" said the old gentleman, indignantly moving about in his seat.

"What then will you read, papa?"

"Nothing."

"And what of the news?"

"There is none but some new extortion of

the Governor, some new injustice or presumption of the Assembly: pah!"

"Extortion of the Governor! Why were you not one of the followers of the rebel, Bacon?"

"Was I! What mean you?"

"Why here is a fine proclaimed on all such: now"—

"You mean I am not mentioned, do you baggage?"

"You have not been fined."

"Wait! it is morning, but not day yet, as the saying runs. I am not forgotten."

And the old gentleman raised his head proudly.

"Well, well," said Amy, coquettishly twisting round her taper fingers, a curl of her long sunny hair, and rattling the key basket which hung upon her bare round arm, "well, papa, no more politics: but you are going to send for Paul? He will be a great acquisition, you know."

"Hum—I am far from being as certain of that, and as pleased as you seem to be."

Amy tossed her head.

"I care anything for his visit," she said.

"Well then we agree," answered the planter. "These young gentlemen come back with their lordly airs, so fine, and polished, and elegant in everything, that simple plantation life is not good enough for them, far too rude for their aristocratic stomachs. A fig for such popinjays!"

"Why, papa, you went yourself," said Amy, laughing; "are you describing your own case?"

"Pshaw!" said the old gentleman, a little put out at the recollection of his early extravagances—"nonsense! I hope I had better taste."

"But Paul was such a fine fellow," said Amy, with the utmost indifference; "I remember him perfectly."

"Yes, yes," grumbled Colonel Ralph, "the devil take your fine fellows! Take care his fine conceits don't impose on your inexperienced nature, Mistress Amy!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the young girl, disdainfully.

"Ha—what now?" said the old gentleman, with a smile. "What say you?"

"The idea of my falling in love with him!"

"You mean that Master Paul had better take care himself, eh?" said the old planter, laughing gaily, while surveying with a glance of pride and affection his beautiful daughter—"he is as much in danger as yourself, eh, Mistress Amy—though he is some twenty-five or six, you but eighteen?"

"I meant nothing of the sort, papa," she replied, with a pout. "I don't want to marry Mr. Paul Hansford."

"Who is the chosen one then—Ned Jones?"

"Ned!" exclaiming Amy, clapping her hands.

"What! that walking lexicon and law book? Save me! I'd rather die an old maid!"

"Ned's a fine, honest fellow, though, Amy, and"—

"Certainly, papa, but"—

"But me no buts; you shall marry him!"

"I will not!"

"Little baggage!"

"A fig for your legal popinjays!" said Amy, in a pompous tone, and imitating the planter's manner; they think a simple country girl is too unimportant to be amused; and they talk of *cognovits*, *writs*, *retraxits*, entails, remainders and fee simples, like veritable parrots!"

"Go to!" said the old planter. "Rosin!"

Rosin, an old and aristocratic looking negro, with a white head, and a burly figure clad in an ancient suit of his master's, rose from the corner near the buffet, where he was polishing a silver tankard.

"Breakfast!" said his master.

Rosin bowed respectfully; then going to the door opening toward the kitchen, "Breakfast!" he said, in a commanding and magisterial voice, to some half-dozen negroes lounging about the steps.

Rosin himself brought forth the great round of beef, and his myrmidons hastened to cover the broad board with platters, pitchers of milk, broils, hominy, and every adjunct of a substantial plantation breakfast.

"Where are Jack and Lory?" said the Colonel.

Rosin drew himself up. "Mas Jack, he in bed, sir," the old negro replied with dignity.

"In bed is he—at this hour?"

"I tell him it was late," said Rosin, "but he fling whip at my head, and abuse me, sir."

"The rascal! if I was there with that horse-whip, I'd wake him and abuse him in another manner. Where is Lory?"

"Mas Lory gone away, sir."

"Gone where?"

"I disremember 'zactly what he say, sir, but I think he tell me he goin' to ten' his traps."

"Ah! what's bred in the bone will come out of the flesh. But go and see if Jack is awake: lying in bed when every one is up!"

"It's no use," said the lazy voice of that gentleman himself; "I'm up, and hungry to-boot. My appendages, respected progenitor and amiable sister," continued he, fidgeting his long and black moustache, "are, I know, in an unrepresentable state, but pardon me. Rosin, hand me that broil before the Colonel: he is about to help himself, I see, to the best portion." And Mr. Jack Purnell sat down.

II.

A PLANTATION BREAKFAST.

It was a cheerful and pleasant picture which the sun, scattering its bright and beautiful rays across the hills and streams, lit up that morning at Pine Fork. The hale old planter, with his broad, open brow, grey mustache, bold, lofty bearing, and stalwart form, clad in the rich costume of the period;—his beautiful daughter, whose whole figure was illumined by the golden sunbeams which fell on her pale yellow hair, and on whom her father cast, from time to time, glances full of admiration and pride, as on some fair jewel one is blessed with;—lastly, Mr. Jack Purnell, with his handsome, though somewhat listless face, and his rich surcoat of many colors—these personages, with the back ground of the old brown walls, with their spears and antlers and portraits, formed a picture which had in it much that was pleasant and agreeable to look upon.

"Your laziness has lost you the news, Master Jack," said the old planter. "I hope hereafter you will come down in a reasonable time—for your own sake, if not for our own."

"Lost me the news," said his son, with his mouth full: "how so?"

"See! there are the mortal remains of the *Virginia Gazette*."

"And what was the news, respected governor—nothing, I suppose, as usual, but 'Proclamation of his Excellency.'"

"Yes, the ship 'Virginia' has arrived."

"Well."

"And guess who came from London,—no from Oxford," said Amy, correcting herself.

"From Oxford? What!—Paul!"

"Yes: Paul."

The young man whistled.

"What is that for now?" said the old gentleman; "you are going to abuse the boy I should say."

"No, not abuse him—but there's nothing in him; I always said there was nothing in Paul."

"Come now, Jack," said Amy, "you shall not abuse Paul; are you not ashamed!"

The young man looked at his sister. "Were you engaged when the hopeful saint left us some years back, my dear?"

"Impudence! To presume to say I cared for Paul," cried Amy, while the old planter laughed heartily at this set-to between the young girl and his promising son, "I only wish you were as good as he was when he went away; you never were as polite or kind to me as Paul, and you know it Jack."

The young man put a knuckle in his eye—

"Unfeeling sister," he said, "to hurt the feelings of her own affectionate brother!"

"Never mind," said Amy, tossing her head, "when Paul comes you will see what an elegant fellow he is."

"Elegant fellow!"

"How much he is improved by his travels, and"—

"I want you to let me talk!" cried her brother in despair. "I am overwhelmed, beat; I give up. Shall I say enough?"

Amy shook her head at him, as much as to say she would be even with him yet.

"I wished to inform my respected progenitor," continued Jack Purnell, "that I was going to Jamestown to-day at any rate, and would carry any message to Paul."

"To Jamestown?" said his father. "For what, Master Jack? To get some new law books."

"Oh, fudge!" said the young man, drumming with his fingers, and much annoyed at this allusion to his indolence.

"I must send you to England, Jack: there really is no field here for such tremendous talents, learning and application as you possess."

"I say Rosin!—order my horse to be saddled."

"Where are you going—to Jamestown?"

"No: but you are all so disagreeable here, that really"—

"He's going to see May Jones," said Amy. "he won't deny it."

"Yes, I am. I promised her I would come this week, and considering what an affection for your humble servant, a certain young lady in that quarter has"—

The young scapegrace finished his sentence with a twist of his moustache and an air so conceited, that it nearly brought a storm upon his devoted head from Amy, whose particular friend Mary was.

"Affection is there?" said the Colonel. "Reciprocated of course?"

"The liking, sir, is mutual."

"When's the marriage to take place?"

"With Miss Mary?"

"Yes, you rascal."

"It's all arranged for the thirty-first of June. But enough, respected sir, for once. I am going to Jamestown."

"For Paul?"

"Yes."

"What horse will you ride?"

"Whitefoot—by-the-bye, where is Lory?"

"Gone to see to his traps, I suppose."

"Traps, eternally traps! Why that boy must have a hunting and trapping fever."

"His nature is such," said the old planter musingly; "a strange nature in that and many things. You know how this little Indian boy became a member of the family. Found half-dead after that terrible combat we had in '70 with the Tuscaroras. It was in Hawk Hollow over there—did you know that before?—and Lory was then eight years old, as nearly as I could guess. You were away then?"

"But I have made Lory's acquaintance since, and I must say he *does* play a first rate fiddle-bow, though his fancy is too mournful; such slow Indian airs!"

"Ah! he has much to grieve for," said Colonel Ralph thoughtfully; "much that you know nothing of."

"He's a splendid hand at backing a colt, and the only fault I have to find with him is, that I am sometimes afraid he is going to bite me."

"Bite you?" said Amy.

"Yes. It was only the other day I said to him, 'Lory where did that funny red mark on your arm come from—what is the meaning of that double-headed arrow?' 'That is my name', he answered proudly. 'I am an Indian—don't speak ill of the Indians.' Speak ill of the Indians!" cried the young man;—"the very idea of praising them! But then Lory is a good fellow, and why make him blaze up and look as if he was going to spring upon you with that long hunting knife at his girdle? I have seen his eyes glow and flash like fire, when persons have spoken ill of the Tuscaroras."

"His tribe," said Colonel Ralph, "though now none I believe are left in these parts."

"I love Lory dearly," said Amy.

"And here he is," said the Colonel, looking through the window. "Rosin, my pipe, riding-whip, and hat!"

And they rose from the breakfast table.

III.

THE INDIAN, LORY.

Amy ran out to meet the Indian, and exclaimed, clapping her hands gaily, "Oh! what a sight!" She had some reason for saying that Lory presented that appearance usually designated by the phrase in question.

He was mounted on a little rough-coated Indian pony, not more than half the size of an ordinary horse, with a long mane, ever-moving ears and diabolical looking eyes. Across the saddle, in front of him, the Indian carried a young and well-fleshed doe, or rather it hung suspended there, not "larding the lean earth," but leaving all along the road a trail of blood, streaming from a wound just beneath the eye where the

ball had entered. He carried in his right hand a long rifle, and from a hickory hough which crossed his shoulders, hung a dozen opossums, hares and squirrels.

Lory himself was a young man of eighteen or nineteen, tall, supple, and vigorous, but very slender. The copper tinge of the Indian blood was less distinct in his complexion than might have been expected, and his long, black hair, slightly undulated, falling on his shoulders. His face was more sedate than animated, and his dreamy, twilight eye, seemed to be fixed at times on other and far-away scenes.

Lory's position at Pine Fork was rather anomalous in its character. He was an Indian—that is, one of an abhorred race—the child of a hostile and wandering people; yet the old planter treated him as a son, and had afforded him every facility for acquiring knowledge and cultivating his mind;—had here indeed acted towards him like a most tender father. The consequences of this civilized culture from eight to eighteen—during ten years that is to say—was a nature half Indian and barbarous, half white and well-informed:—full of the most singular anomalies.

It would require a most delicate pencil to delineate the relations existing between Amy and Lory—as far as the young girl's feelings went. As to Lory, he was irredeemably in love with his girl playmate. He was an Indian after all in heart, and the bold, determined, buoyant nature of Amy had impressed him more strongly than a more gentle and unshrinking character could have done. While she looked upon him as scarcely more than a playmate, and certainly would have laughed heartily (though that proves nothing,) had you told her she “cared for” Lory:—with him his love was his life.

He dreamed of it on moonlight nights, when the tall pines were bathed in silver, and the far-off river glittered like a sunlit scimitar;—he told it to the air in the deep pine forests, on sun-flooded hill tops, and in glooming valleys. It was a fairy vision of hope and happiness to him when lying in the shade he dreamed away the long, slow, golden afternoons. It never left him in the wildest deer chase, and the remembrance of Amy, of the very shadow of the curl upon her cheek would make his bounding blood bound faster still. All the energies of his strange, wild nature betrayed themselves in his passionate love: in Amy's presence he forgot the world, convention, everything around him; and saw but her in the wide universe. A word from her would send him further, make him undergo more hardships than you would dream of: his whole being was subservient to the young girl's, and there seemed to radiate from her form—her presence,—a strange, magnetic influence, which took his

reason prisoner. It was more than love; it was infatuation.

Yet Lory had never told this love in words—scarcely in looks and sighs. This tenderness for the young girl, and his assiduous efforts to comply with all, even her slightest, wishes, were looked upon by all, perhaps by Amy too, as springing purely from their long intimacy, as brother and sister:—no one as yet had said that Lory, the Indian boy, loved Amy, the daughter of the wealthy Colonel Ralph, his protector.

“Perhaps by Amy too.” Here there is nothing with certainty to be predicated. Whether or not the young girl looked on her Indian playmate, as any thing more than brother and friend, must ever remain a mystery; though after events would seem to indicate that Lory occupied at least a different position in her life. Amy, perhaps, could not have told you herself; how much more difficult, then, or rather how impossible to speak with certainty on the point.

Lory bent his eyes tenderly on the little white hand laid upon the pony's mane;—then in his deep, sad, Indian tones, said,

“Here is a doe for Amy.”

“Poor thing! what did you kill it for? it looks so pitiful.”

The Indian smiled gravely.

“It was written on bark,” he said, “from the beginning of the world. Lory was to kill the doe this morning, always.”

“The devil, Lory!” cried Jack; “your doctrine is damnable heresy—heresy, heresy, my dear fellow: not orthodox. This is the predestination idea, eh, governor?”

“You had better be studying the record in Gay and Blondil, instead of disputing on religious dogmas,” said the old gentleman puffing at his pipe for a few moments before riding over his estate, “Let Lory's religious opinions alone.”

“Hear him, said Jack; “just hear him. He tells me to go studying Gay and Blondil this fine May morning, and it not coming on till next October. Really the fathers of the present day are unreasonable to that extent, that—halloo, Lory! take care of that devil!”

This exclamation was drawn from the young man by a very simple circumstance. Amy had placed one of her delicate slippers on the foot of the Indian, and with no other assistance but his hand, vaulted up behind him. Then laughing gleefully, she made Lory spur his pony to a gallop, and they both disappeared on the fantastic little animal in the fresh-leaved and dewy forest. What a sight was it! The doe stretched across the saddle, the long oak bough over the Indian's shoulder full of opossums and squirrels, Lory with his grave face and dreamy eyes, Amy with her long yellow curls rippling round her face

like a golden cloud blown upon by the wind, and last, not least, the diabolical little animal, rearing and tossing his head from side to side at every fresh burst of laughter—nothing could be imagined more singular.

In the winding wood-road, they very nearly ran over a gentleman and lady, who were leisurely approaching on horseback the mansion of Pine Fork.

"Goodness!" cried the lady, reigning up.

"It's me—Amy," cried the young girl, laughing; "howd'ye May! Turn back, Lory."

IV.

MR. HUSKAT, INDIAN POST-MASTER.

Mary Jones (it was no less a personage than herself) was accompanied, as we have said, by a gentleman who was generally known, simply as "Ned." A family tradition only alleged that his name was Edward Jones. This gentleman was her brother, and an ardent lover and practitioner of the law.

Miss Mary was a young lady of undeniable "style": her cheeks were red, her lips carnation, her teeth dazzling, and her hair and eyes like the raven's wing. Her seat in the saddle was easy and graceful, and her appearance altogether decidedly attractive. With these few words, we dismiss this meritorious young lady who is not destined to play an important part in our narrative—though she certainly did in the annals of the Purnell family; since she became in after-times, Mistress Mary Purnell, or if the reader prefers it, Mistress Jack Purnell.

The visitors were received with much cordiality by Colonel Ralph, who then betook himself to the affairs of his estate; and by Jack Purnell, who was much pleased to find that he could enjoy Miss Mary's society, without the trouble of a five mile's ride. There was soon much gossiping of neighborhood matters; discussions of marriages, and deaths and absences; then some little political conversation:—much speculation, whether his Excellency was really about to enforce the law on the subject of the "followers of Bacon"; much bantering of Jack Purnell for losing a case of great interest at the last court; and many remarks from the young ladies on the last fashions.

It happened that at the very moment that Miss Mary was laughing at Jack for his ill success in the abovementioned suit, her brother Ned was giving Amy a long and minute account of a case involving the decision of a new and important principle, which he had recently gained.

Carried away by the interest he felt in the "point," Mr. Ned Jones was branching out into a little speech, to the great annoyance of Jack, who "hem'd," and endeavored to change the subject. But the enthusiastic lawyer continued: Amy, laughing in her sleeve, and encouraging her visitor with signs of fresh interest whenever he paused. At last, it became intolerable, and seeing from Amy's laughing face, that she was taking her revenge:

"I say Ned," said the young man, "stop that prosy law-talking, and tell Mistress Amy something about the last frill, or the new arrangement of the hair upon the forehead. She can't appreciate your scientific distinctions between contingent remainders and executory devises, though the difference is simply that between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Come Miss Mary: it is a charming morning, and I know nothing that promises more pleasure than a stroll in the woods. Let us go over to Hawk Hollow, to the spring. The morning is cool, and will be for two hours yet."

"Agreed." And Lory being called from his room, where he had gone to wash the blood of the deer from his hands; Miss Mary having retired and relieved herself of her long skirt; and Jack having stuck upon his head something in the shape of a dilapidated castor, they sallied forth, and bent their steps toward the Hollow in question, where a stream, pouring between abrupt hills belted with chestnuts, cedars and stately pines, went brawling through the sunshine and shadow, over huge old mossy rocks.

Jack was in close conversation with Miss Mary, and Amy was scattering her jests and laughter for the amusement of Mr. Ned Jones and Lory. In the midst of one of her most amusing stories of some one in the neighborhood and their affairs, Mr. Ned Jones was waylaid by a certain farmer Williams, who wished him to bring suit in an interesting affair of trespass *vi et armis*, which had just taken place: and he was captured and carried away, to Amy's huge mortification. She duly resolved, then and there, never to marry a lawyer: which may or may not be a good rule, as times go. Lory and Amy locking arms, walked on slowly, therefore, and talked pleasantly.

Slowly, for the day was bright and beautiful as ever was day yet born of flowery mid-May. The air, how fresh and pure! the leaves, how tenderly green! the deep blue sky, how heart-enthraling with its swimming, snowy clouds, piled up magnificently! Lory was very happy that fair day, with Amy's little hand locked tightly in his own, and her blue eyes turned to his face at every word. He could have wished no other heaven then, but to have lived on ever

there, walking in the Spring woodland with his beloved, for all time. The happiness in his heart gave Lory's face too, a new attraction. Always handsome, and striking, his countenance now glowed with unaccustomed beauty: his lips wore a sweet, tender smile, and his soft, black eye, seemed brighter, and yet more dreamy than ever, with his happiness. Only his dreams were usually, when "envious night" had torn Amy from him, of an idealized love, of whom the young girl was part, not the whole:—now he dreamed (if the word may be used) of her alone; for she was at his side—there, close beside him, with her hand in his! and he had but to turn his eyes to see her!

Lory was awakened so to speak from his dream by the words "White Hawk!" which seemed to issue in a mysterious manner from a copse near by. This voice, which soon added to itself a presence in the shape of a quick-eyed Indian boy, respectfully informed Lory, that Mr. Muskrat, the Indian trapper, occupying, as all knew, the hut against the large stream-washed rock below them, craved there his presence for a moment. Lory was about to dismiss him with a gesture of refusal, very short and decided, when Amy interfered, and said she wished to go. Whereupon, the Indian nodded, and the boy disappeared like a shadow.

Mr. Muskrat was an old, wrinkled Indian, of seventy or eighty, who had been living in his present mansion, some score of years, and ostensibly supported himself by hunting and trapping. He was, moreover said, over and above these avocations, to practice a certain trade, which has since passed from such honest hands, into those of those of the government. In a word, his hut was the depository wherein had lain at different times, thousands of birch-bark, willow-skin or parchment letters—secret, treasonable and the like. Mr. Muskrat apprised his customers that a letter was in the post, by a certain little "Swallow-wing," lithe of limb and swift of foot. In Bacon's rebellion, it was said that the old gentleman had driven an unprecedented business, standing as he did on the White and Indian boundary—that he had embraced the occasion to raise his prices four hundred per cent—and by dint of address and maneuvering, had completely ruined a Mr. Smythe, who had established a private post, in Crauktown, a thriving village, now, alas, no more. Old, avaricious and malignant, (to the whites at least,) Muskrat lived here alone in his little cottage, hung round with fishing nets, spears, and wicker traps, not to mention the host of tawny skins—alone but for the little Swallow-wing; and if there had been ever any suspicion attached to him as an Indian fighter, and secret-agent in past years, this was dying

away and decreasing with his increasing age, and apparently feeble existence. Such was Mr. Muskrat, trapper and post-master.

He received Lory with the most extraordinary respect, far more than he vouchsafed to Amy; peremptorily refused the money offered; and sitting down in a corner, on a large pile of skins of deer, raccoons, and other forest game, seemed rapt in thought, while his keen eyes not for a moment left the young man's face.

Lory read over the discolored sheepskin on which were traced some outlandish scratches, and then laying his hand on his lips.—a gesture which Mr. Muskrat improved by stealthily touching his breast and murmuring "ough"—apologized to Amy, and left Mr. Muskrat's dwelling.

"Amy seemed surprised," he said, gently, "at this old man's manner to Lory."

"Certainly I was, I should say that you were a king and he your subject."

Lory raised his head proudly with a movement plainly unconscious.

"He knew me as a child,—my father did much for him, and they loved each other."

"Your father?"

"Red Hawk: a Tuscarora. Amy has never seen him. He was killed twenty long years ago, they tell."

"So Muskrat loves you, Lory?"

"He obeys me," said Lory, proudly: but checking himself, "Lory is able, by his father's kindness," he said, referring to Colonel Ralph, "to manage business, which could not otherwise—but this cannot be aught to Amy. Lory wishes love from no one but—"

"But whom?" said Amy, laughing.

"From—from—Amy—" murmured the young man, so low, that it was a mere whisper. Amy felt the words in her very heart, which bounded like a swollen stream.

"Well, Amy loves Lory," she said, with a merry, though plainly, a forced laugh, "and now he shall take his sister safely across the bridge!"

Amy emphasized *sister*, with a strong effort at ease and unconcern, which was the purest failure.

Lory raised his large, tender eyes, and smiled: there was much happiness in that smile!

Above them, on the summit of the hill, the figures of Miss Mary and her cavalier were seen clearly against the sky, and a walk of ten minutes, after crossing a "bridge" of two logs thrown over a little waterfall, would bring them to the top. By "take her over the bridge," Amy meant, it seems, something more than simply "accompany": for she threw one arm, without hesitation, over Lory's shoulder, and did not repulse the arm of the young man, which, in turn,

gently supported her. And Lory was uncommonly long in getting ready, trying the footing, and finally crossing; though that very morning, he had cleared the bridge in three bounds, and in the space of a second.

Once on the other side, Amy exclaimed:

"What a beautiful spot! Really, now, I have never known before, the whole beauty of the 'Hollow.'"

Lory had no eyes for the landscape. It was the merest mist: the sun shone only on Amy, on her fair hair, brilliant eyes, and laughing cheeks suffused with blood.

"It is very fair—as the woods are always," replied the Indian in his grave, gentle voice, though it still slightly trembled, "but the woods are but the frame."

"Oh, there's Mary and Jack," cried Amy, interrupting him rather abruptly, "we have seen all here: come, let us join them."

Amy was mistaken. They had not seen the tall, gaunt figure of the old Indian, who, standing in the thick copse, followed them with his eyes, saw them cross the bridge so lovingly, and made out, spite of his old eyes, their every smile and gesture. He shook his head and looked up to the sky.

"It is blue now," he muttered, "but the clouds come next—next the storm and the lightning. Muskrat is old, and wants nothing: let the Great Spirit take the child in his hand, and hold him up—ough!"

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V.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MR. JACK PURNELL ON HIS WAY TO JAMESTOWN.

It will be remembered, that Jack Purnell mentioned his desire and purpose of visiting Jamestown on the morning of the day we have introduced to the reader the Pine Forkians. It was impossible, however, and it was ten o'clock on the next day, when the young man set out for that abode of metropolitan splendor and luxury, "James City," otherwise Jamestown, which we are assured, contained no less than fifty houses and two hotels.

He arrived late in the evening at a tavern some eight miles from the river, in which tavern, the county court of Surry was accustomed to hold its sessions; and found that his companions for the evening (provided he did not at once retire to bed) would necessarily be a number of uproarious teamsters who, having stowed away their tobacco-laden wagons under an immense shed, constructed for the purpose, were making merry on the strength of the money they would next day receive in exchange for it, at Jamestown.

They had calculated the amount to a shilling, and consequently knew precisely how far their present extravagance ought to go. They thought they knew exactly the sum they were to receive—but they had unfortunately reckoned without his Excellency, as will be seen.

They received the young man with much sullenness, for at that time, no lines were drawn more clearly, than between the small farmer, and the wealthy landed-proprietor, who, like Colonel Ralph, drove his coach and four, dined on days of ceremony off silver plate, and drank rich wines bought at enormous prices, "over seas." Many of these men had visited Pine Fork, and though they could not allege that they had been insulted by the Colonel's servants, or made to feel their position, by any one of the family; yet, they had, on their return, told how the old gentleman had only raised his eyes from the richly bound book he was reading in his library, and asked them to sit down, without getting up himself: and how the identical, now present, Mr. Jack Purnell, had seen them enter the hall, with great nonchalance, and had scarcely taken the trouble to turn his eyes on them. They did not charge that young gentleman with absolute, direct discourtesy, for he was easy in his manners, and "not proud," but he "ought to get up when people come in; whether his father, so much older, did or not," etc., etc., etc.

Jack put up his horse, entered the main room, and called for some supper; after that, for some Jamaica, and finally for a pipe. Then standing before the large fire-place, wherein a few blazing pine sticks were dispelling the slight coolness of the fresh May evening, he betook himself to his reflections with the air of a man who thinks it reasonable that one should take his ease in his inn.

It was not long, before he was aware that the company had made him the subject of conversation, for more than once, he heard the words "old Colonel," and "his son": and saw more than one pair of eyes bent on him. Finally, one of the company said:

"I'm cold: let us have a little more fire if you please, Mr. Purnell."

"Certainly, sir," replied the young man, moving.

"Move further," continued a second, evidently somewhat affected by the numerous potations of Jamaica he had swallowed, "I'm cold too."

"I am not before you," said the young man, frowning, "do you mean to insult me, sir?"

The man who had spoken, rose, threw off his coat, and came up with his doubled fist to his adversary. Mr. Jack Purnell replied to this demonstration, by drawing from his overcoat pocket a pistol, which he cocked. The effect of this

was perfectly miraculous on the irate farmer. He retreated backwards, endeavoring to get out of range of the muzzle, picked up his coat in haste, and vanished through the door.

His retreat was hailed with a burst of laughter, and shouts of derision by his own associates; and the victor was looked upon with admiration.

"Now, gentlemen," said the young man, "I have but a word to say. You have done an unworthy thing, to insult me here this evening, when you have received no provocation at my hands. I have heard you utter my father's name, and couple with it the words 'proud,' and 'high folks.'" Well, I ask you now, if a man who has taken a little Indian child into his house and educated him, and placed him side by side with his own children, is proud? I ask you if that man is the sort of person you mean by 'high folks,' when he has eternally opposed the governors and the Assembly, who are his tools, and lately marched with Bacon, who fought for you equally with himself, and for that, will yet pay his fine? I ask you, last, if my father, Mr. Ralph Purnell, would ever have insulted a solitary man here, without friends?"

And seeing that the company remained silent and astonished at this frank and hard-hitting address:

"Take till to-morrow to think of it, gentlemen," he added, "and if you think you have acted wrongfully, don't do so next time."

And Mr. Jack Purnell, astonished to find himself grave and dignified, took up a lighted candle, and went to bed, followed by many murmurs. They were to meet again, as will be seen.

VI.

HOW LORD CULPEPER PROCLAIMED THAT THE
"PIECE OF EIGHT" SHOULD BE WORTH
SIX INSTEAD OF FIVE SHILLINGS,
AND HOW IT WORKED.

The young man arrived at Jamestown without further accident. Paul Hansford was found without difficulty, and the greeting between the two young men was very cordial. Paul was formerly a great deal at Pine Fork, where he was a great favorite with his uncle Ralph. But it was not quite as certain that he would continue such now, when, instead of a light-hearted boy, he returned a man of "finished manners" and ostentatious courtesies to all, with a little dash, or rather at times a most unmistakable mixture of what, in our day, we term "exquisitism."

Jack Purnell delivered his invitation to Pine

Fork, and that invitation was accepted by Paul Hansford with much empressement. "He would be delighted to see his dear friends at the Fork:" he said "he would there live over again some of the days of his boyhood: he expected that Cousin Amy would scarcely recognize him, (smoothing gently his light mustache,) and Uncle Ralph think him a bore because he could no longer break a colt with such perfect ease as formerly. He would go—he would go that very day—as he must hurry off to "Woodville," his own proper estate, which they told him, wanted the master's eye badly. He had seen much brilliant life in London, many great people, and many celebrated places in his travels—but what, after all, was glitter and show and parade, to one's own native country, with all its sweet recollections of childhood and early youth": and he wound up with a maxim in Spanish, to the effect that perhaps the past time was the best.

"Decidedly," thought his cousin, "Paul has improved—vastly improved: when he left us, he was the wildest scape's grace that ever tormented his thin-skinned relations: oh, he was awful bad! worse than me a thousand times, and I'm not a saint! Now he has lost it all. "Paul" has become "Mr. Paul Hansford"—success to him!—Mr. Paul, with a winning voice, a soft, gentle smile, a clear, white complexion, and beautiful mustache, which he evidently takes all manner of pains and trouble to keep nice and soft. Jack, my dear boy," continued the heir of the Purnells to himself, "it behooves you to have an eye on Mary Jones, your own particular sweetheart; for how can she meet this modern silken love-paladin, and not discard you at once. Oh, Jack! Jack! You should challenge the paladin at once, this Captain Paulus Æmilius, and so put an end to him: else you are but a booby, and perform on that most disagreeable of instruments, the second fiddle!"

We are bound to say, that there was just as much affectation in this mental speech of Mr. Jack Purnell's, as in the uttered one of his friend and cousin. If any one trait predominated in the first-mentioned gentleman's character, over every other one whatsoever, it was a sublimated and magnificent vanity: a vanity so enormous, that the simple idea that there was any danger of Miss Mary Jones falling in love with Paul, caused the originator of that ironical idea, the most extreme amusement. It was singular, but true.

Paul Hansford had his horses and his travelling conveniences all ready, and he informed his cousin, that they would, if he pleased, set out for Pine Fork that very evening, provided two hours were allowed him to dress himself and pay his respects to his Excellency, the Governor.

To this Jack very readily consented, and immediately after dinner, they sallied forth toward the Government house, to see that remarkably handsome, courteous, smooth, plausible, and gracefully-attentive gentleman, Thomas Lord Culpeper.

When the young men were shown into his receiving room, he was conversing with several rough-looking men, for the most part with whips under their arms, whom Jack Purnell immediately recognized as his associates on the preceding evening at the "Surry tavern."

"Real sweet-leaf you say, gentlemen?" continued the Governor, reclining in his arm-chair well lined with velvet.

The farmers, or rather wagoners, declared with many protestations, that its equal was not to be found.

"And it is now in the Public Warehouse? Ah! Mr. Hansford, your servant; Mr—"

"Mr. John Purnell, my cousin, your Excellency."

"Mr. Purnell, your visit affords me much pleasure, I assure you"—and as if by accident, the Governor's eye fell on a paper containing that identical name, which he had just written. He slid it under another blank sheet with a smile.

"A moment, gentlemen," continued his lordship, "business before pleasure, you know, and I have this little affair to finish with." Then turning to the wagoners—

"Stowed away is it?—well, how much?"

"Eighty hundred weight, your Excellency."

"Precisely eighty?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Which amounts, my friend, I believe, to—but your certificate from the Warehouse keeper?"

"Here it is, sir."

"Very good—and I owe you—let us see: eighty hundred weight—"

"Two hundred and seventy pieces of eight, your Excellency."

"Two hundred and seventy?"

"Yes, my Lord: is it wrong?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Not as much as that, at five shilling the piece?"

"Yes, at five shillings: but are you ignorant of the proclamation?"

"The proclamation!" they exclaimed.

"See what good advice I brought your Excellency from your noble Uncle," said Paul Hansford, in a lamb-like tone. The Governor looked a little displeased, and bowing superciliously:

"A moment, if you please sir," he said.

Then he continued turning to the wagoners and speaking with much blandness:

"I owe you, my friends, not two hundred and seventy pieces of eight, but two hundred and twenty. That coin is, by proclamation, raised to the value of six shillings. Is it possible you have overlooked it in the "Gazette?"

And Lord Culpeper actually beamed with suavity and benignity.

"What—your Excellency—says—"

"Only a small difference," said he.

"A difference of fifty pieces of eight is not small to a poor man, sir."

"For your sakes, my friends, I regret it, but laws are equal, and affect myself as well as you."

"But, your Excellency, don't you see—"

"Do I see—what now?"

"That if a man has put away, much of this money when it was worth only five shillings—"

The Governor shrugged his shoulders.

"It will now turn out a fortune when the piece is worth six," continued the speaker.

"My friend," said the Governor, calmly, "I do not ask you to sell me your tobacco—if you are dissatisfied, go home with it again."

"Go back?" And the tobacco-raisers saw, on all hands, loss, trouble, vexation.

"Shall we finish the matter? Come, speak, my business is somewhat urgent."

"Your Lordship—couldn't you—"

"A single word, my friend: The proclamation is published; the piece is worth six shillings. Don't debate the matter."

"Well, your Excellency. But unlucky was the day we set out for Jamestown," they grumbled.

And receiving the two hundred and twenty pieces of eight paid them by the Governor's secretary, they left the room, casting moody and sulky glances at the Governor, Mr. Paul Hansford, and Jack Purnell. An unlucky word from Paul had betrayed his agency in the matter of the proclamation.

Lord Culpeper smiled.

"It is singular what hard heads these Virginians have in matters of business—excuse me Mr. Purnell, but I am a sufferer by the quality in question, directly. Here have I spent half an hour in a debate about a miserable sum of fifty pieces of eight. Why, the time, alone, is worth double as much to me."

And his Excellency blandly smiling, turned the conversation. He was a most agreeable and winning gentleman, was his Lordship, Thomas Lord Culpeper, by the grace of the King of England, Governor of his Majesty's Colony of Virginia: and Jack was half disposed to imagine that his father's prejudices had misled him.

In half an hour they left the "palace," mount-

ed their horses, and leaving the pleasant streets of Jamestown, crossed the river, and bent their way toward Pine Fork.

VII .

THE ATTACK ON THE SURRY TAVERN.

Riding leisurely along, and observing how the country became, at every step, more wild and uninhabited, the young men came just at night-fall to the same tavern at which Jack Purnell had stopped on the day he had left Pine Fork; and as fate would have it, not long after their arrival the tobacco-raisers and their vehicles made their appearance from the direction of Jamestown. They soon commenced making merry, though still much cast down by their disappointment, and for some time, did not observe the two young men who were seated on the back porch smoking. When they entered, they were scrutinized with an attention very different from the listless curiosity shown on the entrance of strangers. They finally made signs to each other, nodded, frowned and shook their heads in a manner which might have proved to Mr. Paul Hansford, that they had not forgotten his agency in the proclamation, and to Jack Purnell, that his lecture had not escaped their recollection.

The young men either did not notice these hostile manifestations or were indifferent to them. They supped quietly, smoked once more in the open air, and soon, marshalled by the landlady, retired to rest in the same chamber.

Jack immediately fell asleep; Paul, however, amused himself for half an hour, by thrumming on a small guitar, which he had brought in his hand, while entrusting the remainder of his "things" to his servant, who had directions to follow him to Pine Fork next day. But soon this amusement palled, and taking off his elegant riding boots, and his still more elegant English riding suit, Mr. Paul Hansford yielded himself to slumber.

Jack Purnell had slept for three or four hours, and it was near midnight when he was aroused by the clattering of footsteps on the passage running by his door. He started up, rubbed his eyes, and the next moment a stealthy knock at the door attracted his attention. He rose quickly and opening it, saw a little negro boy who, shading a pine torch with his hand, said in a low voice:

"Massa Purnell, Mas Jack."

"Who the devil are you?" said the young man, only half awake.

"Me, little Pluto," said the boy.

"You look like him," quoth Jack.

"Boss better git up," said Pluto, disregarding, possibly misunderstanding this flout at his complexion, "Boss better look out; wagon drivers comin' up here!"

"What! who?"

"Boss, wagon drivers: dah! dey done open big door!"

And without further word, Pluto, whose gratitude for certain small sums given him from time to time by Jack, did not extend to an ambition of martyrdom, flitted away like a shadow.

Jack Purnell saw the shadow of the huge frontiers man moving toward him, and he first clearly comprehended his danger. He called loudly to Paul, and this not waking him, ran and shook him; then returned with a bound to the door, which he closed and secured with its heavy bar just as the giant threw himself against it.

Paul Hansford very reasonably asked an explanation of his friend's thus arousing him; and this explanation Jack was about to give, when he was saved the trouble, by a rush upon the door outside, which made the strong oak bend and crack.

"Those devils are attacking us," said Purnell thrusting a pine torch into the flickering embers and throwing a sudden light upon the room.

"Wh—what!" cried Paul; "but we are attacked, are we cousin Jack! That is enough." And going to the chair where his clothes were deposited, he came back with a huge holster pistol he had extracted from the pocket of his overcoat.

"Open the door!" yelled the assailants.

"Listen to me!" shouted Jack Purnell, at the top of his voice. "I have in my hand two pistols—two more ready. Leave my door, or I will fire!"

The reply to this was a rush on the door by the half-drunken frontiersmen. Paul Hansford advanced, and placing the muzzle of his pistol through a circular hole near the latch, fired.

"It is life or death now," the young men muttered, and were about to fire again, when an enormous uproar, far surpassing that created heretofore, was heard throughout the inn. This cry was "Fire! the Injuns!" and it was uttered by the menials, who flying for shelter to the strongly fortified kitchen, disclosed to the wagoners a disastrous sight!—a band of Indians rapidly pillaging their wagons of their valuables, by the light of the burning outhouses, which threw a bright glare on their fierce copper countenances, and wild costume, if such they wore.

The attack on the door of the chamber was of course abandoned at once, and seizing what weapons they could find lying in corners, or on mantels, the wagoners rushed upon the Indians frantic, at seeing their goods thus borne away

before their eyes. The swarthy plunderers retreated at first—slowly retreated, bearing away the fruits of their robbery: but no sooner had they reached the forest, whither they were followed by their white enemies, than they rallied, were joined by another party almost equal in number to the first, and bursting on the frontiersmen, in ten minutes killed, or made them all prisoners.

The flames had long since caught the main part of the tavern, and the two young men, still in their chamber, and occupied hastily throwing on their clothes, saw a cloud of smoke which rose in one white mass from the floor and threatened to suffocate them. They threw themselves frantically against the door, fumbled at the bar which the strength of their assailants had forced upon the iron staples, and opened the door at last. It was only to fall into the arms of a dusky warrior, the foremost of a hundred others. Their rich dresses suspended over their heads the uplifted weapons, and the two young men were made prisoners before the smoke was out of their eyes.

Having rifled the tavern, and seeing that nothing remained for them to plunder, and nobody to kill, the Indians commenced their retreat, as the whole country was no doubt now upon its march, full of curiosity to find out what caused so brilliant a bonfire in the direction of the "Surry Tavern." After much guttural debate, it was decided that the wagoners, one and all, should be bound together with the landlady, and placed thus helpless in the kitchen, there take their chances for a rescue by their friends, or failing that hope, be burnt to death; and this being decided upon, and carried into execution, the Indians mounted Jack and Paul on horseback, with their hands bound behind them, and set off rapidly into the forest.

Day dawned when they were not more than five miles from Pine Fork, deep in the "Cypress Swamp" tract, where the Indians purposed concealing a portion of their booty. To prevent the young men from discovering the place selected for the purpose, their eyes were bandaged, and then commenced a continuous, though subdued "palaver." This, which was interrupted by many sonorous "Oughs!" by which the Indian expresses all his emotions, whether of discontent or satisfaction, pleasure or pain, was wholly unintelligible to them: at present they seemed to express strong disapprobation. At last, however, they became plainly more approving:—finally, when half an hour or more had passed, and when Jack Purnell had for some time heard a voice which seemed to him familiar, a scattered "good!" was heard. In the end, after a still more earnest, (though to them unintelligi-

ble,) speech from the familiar voice, an unanimous and satisfactory "Ough! ough!" testified the general approbation.

The young men suddenly found their hands unbound, and their eyes unbandaged.

They looked around them on these swarthy faces, and the strange costumes they had assumed, with amazement. A small fire carefully shaded from throwing too much light, lit up these wild forms with singular effect.

Jack Purnell, however, had no eyes for the Indians. He saw standing calmly before him, with grave eyes and lips, no less a personage than Lory.

"You are both free," said Lory.

"How!—we are—you!" stammered Jack, amazed and doubting his eyes.

"These Indians are friends to me," said Lory, calmly; "and they have granted me your lives. Had Lory not been here they would have killed you—for you encumber them.

Such of the Indians as understood any English, here grunted an approbatory "ough," which had a most disagreeable effect upon the young men's nerves.

"And we are free, sir—unconditionally free?" said Paul, with wonder.

"Muskrat!—Muskrat!" muttered the savages, who comprehended the young man rather from his tone and gestures, than his words.

"They mean," said Lory, "that you may leave them a present, if you choose, at Muskrat, the trapper's hut."

"And you alone, Lory, have delivered us," said Paul, puzzled to death.

"I am the son of Red Hawk," said Lory, proudly. "Red Hawk was a great brave:—he is dead, but alive!"

"Ough! ough! ough!" rose in reduplicated murmurs from the Indians, who regarded Lory with much esteem and respect apparently; and after much gesticulation, speeches exchanged with the young chief, and, to tell the truth, many regretful looks at their unbound prisoners, and their waving locks, the wild band set off deeper into the swamp. In ten minutes they had disappeared like a vision, a dream.

"Is it possible we are free, Lory!" cried Jack, looking around him, as though he really doubted his senses.

"Free—yes, wholly free: and this spot is scarcely a league from the Fork. From that knoll through the trees you may see the lights." And after uttering these words, Lory's calm, grave face sank upon his breast.

"You a chief!" cried Jack.

"I am called Lory, the Indian," said he, "but my name is White Hawk."

"These were Tuscaroras?"

"Nearly all of them."

"Tuscaroras, or Delawares, or what," said Paul Hansford, "we are free, which really seems to me, cousin Jack, the most important fact of all: thanks to you, sir, to whom I return my best acknowledgments, we may now continue our way."

"One word," said the Indian, sadly, "Lory thanks him who is Lord of all, and looks down equally on the white man and the Indian, that he has this night been enabled to save his tribe—the Tuscaroras—the commission of another outrage, though to them your murder would seem different, being pale faces. I was here by accident, and shall return with you. Do not speak to any one of this meeting with me. I am not what I seem, though so poor and weak at best. Say that you were taken and set free; but nothing more."

"We promise," said the young men; and then without exchanging a word, they bent their way through the thick brushwood toward Pine Fork, in solemn silence.

Behind walked Lory, musing, it seemed, sadly; but when the moon rose up, his lips moved and he smiled.

(To be Continued.)

The Heart Can Trust No More.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Hopes once gone are gone forever,
They return not to the heart;
Though we seek them, yet they never
Will again their life impart.

Thus, if Love's first vows are broken,
Every dream of bliss is o'er
Truth once sullied is the token
That the heart can trust no more.

Wealth and beauty swiftly flying,
Outward griefs can all be met;
While on plighted vows relying,
Fortune's frowns bring no regret.

But, if truth has once departed,
Love's fond dreams of bliss are o'er,
Then alas! the broken-hearted
Feels the heart can trust no more.

MODERN ORATORY.

When we consider the influence which has been exerted in every age and country by orators, how armies have been raised and governments subverted through the potent agency of the tongue, the subject selected cannot be deemed trivial. The power by which a speaker breathes into an assembly of men his own individuality, leads them captive, and makes them willing instruments to accomplish his purpose, is a mighty and a fearful one. Eloquence of the tongue is possessed by few, but it is influential with all. The humblest and most illiterate have sensibilities which can be touched, and passions which can be swayed by him who can express breathing thoughts in burning words. The faculty of eloquence is a talent not to be hid, but to be exercised for noble ends. For its proper use the possessor must give an account in the courts above. It springs from the heart, deep, earnest, and spontaneous. Not easily defined, its presence is always felt, sometimes it pleases the fancy, sometimes impresses the reason, but in its grandest Demosthenean exhibitions it seizes imagination and will, holding the hearers spell-bound, as if entranced by a heavenly vision. Goldsmith says: "A man may be called eloquent who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself into the breast of another." As a general rule, the man of purest motive, of sincerest conviction, will be greatest orator. The earnestness of a mind fully convinced, spreads to and through an audience with the rapidity of the electric spark. "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi." This precept is worth more than many volumes of rhetoric without it. Eloquence to be of the highest order must "apply and command the dictates of reason to the imagination, for the better moving of the appetite and will." It is best judged of by its effects. He who accomplishes his object by speech, who carries his point, whether at the bar, in the senate, or on the stump, must be considered, in some degree, an orator. Nature and art combine to form the eloquent man, the former the granite basis, the latter the elegant superstructure. Oratory, where properly used, is one of the most beneficent of agents, accomplishing reforms, building up truth, pulling down error. It may be used, and too often is, by unprincipled men, to mislead and betray the people. The great epic poet of modern times, John Milton, ascribes the faculty of eloquence to Belial:

"He seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low :
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful."

There are many Belials in real life of whom we should beware. Like Satan touched by Ithuriel's spear, they stand revealed when tried by the rules of sound morality. The well-wishers of their country and their race, are bound to use all honorable means to prevent the spread of evil counsels. The cultivation of eloquence should not be neglected by the good, it will not be by the wise. Whether the ancients or moderns have excelled in oratory, is a question which has been much and ably discussed. The ancients bestowed more attention on oratory as an art, were more critical in their choice of language, and addressed themselves more to the imagination and passions of their hearers. The moderns address themselves more to the reason, introduce a greater number of facts into their speeches, and are less violent and elaborate in their gesticulation. The committing to memory and of delivering carefully written compositions was quite usual in ancient times. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, recommends its adoption by modern speakers. The modern orator collects the facts for his speech, usually leaving diction and gestures to spring from the excitement of the moment. The moderns pay more regard to the substance, the ancients paid more to the form and delivery of an oration. A speech to be appropriate and effective, should neither be entirely *ex tempore*, nor altogether prepared. That which springs from new and unexpected circumstances, should be so artfully joined to what is the result of careful preparation as to defy detection and appear one harmonious whole. This faculty was possessed by Fox in an uncommon degree. The ancients have produced the greater models of oratory, but the moderns the greater number. Liberty and popular institutions are necessary to the development of the noblest form of oratory. Wherever eloquence has a theatre meet for it, there it is stimulated into being and growth. This heaven-born plant sickens and dies under the shade of despotism. Among the causes which tended to the full development of oratory in ancient Greece and Rome, may be mentioned these: the judges especially in Athens, were numerous, little governed by precedent and much by appeals to their feelings; in Greece, while she was a democracy, the period of her greatest excellence in oratory, all honors were in the gift of the people, a people so intelligent and of so exquisite a taste, that a high degree of oratorical preparation was a thing of absolute necessity; in Rome, the highest honors of the state, consul-

ships, tribuneships, positions in the army as well as in the Senate, awaited those who could please the popular ear. Age seems not to dim the great names of Demosthenes and Cicero, familiar to us as household words. Their respective countries produced many other great orators, but they all fade in comparison with them as stars before the risen sun. Demosthenes is, perhaps, the noblest model of oratory. He combined in his efforts, in admirable proportion, appeals to the reason and the feelings; his passion and enthusiasm were based on the granite foundation of rigid argumentation. Cicero paid more attention to the graces of speech, was more artistic, copious and orate. Demosthenes had more rugged strength, more of that vehemence which bears away all obstacles. When speaking, Cicero thought more of himself, Demosthenes more of his subject. Both were models of industry; both, life-long, strove for the highest excellence in their difficult art, adding to transcendent natural genius, the greatest culture. Noble exemplars! never to be forgotten or disregarded now or in coming time. The best and truest eloquence is that which twines all ornament, all appeal, to the passions and sensibilities, around the massive pillar of clear and solid reasoning. He, he is the great orator who binds the reason first, for then his hold is firm, strong and enduring. There are many obstacles in the way of the modern orator. He addresses masses less under the influence of their feelings, less poetical, every way more practical and scientific. The 'supplicatio pedis' and the 'percussio frontis et femoris' which were frequently used, even at the bar in the time of Cicero, would now be deemed by most audiences extravagant, if not absolutely ridiculous. The modern system of sending pledged representatives to deliberative assemblies whose votes can be predicted with almost mathematical accuracy, is a great damper to eloquence, because one of its most powerful stimulants is removed—the hope and expectation of influencing votes. The wide-spread and powerful influence of the press has made the mere delivery of orations a matter of not near so much importance as it was anciently. Knowing this, the modern orator is too apt to slight the delivery of his subject-matter, being more solicitous to please his million readers than his few hundred or few thousand hearers. Opposition and revolution are incentives to eloquence, but the former must not be overpowering, nor the latter merely a military one. In the early part of the French Revolution of 1789, when the public mind was stimulated to a high degree of activity, orators bold and impassioned were produced, but when the people became cruel and licentious, and government a military despotism, there was no soil

whereon eloquence could grow and flourish. Oratory prepares a nation for a crisis, but it becomes dumb amidst the din of arms and the excesses of a corrupted people. Corruption of national manners leads to a decline of all the nobler arts of life, among which eloquence is one of the chief. In modern times, the nations which have made most progress in oratory are Great Britain, France, and the United States of America, which is due in no inconsiderable degree to their free forms of government. Hume in his *Essays*, speaks very slightly of the parliamentary eloquence of England, but this was in 1742, long before the palmy age of her oratory. She had had a Somers and a Bolingbroke, and other great orators, but they were to be followed by those, "the latchets of whose shoes they were not worthy to unloose." The most illustrious period of British oratory began with the rise of Chatham, and ended with the careers of Burke, Pitt, Fox and Sheridan. In the memorable trial of Warren Hastings, were displayed the gigantic powers of the greatest orators then living—orators who would favorably compare with those of any country at any period. Chatham was gathered to his fathers before the commencement of the Hastings trial; but had he lived, we cannot doubt he would have been first and foremost in denouncing the oppressor of India. Never did so terrible a storm of invective fall upon the devoted head of any man as upon Hastings', around him blazed the corruscations of the sons of genius. We should ever hold the name and fame of Chatham in dearest remembrance, for he was the firmest and most dauntless champion of colonial rights. His voice was not without influence in breathing hope and courage into an oppressed people beyond the sea. They heard a noble Lord in the House of Peers saying: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never, never, never!" Chatham was not unlike Mirabeau in the impetuosity and severity of his denunciation. A greater orator than his son, he had not his administrative talents, his tact, and prudence. But if a great and corrupt enemy of his country was to be struck to the earth, and that by one blow from which he never should recover, he was the man for the act. His eloquence, never very systematic or argumentative, had yet great discreetness and force; it was like a thunderbolt, "scattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches." Like his character, his oratory was dignified and lofty; scorning the trite topics of the little men, it ascended "the highest heaven of invention." His denunciation of the employment of savages against the revolted colonists, was one of the finest of his efforts.

Could any figure have been more appropriate, any language more eloquent than this: "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the noble ancestor of this noble lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country." High honors have been won by the British statesmen, in parliamentary eloquence, during the present century, but they all yield the palm to the great orators of the last. Britain has produced no orators equal to Chatham, Pitt, Fox and Burke, the brilliant stars of the eighteenth century. Burke and Fox had many points of likeness with many marked differences. Both were great men and great orators in the same high sphere of action for many years. In the earlier period of their career, they agreed substantially in politics. The impetuous Fox was proud to look up to the philosophic Burke as his Mentor. They fought together against a corrupt ministry; they battled manfully for oppressed America, at a time when her friends were few and feeble; they eloquently espoused the cause of humanity in India. On the French Question, the friendship of years was sundered and that forever. Both Burke and Fox possessed eloquence in the highest degree and best sense; both were strong thinkers and deep feelers. Fox, it is true, had his faults, but they were not ignoble in their character; he detested cruelty, scorned meanness, and hated oppression in every form and wherever found. He was the greatest debater of his time, and fully deserved his *soubriquet* of "the Great Commoner." In some important respects, he excelled both Burke and Pitt. He was more direct, more earnest, and applied himself more readily to the discussion of new and unexpected topics. His speeches sound less like set speeches, the products of the closet and the lamp; but in clearness and force, they were not and have not been excelled. Not so rhetorical as Burke's, they were better calculated to move popular assemblies. Pitt was an orator of the first class. His power of reasoning were comprehensive; his language classic, copious, and harmonious; his manner full of dignity and grace. More Ciceronian in his style and more majestic in his mien than his great rival Fox, he was surpassed by him in that sincerity of manner, and that forgetfulness of self, so necessary to produce conviction. Burke, in his oratory, was dignified and imposing, his grasp of a question was comprehensive, and his deductions those of a philosopher. In varied knowledge, in richness of imagination, in beauty of style, and in moral power, he was unequalled. Burke, though more philosophic, more comprehensive, and possessing greater powers of generalization, yielded to Fox in the arts of debate. The speeches of the former read like essays; the essays of the latter read like speeches. The one

was the greater writer, the other the greater orator. The eloquence of Sheridan was sparkling, witty, and ornate; but his wit was sometimes too highly polished, and his oratory sometimes theatrical. His power of denunciation, brilliancy of fancy, and courage in debate, did his party good service through many long and stormy conflicts. Though far inferior to Burke, Fox and Pitt, with whom he usually acted, in the higher qualifications of an orator, he had great tact and quickness in the display of whatever information he possessed. His speech, on the Begum Charge, indeed, by its effects, was one of the greatest oratorical efforts ever made. Wm. Wilberforce must not be forgotten when oratory is the theme. His eloquence was characterized by deep feeling and the purest taste. It was eminently persuasive, but seldom rose into the impassioned. In the celebrated debates upon the Abolition of the Slave Trade, he was the master spirit. Among the great orators whom England has produced in the present century, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, Erskine, Windham, Grey, Huskisson, D'Israeli, Derby, Peel, Russell and Macaulay, stand preëminent. I cannot, without being too prolix, indulge even in a sketch of the few mentioned. Brougham and Canning present many points of antithesis. They both had marked characteristics, and were often in mental collision. Unlike in personal appearance, their style of oratory was essentially different. Brougham paid little attention to the melody of language or the graces of the school, trusting to impress by his stores of knowledge. He is a great master of sarcasm and invective, and his power and directness of argument surpasses Canning. The latter was more classic, more witty, more ornate. Not so practical or so comprehensive as his favorite statesman Pitt, he was not unlike Sheridan in the splendor of his diction and the elegance of his manner. In the words of another, "The style of Canning is like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed; that of Brougham is like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus." Sir Robert Peel was the most adroit and effective parliamentary speaker of his time; but his feelings were not warm, and he seldom addressed himself to the imagination or fancy. He had too much craftiness, too much policy apparent in every action, to stir to its depths the popular mind. Nor must the eloquent sons of gifted and unfortunate Ireland be forgotten. Her Curran, her Grattan, her Plunket and her Flood, will live while there remains upon earth any appreciation of eloquence in its noblest form. The characteristics of Irish elo-

quence are exuberance, enthusiasm, and a fervor sometimes running into extravagance. The difference between Irish and Scotch eloquence is well expressed by Hazlitt: "The first of these is entirely the offspring of *impulse*, the last of *mechanism*. The one is as full of fancy as it is bare of facts: the other excludes all fancy and is weighed down with facts." Plunket's speech against the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and Curran's Defence of Rowan, are worthy of special notice. The description in the latter of universal emancipation, is not surpassed in eloquence by any passage, in any oration I have ever read. Robert Emmet's dying speech is full of the deepest eloquence, and shows how great an orator was lost, in the bloom of youth, to Ireland and to the world. The oratory of Curran was chiefly displayed at the bar; it was impassioned, brilliant with wit, and bright with fancy. Grattan's finest efforts were made in the Irish Parliament. His manner and appearance were somewhat peculiar, but the strength of his thoughts and the grandeur of his language always hushed into silence whatever assembly he addressed. He was more concise and graphic than Curran; less poetic, less humorous, less versatile in his talent. In strong denunciation, in bitter sarcasm, Grattan was unrivalled. On French oratory I must be brief to an unsatisfactory degree. The English have excelled the French in parliamentary oratory, but have produced fewer eloquent divines. The age of Louis XIV. was distinguished by the great pulpit orators, Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Saurin. Bossuet, perhaps the greatest of pulpit orators, was full of dignity, and often sublime. The want of free institutions through the greater portion of her history, has prevented France from producing many popular orators. Her first revolution was not unfruitful in eloquent men, conspicuous among whom were Mirabeau, Barnave, Vergniaud, Danton, and Robespierre. The first was the most distinguished for oratory; and perhaps France has never produced, in that respect, his equal. Abrupt and graphic in diction, fervid in thought and manner, terrible in denunciation, of dauntless courage, and of great versatility—these were the characteristics which made him the ruling spirit in the storm of debate. In the present century, Berryer, Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine have won high positions in the ranks of eloquence. Guizot and Thiers for many years were rival statesmen as well as rival orators. The former possesses more dignity of manner and style, and takes a more philosophic view of a question; the latter in versatility, in adroitness, and in the power of minute description, is his superior. Guizot is the greater orator, for his audience go away full of the subject of which

he has treated; while Thiers engrosses them more with himself. One is more convincing; the other more astonishing. The eloquence of my own country is an attractive theme, but one so extensive as to require a volume, and not a portion of an essay, for its elucidation. In early colonial times, there was little scope for oratory. The felling of trees, the expulsion of savages, and the procuring of the necessities of life, furnished full employment for the settlers. Besides, the legislative assemblies had but a very limited jurisdiction. They and the people were closely bound down by a power beyond the sea, and were obedient to edicts penned thousands of miles distant. It was not until British oppression had aroused resistance in the bosoms of our ancestors, that popular eloquence became a power in the State. When great questions are forced by circumstances upon the popular mind, genius seizes the golden moment in which to permanently impress, in which to acquire immortal fame. British tyranny in the form of port bills, writs of assurance, taxation of tea, and standing armies, brought to life and light the abilities of men who had been slumbering in their strength. Otis, Quincy, John Adams, and Samuel Adams were responsive to their country's call. John Adams was a speaker of great power, impressing by the force of his ideas and the warmth of his feelings; superior to Samuel Adams in eloquence, the latter did not yield to him, or to any, in solidity of argument, sound sense, and genuine patriotism. Otis and Henry were the greatest of our revolutionary orators. Quincy and Lee possessed more polish, but they possessed less depth of enthusiasm and force of intellect. James Otis in the character of his mind and eloquence, was of the same order as Patrick Henry, Chatham, and Mirabeau. Bold in his figures, strong in his conceptions, his eloquence was overpowering; his blade, if not highly polished, was so massive, that it struck to the earth the strongest of his foes. Henry was beyond all comparison the greatest orator of his time; nor has America or Europe since produced his superior. He possessed deep enthusiasm and lofty courage, a graceful mien, and a voice of great range and power. When in the full career of his oratorical efforts, he might be aptly compared to the eagle soaring with tireless wing and unblanched eye, towards the noon-day sun. He spoke in assemblies distinguished for eloquent men; he was not like Pompey's pillar, which appears loftier from the surrounding plain. When he spoke it was impossible not to listen, and to listen to him was to be entranced. His speeches are very imperfectly reported; many of his finest efforts not being reported at all. Most who attempted to find it impossible to take notes while he

spoke. Not metaphysical, not highly ornate, not elaborate in style or manner, nor variously learned, he had strong natural sense, and a rare knowledge of the human heart. It was his to convince, to persuade, to enchain, to sweep with a master's hand all the chords of human feeling. He

"So charming left his voice, that we a while
Still thought him speaking, still stood fixed to hear.

He resembled Chatham more than he did any other British orator. That grand outburst of patriotic feeling in the House of Burgesses which concludes with, "As for me, give me liberty or death," has never been surpassed in moral sublimity. Said Jefferson, "he spoke as Homer wrote." Said John Randolph, "he was Shakspeare and Garrick combined." The classic and harmonious Richard Henry Lee, and the impetuous Innes, were great Virginia orators, but not comparable to the thunder-bearing Henry. Massachusetts, South Carolina and Virginia have given birth to a greater number of illustrious orators, than any other States of the Union. Massachusetts has produced an Otis, a Quincy, John and Samuel Adams, a Dexter, an Ames, a Choate, and an Everett, and Webster, greater than them all, is her adopted son. South Carolina boasts a Rutledge, of Revolutionary memory, whom Patrick Henry pronounced the most eloquent man in the Congress of 1774. She was proud, and justly so, of her Hayne and her McDuffie, and above all, of her great son, Calhoun. None of his rivals excelled him in clear and condensed argumentation, in the power of thorough analysis, in force of diction, and sincerity of manner. Virginia is not only the mother of States, but the mother of orators. Her Henry, Lee, and Innes have been already alluded to. William Wirt was born, it is true, in Maryland, but he was Virginia's son by adoption. Never much in political life, his eloquence belongs almost exclusively to the bar. In a profession which has produced in this country many profound and eloquent men, he stood, if not first, among the foremost. For many years he was the acknowledged rival of Pinkney, the great Maryland barrister. Pinkney was more elaborate in his manner and diction, more solid and condensed in his argumentation, but in richness of imagination, in the flowers of fancy, in true fervor and naturalness of eloquence, Wirt was unquestionably his superior. William C. Preston, the orator of inspiration, is a native of Virginia. In fervency of manner and richness of imagery, he knows no superior. In one department of eloquence—the pathetic—he excels all living orators. It is somewhat remarkable that

Patrick Henry and Henry Clay were both born in Hanover county, Virginia; the places of their nativity being only a few miles distant from each other. The venerable form of Clay is bowing beneath the weight of years, and his clarion voice will be heard no more, or seldom, if at all, in the halls of debate. We can speak of him historically, free from the bias of party; we can judge of him as an orator with somewhat of the impartiality of posterity; that posterity will, without doubt, assign to him among American orators a place second to Henry alone, if second to any. Nature gave to him all the gifts in her power, to which he has added by assiduous culture. Like Henry his enthusiasm is deep; his spirit noble. He is social, warm-hearted, sanguine, and of a dauntless courage. Better read in men than books, he has yet knowledge of the latter sufficient to enable him to lead in assemblies full of learned men. In the present century, the greatest names in American oratory are Clay and Webster. They need fear no comparison with transatlantic models. Clay is more brilliant, more diffuse, more enthusiastic, and better calculated than Webster to sway the masses. The latter is graver in his manner, more philosophic in his method, more precise in his diction. Clay impresses more when he speaks—Webster when he is read. The influence of the former is more dependent upon his manner—the latter is as solid in his attainments as his native hills. Preston and Webster are antipodes in oratory. Preston is poetical, florid, fanciful. Webster is Doric, thoroughly Doric. When the one speaks, the idea of beauty is ever present to the mind; when the other, the impression of power is always received. When deeply roused, as when beset by able and unscrupulous adversaries, he seems to be the impersonation of logic set on fire. The English aptly compare him, when speaking, to a steam-engine at work. His reply to Hayne was the greatest single effort ever made in the United States Senate. It is to be classed with the greatest triumphs of eloquence, with the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, with Cicero's orations against Cataline, and with Sheridan's speech on the Begum Charge. Edward Everett and Rufus Choate are living orators, of whom, though neither are in political life, not only New England, but the whole country may be proud. The former is perhaps the most thorough rhetorician of our public speakers. All his productions evidence high classical attainments, and the most refined taste. His style has less strength than Webster's, but more of grace and beauty. Choate in the character of his eloquence, is not unlike the celebrated Fisher Ames. He possesses much learning, a rich imagination,

and a highly poetic diction. When speaking, the whole man appears permeated with feeling—tremulous with emotion. Though our nation is but of yesterday, our orators favorably compare with those of the Old World. In addition to those already mentioned, we can boast among the dead, a Wickham, a Barry, the brilliant and sarcastic Randolph, the chivalric and poetic Prentiss, full of the most impassioned eloquence, the learned Legaré, and the logical Wright. Among the adopted sons of the United States, who hold a high rank in oratory, may be mentioned Alexander Hamilton, clear in style and forcible in argument, thoroughly exhausting whatever he touched—Thomas Addis Emmet, a man of deep feeling, sound judgment, and a persuasive manner—and Soulé, glowing with all the fervor of the sunny South, and possessing the grace and vivacity of his native France. Of the many other living orators of America, whether in or out of our National Legislature, the limits of a single essay do not permit me to treat. Our courts of law, and our pulpits, often resound with the truest eloquence. Oratory is an art not easily acquired; it demands, and is worthy of the deepest study. Does any one aspire for excellence in it? Let him "scorn delights and live laborious days." Our country presents a noble field for the display of popular eloquence. In times past, it has enabled the patriot to rescue his country from pressing danger: in the future it may foil other Catalines, and hold up to public scorn a Hastings or a Verres.

D. S. G. C.

Washington, March, 1852.

THE FOREST BURIAL.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Rest thee, lov'd one we have laid thee,
Where the wildwood maketh sighs,
Tears perfume the bed we made thee,
Where the wither'd foliage lies;
Far away from native dwelling,
We must chaunt thy requiem;
Few the hearts with sadness swelling,
Few will join the fun'ral hymn.

On the morrow we must leave thee,
Lonely in the woodland grave,
Where the vine a tomb shall weave thee,
Creeping where the branches wave;
All thy love let nature breathe it,
When the vernal hours return,
Write thy name with flowers and wreaths it
Round thy holy forest urn.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

June 8th. The excessive fatigue of yesterday's interesting march,—the mournful and wild dreams, and the storm of the bivouac, having all passed away with the night, the sun—bright as a broad gleam of unlooked-for Hope—casts almost a dazzling beauty upon the narrow valley. Nature, as if in the freak of a most smiling mood, has here assembled in the desert, the admired features of her favorite regions: the contrast is delightful at meeting; painful at parting.

Thus, wander where we will, man is at best,

"A pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear."

But sometimes our frail mechanism goes wrong; the tear is a shower—a deluge; and the smile but an evanescent bow of hope alone.

Leaving then only too early the most sparkling and rich foliage, the white cliffs and the crystal streamlet of this romantic glen—which some wretch has named "Ash Hollow," we were soon monotonously clanking our rusty sabres over the flat sands of the *Northern Platte*,—this twin offspring of mountain and homely plain. But truth to tell, just here, for fourteen miles, which we marched to-day, this bank of the river is broken into hill and ravine: the white sand scarce shaded by weeds; and the bluffs, near by, deeply washed by rains, were wild and desolate; and there were cliffs of marly rock; and one of indurated clay, under which we marched, was honeycombed by thousands of swallows, which swarmed like bees, and twittered over our heads.

We passed also two gravel beds of streams, now dry, that were positive *ridges*; and actually, on one side, marked by a slight margin of grass, without a bank!

Amid all the arid desolation, as usual, were some beautiful and delicate flowers; honeysuckles, and the white and fragrant bloom of mosses. I thought they redeemed and softened it—as sometimes Pity the desolation of heart.

It was the fate of a melancholy buffalo,—whether misused and misanthropic,—shunning the vulgar herd, or exiled, as an old and hardened sinner, to this solitude, to encounter us here; and it was the unhappy destiny of a very Nimrod amongst us, defiant of scorching sun and sand, oblivious that no centaur, he rode a hapless horse, and taking to his eyes the "sales" of this ancient beast, to give him impetuous chase. The bull truly fled with a lean and hungry speed, but followed, like a manifest destiny the beaten track,

careless of all evasion, right on—on! Seduced, perhaps, by this facility, my friend, the Nimrod, pursued thus mile after mile, straight on!—disappearing at times, to be marked again by the shining sand he ever scattered to the air; and finally we saw that he had fired, and the chase disappeared. This unerring and deadly shot after so long and pertinacious a pursuit, gave him credit with us all; until at last, we came up; and there surely lay the bull: but, strange to say, no scrutiny could discover a wound!—and soon the marvel was, how he had lived so long; he had only closed a long-standing mortgage to the crows;—the ardent hunter was not there to dispute possession! He had suddenly become interested in some undiscoverable object which happened to lay far from the road.

June 9. The country is rather less wild in appearance, and the bottom smoother; but there is still much bare sand; limestone rock occurred in the dry bed of a wide water course.

The pest of a light dust-bearing breeze from behind may be noticed, as giving a color to one's thoughts, as well as linen; although, in truth, both are habitually checkered. Pity it is, that petty annoyances muddy so much the current of our lives.

"'Tis the vile daily drop on drop that wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares."

Happy his philosophy, who weighs them as dust in the balance! For my part I manage generally to laugh at material troubles; for those that attack the soul, I commend as a remedy such a chase as another friend of mine took this morning. He was following at the heels of a small herd of buffalo with that reckless rush, to which in glad excitement we then abandon ourselves, when a great bull, just before him, popped into a gully; the horse plunged on him, sending his rider sprawling, but with accuracy between the bull's horns! The first of this interesting group to recover his legs, was the horse, which ran off with alacrity several miles. Next the bull rose, and shook himself, very much with the astonished air, I imagine, of the lassoed Kentuckian who "liked to know how that was done." Meanwhile my friend is on his back at the bull's feet. I once threw a bone at such a beast, who "smarting with his wounds grown cold," reared up and brought down both hoofs with a precision and force, that mashed it to powder! The bull, perhaps, took the affair for a practical joke and giving the gentleman one good look—which he will remember—with great good nature ran off. Had he been wounded, or distressed and enraged by the chase, he had killed him!

We met here a number of boats laden with buffalo robes; and although drawing but eight

inches of water, they had been some two months descending the hundred miles from Fort Laramie; the hardy boatmen, who are also the trappers, hunters, &c., of the Fur Company, spending perhaps half the time in the water. Only for a short season in favorable years, is the river navigable at all. This attempt was now abandoned; and wagons and carts had been sent for to transport their party back to the Fort!

These men, called *Engagés*, are generally French creoles—and form a small class as distinct in character from any other, as is the sailor from his fellow bipeds who dwell upon shore. But with, if possible, less of forecast, he somewhat resembles the said sailor—isolated on the prairie desert, as the other on the sea. He has a patient and submissive obedience, with a seeming utter carelessness of privations, such as would drive a seaman to mutiny; with the same reckless abandon to some transient and coarse enjoyments, he is a hardy and light-hearted child of nature—of nature in her wildest simplicity: and in these, her solitudes, he receives a step-mother's care, and battles with a stout heart against her most wintry moods. He resembles the Indian, too, and is generally of kindred blood; he possesses his perseverance, his instinctive sagacity, and his superstition. A very Gascon, he has the French cheerful facility of accommodation to his fated exigencies, and lightens all by an invincible and contagious mirth. He is handsome, athletic, active; dresses chiefly in buckskin; wears a sash and knife; lives precariously, generally on flesh alone; is happy when his pipe is lit; and when he cannot smoke, sings a song. He is armed and vigilant while at his severest labors.

He joyously spends his ten dollars a month in alcohol, tobacco, coffee and sugar, and in gaudy presents to some half-breed belle; paying the most incredible prices for these extravagant luxuries.

June 10. The nights are cold; the mornings warm, until about 9 o'clock, when a breeze springs up, ending generally in a very disagreeable gale. We came in sight early this morning of the "Courthouse," a hill, or immense mound, which strongly resembles such a building, with wings; it rests imposingly on a bluff; the sides are near a cream color, with apparently, a black roof. The country is much smoother and pleasanter, and we passed to-day a tributary to the Platte, some sixty yards wide, and resembling it in its characteristics. Our camp is on the river, and without wood fuel. The Courthouse appears a half mile off; in reality it is four or five. We come in sight to-day, also, of the Chimney Rock, at a distance of thirty miles; it had the appearance of a tall post seen a mile off.

These celebrated formations seem the frames of lofty hills, which the elements have wasted away; they seem formed of marl, or a conglomerate to which the sand gives the character of mortar. I discovered to-day the most beautiful species of cactus I have ever seen; it is a single sphere resting on the surface of the ground; the inner leaves of the flower have the most delicate shades of pink and flesh color, and the outer a pale lilac. A small and delicate species of ground-squirrel abounds: it is remarkable for cheerful and exquisitely musical notes; resembling, but clearer and pleasanter than any bird's.

Those of us with any anatomical pretensions, are in a regular puzzle over a skeleton head of a small quadruped, which was found here; it seems totally deficient in holes or sockets for eyes: the verdict is, I believe, that it is a non-descript.

I. F. "And how do you like 'A Glimmering Light on Mesmerism,' which I perceive you have been reading?"

C. "It shows a research quite extraordinary for a soldier—generally exposed to much literary privation; his enquiring and sceptical mind has been excited and puzzled by the strange developments, or pretensions of this magical philosophy."

I. F. "In our day the deep searcher of the Unknown, the wonderful,—the occult in science, or religion, fears not persecution, but rather neglect; he cannot interest the public mind; it is the mechanical age, and the greatest triumphs of science are the most practical: it is the age of steam."

C. "Only too true! Other works of genius are scarcely recognized: poetry is as dead as astrology: life is exhausted, and the mind overpowered by the accumulation of facts."

I. F. "Poets have turned Cosmogonists; and the arcana of nature present the only field for speculative science; and there truly is infinite room for observation and study, to form synthetic solutions of these mysteries, now the dreams of 'our philosophy.'"

C. "But even science is at fault—philosophy at a discount. The public mind is occupied with the therism of demagogues and infidels, who abandoning themselves to licentious speculations on human destiny, attract multitudes of fanatical followers, whose minds they bewilder, and whose morals they debase."

I. F. "What you say can scarcely apply beyond those hotbeds of vice and folly—the great cities; their immense command of the press, which taxes all the powers of steam, should not deceive you by its clamor—as it does themselves—as to their real magnitude and importance to the world. Can you not from the

bosom of these unknown solitudes—from this virgin soil, contribute to this cosmical science, still so barren of results?"

C. "Undoubtedly there is much opportunity; but after all, the soldier, no matter what his taste or cultivation, must, to succeed, devote himself to his profession. But my eyes are open; perhaps I have at times, recognized something new. For instance, the slightest culture—the mere accidental stirring of the soil in these barren regions, excites new growths; about the gardens and fields of our remote outposts, spring up weeds, shrubs, bushes and trees, far away from any the like. From this fact, extensively observed, I infer that the earth every where contains the germs of growths suited to the climate; that these germs or principles of vegetable life are a part or property of soils, lying dormant, in some cases for ages, ready for an exciting cause and the proper time to be developed for the use of man, or other animal."

I. F. "It is new to me; but I have heard that the plantain and Jamestown-weed have followed the footsteps of the pioneers of our continent,—making their progress from ocean to ocean."

C. "And it is true, so far as I have had opportunity to observe; and I have heard the same asserted of the partridge and bee; and certainly with a colour of truth; but a very great obstacle of science is an impatient proneness to theory, leading to a hasty assumption of doubtful facts. It would now be easy and comfortable to assume that my guard and sentinels are vigilant; nevertheless, by your leave, I shall as philosophically as possible, betake myself to its investigation."

I. F. "But a last word—you should fail not to note in your diary, however dryly, all natural phenomena; they may come in play, and serve another if not yourself—*au revoir!*"

June 11th.—We marched ten miles over the smooth level, and turned to the river for water. While there, I sketched on my knee a striking view, including the chimney rock, still in front of us. Mounting my horse and riding on at the signals, immediately the scenery which I had admired, faded from thought and memory: there had been rain in the night; and the rare atmosphere and the heat of the bright morning, gave rise to a soft and varying mirage, which was thrown, like a gauze veil, with a charming grace and exquisite illusion, upon scenery of strange beauty: truly—

"At airy distance with majestic motion."

Although as indescribable as the dream structures of uncontrolled fancy, the ever varying and fantastic beauties seen this day, leave a vivid

impression; and I attempt faithfully, though feebly, to paint them; for they must surprise, if they give not pleasure.

On the left and front, was the continuous hill range of infinite variety of shape,—the wild sport of the elements—and of colouring too: the white and yellow marl and sand; the green grass; the dark blue cedars on the tops of mound and cliff; and the moving procession of shadows from the light mist clouds; for the life and grace of motion pervaded every element of the scene. On the left, the square bluffs were like the Hudson palisades, with here and there a pilaster of silvery white; right in front, stood the lofty white chimney rock, like the pharos of a prairie sea; beyond, were white cliffs with green domes; broken in places into cones and pyramids; still further, but towering, was a majestic mound, in the shape of our National Capitol; more to the right, and looming afar over river and plain, was "Scott's Bluff," a Nebraska Gibraltar, surmounted by a colossal fortress and a royal castle, it jutted on the water; thus sharply defining from the pale blue horizon, of the unbounded river beyond, a vast bright bay, reaching fifteen miles, nearly to our feet.

We are moving on: a mile is passed; the pillar seems no nearer; Gibraltar has now its vast sides shaded a beautiful blue; but a low bank of cloud from the right extends before it like a belt. We move on: the palisades seem to advance and retire; to rise; to darken, and shine again like silver! Another mile: Gibraltar sinks; the cloud increases and grows black. A mile on, and this cloud has suddenly become a prairie hill close by! rising from the river flats, (as I never saw one before,) extending to the water, which it actually overhangs seventy feet! Refraction cannot now flatten and obscure it, and show us—as it did—the mirage sea with its lovely shore beyond; and, joining that in front, make it an island, or suspended cloud. Gibraltar is eclipsed; but to the left, now is seen a bright river, flowing amid groves, into a great city: noble buildings are there; turretted cathedrals; colossal ruins: certainly we shall soon be at its gates! A mile on: the mound is now behind; the mirage river has vanished; the city fades from view; but the mountain fortress looms again, far round the bright waters of the bay; mighty bulwarks now appear; bastions and turrets; all of bright colours: the summits positively swarm with guards and sentinels! Can they possibly be cedars? Is it near and real, or very distant? Where are we! The mountains are in masquerade and mazy motion! Cannot the expanded eye detect phantasma? Is it the common earth? What magic is here, to new-fashion the solid hills into fantastic forms! Do fairy fingers weave

the shining mists into robes of air-born grace and beauty—which the sun illumines, but not elucidates!

It is the simple truth. I know now, that the vast bay was not river alone; but not how great a part was mirage: and that strange mound, which, though so close, at first appeared not, and was then mistaken for a cloud!

But we move on: the pillar of pole rock is at length passed—a mile to our left—grand, solemn, stern—like a monument to Time—the silent desert record. Still on! Yonder to the left, a vast palace appears; it is no ruin, the roof and chimneys stand; a near hill had hid it. And now, we gradually ascend a smooth plain to a great elevation; and scenery grand and beautiful without illusion opens to view; there is an amphitheatre of five miles extent; a semi-circle ends near our left at the “capitol;” every variety of shape and colour, too, which the earth contains, seems assembled round: there is evidently a titanic brick-kiln, with no particle of verdure; pyramids; white hills, with domes of green; cliffs crowned with funeral cedars: in front—majestic Gibraltar, far distant still—strangely coloured grey, and blue, and white; and above all, the top of Laramie Mountain—ninety miles away! Just then, an antelope was chased, far through the amphitheatre.

We begin to descend toward the river, as dark clouds gather; and we discover beyond it, the white lodges of a great band of the Sioux; the master-spirits and terror of the plains; their horses—a numerous herd—are grazing in the meadows. We hasten to a camp-ground at the water edge; for the wind rises, and thunders reverberate; our tents are raised just as vivid lightning sends the first big drops pattering to the earth. The Indians are now mounted and shouting; and with their robes and long hair streaming in the gale, dash fearlessly into the broad waters of the river which look black and threatening with the shadows of the storm.

This day, whose light has shed such wondrous beauty on these wild scenes, is nearly done; and, the exhilarating thunder-shower over, I cast my looks around, eager to enjoy some glories more; and, lo! a shining pillar, far away among the clouds! All the outer world is lost in misty shadow, save this prairie pharos: of all the visible earth, the sun shines *only there*! It stands a pillar of silvery light amid the dark shadows of cloud and rain, and coming night. And now it fades to gray, and appears mysterious; and phantom-like, amid the solemn clouds.

Night.—In the silent camp the friends are lounging in the mouth of a tent looking out upon the starlight.

I. F. “This is a memorable day; and we might

pass here, perhaps, a hundred times, without being greatly struck with the scenery, which the elements seem to have combined to adorn for our delight; but it must be the most picturesque on the river. I see you have been making copious notes?”

C. “Yes: do you apprehend that any effort of enthusiasm can add embellishment to the subject?”

I. F. “I must confess, not. There are natural beauties; such as the colouring of sky and cloud, which painter or poet scarce dare attempt to express; nevertheless, there may be in the effort an ill done—an apparent straining for effect, which may deceive a reader into the suspicion of exaggeration.”

C. “This ‘Scott’s Bluff’ is a wonderful mountain; we are miles off yet, (we saw it at fifty,) and to the last moment of light, there was the same chameleon change of colouring; the guards and sentinels still!”

I. F. “One view of it, I am told, resembles strongly some picture of Sterling Castle.”

C. “In the excitement of the visit of the Sioux men and women—did you see the ‘Chimney Rock’ suddenly reappear?”

I. F. “Admirable! A lofty pillar of fire amid the dark clouds! its base was hidden by distance; but I was as much struck by the sunset, or rather with the strangeness of its apparent renewal after almost darkness, which the clouds must have occasioned, when they broke away—but it was at the North—what a startling but calm beauty and splendour of colouring appeared; and how long it lasted!”

C. “I saw it all; there were still dark clouds at the North-west, when the sun went down.”

I. F. “Our friends, the Sioux, the Oglollah and Brulé bands, came in with the thunder-storm, with a fine, indeed startling effect; but for the women, I should have imagined they were dashing through the river to attack us. I was delighted with their fearless and hearty bearing; but the contrast of the men and women is painful.”

C. “The Sioux are rather my favorites: their freedom and power have imparted to the warriors—the men—some gentlemanly qualities: they are cleanly, dignified and graceful in manner; brave, proud and independent in bearing and deed. Their misfortune, their deep stain—the law of barbarism—is their treatment of women; they apply to them the brute law of the stronger! Woman, the martyr! who rises only, and rises ever, as mind feeding upon knowledge, ascends to the throne of humanity! Oh! how powerful is education with its first impressions; how strong the harness of association and habit—

despotic *mental* habit, which chains the very soul!"

I. F. "Truly these squaws bear the mark; bright-eyed as some of them are, a few only seem really to *have* souls. But, do I understand you, that you esteem woman equal, or superior to her mate?"

C. "I have made that ever a question to myself. We say, Nature has given her an inferior part to play; that is, has assigned to her duties, which we chose to call inferior: but there, she actively exhibits beautiful and high qualities, which we seldom possess and under-rate; how magnanimous is their patience, their self-denial and devotion! They are *different from men*. How generally in society, with the audacious, but seldom denied claim to civilization, do men, (alas! uneducated,) like savages, look upon them and treat them as drudges; laborers in their service and ministers to their pleasure. And what ever saves them from this common treatment, and the real degradation which it inevitably entails?"

I. F. "Religion?"

C. "Religion, truly, elevates mankind; but, compared to women, how very few men indeed are religious. It is a proof of her naturally superior refinement; and doubtless her recompense for many ills; but it exaggerates her virtues to a humble resignation, of which the obtuse and hard hearts of men only take advantage. No! the remedy is the appreciating refinement of mental culture, delicacy of taste, a high sentiment of the Beautiful—in a word, the spirit of Poetry! How palpably did the providential Romance of an otherwise barbarous age—of chivalry—rescue her from slavery and place her so near her proper level!"

I. F. "All must observe that the noblest, and in general the most eminent men, evince the highest regard for women; that a profound and deferential respect for them is the first characteristic of a perfect gentleman: but would you, like the knights of old, convert love into worship; do you advocate the blind devotion which led to violence and bloodshed?"

C. "No: you mistake a concomitant for a cause; the redeeming virtue of those ages was this romantic devotion, but tinged of course, with prevailing rudeness and crime. Love, always powerful, was ennobled and purified by martial Romance; and thus allied, was successful against barbarism. Worn out by change, Romance is gone; but Poetry, its vital element, is left; and its refined spirit alone can save love from materialism and degradation, and elevate its objects, so that man can bow with respectful devotion. I view woman as born superior; and often nobly sacrificing herself for our sake; the

minister to, and our only hope for happiness. Striving always to make us more worthy of ourselves, and of her. How apt is vain man to undervalue those powers and qualities which he possesses not, or cannot understand. Rude workmen despise the physical weakness, or the untutored hands of the student, who, ennobled by science, pities the lowliness of their mental estate. Woman generally lacks that mathematical element, which in man, makes him often a little superior to some admirable machines; but she possesses instead, intuitively, certain delicate and refined perceptions, which to my mind are the 'impress of divinity.' We admit her mind develops more rapidly than ours, and call it precociousness; we choose to forget that this superiority lasts while she is receiving the education, which we cruelly stint. She is our superior in those qualities of our cultivated nature, which are so high, that the mass not only possess them not, but do not recognize them; but this is only the case when our physical advantage is forgotten in the poetical refinement of a just appreciation,—the homage which will make, if it do not find her worthy. Ah! at humble distance, with all my soul, I have sought to study and understand some of these pure and beautiful natures, whose beauty was a subtle essence—a divine revelation through features that charmed not vulgar souls; a beauty that inspired a poetic—a pure and lasting worship at its altar. How earnestly then should woman cultivate and encourage, by every means, this romantic devotion, which is so essential to place and sustain them in their proper sphere. They have to combat in the world the sneers, the vices, the sensuality of fallen natures; but man's loss of their just appreciation, is a sure step towards degradation and crime, which involves poor woman too. All honor, then, to Poetry—the aspiring effort to admire, to develop, to praise the Beautiful,—the Noble,—the Grand."

I. F. "There are noble minds, who would pronounce much of that extravagant—too double-refined for any application."

C. "And there are ingrained conventional prejudices, which warp the views of the highest natures."

I. F. "You believe, then, that human happiness is to be found in some reformed and higher state of civilization? Have I not heard you envy the fate of some of these red sons of nature—some wild chieftain—with two or three slavish wives!"

C. "I might envy his freedom from factitious laws—the tyranny and fanaticism of society. But as for 'human happiness'—ha! ha!—suffer me to laugh, I pray you, (if you will not call *that* happiness.) Happiness would be the in-

fraction of an immutable law ; that all sin is certainly not more inevitable, than that all should be unhappy; those who suffer as little as they enjoy, have a calmness which may deceive. I prefer at times to disturb the philosopher's equilibrium, and to brave his fated reactions for the joy which for a moment sublimates both soul and sense. Strange, that laughter, man's lowest attribute, is distinctive; while the smile, which seems borrowed from Heaven, and which can confer rapturous joy, if not happiness, is shared, I think, in a slight degree by brutes."

I. F. "Heaven help you of your mood! I give it up."

C. "My mood? I was never in a more sober mood; I feel as cool and practical as any down-trodden woman."

I. F. "Then your antitheses are rather overpowering!"

C. "Yes, he that will follow where truth may lead, may ever startle; I am still at my theme. I attack this semi-civilization, which halts when woman is only no longer like these brutish squaws; and with the help of the faithful drudge herself, builds up a conventional system which defies the powers of human reason; nay, with an infernal perversity, resists the very light of heaven. But it is a law that we ever seek happiness. And it is this free desert air alone, that emboldens me in the search, to question the dogmas which society holds so precious.

'But let me quit man's work, again to read
His Maker's spread around me.' "

I. F. "Nay, I go; luck to your prairie philosophy. It is the hour of rest. May your dreams be—rational!"

My old friend has been patient to-night; but I trembled lest he should discover the verses, at which his coming surprised me! And with all his prosaic affectation, he had nearly forestalled them by his tribute to the close of this day, which indeed might, all together, have inspired a buffalo. And if so afraid of his ridicule, how shall I venture to record them? Well, three verses may be overlooked, as it is a first offence.

The sun set in clouds;—but this glorious day
Parts not in gloom; the thick veil is riven—
And river and sky in lovely array,
Are radiant now with the light of heaven.

Like an aurora, or the flashing trace
Of an angel's flight, to the utmost north
The glory shines: unwilling to deface
The Beautiful, Night hovers o'er the earth.

Gently the chamelion colors fade,—
Slowly ascending to the zenith's height:—
'Till lingering darkness buries all in shade,
And light and beauty bid the world good night.

Notices of New Works.

THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, author of "*Nile Notes*." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1852.

The Howadji improves very much upon acquaintance. When we last travelled in his company along the banks lotus-bearing Nile, he made himself vastly agreeable at times, but talked too much after the manner of Tennyson, in the most sublimated vein of that poet, to please us entirely.

Amid the arid solitudes of the Syrian Desert, however, his reflections are charming. And when he reaches the hallowed localities of Jerusalem, his strain alternates most pleasantly between song and sermon. As a specimen of his playful writing, we quote his sketch of a Cockney with whom he fell in, one Frende, who is described as—

"A good English Quaker youth, who had burst out of England, celibacy, and the drab propriety of Quakerism, at one leap; and now in the most brilliant of blue body-coats, with brass buttons, flaming waistcoats, and other glories untold, was making his bridal tour in the East.

"Frende's plans of life were original. He had not travelled in England, had scarcely been to London, never upon the Continent; but, like Verde, had shipped himself and bride directly from Southampton to Alexandria. He did every thing in the East, that every body else did. You had but to hunt up some impossible place in the Guide-book, and suggest it to Frende—and he departed the next morning to explore it. It struck me with surprise, that on such occasions, his alacrity was in the degree of his anticipation of damp, slimy places; but I soon learned the reason. When the East was accomplished, he proposed to visit and explore America, and then return to the strict privacy of English country life.

"I soon learned the reason why he visited damp places with ardor. He had what my French friend Gœpe calls *une spécialité*, and that was a passion for reptiles. It seemed to be only a sense of duty to that department of zoology which had brought him to the East.

"One day upon the Nile, he had invited Verde Giovane, with whom he had a mysterious affinity, to visit his boat, and after dinner, Frende assured him, with trembling delight, that he had found a new species of ichneumon, which, it seems, he pronounced as if spelled aitchneumon.

"Verde, whose mind had been confused by the Greek and other architectural names in Egypt, fancied it was a new kind of temple, and remembering one name of learned sound and meaning not to be surpassed, he asked with the anxiety of an antiquary—

"'Has it a propylon?'

"'An ichneumon,' whispered Frende excitedly.

"'Oh, yes, yes,' replied Verde vaguely.

"'Would you like to see it?' demanded Frende, tartly, rather hurt at the lack of enthusiasm for ichneumons.

"Verde answered at random, for he had no clue to an idea in the matter; and Frende, touched by his indifference, declined to show it, merely remarking that he "had him in a box."

"'Good heavens!' said Verde, and rapidly took leave.

"'Gunning,' cried he to his companion, as he ran breathless into the cabin of his own boat, 'Gunning, Frende has H. Newman in a box!'

"Nor was it until Gunning explored the mystery by questioning Frende, that he discovered there was no unhappy Mr. Newman boxed up on Frende's boat.

"Frende had a fine career upon the desert. When he approached Mount Sinai, his dragoman shouted and raised his finger. Frende beckoned to him.

"'Achmet,' said he, 'ten piastres for the first scorpion from Sinai.'

"Whenever he alighted, either for lunching or encamping, he drew out a large jar of specimens preserved in spirits, ran rapidly about the space for a long distance beyond the spot, and turning over all the promising stones he consigned to the jar whatever reptiles, worms, little snakes, scorpions, bugs, or beetles rewarded his search. When it was too late to find more, he ran back to the tent, drank his tea, read a chapter in the Bible, and went to bed. In the morning, he devoted all the time of preparation for departure to the interests of science, and during the day's march, his contemplation of the precious jar was only interrupted by searching glances over the desert, to detect any signs of zoological promise in stones or shrubs.

"This evening, in Jerusalem, I was telling the story of our day's ride in the valleys to the younger Miss Duck, and dwelt somewhat elaborately and fervently upon the beauty of Siloam in the rich afternoon light, with Jerusalem towering above. I was even attempting some poetical reminiscences from Byron, Bishop Heber, and Tasso, when Frende, who had been attending very patiently, ventured to interrupt my romance and quotations, exclaiming—

"'Beautiful, my dear sir, truly beautiful; I seem to see Siloam. Pray, did you, anywhere on the damp wall, observe a new species of the centipede?'"

By way of offset to this, we give a passage of graver import—

"Jerusalem stands upon the point of the long reach of table-land over which we had approached it, as upon a promontory.

"The ravines between the city and the adjacent hills are the valleys of Jehosaphat and Hinnom. The Mount of Olives is the highest of these adjacent hills, and commands Jerusalem. It is crowned by a convent, deserted now, and at its foot, toward the city, on the shore of the brook Kedron, is the Garden of Gethsemane—a small, white walled inclosure of old olives.

"There are no roads about the city. It is not accessible for carriages, nor would its narrow streets permit them to pass. This profound silence characterizes all the Eastern cities, in which wheels do not roar, nor steam shriek, and invests them, by contrast, with a wonderful charm. The ways that lead to the gates of Jerusalem, are horse-paths, like dry water-courses. No dwellings cluster about the city, except the village of Siloam, a town of "*bad people*," a group of gray stone houses on the steep side of the deepest part of the valley of Jehosaphat. In that valley also is the tomb of Absalom, a clumsy structure, but one of the most conspicuous objects outside the walls, and the graves of the Jews covered with flat slabs, the great number of which crowded together, seems to pave parts of the valley. Pools and fountains are there also, sacred in all Christian memories.

"Toward the south-east from the city, the mountain lines are depressed, and the eye escapes to the dim vastness of the Moab Mountains, brooding over the Dead Sea. From the Mount of Olives you see the Dead Sea, dark, and misty, and solemn, like Swiss lakes seen from mountains among mountains. The hillsides around the city are desolate. But in the valley bottoms, on the soil that has washed from the hills, are olive groves, and in the

largest and fairest stands a ruin, of no great antiquity, but picturesque and graceful among the trees. This ruin, and the mossy greenness and fresh foliage around the pool where "the waters of Siloam go softly," are the only objects which are romantic rather than grave, in the melancholy landscape.

"These are the features of the bright and arid, but still melancholy, landscape. It lies hushed in awe and desolation: and sad as itself, are the feelings with which you regard it.

"One only figure is in your mind, but remembering him and all his personal and traditional relations with the city, the single pure romance which flashes across the gravity of its history, returns to you as you gaze. Looking wistfully from the walls, you hear again, as under the olive-trees in the mountains, the barbaric clang of the Crusaders' army. Listen, and listen long. The finest strain you hear, is not the clash of arms or the peal of trumpets. The hush of this modern noon is filled with the murmurous sound of chanted psalms, and along the olive valleys toward Mount Olivet, you see the slow procession of the Christian host, not with banners, but with crosses, to-day, pouring on in sacred pomp, singing hymns, and the hearts of Saracens within the walls are chilled by that strange battle-cry.

"Night and silence follow. Under the Syrian stars, this motley host, driven by fierce religious fury from the whole civilized world, kneels in its camp around Jerusalem, singing and praising God. The holy sound dies while we listen, and the clash of arms arises, with the sun, upon the air.

"Jerusalem bleeds rivers of blood, that flow down the steep mountain sides, and a roar more terrible than the raging sea curdles the hot silence of noon. The clash of arms dies with the sun, upon the air. No Muezzin at twilight calls to pray. But in the Court of the Temple, ten thousand of his faith lie slain, and the advancing Crusaders ride, to their horses' bellies, in blood. It is the 15th of July, 1099, and that evening Jerusalem is, for the first time, properly a Christian city.

"But once more, while we yet stand lost in these memories of the city, an odor, as of rose-water, sweetens the air. The Christian bells have ceased ringing suddenly. A long procession files from the gates, and voices of the Muezzin again vibrate through the city. It is Salah-eddeen, Sultan of the Saracens, who is purifying the mosque of Omar, who is melting the Christian bells, and dragging the Christian Cross through the mire; but who, receiving the Christian prisoners with gracious courtesy, repays their sanguinary madness with oriental generosity, sending them away loaded with presents, and retaining in the city the military friars of St. John, to nurse the sick.

"Thus bold and defined, like its landscape, are your first emotions in Jerusalem.

"But while you stand and see the last pomp of its history, pitching its phantom camp around the city, the sun is setting. The bare landscape fades away. Around you are domes and roofs, and beyond the walls you see the convent of the Mount of Olives. Thoughts more solemn than these romantic dreams, throw their long shadows across your mind, even as the shadows of the minarets fall upon the silent city. Again you see the waving of palm boughs, and a faint cry of hosanna trembles in the twilight. Again that figure rides slowly in at the golden gate, and you hear the voice—'Daughter of Zion, behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass.'"

From these two quotations the reader may derive a just idea of the merits of the "*Howadji in Syria*."

The work is for sale in Richmond by A. Morris.

THE PRINCIPLES OF COURTESY: With Hints and Observations on Manners and Habits. By George Winfred Hervey. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

This book will not be received, we fear, with the favor it deserves. With many excellent people, a just detestation of mere formalism runs into the extreme of rudeness, and there is an affectation of the blunt in manners that is quite as insincere as the opposite characteristic. Mr. Hervey will be set down by some well-meaning but inconsiderate readers of his "Principles of Courtesy," as one who overlooks the genuine manifestations of true religion in regarding the external behaviour. This will be doing him great injustice. There are persons we know, with whom form is all in all,—who, forgetting to practise the simple duties of piety, are uniformly proper in their demeanor and frigidly scrupulous of appearances,—who, accustomed to luxurious pews in Gothic churches, could never

Kneel down remote upon the simple sod
And sue, in *forma pauperis*, to God—

and who follow a cold, heartless system of religious etiquette which

Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

But while religion is brought into contempt by such hypocritical gentility, it suffers on the other hand from a disregard, on the part of some professing Christians, of the ordinary conventionalities of life. We see no reason why a Christian should not be a gentleman; on the contrary, we do not think the change of heart can be really effected, without inducing that regard for the feelings of others, which is seen in the gentleman alone. Mr. Hervey's book has some excellent hints on this subject, and if these were acted on, we think the world would see more of the "beauty of holiness."

The book may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

AN EXPOSITION OF SOME OF THE LAWS OF THE LATIN GRAMMAR. By Gessner Harrison, M. D. Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Virginia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

In younger and happier days it was our lot to sit under the instructions of Dr. Harrison, when the original of the present volume, privately done into pamphlet form, under the modest title of "The Printed Notes," was a text-book of his class. And though we did not master, as we should have done, all the abstruse philological learning it contained, we yet acquired a sufficient knowledge of the work to justify us in considering it quite as able, though it was certainly as unattractive, as the more ponderous volumes of Weissenborn and Krueger. These "learned Thebans" and our friend Dr. Harrison, following in their wake, have pursued a less popular mode of instructing the youthful mind in the matter of the verbs, that was adopted by the grammarian who taught how

U, us and *rus* are formed from *um*,
All other parts from *re* do come,

yet we are persuaded that the German method is the more philosophical and correct. We therefore rejoice that Dr. Harrison has found the time to amplify "the Printed Notes" and bring forward so satisfactory a treatise as the present Grammar. It will prove useful to

the classes of other colleges, extend his well-merited fame and redound to the credit of our State University.

It may be obtained of A. Morris.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY: Written during some years of Residence and Travel in Europe. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Charles Scribner, 145, Nassau Street. 1852.

Some years ago, we recollect to have read these Pencillings, fresh from the hand of the author, with great interest and delight. A delicious *couleur de rose* tinted the descriptions of the Orient which assimilated with our ideal of the spots visited, while a certain air of not unpleasant exaggeration was thrown over the incidents of the whole tour. At that time the transatlantic pilgrimage had not been overdone by book-makers, and Lord Byron still played the magnificent *cicerone* to the tourist, in the Spenserian stanzas of Childe Harold. Subsequently, we have had better books of travel than the Pencillings, books giving more truthful and life-like accounts of what lies beyond our Eastern horizon. But while other journalizers have thus avoided the superlatives of Mr. Willis, and even formed juster conceptions of the genius of the Old World, we must say that they have also, with few exceptions, failed to invest their narratives with so much of poetic interest. No book that we can recall—saving Eothen alone, that wonderful prose poem—is so charming as this, in the field of Eastern romance. The portion of the Pencillings which relates to England, deals overmuch in "Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons," but this may be pardoned. We welcome this new and beautiful edition of a favorite volume.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse and A. Morris.

THE WORKS OF P. VIRGILIUS MARO, with an Interlinear Translation, &c., &c. By LEVI HART AND V. R. OSBORN. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1852.

A capital book for a gentleman, whose Latin is somewhat rusty, to have at his elbow, if he would occasionally revive "the unutterable grief" of Æneas and read again the sad story of Troy—but a rather mischievous companion for the lazy school boy who has just begun to construe hexameters. The Interlinear translation seems to us very faithfully executed, and the arrangement of the original text, in the natural order of construction, will render the book useful for easy reference. The publishers have done themselves great credit by the clear typography and acceptable form of the volume.

It is for sale by Harrold & Murray.

AN ODD VOLUME OF FACTS AND FICTIONS, IN PROSE AND VERSE. By Julia Mayo Cabell. Richmond: Nash & Woodhouse. 1852. J. W. Culley, Printer.

The contents of this volume are as various as they are interesting. As the title-page tells us, they consist of 'Facts and Fictions in Prose and Verse.' Of the prose there are three sketches of remarkable Virginia women—formerly published in the Messenger under the caption of "Home Annals"—a long correspondence from Paris in years gone by, several tales and some reminiscences of European travel. Of the verse, we have ballads, monodies, enigmas, charades and epigrams. We mention this variety of subjects as proof of the versatility of Mrs. Cabell, who writes with sufficient grace upon any theme she touches. There is much to commend in this 'Odd Volume' intrinsically, but surely if there were no other rea-

son why its publication should be applauded by the press, the noble purpose to which the proceeds of the work are to be devoted, would be enough in itself to call forth our praise. Mrs. Cabell designs to set apart these proceeds to the commencement of a Fund for the Establishment of a Work House in the city of Richmond. We hope and believe the edition will be disposed of at an early day.

The book may be found at the store of the publishers.

LILLIAN AND OTHER POEMS. By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Now First Collected. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. 1852.

It is strange that the exquisite verses of Praed should be so lightly esteemed by his own countrymen as never to have been collected and published in England. Few of the smaller poets of the day, have written more charmingly, and far inferior volumes to this have been issued in splendid form by the London bibliopoles and lauded in the Reviews. The poetical characteristics of Praed are a brilliant fancy, a playful humor, rare delicacy of sentiment and a versification almost perfect. He wants that power to rouse and to excite, that mastery over the deeper chords of the human heart, which we demand in the true poet, using the word in its loftiest sense. The public are indebted to Dr. Griswold for the compilation of the present volume, which he prefaces with a graceful sketch of the author.

For sale by J. W. Randolph.

PYNNSHURST: His Wanderings and Ways of Thinking. By Donald Macleod. By Douglas Macleod. New York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

There are many good things scattered here and there in this volume—some agreeable telling of ancient legends, a few fair translations of German ballads and occasional happy delineations of nature—but there bear so large a disproportion to the quantity of dull writing, the forced wit, and affected conceits it contains, that we doubt whether one ought to thank Mr. Macleod for having written it. The very fiction of Pynshurst is as shallow an artifice as could be imagined, and that gentleman's "ways of thinking" are, by no means, ways of pleasantness to the reader. The arrangement of the work is obviously imitated from "Ik Marvel"—whose "Fresh Gleanings," had doubtless inspired the writer to attempt a similar counterpart to the Sentimental Journey of Sterne. But he has made a bad copy of a copy, and has failed either in catching the delicate humor and touching pathos of the model, or the airy grace and uniform vivacity of the unconscious imitator. Mr. Macleod can do better than this, or if he cannot he will never rise to a very high rank in letters. The work is beautifully printed and can be obtained of A. Morris and Nash & Woodhouse.

A BOOK FOR A CORNER, By Leigh Hunt. New York. George P. Putnam. 1852.

Another and very pleasant volume of the Semi-Monthly Library. It consists of choice selections from favorite writers, made by the discriminating hand of Leigh Hunt, which are prefaced by a sort of Essay on Compilations by the Editor himself. It is just one of those little books which prove such delightful companions for summer travel, to be read on the deck of a steamboat, or between the stations on a railway through an uninteresting tract of country.

James Monroe & Company of Boston have recently issued some very good books. *The Philippias of Demosthenes*, edited by Professor M. J. Smead of William and Mary College, has been published several months, long enough to have elicited the warmest encomiums from the best scholars of the country. We surely need not add the tribute of our own high appreciation of Prof. Smead's labors. *Companions of My Solitude*, by the author of "*Friends in Council*," is the title of a work which was received with great favor in England, and which we are glad to see reprinted here. The author, who seems to be the gentlest and most philosophical of reformers, addresses himself to the consideration of one of the gravest maladies that afflicts society on both sides of the Atlantic, with a delicacy and tact that we have rarely seen equalled. The style of his reflections is very pleasing, and the discussion of a painful subject is relieved by occasional cheery descriptions of country rambles. A new work in *English Synonyms* is an acceptable addition to the Library, and a compendium of anecdotes relating to Washington makes another agreeable volume, which should be read especially by the young.

All these works can be obtained of A. Morris.

From Henry C. Baird of Philadelphia, we have received a package of valuable works relating to the Mechanic Art, to which department of book making this enterprising publisher seems to have especially devoted himself. The most considerable of these is *Norris's Handbook for Locomotive Engineers and Machinists*, containing a large amount of reliable information with regard to the construction of Railway Engines. *Elwood's Grain Tables*, *A Treatise on a Box of Instruments*, *The Assayer's Guide*, by Oscar M. Leiber, late Geologist of Mississippi, and *The Paper Hanger's Guide*, are the titles of the rest of these works, and each will be found a most valuable *vaude merum* for persons engaged in the particular branches of mechanical labor to which it refers.

All these works can be supplied by J. W. Randolph.

A new edition of the Waverley Novels has been commenced by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of which the first part is now before us embracing the novel of Waverley. Two of the novels are to make a volume, which is to be sold at the moderate price of One Dollar—and the complete edition will be offered for Twelve Dollars. It will have a great sale as the cheapest well printed edition ever offered in America.

The present number can be found at Morris's bookstore.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS; or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. (The Rev. Richard Harris Barham.) First Series. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852.

These humorous papers were published twelve years ago in England, and met with great success, and it seems remarkable, that no publishing house in this country should have re-printed them sooner. We have them now in the clear typography and gay red muslin cover of Appleton's Popular Library, of which excellent series, it is by no means the least attractive volume. Ingoldsby enjoys a reputation quite peculiar to himself—that of being able to rhyme to the most intractable and unmusical words and syllables, and it would not be safe to bet on his finding a similar sound for the termination of any line that could be written. With this dexterous command of verse he unites a rare humor and great wealth of illustration, so that *The Ingoldsby Legends*, in which he displays all these characteristics, will be found a delightful companion. Nash & Woodhouse have it for sale.

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NO. 7.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cape Frio; Vicinity of Rio de Janeiro; Putting the best foot foremost; Green leaves; Life at sea; A reason for going to sea; Military strength of the entrance of Rio de Janeiro; Anecdote of Commodore Jacob Jones; Send a boat to the Admiral; Reasons for creating the grade of Admiral; Wash-day.

Just before break of day, on the 2nd of May, 1848, the land was descried. A lofty bluff arose from the sea; a fleece of white clouds enveloped the summit, completely obscuring the light-house upon it, while a line of foam was seen lashing its base. The light-house, the guide and mark of the sea-tossed mariner, not being visible, led us to doubt for a time, that we had made what sailors call "a good land fall;" but the lapse of a few minutes brought day-light, and with it came the pleasing assurance, we were opposite to Cape Frio, the site of one of the first European settlement in Brazil. As the sun rose, we pursued our course along the mountainous shore towards our port. The wind freshened somewhat as the day advanced. The prospects around and before us were animating; by four o'clock, P. M., the land in the neighborhood of the city of St. Sebastian became defined.

How joyously the heart throbs on approaching land after fifty days spent at sea for the first time; particularly if the heart be yet untouched by worldly care, and the land be beneath the radiance of a tropic sun. From the moment the indistinct looming up of the shore is descried, Hope flings her mantle over the mind, and Memory sleeps; the eye is earnestly directed forward towards the opening prospect, clothed in the bright colors of historical recollection, or in the brighter hues of a creative fancy. The feeling in regard to distant lands and people, which is commonly entertained from childhood up to adult age, is about to be gratified; the senses are aroused, and the merest trifle, which elsewhere would pass unheeded, assumes importance: we pity the apathy of the old voyagers and seamen, who find little to interest them, beyond the manœuvring of the ship or veering of the wind. But the

charm of novelty, delightful as it, passes away, and in a few years we may learn to meet strange lands without emotion; yet the foreign land beheld first, will long remain a bright spot in memory.

Between Cape Frio and the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the coast tends nearly east and west; and we enter the beautiful bay steering towards the north. About ten miles from its entrance, are several small islands: those seen first are to the left or westward, and the most conspicuous of these are Round Island, (Ilha Redonda,) and Smooth Island, (Ilha Raza.) On the latter is an excellent light-house, with a revolving light, bright and red, which cannot be easily mistaken. Three small islands subsequently appear, named Comprida, Palmas and Cagada; and on the right, or eastward, the Ilha do Pai, (Father Island,) and Ilha de Mai, (Mother Island,) are seen not far from the land. But these islands are the least attractive part of the scene; for the elevated peaks of Tejuco, Gavia and Corcovado, and the land intervening between them, are so arranged as to present the profile of a supine man, of course of the most gigantic dimensions. The feet of this profile, which is several miles in length, are represented by the Pão de Assucar, or Sugar Loaf, a conical, muller-shaped piece of darkened granite, said to be 900 feet from the base to its apex. The nose is prodigious, and is familiarly known as "Lord Hood's Nose," whether in compliment or derision of that feature of his lordship's face, neither history nor tradition informs us. "If the old fellow were once to give a snort," quietly remarked a sailor to his companion, as the two were contemplating the land, "he would blow us clean out of water!"

The Sugar Loaf is on the west side of the entrance of the bay; but on the right, or eastern side, is the Ponta de Pão Torta, or False Sugar Loaf, which may be distinguished by its smaller size and different inclination or dip of its strata. At a distance of ten miles, the whole surface of the land is bleak and barren in its aspect: here and there, leaping through dark ravines, may be seen a waterfall, glittering like silver under the rays of the sun.

During the day, the crew was employed in putting the ship in a tidy, holy-day dress, that she might appear to strangers "with her best foot foremost," that is, in truth, lead them to believe the vessel is superior in all respects to the reali-

ty, which, in the present instance, is perhaps unnecessary. Acting out this maxim, "put the best foot foremost," occasionally leads to deception. But—we were all gay, and pointing out the prominent points in the landscape, and endeavoring "to make out," that is, distinguish the nation or rig of the several vessels, which, like our own, were steering for the port. Every mind seemed excited, either by hope or curiosity; every new point as it opened upon us, gave pleasure for the time, and all were cheerful. That placid condition of the spirit commonly induced by the long continued monotony of sea-life, was now broken; a sort of moral exhilaration had succeeded it.

Just before sunset, we were so near as to descry the shipping in the harbor, and some of the prominent buildings of the city. Our glasses assured us, that the U. S. frigate *Brandywine*, wearing the broad pennant of the Commodore of the Brazil station, and the U. S. steamer *Allegany*, were in port: we attempted, by the usual signals, to inform them that the *Plymouth* was arriving, but the day was too far spent; they could not distinguish our colors; the wind failed, and an adverse tide met us.

"The glare of noon is past; a darker hue
The ethereal sky assumes. The source of light
Begins to wane, and verging into night,
Majestically bids the world adieu!
Oh! even in thy decline thou art glorious still.
The landscape fades, but still the raptured eye
Rests on thy beauteous robe of every dye,
As slow thou sett'st behind the western hill.
Peace to the wretch whose lips thy beams inspire
To utter vows unholy—he who lifts
To thee the adoring eye for all his gifts,
And heaps thine altars with unhallow'd fire—
Yet, could I worship any God but one,
Methinks my God should be yon setting sun."

The ship was anchored about a mile from Fort Santa Cruz; the twilight was spent in gazing on the beautiful tints left upon the clouds by the setting sun. In the lap of the mountain, rising in the rear of the fort, were a few solitary palm trees, which were objects of admiration, especially for young gentlemen from the north. At night, the lighthouse on *Ilha Raza*, the illumination of the shore in the harbor, by the long line of lights in the city, and the sky magnificently brilliant in moon and stars, attracted attention; although in view of these signs, that we had passed from the solitude of the ocean, to social relations with the world, the influence of the calm night hushed all into silent contemplation. Thought was busy: but the stillness was broken only by an occasional, low-toned exclamation of admiration.

The impressions made on a young mind by the first sight of a foreign land, and that land in the tropic regions of the earth, cannot be described;

they endure for years, and memory always calls them back with pleasure. Let the young, then, drink in such impressions, and be filled with them, for it comes not to the travelled, or to those whose minds have been faded by the cares and pursuits of advancing life. The writer first gazed on this region of the globe more than twenty years ago; and now, for the seventh time, he reviews the scene; he finds those early impressions still fresh; familiarity, which dulls the perception to beauties as well as to defects, has not impaired this picture in any of its details.

The morning brought a calm and glassy sea, reflecting the rays of a scorching sun. A boat had been sent on shore to the *Praia de Fora* for sand to scour the decks; the men found it convenient to bring off some oranges, found growing in the vicinity. The sight of the fruit, and the green leaves and twigs of the orange trees, seemed to give pleasure to all on board. Do you not perceive in this the unpleasantness of sea-life! How small is the circumstance, a few green leaves and twigs; yet, it is enough to produce pleasure, because it contrasts so strongly with whatever meets the eye on board. The sight of a handful of green leaves, when trees are daily before us, produces no impression; but, let nothing of nature except skies and ocean be presented to the eye for two long months, and then a fresh orange and a large handful of green leaves excite more admiration than a conservatory of flowers which one visits every day. The sky and ocean, in tempest or in calm, are too grand to engage the sympathies, the affections of ordinary men, and call forth that tender admiration which expands over the smaller objects in nature. Who would feel happy in monotonous companionship with a star, be it ever so bright! There must be some approach to equality between man and the objects of his regard, if they are to produce him pleasure or joy; for his self-love must be fed with a notion that his comprehension of these objects, if inanimate, is creditable to him; but what man is vain enough to fancy he can understand and associate with a star, and receive and reciprocate affection.

Many are driven to sea by the *res angustæ domi*; an indefinite love of adventure leads many to embark who are ignorant of the truth, of the reality of living at sea. There is no one act which is habitual, for man's comfort, health or pleasure, which cannot be more effectually, more successfully performed on shore than on a ship. Yet poets, under the insane *nivus* peculiar to their brains, or spiritually induced for the time, rave in such manner as to lead the ignorant to suppose that those afloat are really occupying positions in the world that all brave men should desire. But let the truth be told; yet, not for the

exclusive purpose "to shame" any one; and all reasonable men who have affections for home, will tell you that at sea their repose is necessarily on a harder and narrower bed, in constant motion, and in a limited supply of air; food is coarser, imperfectly cooked, defective in quality, sometimes deficient in quantity, and the external relations, sea and sky, which change their aspect temporarily only, are monotonous. A fellow-passenger from the West, declared he had "lived among the Indians, camped out in the woods, and believed he had suffered hardships, and experienced as great discomforts in living as any man under any circumstances, but this life at sea, is worse than anything on the shore I can conceive of. There is not a single instant of repose, or a source of comfort or consolation, except in the hope and prospect of one day getting on shore." The dulness of sea life is proverbial. Genius prompts all manner of devices to create interest; floating chips, a passing dolphin, or a fish, the spout of a whale at a distance, or the squeak of a pig, will rouse a whole ship's company. Still, the poet sings:

"How blest the life the sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For to the storm the calm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing!"
Then, laugh at the gale,
With a full flowing sail;
When landsmen look pale never heed 'em,
But toss off a glass,
To some favorite lass!
To America, Commerce and Freedom."

There is a wild sort of wanderer on board, who has read a good deal of poetry and fiction, with little profit; he has earned for himself among the officers, the soubriquet of Shakspeare. He is a captain of the mizentop. He solicited the place of coxswain to one of the cutters, on the ground that one of the chief objects he had in view in going to sea, was to visit foreign countries, and make notes on the manners and customs of the people, for future use. He urged that if he was coxswain of a boat, frequently visiting the shore while in port, he would have a much nearer view of the people, and he would obtain much better and more correct notions in regard to them. How intense must be the desire to see the world, when it induces a man to take the station of an ordinary seaman in a man-of-war; and to take the office of steering a boat between the ship and the shore, in the hope to get a little nearer to the object of his curiosity. How many of our ships' companies are doomed, like the marines, to "see the world only out of the main deck ports."

But it is well there are those always in the world who love to deceive, to cajole themselves

into the notion that there is indescribable pleasure in privation, in hard beds, scanty and irregular sleep, defective, deficient, or badly prepared food, and continued exposure to the risk of being drowned; that grog and tobacco are bodily luxuries land lubbers know nothing about. Restraint of mind and body is a part of the treatment at sea, especially in ships of war; but still, "lob-scouse," pork and beans, hard salted beef, with a short allowance of fresh water, stand preëminent in the eyes of some respectable men. It is well, I repeat, that the indefinite love of adventure which belongs to some of us, is not quenched by the inconveniences which sea-life brings to all classes of sea-faring people, that gave to the world Columbus, Pinzon, Cabral, Vasco de Gama, Magellan, and hundreds of others, who have sought fame upon the trackless waste of waters. To this passion Spain and Portugal, and England and Holland, are in a measure indebted for their greatness. Therefore, let us cherish a love of the sea amongst our people, and at the same time, endeavor to ameliorate the condition of "those who go down to the sea in ships." As a first step to this end, let the habitual use of intoxicating drinks be abolished in our men-of-war, from the cabin to the forecabin, and thus follow an example set to all employed in merchant ships. Grog in its various forms, is a fruitful source of injustice, crime and misery; almost all the punishments inflicted on board of men of war, can be traced directly or indirectly to this article, being too freely used, either by men or officers, or by both.

The entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, is admirably defended by the strong fortress of Santa Cruz on one side, and the fortress of San João and smaller forts around the base of the Sugar Loaf, on the other. A brave mind directing a sufficient number of skilful gunners in these forts, might render this passage very perilous, if not impossible, to a hostile ship, which must necessarily pass within a half mile of more than a hundred guns, placed beyond the reach of her shot; a ship's guns could scarcely be sufficiently elevated to be very destructive to her assailants stationed, as they must be here, many feet above the level of the sea. Should a vessel pass Santa Cruz, she would meet resistance within the bay from the forteleza do Pico, forteleza de Boa Viagem, forteleza Gravata, three well placed forts on the eastern-shore; and the forteleza de Lage and forteleza de Villegaignon, which occupy central positions in the harbor, and beyond them, nearer to the city, is the fortress on the Ilha das Cobras. In the possession of courageous garrisons, a force afloat would find it difficult to conquer the forts of Rio de Janeiro: in a word, the city of St. Sebastian is a strong military posi-

tion, and is physically well prepared for defence, *provided the forts be in good condition.*

But why should I tell you, or any American, that the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is capable of great military endurance? It is to be presumed we shall never have occasion to assail this port; but stories have been told about threatening to destroy this city with a single frigate; and you might believe there was foundation for such idle assertion, if you did not know that more than a hundred guns could be simultaneously opposed to any such quixotic enterprize. Rio de Janeiro is not like those ports in Mexico, which "might be taken by a revolving pistol mounted on a skiff, if her commander were cool," if I may borrow the words of an esteemed messmate.

In this connection, I draw upon an old note book, and record here, an anecdote of the late brave, just, intelligent, and good Commodore Jacob Jones: In November, 1826, the Brandywine, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Jones, stopped at Rio de Janeiro on her way to the Pacific Ocean. At the time, war existed between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, and to keep the enemy in ignorance that a fleet was preparing in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, to attack a Buenos Ayean Squadron, under command of Commodore Brown, said to be cruising off the port, the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro I, had laid an embargo on all vessels, to continue until the 23d day of November, 1826. On the morning of the 15th, at daylight, the Brandywine was unmoored, and towed by the boats of the American and foreign men-of-war in the harbor, from the usual anchorage to the vicinity of fort Santa Cruz, in order to be certain of clearing the port with the usually very light land breeze, early the next day. Just before the ship anchored again, a Brazilian officer came on board, bearing several papers in his hands; he announced in a very excited tone and manner, that the guns of Santa Cruz would be opened upon the ship, if she persisted in her attempt to leave the harbor. The reply was such as might have been anticipated by all who knew Jacob Jones. He turned to the first-lieutenant, and said, in the presence of the Brazilian officer, in a perfectly quiet but decided tone, "Clear the ship for action, sir, and double shot the guns." He then said to the Brazilian, "Tell your master, sir, that by the order of my Government, I am bound to the Pacific Ocean, and I shall proceed to sea to-morrow, unless prevented by a superior force." To obviate error, a letter of this tenor, addressed to the Emperor, was immediately prepared, and placed in the hands of the officer, who saw that the ship was in readiness for immediate action before he left her.

It was not supposed at that time, that the frigate Brandywine could seriously injure the fort, but

the Commodore designed, in the event of being fired at, to return a broadside or two, and then strike his colors, if he could not get beyond the reach of the guns of fort Santa Cruz without damage. In the course of the afternoon, he visited our Charge d'Affaires (Mr. Raguot,) from whom he received a reply from the Emperor, that the embargo was not intended to be applied to vessels of the American squadron, and that the frigate Brandywine was free to depart at any time; but the Emperor requested that Commodore Jones would do him the favor to remain in port twenty-four hours. The Commodore rejoined, that if his Majesty *requested*, he would remain three days.

It is not to warn our Commodores of their capacity to resist attacks, that I mention the forts and guns of Brazil; but because this port is a depôt of commerce, and the Brazilians are consumers of American products. In the year 1844-'5, they purchased from us \$1,083,318 worth of flour, and \$830,926 worth of our manufactured cotton, which, with some other items, increased the aggregate to \$2,837,950, nearly three millions of dollars. This sum of money, in cash or in goods, the product of Brazil, was distributed amongst many classes of our fellow-citizens: farmers, millers, merchants, clerks, porters, coopers, carpenters, shipwrights and sailors, all had an interest in the sales of American property in Brazil, and it is only polite to presume they are a little curious to hear something about their customers.

The morning drum-beat saluted the display of our flag at the peak. Signals were made, and answered; the Brandywine communicated an order—"Send a boat to the Admiral!" Yes, that is literally the order; I am not mistaken—"Send a boat to the Admiral!"

When the code of signals was devised, and from that time till the present, the Navy has desired and expected to see established the grade of Admiral; it is recorded in the signal books, printed twenty or more years ago, but up to this day, the Navy has still this object to hope for. The signal officers not unfrequently find a sneer or a smile to accompany their report that "the Commodore signalizes,—send a boat to the Admiral!" This assumption of the title of Admiral, by the signal book or its authors, was very much on the principles of diplomacy adopted by the waiter of a restaurant, who, on serving a guest with eggs, helped himself to a pinch of salt from the table, "thinking," as he said, when asked why he had taken it, "that somebody might give him an egg, and if so, then he would want salt for it." Why should the egg be wanting for the salt? Why does the government

hesitate to create the office of Admiral in the Navy of the United States ?

The office of Admiral has not been created for the Navy of the United States, because there is a popular prejudice against the name, the title : ignorant people seem to think it would be "ape-ing" England to call any officer in the American Navy, Admiral. They seem to think only of the name, and regard it simply as an honorary distinction, which is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. A member of Congress once said in private conversation, "I am willing to vote for the office, but first get us some other name for it than Admiral : call them Navy Governors !" "Sea-Governors !" replied the interlocutor, "will not be appropriate. You may devise a better designation, one which will not be offensive to democratic ears of either party. The general term "Sea-officers" is used in the Navy, and "Sea-Captain" is recognized in the merchant marine : now extend the application, and you may have Admirals, under the name of "Sea-Generals," Vice-Admirals, as "Sea-Major-Generals," Rear Admirals, as Sea-Brigadier Generals ; but how Post Captains would fancy, to be styled, "Sea-Colonels" and "Sea-Lieutenant-Colonels," and Commanders to be "Sea-Majors," is questionable, although it is possible the lieutenants would not object to be called "Sea-Captains," nor the passed-midshipmen, "Sea-lieutenants." This nomenclature would not be entirely new ; both the Spaniards and Portuguese designated the officer who discharged the duties of Admiral, as the Sea-General—General do Mar—General de la Mar. The people do not understand the question ; the representatives of the people are unable to explain to their constituents that an Admiral in the Navy is equivalent to a General in an Army ; the word Admiral means a General who commands military seamen ; and to descend to detail, he might add, a sloop-of-war is equal to a battalion, a frigate equal to a regiment, and a ship-of-the-line, to a brigade. Now, if we should assemble a floating army, (commonly called a fleet,) composed of many battalions (sloops-of-war,) frigates (regiments,) and ships-of-the-line (brigades,) and desire to place this *floating* army under the command of one officer, what should be his title ? We have followed all other nations in using the title of commander and captain for officers of the Navy commanding single ships, and in courtesy, we have given the name of Commodore to a Captain, while commanding two or more vessels, technically called a squadron, a detachment of a fleet, and a pliant courtesy continues the title, and hence the saying, "once a Commodore, always a Commodore." We have in our Navy, by law, only two grades of commanding

officers ; the grade of "Commanders," formerly called "Masters Commandant," who command vessels carrying twenty-four guns, and under this number, and the grade of Captains, formerly called "post-captains," who command ships carrying more than twenty-four guns. When our Navy was small, and its services were rendered chiefly in single ships, these grades were enough ; but now when the navy has increased in the number of its ships, and many are brought to act in concert to achieve one object, as in the Gulf of Mexico before Vera Cruz, there seems to be propriety in giving to the Navy a grade of officers adapted to the nature of the duties required of it. In Military communities, seniority of commission alone is not sufficient to enable an officer to discharge efficiently, the duties of a Commander-in-Chief. The unhappy personal contention and difficulty which existed so long between the late Commodores Perry and Elliot, it is suggested, were due to the fact that these two gallant officers were of the same grade, in the famous battle of Lake Erie. A Commander-in-Chief should be of a grade superior to that of any subordinate to him, and answer to a different title ; for it is not well that one who has once commanded in chief, should be exposed to serve afterwards, subordinate to any one who may be commanding in chief for the first time. Military and Naval technicalities have been settled by the practice of the nations of Europe, which we imitate in many things ; to refuse to employ these technical names because they are employed by the English, is to be more fastidious than wise. It may be urged that the title of Captain is enough, because custom vests the chief command in the senior ; the same argument would be equally cogent if it were urged that the grade and title of lieutenant is enough, because, in the absence of a higher grade, the senior lieutenant commands ; and to go still further, in the absence of a higher grade, the senior, passed-midshipman or midshipman, would command, and therefore, it might be contended, the grade and title of midshipman is enough for the Navy of the United States, which should be organized on the severest principles of republican simplicity. But why not apply argument of the same character to the Army, and send 20,000 men into the field under the senior officer of the grade, and name of lieutenant, or captain ? Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, were not braver soldiers, nor better, nor more scientific leaders, in consequence of being entitled General Scott and General Taylor, than they would have been, had they lead our armies to the field under the name and style of captain. Our fellow citizens are too familiar with what is proper in military affairs on shore, not to know the signification of the titles of major, colo-

nel, general, &c.; these several titles are freely applied to citizens who never "set a squadron in the field," or even directed a single company on drill. Against these titles, there is no popular prejudice. The nation would not send an army of even four or five thousand men into the field under the command of an officer of the grade and name of Captain, or of Major, or even of Colonel; every body would consent that even this small army required a Major General, and one or two Brigadier Generals. The prejudice of ignorance of masses of men who have power, is wonderful in its effects; intelligent politicians seldom venture to run counter to any popular prejudice even among democrats, and rarely attempt to enlighten the ignorant at the risk of popularity at the polls.

Whether the Navy has become so large as to require the creation of higher grades in it, I am not now to argue or even express an opinion; but, if higher grades be necessary, it is hoped, legislators will not fail to act because the word Admiral is not familiar to their constituents. If these latter be Roman Catholics, or protestant Episcopalians, let their representatives remind them of the numerous grades of officers which form a Church, as The Queen, Head of the Church and Defender of the Faith; Archbishops; Bishops; Archdeacons; Deacons; Vicars; Priests; Rectors; Curates. &c., &c.; and remind them that it might be difficult to organize an Episcopal or Roman Church, and find new and appropriate names for its various officers, different from those now employed in Europe. It would be as difficult to make some other word mean Admiral, as it would to make some other word mean Bishop or Archbishop in the opinion of the parties interested. But let us drop the dispute about words, names. If we require a Navy, let it be as efficient and as complete in all its appointments as our means will permit, that it may secure for our commerce throughout the world a profitable respect. If we were totally without a Navy, "our commerce would be a prey to the wanton intermeddlings of all nations at war with each other; who, having nothing to fear from us, would, with little scruple or remorse, supply their wants by depredations on our property, as often as it fell in their way. The rights of neutrality will only be respected, when they are defended by an adequate power. A nation, despicable by its weakness, forfeits even the privilege of being neutral."*

Individuals are bound to observe the conventional customs of the society in which they may live at the peril of contempt or disrespect; like individuals, nations must observe the conven-

tional opinions of the family of nations, or suffer for their eccentricity, as any nation would surely suffer, if it presumed to exist without being at the expense of maintaining both an Army and Navy of some kind; and these should have, in semblance at least, too much strength to invite aggression.

The Navy of England for 1848, consisted of 43,000 men; with nearly as much commerce, that of the United States, at the same time, was 8,500, or about one-fifth.

"The Brandywine, sir," remarked a very young midshipman, "is a great deal bigger ship than this, and must have more men and boats than we have, and I do not see the sense of taking away a boat's crew from us, just at the very time we want every man to work ship, going into port."

"Do you presume, youngster, to criticise the orders of the Commodore; take care, sir, or you'll be hauled up for disrespect to your superior officer."

"I say we do want every man to work ship; if we don't, why does the master-at-arms send up on deck all the servants; steerage, and ward-room and cabin boys, cooks and all, when all hands are called to bring ship to anchor? I wonder how they manage to anchor merchant ships; in proportion, they have not quarter as many men as we have!"

I might have told the midshipman, the Commodore fully understands the necessity (or desire) to be strongly manned on bringing ship into port; but by using our boat to row four miles against the tide, he presumes he will receive private letters from home, as well as official communications, at least an hour earlier, because to obtain the letter bag by his boat, she must pass over double the distance to come to our vessel and return, and of course occupy double the time. Besides, an exhibition of power is supposed to contribute to the preservation of discipline, no matter if it do wear the aspect of using official authority for personal gratification. It might be asked, why should a Commodore, in command of the United States Fleet, serving on the coast of Brazil, have power to exact obedience, in small matters, from a ship on her way to the East Indies? This power is necessary, perhaps, to meet great emergencies; it may be possibly abused to gratify personal vanity in the Commodore, or "Admiral," as the "signal book" writes it.

The boat has gone to the "Admiral" with his letter bag. All is in repose. Conjecture is busy; but most minds are wondering when the sea-breeze—sometimes called, from its supposed healthful influence, "the Doctor"—will begin. Possibly not, till one or two o'clock in the afternoon; it is very irregular; on some days, it fails

*Alexander Hamilton—The Federalist.

entirely, or is so light that it will not enable a ship to pick her way through the eddies and currents to the anchorage. But there comes a boat with an American flag; it proved to be the gig of the gay commander of the U. S. ship — from Callao, bound to New York. He brought us news of the change in the French government; the King gone to England a fugitive; and his throne usurped by a mad poet and a half dozen equally sapient coadjutors. But what was quite as interesting to our vanity, the gallant Captain assured us that the "Mexican war or rather, the conquest of California, had raised American character-stock abroad fifty per cent; that the John Bulls admit now we are a great people, and no mistake!"

About one o'clock, P. M., a breath came from sea-ward, the tide was propitious, and the anchor was hove up, sail made: we passed gently between the forts, and were in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro; but about four o'clock, P. M., the wind failed, and the ship was anchored at least three miles from the city,

The next morning at day light, "all hands to scrub hammocks and bags," was shouted through the ship by the boatswain's mates, and the operation was immediately commenced. Every man spread out his hammock, free from its clews, on the deck, well soaped and sprinkled it with sand, and then spent some twenty minutes upon his knees, scrubbing with a hard hand brush. Clothes' bags and duck frocks were in turn submitted to a similar process, and at the end of an hour, they were secured to lines and hoisted up to the ends of the yards to dry. Washing-day is commonly appointed by the Commodore's order, and it is usual to see all the ships of a squadron in port, bedecked at the same time during the morning, with the washed clothes and hammocks of their crews. Lines are stretched from the end of the jib-boom to the spanker-boom, and supported at the extremities of the lower yards, and from these lines the hammocks and bags are suspended, while clothes are hung from lines stretched between the fore and main shrouds. Wash-day is over before breakfast; ironing is never thought of. There is something very striking and agreeable in the aspect of ships of war lying in a calm harbor, with the white hammocks hung up to dry, in the manner indicated. The scene has always conveyed to my mind a sign of cleanliness and comfort, and of contentment on board.

Soon after dinner, the washed clothes were "piped down," and the sea-breeze coming fresh into the harbor, the ship was again got underway and moored at the usual anchorage of men-of-war off Rat Island.

CHAPTER IX.

Harbor of Rio de Janeiro; Sugar Loaf; Gavia; Corcovado; Praia do Flamingo; The concealed waters: Aborigines of Rio de Janeiro; Respectability of the Portuguese.

Let us glance round this celebrated bay of Rio de Janeiro. It is somewhat pear shaped, the small end of the pear representing the entrance; its diameters are about twenty miles, more or less, but the surface of the water is broken by several islands; the shores of the harbor are thrown into coves and bays, and points and highlands and headlands. The back ground is formed by irregular mountains of considerable height, so that not more than five miles from the ocean, we float in a great basin, bounded by picturesque mountain scenery, clothed in the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics.

Observe the peaks on the south western side of the anchorage. First, the dark cove of granite at the entrance, called the Pão d'Assucar, or Sugar Loaf, said to be 900 feet high: immediately after passing this remarkable rock, we open the beautiful bay of Botofogo; and beyond it might be seen a truncated peak, presenting a square surface resembling a ship's topsail at a distance, and, therefore, called "Gavia," standing 1700 feet above the level of the sea. To the northward of it is another peak of the same height, called "Tejuco," and between the two is the often named peak of "Corcovado," which is 2,380 feet high. Near the base of Tejuco is a pretty country, and a chalybeate spring which may be reached from the city in an omnibus; invalids in the town who require a cooler atmosphere than is sometimes found there, resort to Tejuco. The very pinnacle of Corcovado is accessible on the back of a mule or a horse; and from its summit, more than 2,000 feet high, a view of land and sea may be had worth the toil of ascent. To the north, the mountain range, blue in the distance, is 600 feet high, and to the north and east is broken into fantastic peaks, which have been compared to the pipes of an organ, and this fancied resemblance has given the name to the range—os Orgãos—the Organ Mountains.

Now drop the eye from the pinnacle to the base of the mountains, to the western limits of the waters of the harbor. Between the Sugar Loaf and a bold headland is the entrance of Botofogo bay, whose shore is lined by "quintas," or "chacras," or "villas," the country residences of men of business. When unexpectedly brought to view for the first time, a beholder from the temperate zone might fancy that the scenery of some gorgeous, dramatic temple had been cen-

verted into substantial things, for all is so light, so gay, so happy, that it seems rather a poetic scene than a real natural view. The bay of Botofogo charmed the earliest European visitors; between the base of the Sugar Loaf, and the Hill of San João,* the first settlement of Rio de Janeiro had its site; it was founded by Estacio de Sa in 1567, and was called *Villa Velha*—Old Town,—but not a vestige of it now remains.

Next to the headland of Botofogo is a long strip of beach, on whose white sand the sea rolls; and behind it are dwelling houses and gardens, and that section of the City called Catete. This beach is known as the *Praia do Flamingo*. To the north it is interrupted by a broken point of land, about a hundred feet high, on which is placed a small white church dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Gloria. Between the Gloria church and the next point of land to the north, called "Ponta Calabouça," is a shallow cove, fronting a long row of one story white buildings; the southern end of this beach is called *Praia das Freiras*, and at the northern, the *Praia Santa Luzia*.

Between Ponta Calabouça, (once fortified, and still the site of the convent of St. Sebastian,) and the Ilha das Cobras is another cove, which forms the chief water-front of Rio de Janeiro.

The island of Cobras is about twenty yards from the land; it is covered by a fortress, and is a depot of naval stores. Over its western end may be seen, crowning a high hill, the convent of San Bento, a Benedictine establishment of considerable wealth, begun in 1596; and near its eastern extremity is a celebrated rock, called *ilha dos ratos*, rat island. Navigators, who visit this port, select this spot to make observations to determine the rate of their chronometers, although the longitude of the rock itself has not been certainly ascertained. But over the Ponta Calabouça, rising above the convent-pile of St. Sebastian, may be seen the newly finished dome of the first Astronomical Observatory, established in Brazil, which is built on the walls of the temple begun by the ancient jesuits on the Morro do Castello; it is under direction of some of the professors of the Military school, and subject to the War department of the imperial government.† The church of St. Sebastian was founded in 1567, in commemoration of a decisive victory gained by Salvador Correa de Sa over the French under Villigaignon, and the aboriginal tribe of Tamoyos, their allies, on the 20th of January of that year, which is the day marked by religious observances in honor of St. Sebastian, after whom the city of Rio de Janeiro was

first named by the Portuguese founders. The Astronomical instruments will soon be mounted, and the longitude of Rat Island will be accurately determined. Already the meridian of Rio de Janeiro is made the longitudinal zero for measuring the extent of the empire by Brazilians. (See Appendix—Description of Brazil.) The island of Cobras then is a remarkable point; it separates the anchorage of merchant ships, which is to the north, from that occupied by ships of war. To the north we see Ilha do Governador—Governor's island—which is eight or nine miles in length, constituting a part of the rich domain of the Benedictine order in Brazil, with numerous islets, and a broad sheet of water lost in the distance: to the east we have a series of coves and headlands, and a thriving village now called the city of Nictheroy, stretched along a beach named Praia Grande. Near to it is the village of San Domingo, where foreigners sought for Madame Constant to purchase "Dolces"—sweetmeats, among which limes may be set down as the most popular.

On these various and numerous points are dwellings, or forts, or churches, or convents, nestled in shrubbery, or shaded by palms and bananas; and as far as eye can see, it may detect white country houses perched, in the valleys, on prominent knolls, and in contrast with the green and naturally picturesque scenery around on every hand.

" 'tis a wondrous sight to see,
What heaven hath done for this delicious land."

A little more than three centuries since, all these hills and valleys and mountains were the free heritage of the children of the soil. They wandered over the land and thought it theirs, and where they had their homes they resisted the aggression of their neighbors, and acknowledged no masters. The people who inhabited the country around this bay constituted a warlike tribe, called Tupinambas. They wore ornaments suspended through artificial holes in their lips and cheeks, as our ladies now ornament their ears, (but more delicately to be sure,) their bodies were tattooed or painted, not the faces, and a crown of feathers and collar of conch shells, constituted the high costume on great occasions. Still, they were not always fierce; sometimes they were hospitable to strangers, and they seemed to have loved their wives and children. They were close observers of nature; like the North American Indians, they bestowed significant names on places. The bay of Rio de Janeiro the learned Tupinambas called Ganabara, or Nictheroy, which being translated, is "the concealed waters." These, with the lands, were given to the throne of Portugal by a gen-

* Dennis. Abreu, Compendio da Historia da Brazil.

† Annuario politico.

ernus Pope of Rome; his generosity like that of frequent modern instances in a small way, cost him nothing, for he could not take the country himself, and therefore he gave it in fee simple to those who thought they could possess it in defiance of natural ownership by the aborigines. The Tupi and Ambas, as well as almost all the littoral inhabitants of Brazil at the time of the discovery, have been sacrificed, *nominally*, to please our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, but in fact to the cupidity, lust and cruelty of European adventurers, who were ever ready to make religion the cloak and excuse for murder and robbery. Have the hearts of men changed much since those days of exemplary piety, or has intelligence become too generally diffused to permit officers of religion to domineer over the consciences and rights of men. Would a pope in this century dare to give away a newly discovered country to any throne; even Wilkes's new continent is safe from papal generosity. But it is well that the old names, Ganabara and Niebtherny, have been changed; for these are no longer "concealed waters;" the shores are no longer solitary and silent; a dreary solitude amidst such scenery would almost inspire fear; but that has disappeared and vanished with the aborigines: not one of those who once wandered on these shores by moonlight, or sped lightly over the "concealed waters" in his canoe, breathing love to his Fayaway, or seeking to surprise his foe, is left. A lapse of three hundred years, and what a change!

The waters of the harbor are cut by hundreds of keels; merchant ships from almost all countries, followed up by their respective men-of-war, as pilot-fishes, being most harmless, are said to precede sharks; boats moving under tall latine sails, or rowed by half-naked negroes, are scattered in various directions, and small black steamers are puffing and splashing between the cities of Rio de Janeiro and Praia Grande.—city of Niebtherny—and Botosogo, neighboring centres of population. Place two hundred thousand actors on this stage, amidst the scenery I have indicated, and imagination will create beauties and positions to delight even fastidious lovers of both the simple and the dramatic in nature.

There is a history or a tradition connected with almost every point I have named. Let us run back a few centuries. Like most of the Anglo-Saxon race living in this year, 1848, I fear you entertain, if not a contemptuous, certainly not a very respectful opinion of the Portuguese, or of any of the blood. Portugal has ceased to be a prominent nation; she has ceased to act, and is in fact nationally dead, and the existing generations—young America, if not young England—pass by every thing that is of Portu-

guese origin, except Port wine, and even that, it is supposed of late years, is improved by baptism in London. If we cannot respect the Portuguese for what they are, possibly we may respect them for what they have done in times past; they once constituted a highly respectable nation; but from too much pride, ambition, or glory in her people; or perhaps from being too easily successful in her enterprises, Portugal has fallen into national senility and weakness. Her commerce, her manufactures, her agriculture, attract little attention; her science and her literature are now so unimportant to the rest of the world, it has become a very general opinion, that there is nothing in the Portuguese language to compensate for the toil of its acquisition.* One no more thinks a knowledge of Portuguese, or Dutch, is necessary to a polite education than the Quéchuá of Peru, or the Hawaiian tongue of the Sandwich islands. Both Holland and Portugal are unfortunate in their languages, which strangers find to be harsh and disagreeable; but to their credit it can be said, Brazilians and Portuguese, and Hollanders too, when educated, are taught to converse fluently in French—which is more than can be said of our diplomatic agents at all foreign courts. Elpino complains, in one of his odes of the fashion in Lisbon to study French to the neglect of the Portuguese, by the *pettits maitres* of his time—

"Não fallão

Já nossos moços Portuguez, só parlão
Ou Linguas estrangeiras, que mal sabem,
Ou hum Dialecto informe, nunca ouvido,
De Portuguez e de Francez meado."—p. 78, tom. 1.

Indeed, it has been my duty more than once to explain to otherwise well educated Anglo-Saxons, that Dutchmen and Germans speak distinct languages; that a Hollander cannot understand a German or be understood by him. Do not suppose that these remarks are prompted altogether by circumstances or events connected with my present associations.

Monuments of Portuguese glory stand prominently on almost every chart or map of any portion of the southern hemisphere, in the Portuguese names borne by islands, capes, coasts, towns or cities; but neither these names, nor those of the Albuquerque, of Vasco de Gama, who led the way round the Cape of Good Hope; of Magellan, whose starry clouds attract the gaze of the southern voyager, whose vessel was the first to cir-

* Vide, Poesias de Elpino Duriense—tomo 1, p. 68—71. Lisboa, 1812.

Docemente suspira doce canta
A Portuguesa Musa, filha herdeira
Da Grega e da Latina.

cumnavigate the earth; nor "*Oe Lusitadas*," the epic of Camoens; nor the poesias of Antonio Ferreira have been enough to secure respectful consideration for the Portuguese by Anglo-Saxons of the present day. Whether in Europe, Africa, India, China, or Brazil, members of the mass of the Anglo-Saxon race, when visiting Portuguese settlements, speak of the inhabitants among themselves under the name of *Daygoes*, "*Diegos*" that is,—Jimmies, somewhat contemptuously used, as the epithet "*Yankee*," or "*Jonathan*," was once freely applied to all Americans by the English:—the term *Yankee* is not now very frequently employed in that sense. I am sometimes reminded of the grave opinion of an American sailor, that every man who does not speak English, might be safely hung as a pirate. "Sir," said Jack, who had seized a poor Spanish countryman on suspicion, when piracies were frequent near the island of Cuba—"Sir," said he, respectfully touching his hat to his commanding officer, "he can't speak English: what better evidence do you want that he's a bloody pirate?"

Thou art with Me in my Nightly Dreams.

Thou'rt with me in my nightly dreams—
The dear, long reveries of the day,
Their shadowy shapes and dewy light,
Have passed from brain and heart away;
They're gone—as birds of summer wing
A hurried flight at winter's chill,
To find in distant, genial climes
Perfume and warmth and music still.

Yet gentler, fay-like visions float
To dreamy music, round my couch—
And the darkly-buried Past upsprings
Living and glowing at their touch.
High, silvery clouds their censers raise;
All sweets the Past once held for me,
(Sweets that have changed to wormwood since,)
They bring me love and hope and thee!

Thee! not as at our parting seen—
In friendly guise, that mocked the while,
And mien so free—thou could'st not dream
Of the heart that broke beneath thy smile!
But with deep eyes, all lit with love—
Such tremulous, mysterious gleam,
As shimmers through the lucent wave
Of an Indian, diamond-bedded stream.

I know but Love, as round my hand,
I feel thy warm, soft fingers twine:
Love quivers in the full rich lip
That passionately lights on mine.
Some half formed words of tenderness
Are breathed—not spoken in my ear;
My heart lies moveless, lest its throb
Should drown one note of sounds so dear.

Why should'st thou come? on this cold heart
Why fall spring showers of Memory's rain,
The young blooms smiling from the earth
The frost will soon cut down again—
The frost that thou didst leave—though night
Show here and there a verdant spot,
The day will find but blackened wastes—
Ruins to tell where *thou art not*!

MAY.

SKETCHES.

I.

THE EVIL EYE.

Chrysostom, in his 12th homily on the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, delivered somewhere about the year 380 of the Christian era, mentions several superstitious practices as prevalent at that time among the Christians of Antioch, no less than among their heathen neighbours. One of these was the practice of anointing the forehead of a new-born infant with mud or sediment taken from the bath, for the purpose of averting the influence of the *evil eye*.

A remedy for the effects of the evil eye, much in vogue among the Jews of Barbary at the present day, is composed (among other ingredients,) of seven burning coals taken from the oven, which are slaked in water from the bath in which the women bathe. This is stated in the 9th chapter of Borrow's *Gypsies of Spain*, a book published in 1842.

The bath referred to by Chrysostom, likewise, was in all probability that of the women; for he says it was the women,—"*nurses, or maid servants*,"—who thus anointed the child's forehead.

II.

REMARKS ON A PASSAGE IN CICERO.

In the 4th letter of the 4th book of Cicero's *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, an account is given of the proceedings in the senate touching the recall of Marcellus from banishment. Cæsar had consented to the recall, upon the general intercession of the senate. "*Itaque*," (proceeds Cicero,) "*cum omnes ante me rogati gratias Cæsari egissent, præter Volcatium. (is enim, si eo loco esset, negavit se facturum fuisse,) ego rogatus mutavi meum consilium.*" These words of Cicero are thus translated by Melmoth: "All the senators who had been asked their opinion before me, severally returned their acknowledgments to Cæsar, except Volcatus, who declared that he

would not have made them, even if he had been in the place of Marcellus himself. But when it came to my turn, I instantly changed a resolution which I had long formed." And, in a note, Melmoth adds: "Probably the person here mentioned is Lucius Volcatius Tullus, who was consul in the year 687. The noble spirit which he showed upon this occasion, in scorning to thank Cæsar for what the usurper ought to have had no power to bestow, was worthy of the best ages of the republic: and though Cicero speaks of it without the least approbation, it was the only circumstance in this business that merited his applause."

It will be observed that the only difficulty lies in the words, *is enim, si eo loco esset, negavit se facturum fuisse*; of which the literal version is, "for he declared that if he were in that place, he would not have done it." Melmoth, concurring with all the commentators, (except perhaps Ernesti,) considers the expression "in that place," as equivalent to "in the place of Marcellus." But there are several grounds for thinking that such an interpretation is wrong; that Volcatius was opposed to the recall of Marcellus; and that what he declared was, that if he were in Cæsar's place, he would not have acted as Cæsar had done, in consenting to that measure. 1st. It is highly improbable that if Volcatius was a friend of Marcellus, and had united with the other senators in supplicating Cæsar for his recall, he would have been guilty of conduct so ungrateful and insulting to Cæsar, as that which Melmoth attributes to him; to say nothing of the peril of provoking the resentment of a man whose power was absolute over the Roman empire, and over the life and fortunes of every individual within its bounds. 2ndly. The question propounded to the senators, and to Volcatius among the rest, (propounded too by Cæsar himself, as the presiding officer of the senate,) was not whether acknowledgments should be made to Cæsar for consenting to the recall of Marcellus; but whether Marcellus should or should not be recalled. For the recall was to be the act of the senate, in form at least, however it might depend in reality upon the will of Cæsar. To the question, *Shall Marcellus be recalled?* Volcatius, if opposed to the measure, would reply in the negative, and might well be supposed to add the remark, that if he had been in Cæsar's place, he would not have consented, as Cæsar had done, to have Marcellus recalled. But to the question so propounded, a remark from Volcatius, that he would not have made acknowledgments to Cæsar even if he had been in the place of Marcellus himself, would plainly have been irrelevant: since we must suppose that when asked, *Shall Marcellus be recalled?*

Volcatius, if a friend of Marcellus, would respond in the affirmative; and the declaration which Melmoth ascribes to him could only have been appended to that response in some such mode as this—"To the question, *Shall Marcellus be recalled?* I answer, yes. But I give you no thanks for permitting him to be recalled; and I would not have done so, even if I had been in the place of Marcellus himself." 3rdly. A person named Volcatius was an officer in Cæsar's army, during both the Gallic and the Civil war; see Cæsar's Commentaries, *De Bello Gallico* VI, 29. *De Bello Civili* III, 52. And during the same year in which Marcellus was recalled, a person named Volcatius held the office, or at least exercised the functions, of *prætor urbanus*, as appears from the 14th letter of the 13th book of these same epistles; and this was doubtless by the appointment of Cæsar himself, as Melmoth admits. There was, then, at least one Volcatius who was an adherent of Cæsar, and almost by necessary consequence an enemy of Marcellus: and there is nothing to show that it was a different Volcatius who voted on the question of recalling Marcellus from exile. If the person who voted was Cæsar's adherent, Melmoth's interpretation of what Cicero represents him as declaring on that occasion must be wrong.

Ernesti, in the historical index to his edition of Cicero, says, respecting the Volcatius mentioned in the letter under consideration, "*M. Marcello offensus, Cæsari non agit gratias, eo restituto.*" From this it may be inferred that Ernesti understood the passage as we have explained it.

III.

THE DELUGE OF OGYGES, AND THE COMET OF 1680.

Censorinus, in the 21st chapter of his treatise *De Die Natali*, following (no doubt) the chronology of Varro, places the deluge of Ogyges, which Varro calls the *first* deluge, 1600 years before the first olympiad; that is, 2,376 years before the christian era. According to the Hebrew chronology of the bible, the deluge of Noah occurred 2,349 years before the christian era. The difference between the two periods is only 27 years; a difference so inconsiderable, that Cuvier deems it scarcely possible the two computations should not refer to one and the same event under different names. See his *Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe*, (p. 108—109, of the translation published in Philadelphia in 1831.)

Another computation makes the deluge of Ogyges precede the first olympiad by only 1,020

years, and consequently places it only 1.796 years before Christ. The authorities for this computation are referred to by Cuvier in the place cited above.

An astronomical phenomenon of a most extraordinary nature, the detail of which, as given by Varro, has been preserved in Varro's own words by Saint Augustine in the 8th chapter of the 21st book of his work *De Civitate Dei*, is likewise referred to the same eventful period, the reign of Ogyges. The passage of Varro is as follows; "A wonderful prodigy took place in the sky For in that most noble star of Venus, which Plautus calls *Vesperugo*, Homer *Hesperus*, styling it *most beautiful*, Castor writes that so great a prodigy took place, that it changed its colour, magnitude, figure, course: which neither before nor afterwards so befell. Adrastus of Cyzicus, and Dion of Neapolis, illustrious astronomers, said that this happened in the reign of Ogyges." (*In cælo mirabile exstitit portentum. Nam in stella Veneris nobilissima, quam Plautus Vesperuginem, Homerus Hesperon appellat, pulcherrimam digens, Castor scribit tantum portentum exstitisse, ut mutaret colorem, magnitudinem, figuram, cursum: quod factum ita neque antea nec postea sit. Hoc factum Ogyge rege dicebant Adrastus Cyzicenus et Dion Neapolites, mathematici nobiles.*)

Gibbon's remarks upon the comet, which appeared in the fifth year of the reign of Justinian, may be suitably subjoined. In the 43rd chapter of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, he writes thus:

"In the narrow space of history and fable, one and the same comet is already found to have revisited the earth in seven equal revolutions of five hundred and seventy-five years. The *first*, which ascends beyond the christian era one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven years, is coeval with Ogyges, the father of Grecian antiquity. And this appearance explains the tradition which Varro has preserved, that under his reign the planet Venus changed her colour, size, figure, and course; a prodigy without example either in past or succeeding ages. The *second* visit, in the year eleven hundred and ninety-three, is darkly implied in the fable of Electra, the seventh of the Pleiads, who have been reduced to six since the time of the Trojan war. That nymph, the wife of Dardanus, was unable to support the ruin of her country: she abandoned the dances of her sister orbs, fled from the zodiac to the north pole, and obtained, from her dishevelled locks, the name of the comet. The *third* period expires in the year six hundred and eighteen, a date that exactly agrees with the tremendous comet of the Sybil, and perhaps of Pliny, which arose in the west two generations

before the reign of Cyrus. The *fourth* apparition, forty-four years before the birth of Christ, is of all others the most splendid and important. After the death of Cæsar, a long-haired star was conspicuous to Rome and to the nations, during the games which were exhibited by young Octavian, in honor of Venus and his uncle. The vulgar opinion, that it conveyed to heaven the divine soul of the dictator, was cherished and consecrated by the piety of a statesman: while his secret superstition referred the comet to the glory of his own times. The *fifth* visit has already been ascribed to the fifth year of Justinian, which coincides with the five hundred and thirty-first of the christian era. And it may deserve notice, that in this, as in the preceding instance, the comet was followed, though at a longer interval, by a remarkable paleness of the sun. The *sixth* return, in the year eleven hundred and six, is recorded by the chronicles of Europe and China; and in the first fervour of the crusades, the christians and mahometans might surmise, with equal reason, that it portended the destructions of the infidels. The *seventh* phenomenon, of one thousand six hundred and eighty, was presented to the eyes of an enlightened age. The philosophy of Bayle dispelled a prejudice which Milton's muse had so recently adorned, that the comet 'from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war.' Its road in the heavens was observed with exquisite skill by Flamstead and Cassini; and the mathematical science of Bernoulli, Newton, and Halley, investigated the laws of its revolutions. At the *eighth* period, in the year two thousand two hundred and fifty five, their calculations may perhaps be verified by the astronomers of some future capital in the Siberian or American wilderness." And in a note he observes, that "Whiston, the honest, pious, visionary Whiston, had fancied, for the era of Noah's flood, a prior apparition of the same comet, which drowned the earth with its tail."

Whiston can scarcely be condemned as visionary in supposing that there had been another apparition of the same comet, prior to the first of those which Gibbon has mentioned above; however visionary he may have been in connecting it with the general deluge. The periodical time of 575 years, added to 1.767 before Christ, (the date of the first apparition recorded by Gibbon,) carries us back to the year 2342 before Christ; only seven years later than the year of the deluge, according to the Hebrew computation.

IV.

NERVOUS SYMPATHY.

Nicephorus Gregoras, a Greek writer who flourished about the year 1325 of the christian era, tells a singular story of the sympathetic affection of one part of the body from an injury inflicted on another. The passage occurs in his commentary on the treatise of Synesius concerning Dreams, (*Synesii Opera*, ed. Turnebus, Paris. 1553, p. 96—7,) and is as follows:

"I myself once saw a boy that had been wounded with an arrow in the nerve of the neck, to whom it thence befell that one of his feet became seized with a kind of torpor, and that the affection continued thenceforward incurable, so that while the other foot grew with his age, this one remained of the slenderness it then was, and of the length it then was, hanging idle and useless, and like some lifeless burthen. To those, therefore, who know not the causes and the reasons, it creates a difficulty, how the hand, being nearer, remained insensible of the injury, while the foot, which lay far off, shared in the suffering. But as many as with rational discernment contemplate the things in the world, may find many similar cases. For not all bodies are sensible of the same affection, nor all the parts of the body; but that body which is naturally adapted to suffer the affection, and that part of the body which is naturally adapted to sympathize in it; and at the fitting time, and in the fitting manner. As, of fragrance diffused through the air, neither wood is sensible, nor stone, nor even indeed the ear, nor the hand, nor the foot, but only the sense of smell; and as of melody the ear alone, and of colours the eye alone."

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V.

REMARKS ON A PASSAGE IN CÆSAR.

When Cæsar, in his reply to the proposals of Afranius and Petreius for the surrender of their army, (*De Bello Civili*, I. 85,) says, "in se ætatis excusationem nihil valere, quod superioribus bellis probati ad obtinendos exercitus evocentur," he has been commonly supposed to be complaining that veteran soldiery had been recalled into service against him. More, whose edition of Cæsar was published in 1780, gives the following explanation of the passage: "Non licebat veterano militi, per ætatem militiae vacationem habere: sed evocabantur, modo Cæsari ea re damnum daretur. Vide c. 3. 'multi undique . . . evocantur.' Ergo ad obtinendos exercitus est, ideo ut Pompeius habere possit exercitus inte-

gros, neque careat iis, unde possint exercitus confici." And this explanation given by More is repeated by Oberlin and other subsequent editors. Duncan's English translation is unequivocally to the same effect; and the French translation in Nisard's collection of the Latin classics seems to proceed upon the same understanding of Cæsar's words. It is as follows: "c'est contre lui qu'au mépris des privilèges de l'âge, on rappelle au service des vétérans qui ont fait toutes les guerres précédentes." In my opinion, however, Cæsar refers to the veteran *generals* that had been recalled into service against him, not to the veteran soldiers. The proper and indeed the technical sense of the phrase *ad obtinendos exercitus* is, "to take the command of armies;" and More's interpretation cannot be adopted without doing violence to the words. Besides, it appears from Sallust, (*De Bello Catilinario*, cap. 59,) that Petreius, who commanded the army of the republic in the battle in which Catiline was defeated and slain, had at that time been more than thirty years engaged in military service. Cæsar, therefore, at a period fourteen years subsequent to the defeat of Catiline, might well say that veteran generals, without regard to their privilege of exemption by reason of age from further duty in war, had been recalled into service against him.

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VI.

ST. JEROME'S DREAM.

The general subject of St. Jerome's letter to Eustochium, (*Opera*, ex *Erasmi editione*, 1537, vol. I, p. 134,) is the proper education and deportment of a christian virgin. In this letter he discourages the study of the heathen literature, and enforces his advice in that particular by the narration of what he himself, in the earlier part of his life, had suffered in a dream or vision on account of his addiction to that study. The passage is as follows:

—"For what communion is there of light with darkness? what agreement of Christ with Belial? What has Horace to do with the psalter? Maro with the gospels? Cicero with the apostles? Is not a brother scandalized if he see you recumbent in a place of idols? And although to the pure all things are pure, and nothing to be rejected which is received with thanksgiving, yet we ought not to drink at the same time the cup of Christ and the cup of devils. I will relate to you the history of my own misfortune. When, very many years ago, I had cut myself off, for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, from home, parents, sister, relations, and,

what is more difficult than all, from the use of dainty food, and was going a soldier of Christ to Jerusalem, I could not deprive myself of the library which, with the greatest zeal and labor, I had collected for myself at Rome. Accordingly, wretch that I was, I fasted, purposing presently afterwards to read Tully. After frequent vigils of the night; after tears which the recollection of past sins forced out of my inmost vitals, Plautus was taken into my hands. If at any time, coming back to myself, I began to read the prophets, the rude style was abhorrent to me; and because with my blind eyes I saw not the light, I thought it the fault not of my eyes, but of the sun. While the old serpent was so beguiling me, about the middle of lent a fever, pouring into my marrow, seized upon my exhausted body, and without any intermission, (a thing that may itself be incredible to tell,) so fed upon my unfortunate members, that I scarcely held my bones together. Meanwhile preparations are made for my funeral; and the vital flame of the soul, the whole body now becoming cold, was just fluttering in the breast, which alone retained a slight degree of warmth, when, suddenly carried away in spirit, I am dragged to the tribunal of the judge, where such was the light, and such the dazzling glare from the brightness of those who stood around, that, cast forward upon the ground, I did not dare to look up. Being interrogated about my quality, I answered that I was a christian. Thereupon he who presided says, 'Thou liest; thou art a disciple of Cicero, not of Christ. For where thy treasure is, there is your heart also.' I was immediately struck dumb, and amid the stripes, (for he had ordered me to be beaten,) I was yet more tormented by the fire of conscience, reflecting with myself upon that verse. But in hell who shall confess to thee? I began nevertheless to cry out, and wailing to say, 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me!' This voice resounded amid the scourging. At length those who stood by, prostrating themselves at the feet of the president, besought that he would grant pardon to my youth, and accord to my error a place of repentance; exacting punishment thereafter, if I should at any time read books of heathen literature. I, who, straitened in a peril so great, would have been willing to promise even more important things, began to swear solemnly, and, calling his name to witness, to say, 'Lord, if I ever have secular books in my possession, if I ever read them, then have I denied thee.' Dismissed upon my oath in these words, I return to the upper world, and, to the wonder of all, open my eyes, which were bathed in such a flood of tears, that by my distress I caused belief even in the incredulous. Nor, indeed, was

that any sleep, or vain dream, with which we are often deluded. Witness that tribunal before which I lay; witness that stern judgment which I feared, (so may it never happen to me to fall into the like trial,) that I had my shoulders livid with bruises, that I felt the pain of the blows after my sleep, and that I thenceforth read divine compositions with such zeal as I had never shown in reading human."

Subsequently, in his controversy with Rufinus, Jerome appears to have been much pestered about this vision by his adversary, who charged him with the commission of perjury and sacrilege in violating his promise to abstain from the study of the Gentile literature. To this charge he makes the following reply, (vol. II, p. 208—209.)

"He objects to me perjury mixed with sacrilege, because, in the book wherein I speak to one that was to be trained up as a virgin of Christ, I made, while sleeping, a promise before the tribunal of the judge, that I would never give application to secular literature, and have nevertheless sometimes remembered that condemned learning."—"I said that I would not read secular literature thenceforth: it is a promise for the future, not an abolition of past memory. And how, you will say, do you retain what you have not re-perused for so long a time? If again I shall reply anything out of ancient books, and say, 'Of such importance is habit in tender age,' [*Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est*—Virgil. Georgic. II. 272;] while I controvert, I incur the crime, and in bringing forward testimony for myself, I am convicted by the very means whereby I am defended. I must now, forsooth, by a long discourse, make out that which the consciousness of every one proves. Who of us does not remember his infancy? I, at least, (that I may move laughter in you, a man most austere, and that you may at last imitate Crassus, whom Lucilius asserts to have laughed once during his life,)—I, at least, remember that once, when a boy, I ran about through the servants' rooms, passed the day in sports, as a holiday, and was dragged away captive from my grandmother's bosom to the angry Orbilius.* And that you may be still more astounded, I now, with a head white and partly bald, often appear to myself in sleep a curly haired boy, and, having put on my gown, to be declaiming some trifling disputation before the master of rhetoric: and when I have awakened, I congratulate myself on being delivered from the perils of speaking. Believe me,

*The name which Jerome here gives to his own schoolmaster belongs properly to the schoolmaster of Horace, who describes him as *the hard-flogging*, (*plagosum*): "as indeed," says Erasmus in his note, "almost all of them are."

infancy remembers many things to the life. If you had learned letters, the cask of your little wit would have the odor of that with which it had once been imbued. The purple dye of wool no waters wash away. Even asses and brute animals, on a route however long, know the stopping-places the second time. Do you wonder if I have not forgotten the Latin literature, when you learned the Greek without a master?"—"These things would I say, if I had promised anything while awake. But now, (a novel kind of impudence,) he objects to me my dream. Would that the celebrity of this place, and the assembly of saints from the whole world, might permit me to read even the divine scriptures! so far am I from having leisure to meditate upon extraneous things. However, since he makes a dream the ground of crimination, let him hear the declarations of the prophets, that dreams are not to be believed: because neither does a dream's adultery lead me to hell, nor its crown of martyrdom lift me to heaven. How often have I seen myself dead, and laid in the sepulchre! how often flying above the earth, and passing mountains and seas by swimming in the air! Let him then constrain me to be no longer alive, or to have wings by my sides, because my mind has been often deluded by those vain images. How many, that during sleep are rich, on opening their eyes are suddenly beggars! The thirsty drink of rivers, and, on waking up, are burning with parched throats."

Erasmus observes, that in this defence, which treats the vision as a mere dream, Jerome appears to contradict what he had said on the subject in his letter to Eustochium.

The remarkable part of St. Jerome's story is the statement that, on awaking, his shoulders exhibited the livid marks of the flagellation he had undergone. But in that particular the dream of the saint has had parallels by no means rare in more recent times. The following cases are selected from an article on *Nightmare*, first published in the Dublin University Magazine, and reprinted in Littell's Living Age for the first quarter of the year 1845.

"Lillbopp, a writer every way worthy of credit, says: 'A certain person saw a spectre lay hold of him, and, after the same was vanished, he yet felt, in the part so laid hold of, a pain which lasted many days. In other such cases also have swellings and other marks of lesion been observed.'

"The nun Emerich, from her youth up very sickly and devout, had already before entering the cloister a vision of one who, in the form of a shining youth, offered for her choice a wreath of flowers in the left hand, and a crown of thorns

in the right. She grasped at the latter, pressed it with fervour on her head, but on coming to herself, felt, round the whole head, a violent pain, which was accompanied with bleeding." (This is one of several cases which the writer of the article says had recently attracted much attention in the Tyrol.)

"The reader doubtless knows the story of the lady whose lover came to her bedside at midnight, and made known to her that he had in that hour been waylaid and murdered by a rival. The lady desired some sign which should certify her next morning that what she had seen in the night was no dream; whereupon the apparition laid its fingers upon her wrist. She felt as if branded in the place with a hot iron. The next morning the marks of the fingers appeared as if burnt into her flesh; and this mark she bore to the day of her death, so that she was obliged to wear a black velvet arm band, to hide the ghastly token from curious eyes."

If it be supposed that St. Jerome has given a faithful detail of the occurrences represented in his vision, and that, immediately afterwards, his shoulders did actually exhibit livid marks, such as a severe flagellation might have left upon them, different modes of explanation will probably be adopted by different persons. Some may believe that the vision was miraculous, and that its transactions, the flagellation included, were real, though supernatural. Others may conclude that the natural power of the imagination, when highly stimulated, is sufficient to produce visible marks and lesions upon the body, and that, under the excitement of fever, it actually did produce such an effect in the case of St. Jerome. To this class of persons there will perhaps be nothing incredible in the following story, related in the same article from which some quotations have already been made.

"On the entry of the French into Moscow, and during the desperate attempt made by some lingering inhabitants of the 'sacred city' to defend the Kremlin, a French soldier, being hard pressed by a Cossack, was, after a running fight of the length of a street or so, driven into a certain blind alley, or court without thoroughfare, and here stood at bay. A citizen, who had turned into this same alley to avoid meeting the combatants, and now could not get out, fell at the sight of the conflict into an ecstasy of fear, and stood there charmed, beholding all as it were in a dreadful waking dream, or state of nightmare. When the Frenchman in his turn had driven the Cossack out of the alley, and the citizen, somewhat recovered from his panic, had got to his own house, there were found on his arms and other parts of his body bleeding gashes, such as he had seen given and received, so that he stood

in need of surgical help, and kept his bed some days."

It is not necessary, however, to adopt either of the explanations above suggested of St. Jerome's dream. If a lesion or discoloration of the surface of the body, occurring or developed during sleep, be in itself such as physical causes might produce, it need not be referred to a supernatural origin, merely because the dreaming fancy of the sleeper has represented some supernatural agency as producing it. For it is a frequent and well known, though not the less a very remarkable phenomenon of dreaming, that an impression upon the senses of a sleeper, not sufficiently vivid or powerful to awaken him, may give rise to a dream representing a long and connected series of occurrences, among which some imaginary cause of that sensible impression itself may be so introduced as to occupy a seemingly appropriate and necessary place in the series. Now the livid and bruised appearance of St. Jerome's shoulders might in reality be no more than a physical effect of his illness; for, if it be not very common, it is at least not impossible, that the shoulders of a person emaciated by violent and long continued fever should, from the pressure and friction of the couch against the inflamed surface, become chafed and discoloured. And the sensation of pain thence resulting, mingled, in St. Jerome's case, with the stings of conscience for his excessive devotion to the study of the Pagan literature, might probably enough, during his fevered and uneasy slumber, give rise to such a dream as he has recorded; while the discoloration and bruised state of his shoulders, perhaps discovered or noticed for the first time on his awakening, would appear to stamp the occurrences of his dream with the most imposing character of reality.

VII.

MARCUS CORNELIUS FRONTO.

"Up to a recent period no work of Fronto was known to be in existence, with the exception of a corrupt and worthless tract, entitled *De Differentiis Vocabulorum*, and a very few short fragments scattered over the pages of Aulus Gellius and other Latin grammarians. But about the year 1814, Angelo Mai found that the sheets of a palimpsest in the Ambrosian library, which had formerly belonged to the famous monastery of St. Columba at Bobbio, containing a translation of a portion of the acts of the first council of Chalcedon, had been made up from ancient MSS. of Symmachus, of Pliny the younger, and especially of Fronto; and that the original writing was still partially legible. In this manner a considerable number of letters which had passed

between the orator, Antoninus Pius, M. Aurelius, L. Verus, and various friends, together with some short essays, were recovered and published at Milan in 1815, in a disordered and mutilated condition indeed, as was to be expected under the circumstances of the case, but still sufficiently perfect to convey a very clear idea of the nature and value of the pieces when entire. But the discovery did not end here, for upon the removal of Mai to Rome, he detected in the Vatican another portion of the acts of the same council of Chalcedon, also a palimpsest, breaking off very nearly at the point where the codex mentioned above commenced, evidently written at the same period by the same hand, and proved to have been once the property of the same monastery, thus unquestionably forming the first part or volume of that very MS. of which the Ambrosian library possessed the second, and in part consisting of leaves of parchment which had, in the first instance, exhibited the epistles of Fronto. From this source upwards of a hundred new letters were obtained, and these too in better order than the first. An improved edition, containing these important additions and alterations, appeared at Rome in 1823.

"The announcement that a lost treasure, such as the works of Fronto were supposed to be, had been regained, excited intense interest among scholars; but their anticipations were miserably disappointed. The compositions in question are so inconceivably tame and vapid in style, and relate to matters so trivial, (we may almost say childish,) that it would be impossible to point out any production of classical antiquity, of equal extent, from which so little that is agreeable or instructive can be gleaned. We find a series of short communications, pleasing indeed, in so far as they show the kindly connection which subsisted throughout life between an amiable preceptor and his imperial pupils, but relating almost exclusively to the most ordinary domestic occurrences, totally destitute of attraction either in form or substance." "The precise date of Fronto's death is not recorded, but the latest of his epistles belongs to the year A. D. 166." (Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, vol. II. p. 184.)

We think that the character above assigned to these compositions is perfectly just. Perhaps the least uninteresting of the whole series is Fronto's reply to a short letter of condolence from Marcus Aurelius upon the death of his grandson. Of this, so far as it has been preserved, we give a translation, from the edition of Armand Cassin, published at Paris in 1830, (vol. II. p. 160.)

"Fronto to Antoninus Augustus.

"Fortune has tried me throughout my whole



life with many sorrows of this kind. For, to omit others of my griefs, I lost five children under the most unfortunate circumstances of time: for I lost the whole five in such a manner that each was always my only child; suffering such a succession of total bereavements, that a son was never born to me except when totally bereaved. Thus I always lost my children without any solace remaining, and with grief yet recent begot them. But I supported with greater fortitude those sorrows by which I myself was alone afflicted. For my mind, bracing itself against grief; opposed as if in single combat, one to one, equal to equal, resisted with success. But now sorrow is multiplied upon sorrow, and I cannot bear the accumulation of my distresses. I waste. I melt away with the tears of my Victorinus. Often also do I expostulate with the immortal gods, and address the fates in angry complaint. That Victorinus, a man of the greatest piety, gentleness, truth, innocence, in short most eminent in all the best accomplishments, should be afflicted with the most distressing death of a son,—was this in any manner equitable or just? If things are governed by Providence, was this provided rightly? If all human affairs are decreed by fate, should this have been decreed by fate? Shall there be then no difference of fortunes between good men and bad? Is there no distinction with the gods, none with the fates, from what sort of man a son may be taken away? Some guilty and accursed mortal, who might better have remained unborn himself, brings up children in safety, and at his death leaves them surviving: Victorinus, a man of holy character, of whose sort it were best for the public that as many as possible should be produced, is deprived of his dearest son. In the name of evil, what sort of Providence is it which provides so unjustly? They say that the fates are so called from *pronouncing*: is this to pronounce rightly? But the poets assign distaffs and threads to the fates: certainly no woolspinner could ever be so perverse and ignorant, as to spin a hard or knotty woof for the gown of the master, but a fine and light one for that of the slave. That good men should be visited with grief, and the bad enjoy prosperity in their domestic affairs, I deem to be neither in measure nor in weight the task of the spinning fates. Unless perchance another sort of error makes sport of us, and we, in our ignorance of things, covet, as if they were good, those which are evil, and on the other hand, instead of the evil, hate those which are good; while death, which to all appears grievous, really brings cessation of labors and anxieties and calamities, and transfers us, liberated from the wretched bonds of the body, to regions tranquil and pleasant and filled

with all things good, and to the assemblies of souls. This I would more readily believe to be true, than that all human things are governed either by none at all, or by an unjust Providence. But if death is for men a just subject of congratulation, rather than of lamentation; in proportion as each one has attained it earlier in life, is he to be esteemed happier and more acceptable to the gods; being sooner freed from the evils of the body, sooner called forth to enter upon the honors of the free soul. Yet this, though it be true, is of little concern to us, who pine for those we have lost: nor does the immortality of souls at all console us, who, while we live, are deprived of those who are dearest to us. We seek that bearing, voice, form, free breath: we mourn the miserable appearance of the dead, the close-shut mouth, the upturned eyes, the color completely destroyed. If it be ever so certain that souls are immortal, this will be to philosophers a theme for dissertation, not to parents a cure for regret. But however those matters are ordered by the divine power, they will at least bring by no means a long anxiety to me, to whom death is so near at hand. From this time forth, even my sweetest grandson, whom I myself am rearing in my bosom, even he it is that more and more lacerates and tortures my feelings. For in his face I contemplate him who is lost: I imagine the copy of his countenance; I represent to my mind the same sound of voice. This picture my grief fancies to itself. But not knowing the countenance of the dead, while I conjecture its probable resemblance, I undergo torture. My daughter will be wise: she will acquiesce in the soothings of her husband, the best of all the men that are: he will console her, by weeping together with her, together sighing, together speaking, together keeping silence. I, her old father, should unworthily console her; for worthier would it have been that I myself had died before. Nor could any strains of poets, or precepts of the wise, accomplish so much towards calming the grief and soothing the distress of my daughter, as the voice of her husband, proceeding from that most dear and most united breast. Me, however, my age consoles, now almost finished, and near to death. And when that shall arrive, whether that time be in the night or the day, I shall salute the heavens in departing, and solemnly declare what in my conscience I know: That in the long space of my life, there has been nothing committed by me, which could bring disgrace, or reproach, or criminality: that in the course of my existence, there has been on my part no act of avarice, none of perfidy; and that there have been performed, on the contrary, many liberal acts, many friendly, many of faithfulness, many

of firmness, oftentimes even with peril of my life. I have lived in the utmost harmony with my excellent brother, in whose attainment of the highest honours, through your father's goodness, I rejoice, and whom I see enjoying, through your friendship, perfect quiet and security. The honours which I myself attained, I never sought by unworthy means. I have applied myself to the care of my mind, rather than of my body. I have preferred the pursuits of learning to the advancement of my private fortune. I have rather chosen to be poor, than to be assisted with the means of any person; in short, to want, rather than to ask. I have never been prodigal in expense, though that is sometimes a necessary means of gain. Truth I have constantly spoken, truth I have willingly heard. I have deemed it better to be neglected, than to flatter; to be silent, than to feign; to be a seldom-visiting friend, than an often-visiting sycophant. I have sought few things, not deserved few. What I could, I have afforded to every one according to my means. To the deserving, I have rendered assistance promptly; to the undeserving, boldly. Nor has any one, by proving ungrateful, rendered me less disposed to impart with readiness whatever benefits I could. Nor have I ever been offended with the ungrateful.

"I was long and grievously sick, my dearest Marcus. Then I was afflicted with the most deplorable calamities: I lost my wife; I lost my grandson most miserably in Germany; I lost our Decimanus. If I were of iron, I could not write more at such a time. I have sent you a book that you may regard as in lieu of all."

The French editor well observes upon that part of the foregoing letter which speaks of the fates as spinners, that Fronto's bad taste there triumphs over his distress. But undoubtedly the most striking trait which the letter develops is that spirit of proud confidence, almost of defiance, with which, in the prospect of death, the writer reposes upon the recollection of his own merits and virtue. To such a man the doctrines of the christian religion, humiliating as they are to the pride of the human heart, must necessarily have been supremely unacceptable. Accordingly it is not surprising that the catalogue of the early opponents of christianity should present the name of a Fronto, and that Cornelius Fronto the rhetorician, the preceptor of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, should be indicated by highly probable circumstances as the man. Minucius Felix, whose apology for christianity was written in the early part of the third century, cites, from the treatise of Fronto against the christians, a passage containing the charge and pretended detail of one of those practices of revolting depravity, by which, according to

the stories at that time current among the vulgar multitude of the pagans, christianity was rendered an abomination in the sight of earth and heaven. What else the work contained we know not, for it has perished. We may safely conclude, however, that a controversial work of an author sufficiently prejudiced or unscrupulous to adopt and reiterate a vulgar calumny, so malignant and improbable as that to which we have referred, could not have possessed any qualities that should render its destruction a subject of just regret.

DESULTORIA.

BY THOMAS WILLIS LANE.

WOMEN'S VOWS.

Like sweet dreams on cheerless pillow
Which shall never come to pass,
Like a bubble on a billow,
Or a legend upon glass—
Like fair tracery in snow
Which the first sun melts away,
Or the lights that come and go
With the dancing water's play—
Like a sparkle on the brim
Of a cup of perfect love,
Or short snatches of a hymn
Faintly borne us from above;
Like a name writ in the sand
To vanish with the tide,
The short grasp of friendship's hand,
Or the first blush of a bride—
Like a leaf upon a wave,
Or a cloud in summer's sky;
Like a violet on a grave,
Soon to fall, and fade, and die—
Like to everything that's false,
Or like anything that's fair,
As—the pleasure of a waltz,
Or—a castle in the air,
Are the vows that women take,
Are the promises they make,
Made alas! but to be broken,
Broken oft, as soon as spoken!

DEFIANCE !

Though the star of my fate is declining,
Though hope and though love now are set,
Yet this heart shall ne'er know repining,
Its fate shall in silence be met.

Sink down fickle orbs to your waning,
Wrap the sky, oh! ye clouds! in your pall,
Nor murmur, nor sigh, nor complaining,
Shall tell that I watched for your fall.

Though faded is every sweet vision,
And false every golden young dream,
Yet, yet, while I smile in derision,
My brow with contentment shall beam.

Sorrow's turbulent flood may surround me,
And my bark wildly flee from its harm,
But the waves that roar hoarsely around me
Shall bear back no cry of alarm.

And they who have recklessly driven
The iron that pierceth my soul,
Shall know not that iron hath riven
My world, from its centre to pole.

Yet never again shall reliance
Be put in fate, fortune, or friend,
But the might of a reckless defiance
Shall break what it ne'er sought to bend.

Fierce hunter! and hounds! I defy ye—
Come ye swiftest, ye longest of breath,
On the wings of the wind I'll sweep by ye,
Ye ne'er shall be "in at the death!"

CUPID VS. MINERVA.

TO M——.

While poring o'er the musty page
Of some old Greek or Latin sage,
Thy image flits athwart my brain,
And though I frown, with smiling train
The fairy comes to charm again.

When Ovid treats of some fair girl
With dark brown hair, and teeth of pearl,
I can't help picturing to myself
A lightsome, laughing, witching elf,
That's marvellously like—*thyself*.

The wonders of Astronomy
Possess no glorious charms for me;
Pray, what care I for stars or skies,
When fancy paints a pair of eyes
In whose clear depths more brightness lies.

Botanic studies all in vain
Would wreath me in their flowery chain,
The fairest rose that drinks the dew,
Can ne'er compare with those dear two
That in thy blooming cheeks we view.

I've sought to reach the chemist's skill,
To "analyze," "resolve," "distil,"
But all the art I yet have found,
Serves but to make, (when they are bound,)
Of two plain "simples" one "compound."

Then tell me not of learned lore—
Be thou my book—o'er thee I'll pore;
Thine eyes for lamps shall brightly burn,
While I th' unsullied leaves will turn,
And daily some sweet lesson learn.

Savannah, Ga.

Essay on the Slow Progress of Mankind.

More than forty centuries have elapsed since the children of Noah began to re-people the earth, and yet the earth is not filled with inhabitants. More than 2,500 years ago, populous and wealthy empires had already flourished in China, India, Western Asia and Egypt. By that time, arts and sciences had made considerable progress, cities of unparalleled magnificence had been built, and other stupendous works of human labor constructed, which have been wonders of the world through all succeeding ages. Since that ancient period of civilization, the progress of mankind has been exceedingly slow. We may reasonably doubt whether the population of the earth has doubled itself in thirty centuries. The useful arts have advanced as slowly as the numbers of mankind. In China, that immense hive of human beings, the mind has been at a dead stand-still during a thousand years and more. At a certain stage of its progress, it was boxed up and moulded in a shape, and with dimensions, from which it has never varied since. In Hindostan there has been a retrogression; the ancient books of that country exhibit evidence of scientific attainments far above those of the modern Hindoos. In the other once flourishing seats of oriental civilization, we see but the ruins of ancient greatness. Broken columns and heaps of rubbish, mark the spots where once stood the splendid capitals of nations; the wild Arab pastures his flock on lands that once teemed with the fruits of agriculture; and silence reigns over wide spaces, which once resounded with the hum of busy multitudes.

Westward the star of empire takes its way;

yet westward of Babylonia, of Palestine, of Syria, of Asia Minor, of Egypt and of Greece,—all in ruins,—we find north western Africa sunk under Mahometan rule; and papal Rome in papal Italy, once the populous centre of the Roman empire,—oh, how fallen!—and Spain, paralyzed by the same deadly influence, less populous and wealthy than she was in former ages. Northwestern Europe and the Russian empire have made some progress. Middle and southern Africa is no less barbarous than formerly. America has advanced under European colonization; but if we except our United States, we may doubt whether the continent is now as populous as it was when those ruined cities flourished, whose monuments are found overgrown with forests. There are signs too in the great valley of the Mississippi, that a numerous pop-

ulation once dwelt where the wild Indians afterwards had their hunting grounds.

The nations that now take the lead in human affairs emerged from barbarism but a few centuries ago, and it is only since the Reformation of religion in the 16th century, that the arts and sciences have flourished amongst them, and a new impulse has been given to the human mind, an impulse on which the world seems now to depend for the spread of civilization and the general improvement of the human race.

The present number of mankind cannot be estimated with any degree of exactness. Learned geographers differ in their estimates by two or three hundred millions. With the exception of some European and American States, no certain data exist among the nations and tribes of mankind, upon which even a conjecture approximately true can be founded. The general tendency has been to over-estimate the population of countries imperfectly known. Avoiding extremes, I shall assume that in round numbers, Asia (including Japan) contains 400,000,000, Europe 200,000,000, Africa 60,000,000, America 50,000,000, the Asiatic, Australian and Polynesian islands 10,000,000;—making a total of 720,000,000 for the present population of the globe.

The space of habitable land on the earth within the temperate and torrid zones.—excluding the barren deserts of Asia and Africa,—is about 40,000,000 of square miles. The average population of the habitable land is therefore about eighteen to the square mile. But the inhabitants of the earth are most unequally distributed over its surface. Not less than two-thirds of the whole number live upon one-tenth of the land in China, India and western Europe. No less remarkable is the fact, that the basins of three American rivers—the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Mississippi—which contain fertile land enough to sustain the whole population of the earth, had not, until lately, as many as 2,000,000 of inhabitants. Obviously, therefore, the earth is yet far, very far, from being replenished with inhabitants. Ten times the present number could easily draw subsistence from its soil, and yet continue to increase from generation to generation.

Why is it that with so abundant resources, mankind have made so little progress? Why have they failed so signally, after so many ages, to replenish and subdue the earth? It is not from the want of physical capacity to increase and multiply according to the Creator's primitive command. With health, competence and peace, the human race can easily double their number four times in a century. By doubling only three times in a century, the population of

Great Britain and Ireland, supposing it to have been 6,000,000 in 1607, when Virginia was first settled, would by this time have amounted to more than 1,000,000,000—enough to have colonized and improved all the waste and thinly peopled lands of the earth.

This shows, also, that the rude barbarity of the tribes who occupy so much of the best land in the world, affords no sufficient explanation of the backward state of mankind. Why should not the barbarous tribes have ere now been civilized, either by their own genius and energy, or by the influence of civilized nations? Or if they obstinately adhered to their barbarism, why have not the multiplying millions of civilized communities spread agriculture, manufactures and commerce over the wildernesses left unimproved by roaming savages? What has been done in the United States, might have been done many centuries ago over all the uncultivated regions of the globe.

Ignorance and vice are the general drawbacks on the prosperity of mankind; but to give a useful explanation of the matter, it is necessary to describe specifically those social evils springing from ignorance and vice, by which the progress of mankind has been most effectually retarded. They are, 1st. War; 2nd. Useless Consumers; 3rd. Luxury; and 4th. Popular Ignorance.

1. The frequent and destructive wars of mankind have been a chief cause of their slow progress. The evils of war are various, and each one has disastrous influence on population and wealth. First, the loss of human life in battles, sieges, and massacres, and by the famines and pestilences that follow in the bloody train of war. Secondly, the devastation committed by warring hosts, in cities, villages and fields, and by armed ships on the ocean and its coasts. The march of a great army through an enemy's country, is often like the course of a furious tornado. If the land is like the garden of Eden before them, it is a desolate wilderness behind them. Their course may be traced by smoking ruins, wasted fields and starving families. In one month they will destroy the labors of an age. Thirdly, the abstraction of many able-bodied men from productive industry, that they may exert their strength and ingenuity in the work of killing and devastation. Fourthly, the application of much labor and capital to the support of armies and navies, not only in war, but in peace. Vast amounts are yearly expended to feed and clothe the military, to supply them with tents, horses, carriages, camp utensils, and barracks,—to furnish them with arms and ammunition; to build fortresses, ships, navy yards and docks,—besides innumerable smaller items, which make the military expenditures of every country far exceed those of

the civil administration, however needlessly extravagant these may be. Who can estimate the cost of military and naval establishments in Europe during the last sixty years of bloody war and of armed peace? Enough probably to have maintained in comfort 10,000,000 of families employed in the arts of peace. The pressure of these expenses is felt by all the families of civilized nations, in the form of heavy taxes, which absorb a large portion of the means of living, and check the increase of population. And, Fifthly, war always corrupts the morals of society, by letting loose the worst passions of human nature; familiarizing the public mind with scenes of blood, carnage and rapine,—withdrawing attention from the arts of peace and the exercise of benevolence and justice; and setting the multitude mad after glory and conquering chieftains, and filling them with triumphant joy at the report of a victory—that is, a scene of human butchery and countless agonies, which, if coolly contemplated, would fill a benevolent heart with inexpressible horror. These things harden the heart, and lead to innumerable acts of oppression, cruelty, and injustice in society. Those too who have had a few years training in the school of war, are apt to be addicted to vices from which they are seldom recovered after they return to the occupations of peace.

2. Society is burdened with useless consumers, men and women, who live upon the products of industry without contributing to production, or rendering service to the community. Such are most of the nobility and privileged orders of Europe, and the wealthy of all countries, who live idly upon their revenues, and do nothing for the general welfare. However honestly they may have acquired their incomes, yet so long as they possess health and capability of usefulness, but live idly for their own pleasure, they are drones of society, consuming the fruits of labor without contributing in any way to the resources or the improvement of mankind. There are other classes of idlers—idle priests, idle monks, idle parasites and idle beggars. In the same category we put all the rogues, swindlers, gamblers, quacks, pottifoggers, triflers, and all others who gain a base living by ministering to the vices and follies of mankind. These all live upon the products of labor, but produce nothing useful. Were they all compelled to labor in some useful occupation, the annual products of industry would be greatly augmented, and many more families might be supported. Let me not be understood to mean, that all should exercise manual industry. A portion of every civilized and flourishing community, must necessarily be engaged in occupations not directly productive of material wealth. Public officers, teachers,

professional and literary men, contribute indirectly to production; and even those whose business it is to afford innocent amusement, are not to be wholly condemned as useless members of society.

3. Luxury is one of the chief obstacles to the progress of mankind. It has ruined many nations once mighty and prosperous. By luxury I do not mean every thing fine and precious, every elegance of life, every thing adapted to gratify a refined taste. The apostle John well defines it as “The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.” The laboring classes have their luxuries as well as the rich. In this country they spend much of their labor to get tobacco, intoxicating liquors, and sundry other articles which gratify only a depraved taste or a childish vanity. Coffee has become a universal luxury among us. It contributes nothing to the enjoyment of laboring people, especially in the country. Why should the farmer, who can supply his family cheaply with delicious milk and rich nourishing soups, feed them with such costly, thin and nerve-shaking potations, as coffee from the West Indies and tea from China? The taste for coffee, like that for tobacco, is acquired, not natural. Yet because the rich people and the town’s people drink coffee, the countryman who has but one shirt must have his bitter decoction of *burnt* coffee twice a day! But if the poor waste much of their earnings on tobacco, whiskey, coffee and—dogs;—much more do the rich consume upon their lusts what might be put to a far better use. It is the envied privilege of the wealthy to spend most of their income according to their choice. They may either lay it out in costly wines and pleasure carriages,—or they may expend it in draining marshes, making railroads or endowing schools. In either case they give employment to laborers, but with very different results. When the wines and the carriages are consumed, nothing is added to the public resources; the same number of laborers may be employed to supply more wine and carriages, but that is all. On the other hand, after laborers have been employed to convert a pestilential marsh into a fruitful field, and to cheapen transportation by means of a railroad,—here is a permanent addition to the resources of mankind; and when a school is permanently endowed, here is a new fund for the mental improvement of society.

Commonly men apply capital to productive undertakings for the sake of gain. He who drains a marsh, or builds a bridge, expects to increase his income by the outlay, and regards no other result. If he spends money on luxuries, such as Turkey carpets, India shawls, and French mirrors, he aims to gratify his vanity, and to derive

pleasure from the possession of what few can afford to buy. In both cases the motive is purely selfish. Hence the political economists tell us, that the unproductive consumption of wealth, as in the case just mentioned, is for *pleasure*, whilst productive consumption, as in the other case, is solely for *profit*, in the hope of future pleasure, to reward the self-denial exercised in opening a new source of income. But may not an enlightened and benevolent mind derive as exquisite and as durable a pleasure from an enterprise of public utility, as another does from all the pomp and parade and sensuality of fashionable luxury? Generally, the most profitable investments of capital, are the most beneficial to the public, where material products are in view:—but then the ultimate, rather than the immediate, profits should be considered, and the benefits to mankind as well as the private emolument of the capitalist.

Political economists tell us, that luxury is necessary to stimulate industry, and to keep production within the limits of consumption. It is true, that while the passionate desire for the gratification of sense and vanity, prevails amongst men, many will labor for luxuries, who would not labor for more rational enjoyments; and that if all labored for the necessities of existence, more would be produced than could be consumed. But why run from the one extreme to the other? Is not human nature capable of feeling and appreciating nobler motives to exertion, than the desire of sensual indulgence and vain display? And in the course of human improvement, may not these motives come to operate as generally and as forcibly, as the selfish and low desire of luxurious indulgence now operates to stimulate the industry of mankind? May we not hope that human reason and sentiment, under the influence of Christian principle, will in the course of time be so improved, as to make vain, sensual luxury a disgrace, and correct the abuses of wealth by which so much of the labor of mankind is wasted?

4. Finally, we may enumerate popular ignorance, or the generally rude, uncultivated state of the human mind, as one of the chief drawbacks on the progress of society and the increase of mankind. To say nothing of the savage condition of so many tribes of men,

Whose souls proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;

how deeply sunk in ignorance are yet the laboring millions of the most civilized nations? Never, I suppose, in this present state of being, can the masses of mankind rise to intellectual refinement, any more than they can attain to wealth and ease. The poor who depend on daily labor for

their living, are precluded, generally, from high attainments in science and literature. But there is a degree of intellectual and moral culture attainable by all, that would render them far wiser and better than they are. Ignorance—intellectual and moral—is the mother of superstition, idleness, sensuality, unprofitable and misdirected labor, loss of property, loss of health, bad education of children, low and destructive vices, bad government, and a thousand other evils that check the prosperity of mankind. When all shall receive that degree of mental culture which their station in life may permit, it is evident that the average wisdom of mankind will be far above what it now is, even among civilized nations, the labors of mankind will be more judiciously conducted, and so will the government of nations; there will be less imposture, less superstition, less idleness and vice—more improvement in arts and sciences, and more of every thing conducive to the prosperity of man.

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It may gratify a reasonable curiosity—perhaps it may also suggest some useful reflections—to form an estimate, however vague and uncertain, of the number of human beings which the earth will be able to sustain, if its resources shall ever be fully developed and improved.

Food is the primary, but not the only, want of mankind. Clothing, shelter, tools, machinery, trade, and all the necessary institutions and appurtenances of civilized society are indispensable, not only to comfortable living, but to the production of food by large quantities. The earth will not yield a large increase without labor, and labor will not be productive without the use of implements and of natural agents. Hence it is evident that the labor of a part of mankind must supply the whole with food. Many must be engaged in manufactures, commerce, government, professional pursuits, &c. Allowance must be made for all these in our estimates. Part of the soil must always be appropriated to the production of materials for clothing, and other things which are not food. Due allowance being made for these things, we may take food as the basis of our estimate. The more food, with the necessary proportion of other things, the earth can yield, the more inhabitants it can sustain.

Both water and land produce food for mankind. The vegetable products of the soil can be multiplied by industry; but the inhabitants of the waters need no human care; they increase and multiply of themselves; their numbers are infinite, and cannot be much reduced by all man can do. The most useful kinds are astonishingly prolific. One mother fish of the cod, herring,

&c., will lay eggs enough in one season to produce hundreds of thousands, or even millions of young; and should only one in a thousand of them come to maturity, all the fish eaters of the ocean and the land, the human race included, might live upon them without diminishing their numbers. It is remarkable that the polar regions, where few vegetables can grow, afford sustenance in all their waters to countless millions of fishes of the best kinds, the salmon, the cod, the herring, the shad, and various others, which offer themselves annually to the fisherman's nets and hooks by coming into the shallow waters of coasts and rivers to spawn. They are, like the sands of the sea-shore, innumerable. They fill the waters. The seas, bays, rivers and banks of every northern coast are alive with them. Yet these are but a small part of the living creatures that inhabit the watery world, 150,000,000 square miles in extent, and perhaps more than a mile in average depth. Every cubic mile contains a million of cubic rods, and every cubic rod of sea breeds living creatures. Shell fish line the bottom; gony tribes swim above them, and soft mollescent animals float in every part, and creeping things abound in the ooze below, and wriggle about through all the waters both deep and shallow. So almost every river lake, pond, ditch and streamlet, may nourish food for man. The ditch that waters a meadow, may be at the same time a nursery of eels. The pond that gathers water for irrigation or for mills, is also a habitation for useful animals. Such is the natural fecundity of the earth, that wheresoever the sun warms, the waters moisten, and the air penetrates—there is organic life developed in every possible form of animal and vegetable; the living feed on the dead; and man profits by them all; for although he cannot feed on them all directly, he can indirectly by eating the eaters.

Here we may observe that the greater part of mankind are actuated by superstition, or fancy, or custom, to reject much of the wholesome food which nature produces. The Hindoos and Buddhists of eastern Asia abstain from animal food, from a superstitious notion that all animals have immortal souls. Mahometans reject the hog; Englishmen loathe the frog; all Christian nations refuse to eat dog, and rat, and serpent, and fifty other things, which Indians, Chinese, and the negro nations know to be good food. Much of our distinction of meats is founded on no dictates of reason. Why eat hog, and feel disgust at dog and rat? Why should a hopping bull-frog be less palatable than a crawling turtle? or a scaly snake than a slimy eel? I mean not that all animals are good food for man. I agree with Achille Murat, who is said to have made experiments, while living in Florida, on the fit-

ness of different animals to serve as food. He wished to ascertain how much of our likes and dislikes in this particular was founded on reason. He dismissed all prejudice, and tried all sorts with philosophical impartiality. Rattlesnake soup he found to be excellent; owl soup to be only tolerable; but—turkey-buzzard soup he had to give up as “not good.”

Although the waters are an inexhaustible storehouse of food for man, and one to which he can always resort in time of need, the soil is the chief resource for the supply of human wants. It produces an immense variety of grains, roots, tree fruits, salads, and other nourishing substances, besides timber, fuel, and grass for cattle. Fowls and birds also derive most of their sustenance from the land. The universal food which we use, is but a modification of vegetable matter. Beef is but corn and fodder reorganized. Vegetables being therefore the basis of all our sustenance, the capacity of the soil to produce food is measured by the quantity of nutritious vegetables which it can be made to produce for man and beast. What is the utmost quantity that may grow at once upon an acre of land, cannot be exactly determined; but we can assign a limit beyond which it is physically impossible for nature and art combined to enlarge a crop. Sixty bushels of wheat, and twice that quantity of Indian corn, may possibly be grown upon one acre, but the double of these quantities we may pronounce to be impossible, so long as the present constitution of nature continues. But within the limits which nature imposes, the quantity of vegetable products will depend, 1st. On the extent and qualities of the soil; 2nd. On the climate; 3rd. On the supply of moisture; 4th. On the kind and quality of the vegetables cultivated; and 5th. On the culture bestowed upon them.

I. The fertile land of the earth can be extended and improved. Much land can be gained from the sea-tides and the inundations of rivers, as Holland and the lower valley of the Po have been by dikes and embankments. Much of the richest land in the world now consists of useless swamps, bogs, and inundated river lowgrounds. All these may be reclaimed and converted into fields of exuberant fertility. Bare rocks may be covered with soil, as the island of Malta has been by soil imported from Italy. Steep mountain sides may be rendered arable by walls and terraces. Poor soils may be enriched. Hard clays may be loosened, and loose sands may be compacted, by admixture. The earth has abundance of fertilizing materials to enrich all its lands to the utmost. The sea is an inexhaustible storehouse of manures. Its fish, its weeds and its fat ooze, can be employed to fertilize

all the lands of maritime countries. The vast accumulation of vegetable matter and *humus* in the valleys and beds of rivers and of swamps, are sufficient to enrich all the poorer soils of the highlands from which the rains and currents have swept them. In many places there is a superfluous depth of rich loam, which may be pared off and carried upon the poor lands of the neighborhood. The yearly product of vegetable and animal manure, now for the most part wasted, can be saved and applied, so as to improve the soil which produces it. The earth abounds in mineral and fossil manures, lime, gypsum, salt, coal, shell marl, potassa, (in crumbling rocks,) and other substances, by a judicious use of which soils are improved. Concentrated manures, such as guano, are furnished by nature, and may hereafter be cheaply manufactured. As plants receive a part of their nutriment from the atmosphere, the soil on which they grow becomes naturally richer every year, when the yearly product is returned to the soil. Thus wild lands are enriched by themselves, where the vegetable matter is not carried off by the winds and waters.

By all these means, the whole face of the earth may in time be rendered as fruitful as the richest and best cultivated lands now are. To effect this will require an immensity of human labor, but not more than mankind can apply in a long course of ages. What may not the steady industry of mankind accomplish? If Egypt could build the pyramids and hew out the catacombs, and China could raise a huge wall 1,200 miles long,—all in the days of antiquity;—then every nation can gradually enrich its soil, and convert its whole territory into a fruitful garden. Let them study the arts of peace, and turn the hands that are now idle, or employed only in raising pernicious luxuries, or in military service, to works of utility, and a few centuries will suffice to fill the earth with a thriving and happy population.

Europe now maintains nearly 3,000,000 of men directly or indirectly employed in military affairs, and as many more who render no service to the community, but live idly, and many of them dishonestly. If all these were employed in improving the resources of the country, in less than a century not a barren spot would be left in the temperate regions of Europe, and the population would be quadrupled. So might all the 40,000,000 of square miles of habitable land on the globe be improved in a few centuries. Every country might be intersected throughout by canals and railroads, to facilitate commerce, and distribute, not only the products of the soil, but the means of its fertilization.

2. Climate, as all know, has great influence

on vegetation. A certain degree and continuance of heat are essential to the growth and maturity of plants. But it is remarkable, how plants adapt themselves to peculiarities of climate. In the northern regions, where the summers are short, six or eight weeks are sufficient to mature crops which in warmer latitudes require three or four months. By slow degrees, yet surely, many useful plants of the warmer latitudes will be acclimated in those farther north. In the torrid zone two or three crops can be yearly gathered from the same ground; and up to the middle of the temperate zone, a succession of crops of certain kinds may be produced in one season, as in Virginia and Kentucky I have seen potatoes succeeded by cabbages or turnips, and early peas by the same, or by other crops. Thus, by keeping the vegetative powers of nature in constant action, the quantity of produce can be greatly augmented, and by a judicious rotation of crops, and the application of the manures produced on the land, the soil will be improved rather than impoverished by constant cropping. The degree of heat necessary to mature some crops may, in climates rather too cool for them, be produced to some extent by artificial means. In England peaches are ripened by planting the trees on the southern sides of walls. So by means of green houses and glass covers of seed beds, vegetation may be hastened in the spring, and many plants reared in climates naturally too cold for them. How far this system of artificial heat may be ultimately carried, we cannot foresee; but certainly to a degree that will considerably increase the vegetable products of cool climates.

3. Moisture is no less essential to vegetation than warmth. Different plants require different degrees of it; but to all a regulated supply is necessary to the largest increase and highest perfection of the crop. Nature rarely affords that regulated supply. But human art and industry can do much to correct the excesses and deficiencies of nature. Wet lands can be drained, and dry lands can be irrigated. Rivers, brooks, and fountains can by means of dams, elevating machinery, and canals, be made to water the adjacent lands. Where rains fall at any season of the year, the superfluous waters can be collected in reservoirs, and distributed, when wanted, over lands both high and low. Even in those dry climates, as that of Peru, where it seldom or never rains, much land can be irrigated, either by streams descending from high mountains, or by wells that reach the subterranean waters. Sulpicius Severus, a Christian writer of the 4th century, mentions a hermit of the Egyptian desert, where no rain falls,—who watered his garden out of a well 1,000 feet deep. He employed

an ox with a wheel machine. to draw the water, and fed him on the produce of his labor. Not only Severus, but many writers of modern times have remarked that in hot climates, the sands, otherwise utterly barren, are fertilized by water alone, and produce large crops with no other manure. By means of deep wells, many districts of dry barren land, may be rendered in a great measure fruitful. This laborious way of fertilizing lands will, I suppose, be extensively adopted only in the last stage of agricultural improvement, after more favored lands have been fully occupied and cultivated. It is possible that many thousands of square miles of torrid deserts, now uninhabitable for the want of water, may yet, before the end of the world, be rendered fruitful by tapping the veins of water that permeate the interior of the earth, and fill all its pores and cavities from pole to pole.

In climates subject to summer droughts, the increase of product resulting from irrigation is often more than the half: where the droughts are of long continuance, and the climate is very warm, irrigation will produce an exuberant crop, where unassisted nature would scarcely allow the seed to vegetate, or at least would bring no summer crop to perfection.

Yet it is remarkable, that some plants will grow in the driest soil and climate, while others grow in the water, and need only to keep their heads out in order to thrive in the liquid element that would kill those of different kinds. Thus has a bountiful Providence made every part of the earth capable of some useful product.

4. The last remark shows how much depends on the kind of plant cultivated in a particular soil and climate. Some kinds of plants yield much more nutriment on a given space than others. On good land, Indian corn yields more than wheat; beets and potatoes more than Indian corn; and on inferior soils peas will yield more than other crops. In tropical countries, certain plants, such as the manisc, yields four or five times as much nutriment to the acre, as the grains cultivated among us. But the banana tree is said by Humboldt to afford 133 times as much nutritive substance as wheat on an equal space of ground, and forty-four times as much as potatoes. The annual product is stated to be no less than 160,000 pounds of nutritious fruit to the acre, and that with no extraordinary amount of labor. At this rate an acre of land would supply 160 persons with nourishment, allowing 1000 pounds a year to each individual. Supposing one-fourth of a tract of land to be cultivated in bananas, and the rest in other crops, an immense number of people could live comfortably in a small country whose climate

and soil were adapted to this and other tropical productions.

By a proper selection of seed and skilful cultivation, all agricultural products are improved. The large luscious apples of our orchards are the offspring of the wild crab, which not even a pig will eat. The large mealy potato that bursts the ground with its exuberant growth, originated from the small, insipid tuber growing wild in the Peruvian Andes. How far cultivated vegetables may yet be improved, we cannot tell; but it is well known that by a careful selection of seed for a series of years, some farmers have doubled their crop of Indian corn from a given quantity of land. Domestic animals are also susceptible of improvement, by skilful breeding. Thus human reason and industry can improve and multiply all the useful products of nature to an extent unknown. As yet mankind have generally exercised little of their reason and their industry in this way. Here and there among civilized nations a few individuals have studied agricultural improvements with minds sufficiently enlightened by the lessons of science and of experience. The results of their labors have been so beneficial as to prove the possibility of accomplishing as much in this department of industry, as in the mechanic arts by means of labor-saving machines.

5. Lastly, deep and assiduous cultivation is known to have a wonderful effect on the fertility of land and the quantity of its product. Very little land has yet been thoroughly cultivated. In Belgium much of the soil has been periodically turned over with the spade to the depth of one and a half or two feet, with great increase of fertility. Land that is perfectly and deeply tilled affords much more nutriment to plants, than soil of the same quality, cultivated in the usual shallow and slovenly manner. Frequent stirring of the ground during the growth of the crop, and the perfect extirpation of weeds, add greatly to the product. Crops now usually sown broadcast, if drilled and cultivated in this manner, would be much more productive.

By all these five means would the products of the soil be indefinitely augmented, and the population of the world might be manifold greater than it has ever yet been. We cannot even approximately determine how many millions of human beings the earth may ultimately sustain, when all its resources shall be fully developed. But we may form some idea of the average quantity of food which the soils of the earth might be made to produce, and the number of persons who could subsist upon this product. In warm climates there is no doubt that human industry can make "every rood maintain its man,"

wherever a supply of moisture can be obtained. Rich soils will do much more than this, where two successive crops can be produced in a year, and yet a sufficient allowance be made for accidental failures. In temperate climates, where 100 bushels of Indian corn or 300 bushels of potatoes can be made on an acre, still every rood of cultivated land will "maintain its man." But in the colder half of the temperate zone, the produce of the waters must be added to the produce of the land to sustain so large a number. Where much animal food is reared on the soil, fewer men can be sustained. But it is a mistaken notion, that animal food is necessary to give the human constitution its full vigor and development. The Irishmen, who live on the potato, are as strong and healthy as beef-eaters. Much is due to climate, and much to a regular and sufficient supply of nutritious food. Among savages, it is generally a feast or a famine; and among the poverty-stricken millions of India and China, and some Christian countries too, a full stomach must be atoned for by a fast,—not because mother earth refuses to reward the laborer, but because oppression stints his means of production and robs him of the half of his produce, to pamper idle luxury and feed destructive war.

It is not extravagant to estimate the capacity of the earth, in the highest state of possible improvement, as sufficient to sustain the average number of 640 persons, including children, upon a square mile of land, that is, one person to the acre; which on the forty millions of square miles of habitable land, would make a total of 25,600 millions of human beings on the globe. Such is the fecundity of nature in the water and on the land, and so much can the labor of mankind effect in a course of ages to multiply the fruits of the soil, that I might even double the above estimate without transcending what might be accomplished within twenty centuries, if mankind were honest, industrious and peacefully disposed. But alas! so selfish, so vain, so instigated by demoniac passions, are the great majority of our fallen race—and so do they corrupt and abuse even the heaven-descended religion which would correct their follies and their vices; that we can have very slender hope of our remotest posterity's seeing the world so peaceful, so prosperous, so full of life and happiness.

Yet there are some symptoms of better times for the human race in the ages to come. Europe is gradually delivering herself from the ignorance, the superstition and the thralldom of the dark ages. The nations are less ready to rush into bloody and devastating wars,—less submissive to priestly and kingly despotism. The lights of science, of religious and political know-

ledge, are surely though slowly penetrating the masses of society. Commerce and the useful arts are advancing,—morals on the whole improving, though as yet in a low condition. Popular education is extending, popular rights are gaining ground; though in some countries temporarily repressed by military force. In a word, the mind of christian Europe, is acquiring activity and strength, and its progress cannot be arrested until it shall disenthral itself from the fetters of superstition and prejudice. The mental fermentation may throw up many impurities, and cause violent agitations; but it will finally work itself clear. Human reason, left free, may, like the magnetic needle, tremble and vibrate long; but it will at last settle in the meridian of truth.

It is among the Germanic—and particularly the Anglo-Saxon, nations, that the human mind is most active. The Germans, precluded, heretofore, by political despotism, from as much external activity as some other nations, have, since Luther's day, been sounding all the depths and surveying all the fields of human thought. When a more practical career shall be opened to them, they will soon rush forward in the race of improvement with intellects already qualified by ages of study.

But the Anglo-Saxon branch of the Germanic race, in Great Britain and America, having the advantages of a maritime situation and free institutions, constitute the portion of the human family on which mankind seem most to depend for their future progress. The commerce of the world is now chiefly in their hands. They are the most enterprising and the most progressive people on the earth. Besides the European part of them, they are multiplying at such a rate in our part of the world, that within two centuries from this time, they and their countrymen of the German and other races, will number no less than 1000 millions. There is room enough for such an increase on the five millions of square miles which they now occupy, or are destined to occupy, in America within the temperate and torrid zones. Let them cultivate useful knowledge, pursue the arts of peace, maintain union and equity among themselves; and, in the ordinary course of events, they will become the great civilizers of the world. Already the same race of men have extended their settlements and their rule over other shores and nations all round the world. The great Australian Islands are to be filled with them.

Africa, that dark and degraded quarter of the world, mostly inhabited by a black race of inferior intellect, seems destined to receive improvement through the same Anglo-Germanic race. The southern parts are to be filled by their colonists: and the western parts within the tropics

by colonies of the black race, trained and improved among the white men of the United States. Wicked as the slave trade has been, and degraded as the condition of this colored race is in the land of their bondage, they have nevertheless been improved both physically and morally by their residence among us. They can now be sent back to their fatherland with the arts and ideas of a civilized people, and imbued with the heavenly influence of christianity, to civilize and to christianize the barbarous tribes from whom their forefathers were so cruelly taken. Thus a wise Providence brings good out of evil.

In Eastern Asia there are influences at work or about to work, which promise to give the human mind a new start in those populous regions. India is under Anglo-Saxon rule and christian tuition, and these are gradually sapping the foundations, laid deep in antiquity, of ideas and institutions, which have paralyzed the minds and debased the morals of a people naturally ingenious.

China, that immense hive of human beings, mechanically treading in the footsteps of their fathers, has been compelled to relax her exclusiveness, and to open her ports to the commerce, and the minds of her people to the teachings, of Christendom. Japan must soon do likewise. Then will all the accessible regions of the globe be opened to the progressive enterprise, arts and influences of Europe and America. The multiplying millions of the Anglo-Germanic race, will have full scope for their activity; every ocean will swarm with their ships; every coast and island will be occupied with their establishments; their language, their science, their literature and their religion, will pervade all the kindreds and tribes of Heathendom; "many"—yes, many myriads of them—"will run to and fro, and knowledge will be increased;" until "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord," and with the arts and institutions of civilized life. The maxims of peace and the pursuits of honest industry, will gradually gain ascendancy, until, it may be hoped, "the nations will learn war no more," but enjoy the gifts of a bountiful Providence under the peaceful reign of the Messiah. Thus may we interpret the signs of the times: but alas! when we see the selfishness, the fraud, the rapacity, the luxury, and other vices, that still prevail among us, we have to distrust our reasonings on the signs of the times, and to rely simply on the revealed purposes of Him, with whom a thousand years are as one day.

H. R.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

June 12th, '45.—It had been determined rather than cross the river, which deepens as we ascend without losing its quicksands, to take to the hills and turn Scott's Bluff: accordingly we this morning marched three miles still nearer to that mysterious mountain—and, without being disenchanted of its colossal ruins and phantom occupants, turned toward the left, and ascended the wild sandy hills. I anticipated a dull ride over ground as uninteresting as barren: but a new surprise was in store for us: having ascended about sixty feet, we saw before us a plain, more than a mile wide, but narrowing, winding, and walled in: the ascent was slight, it was apparently a river bottom; in fact, it was marked every where with drift, cedar logs, &c.—the thought, "can this be the Platte bottom," came intruding on us with its absurdity. Thus we continued, winding round "Gibraltar," ascending insensibly this smooth inclined plain, mile after mile, thirteen, fourteen miles! Then, before we were aware, or we hardly knew how, we found ourselves riding above, looking into a deep glen, with shade trees, cedars, shrubbery, rocks and crystal waters! And where is its outlet? no where but high up, too, on the smooth grassy plain; on which in flood times, it had cast its drift; yes, all over its twenty square miles. We had got very high up, without observing it; but to complete even a faint idea of the remarkable scenery, I must add that this singular flat valley is walled in everywhere by lofty bluffs; their gray sand, and clay, and marly sides, often vertical; their tops crowned by cedar forests. This ravine is very precipitous: our horses could with much difficulty be led down to the water; wild fruits grew luxuriantly amid its rocks and trees. It heads very near the mountain top, at a spring of icy coldness—and without exaggeration.

Thus after winding, as one might have thought, through a strange opening around Scott's Bluff, we suddenly found ourselves at the top of a mountain gap, with a vast river suddenly bursting upon us. On our right, to which we must now direct our course, far below and twelve miles off, lie the grassy meadows of Horse creek: beyond are its blue hills—then, far away above many a treeless hill and plain, rise to view the famous "Black Hills," and Laramie Mountain, their highest peak, towering at eighty miles.

We turned then to descend another plain, of

twelve miles, inclined to the Southwest; a puff of air from the West, came now and then cool and refreshing; but the reflected sunshine was literally scorching; without sensible perspiration, great blisters were burnt over our faces. It was paying dear for the avoidance of a little quicksand—so thought, doubtless, all the animals. We pitched the camp in the pleasant meadows of Horse creek, near its mouth; it is sixty yards wide, and resembles the Platte; but has clearer water. We are enjoying the rarity of good fuel, from some dead cedars.

Seeing to-day an antelope with a young fawn some three hundred yards from the column, I rode to the spot to endeavor to secure the little creature for a pet; they are famous for their fearless attachment to their young, and their skill in concealing them. This noble animal had another enemy a-field: an immense dog, greyhound and bull, came rushing to attack her; the coward expected her of course to run, but maternal instinct had conquered fear; she coolly stood her ground, until with one judicious and vigorous spring, she received him with a but that sent him rolling over and over! And he feared to repeat the attack, but followed her a little, at a respectful distance, as she leisurely moved off. Now, hundreds, perhaps, had seen the fawn there a minute before, in the open prairie; but she had hid it, so that three of us searched it for half an hour, in vain!

These antelopes are second to the buffalo in numbers: of the first, we saw none to-day, they are disappearing like the elks, which are said, however, to have migrated permanently Northward. Fifteen years ago, they were found close to Fort Leavenworth, now we have come over five hundred miles without seeing one. Can we wonder? I have felt on this march, as if still among the settlements, continually amongst emigrants with the herds; meeting one day boatmen, the next, villages of Indians: and this migration, which here, where streams or springs are so rare, must necessarily follow these great water courses, (which seem providentially disposed to lead it on,) unfortunately meets on them the great mass of the buffalo, for they too must come to the water—their day is passing.

We are now in advance of the whole emigration; two of their men are with us this evening, they speak of the great discouragement of the women, who even wish to return; and many men have been at times of the same disposition; they have lost many cattle in this first quarter of their journey. They scarcely know where they are going; and these men eagerly question our guide, who has been in Oregon, on the simplest and best known points.

I have read of small animals, marmots per-

haps, and of our squirrels, migrating in vast bodies; overcoming with patient energy but great loss, every obstacle which they blindly encounter; moving ever onward, impelled by some inscrutable instinct, or destiny.

This migration severs the ties of home and country; leaves lands of exceeding richness, which may be purchased after years of free occupancy, for a dollar and a quarter the acre, with navigable rivers throughout, and pushes on with women and children, to the dangers and exposures of an immense journey: they hardly know whither,—but that it is beyond the advantages and comforts of society. Is it a providential instinct? And was it the same that three hundred years ago impelled its many thousands of victims to the dangers and diseases of the new American world?

It must be so. Should we then admire as praiseworthy, the energies and the sacrifices of these first labourers in a great work? Or, can we, regardless of prospective results, deny them magnanimous or patriotic motives; attribute all to the wantonness of discontent,—a diseased appetite for excitement and change,—to a restless habit of vagrancy?

I hope I am not uncharitable, if I incline to this last opinion. Are we not taught to recognize in the history of man, that God shapes evil to good results?

There is a comet at the Northwest; and a sudden and violent norther threatens the overthrow of our frail habitations; and so, to lightning and thunder, we have a rattling accompaniment of mallets and tent-pins.

June 13th.—Twenty-four miles to-day, over a desert! hills and river valley equally a desert! In this last, we have seen many large cottonwoods seemingly the wrecks of a blasting tempest, mere limbless or distorted stems of trees: and others, the bleached and desolate drift of a flood.

We came over a lofty bluff almost overhanging the river, which commanded a view over vast and sternly sterile plains, breaking up at last into confused mountain spurs, and dim blue peaks beyond; but to this gloomy grandeur the river far winding amid white sands and green islands, and at the foot of many another precipitous bluff adorned with evergreens, lent an element of softening beauty.

I. F. What oppresses you? You seem in mournful harmony with these silent wastes!

C. Behold those spectral ruins of trees strangely white and gleaming in the starlight!—they are melancholy. But no—it is a day that ever, since it first gave me unhappy life, leaves its influences upon me.

I. F. Such a mood should always be resisted. How do you succeed with your diary now? We are passing remarkable scenery; most wild-picturesque; and there is always some incident.

C. What is written, may always chance to be printed, if not read: how charming then to the busy denizens of the world, whose very brains have received an artificial mould, to read such incident! Now if I could only introduce the word "dollar,"—good heavens! it was never heard here before! 'tis enough to disturb the ghosts of the grim old warriors, who, I dare say, have fallen here in defence of this narrow pass: fighting for what? at ambition's call? not, I hope, of intriguing diplomatist—better for Love, or mere excitement sake.

Whom then shall I address?—the mock sentimentalist? and begin the day: "Our slumbers this morning were gently and pleasantly dissolved by the cheerful martins, which sang a sweet reveille at the first blush of Aurora, at our uncurtained couches." Or the statist? "Not a sign of buffalo to-day; it were melancholy and easy to calculate how soon the Indians, deprived of this natural resource, and ignorant of agriculture"—but I should soon get too deep.

I. F. But this soil is devilish shallow.

C. Few will follow me pleasantly or patiently through these solitudes, 'though sometimes "pleasant places." I care not at all,—but that I feel I may fail to awaken the sympathy of any, while, like an artist retouching with kindled affection his painted thought, I linger to answer the appeal of Wasted Beauty to so rare appreciation.

I. F. This profoundly silent Desert—like a world without life—awes and stills the senses: but the soul is excited to speculations on the origin, the history—if it have one—and the destiny of these boundless wastes.

C. Or surrounds itself with the airy creations of fantasy,—or, mournfully wanders back among the dim traces of joys and sorrows gone. I address not then, the shallow or hurried worldling; but the friendly one, who in the calm intervals from worldly cares, grants me the aid of a quiet and thoughtful,—and if it may be,—a poetic mood!

Ay de Mi! Our life is a sad struggle;—our material nature with its base cravings,—its cares for animal comforts, and all the ills of the flesh, preys upon and tethers the soul, which yearns for the Beautiful, the Noble, the Exalted;—esays to soar in that sphere, whose types are the bright stars of Heaven! Or, clings to that electric chain of Love which binds humanity—and in the olden Time drew down angels!

I. F. Ay! it is a fire that consumes; and sometimes burns to ashes the hearts and hopes

of proud men, and leaves but wrecks, mournfully floating upon the dull currents of life.

C. And welcome then, the rapids and the final plunge! Yes: the struggle is ever, and leads us sorrowing to the dark portals which shut out the life beyond. *There* may this holy fire from Heaven find more happy sympathy. *Here*, amid ages of pain, it grants us but moments of felicity.

Metinks, amid those stars so refulgent with celestial light, studding the bright blue ether of this moonless summer night, a seraphic Intelligence is hovering with a pale but friendly smile, to rekindle the wasted torch of Hope!

Fond traitor! constant friend—blind guide—beautiful Hope! that leadest us wandering ever,—heartless, but living still.

Yes! Time, the inexorable,—Time the physician and the conqueror,—Time the *hopeful*, rolls on, (dragging us at his chariot wheels, wounded, suffering, unpitied,—but living still!

Ah me! We are not only chained to the rock, but galled by all the thousand links,—the petty cares of life! *Therefore*, I love best this desert wandering, where we are free of *all* tyrannies; and our wants are simple and few. Nature our beautiful mother, enthrones us on her bosom,—and to elevate our thoughts and aims, displays all her wondrous and harmonious ways and works; or, with sublime simplicity points upward to the stars!

There is nothing petty here. When we hunger, we go forth to the spirit stirring chase; when we are weary, its furred trophies give us welcome rest; and our rude beds have a starry canopy whose beauteous mysteries fix our wandering thoughts, until blessed sleep draw the curtain of oblivion.

June 15th—Near Fort Laramie.—Ten miles over desolate hill and plain brought us yesterday to the Fort, on the West side, and a mile above the mouth of the pretty little river of the same name; the water is clear and rapid: the Platte,—here about one hundred yards wide,—is not much larger, and more resembles it, than itself as found below. Fort Platte, belonging to a rival company, stands near the Confluence.

I came on in advance, and spent an hour at Fort Laramie; it is about two hundred feet square, with high walls of adobes, made of the clay and sand soil, just as it is found: the dwellings line the wall,—which is a part of them,—and have flat adobe roofs, and wooden galleries. The Fort swarmed with women and children, whose language—like their complexions—is various and mixed,—Indian, French and English; they live nearly exclusively on dried buffalo meat, for which the hunters go at least fifty miles; but they have domestic cattle.

Here, barbarism and a traditional or half civilization meet on neutral ground; but as a struggle, it is certain that the former has the best of it; although it has the disadvantage of being represented chiefly by females—both softening and impressive: but their credentials are ill-looks, dirty and revoltingly coarse habits, &c., &c.; while the male representatives of civilization have the orthodox, although questionable aids of alcohol and gun-powder, avarice, lying and lust.

The struggle is at close quarters; civilization, furnishing house and clothing; barbarism, children and fleas.

The Colonel had sent a staff officer ahead to examine the grounds, for a camp: but arrived before he had completed his labour. The rival companies anxious for the reflected importance of the military vicinity, rivalled each other in praise and misrepresentation of the merits of their respective rivers—as to grazing. The result was that the Fort Platte scale at first preponderated; and up the Platte we marched,—two miles without discovering the grass; then it struck the beam, and we passed over an immense and very steep bluff into the Laramie scale,—I mean river-bottom; where we did find good grass, and we camped, three miles above the Fort: but the extra two miles over the lofty dividing ridge was terrible work for wagon mules; and it bruised I fear fatally a pet antelope fawn, which I had in a wagon:—it lies now in a neighboring tent uttering from time to time cries and moans which are distressingly similar to those of a suffering infant; said its soldier nurse, with real pathos, “it is thinking of its mother.” I purchased another at the Fort; and a goat foster-mother.

We meet the Sioux to-morrow in council; about nine hundred warriors are expected to be present.

The weather is very cold: fires and great coats are comfortable. The dwellers here—who however lie, in emulation, give discouraging prospects of grass toward the South Pass: this staple of the country is so scarce, that our three hundred horses, moving daily, can hardly subsist. The trade of this post is principally for buffalo robes; nine thousand were lately sent off by the American Fur Company: and how many by the other company I do not know. They get about two thousand pounds of beaver skins a year.

June 16th. Colonel Kearney with an escort, and attended by the officers, rode this morning to the plain between the forts, and there met the Sioux in council. There were about twelve hundred, of both sexes: three flags on lofty staffs first caught the eye; two were our national flags,—the third was said to be of Indian design;

it was crossed diagonally by two bands, said to represent the winds; beneath were clasped hands; above, disposed in a regular curve, were nine stars; a little beyond, the people of Fort Platte had prepared chairs and benches, backed by a curtain of elk lodge-skins: and the ground was carpeted with buffalo robes; the Indians, all seated, faced us in a great semi-circle, behind which was another, of women and children, who, in fact, completed the circle, in our rear.

The Colonel made a short plain speech, which hinged on the Oregon road, which the government determined should be kept open.

Bull's Tail, the principal chief (the buffalo, be it remembered,—for this confounded name needs some apology,—carries aloft his tufted tail in combat, like a black flag!) Bull's Tail then, a gentlemanly and mild looking man, made a short and sensible reply, which promised well that the Colonel's advice would be obeyed: and turning to his warriors, addressed to them some words to increase its impression. Presents then, were placed in the centre: and the chiefs selected seven Indian “soldiers,” who receiving equal portions of every article, distributed them at their own discretion: their awards being final. I looked back over the screen at the distribution to the women, of strouding, beads, &c., which of course was very interesting: the mirrors were given, however, to the young men! Now, this unsophisticated trait, will probably be interpreted as a compliment to the women at the expense of the men; or, the reverse: it was, I think, a mere exponent of the relations of the sexes; their women work and drudge; their men are idle, and have more use for mirrors in self-adornment: just the reverse of the picture of a certain stage of civilization.

In the midst of these proceedings a squaw commenced a chant, in which she was soon joined by many women and some men, with a very fine musical effect; it was expressive of satisfaction and thanks. The Sioux,—they call themselves Dahcotahs,—are large, fine looking men; wear their hair long, and are cleanly and showy in dress; adopting our fashions when they can; a great many wear our fur cap.

Several shots were then fired from a howitzer to their great satisfaction: and the Colonel told them that at night he would send up stars to the heavens, which should “tell the Great Spirit that they had listened to his words;” meaning that some rockets would be fired. We then returned to camp.

It is still very cold; some snow is said to have fallen: the latitude is 42° 15'; altitude above the Gulf 4,470 feet: but they say that the winters are mild, with very little snow. Fort Pierre, a trading post on the Missouri, three hundred

miles distant, is the nearest point of navigation.

The emigrants are overtaking us: but to-morrow we march, leaving one company to await our return. My poor little antelope is out of pain—it is dead: and it is rather singular, the other at the Fort, was killed to-day by the kick of a horse.

June 17th. We set out this morning in a cold drizzle; about ten miles from camp, at the Warm Spring, I left the regiment to make a detour of several miles to the Platte, to examine a point which had been spoken of as suitable for a military station: the river there emerges from the most advanced spurs of the Black Hills; a little below muddy and tame, it here gushes a sparkling mountain stream from a pass which it completely occupies, between precipices of bright red sand-stone two hundred feet high—standing a little lower, over the water boiling through a still narrower passage which it has worn through a ledge of rock, I could see through the gap many loftier hills or mountains of red sand-stone, all, far and near, crowned, shaded or dotted with dark cedars; beautiful it was,—and even grand, with its wild confusion.

The squadrons marched thirty-six miles to Horseshoe creek; so far, because although they repeatedly touched the river, water and grass together, could not be found nearer. Wearily I followed them all day over this broken and desolate country; its grey sterility unrelieved by a single and mournful growth of grey artemisias. There were now and then striking views of mountain ridges, covered with cedars, which sometimes dotted them as regularly as hills of corn,—and walled with red rock precipices; and through which it was hard to believe the river passed, so utterly invisible at a little distance was any opening; but the picturesque had not tempted apparently, any unfortunate wild animal into these barren wastes.

Right pleasant then at last, it was to see down a slightly inclined and singularly smooth plain two miles wide, the camp, and horses grazing in a horse-shoe bend of a creek with green trees.

June 18th. We had a thunder shower last evening; and the stream which we found with a very little clear cold water, soon ran boldly, nearly a blood red. After some half dozen miles winding over high prairie hills, they admitted us to the river meadows; but soon confined us to a narrow pass, which we threaded pleasantly enough, through cotton-woods, willows and rose bushes; and these now generally mark its locality; and then, rather than again ascend these precipitous bluffs and remain among them for several days perhaps without grass, we forded

the river at a swift rocky place, and were near losing our beeves,—to say nothing of the drivers.

At four o'clock we discovered a narrow grassy bottom, where we gladly encamped under some fine trees; and have plenty of dry drift for fuel. It seems a settled matter now that we should have two hours of great heat at mid-day, with the other twenty-two cold and boisterous. We saw to-day a great quantity of cotton-wood sticks, which had been cut about three feet long, completely peeled of bark; no doubt by Indian horses; they might be called Nebraska corn-cobs—and are particularly scarce too.

We saw two deer, and some hares in the course of our day's wanderings; the result perhaps of some eccentricity, or misfortune: this last explains at least, the presence of a famished squaw and two children, whom we surprised hiding from us near our camp ground. Some animals have an instinctive fear of strangers, but not of their kind; does this human fear of *their* kind,—this natural mental impulse,—mark inferiority of mind to instinct? Or, that mind makes us more fearfully savage than brutes?

But to their story,—which without a word of language in common, we gathered from the language of signs; (perhaps other animals do the same;) the children, about eight years old, are the daughter and nephew of the squaw; she is an Arapaho, but married among the Arickaras; her husband with four lodges of that nation were attacked near the Missouri river by the Dahcotahs; the men were all slain, and their families made prisoners, or slaves, but she, from friendship to her native tribe, was liberated eighteen days ago; and was provided with a small pack of provisions, a dog to carry it, and a fire-steel; (now that is a scale of out-fit that would please the most stingy quartermaster, or travelling husband extant!) Her provisions being exhausted, she fell upon a military expedient,—of eating the "transportation"—generally oxen and mules with us, but the dog is quite as good; (I once knew a sergeant to stand three days before he could make up his mind to kill a favorite mule which he had ridden a thousand miles: a kind of prejudice or instinct—often the same thing—which I admire.) The dog then, was killed for food; and some of it is still on hand; and since we have fed them to an amount that would be dangerous to a white, they have returned to the dog—which is certainly well singed, but rare to a fault—usually the case with the game course. If they survive such high living, they will be sent to-morrow to Laramie, in the charge of a dragoon.

June 20th. We marched yesterday but fifteen miles; being greatly impeded by the stout artemisias, and little hillocks of rubbish washed by

overflows, or flooding rains about their roots and stems. We passed a wonderful place, apparently a great basin, near a mile through, where an adventitious mass of white clay and sand, grauitic sand-stone, trap-rock and friable conglomerates,—black, yellow and grey,—had been the sport of rain and flood; there were all shapes, mathematical and fantastical; among ruined towers and pyramids, we passed over hard smooth plains, level and inclined, of a dazzling whiteness; which, with the infernal heat and dust, had quite a dizzy and bewildering effect; there was no token, not a reminiscence there, of animal or vegetable life. If any but a dragoon or an Indian in great straits, has ever been there,—or shall ever return,—and it shall have the slightest use of a name,—that name I give and patent, “The Devil’s Adobe Yard.”

Our progress was suddenly arrested by the unfordable river, and a precipitous bluff, which was pronounced utterly impracticable for wagons: it was a nearly cubic mass of iron ore of one hundred feet dimension; but as it was necessary, we got over; and enjoyed too, a fine view of the Southern Mountains, and their majestic Laramie peak. The country began there to show a tinge of green which attracted some straggling buffaloes and antelopes: and there, we first saw a bird unknown to us, but called here we find, “sage-hens;” they are fine game, and probably a species of grouse; but they have a much longer tail, carried differently, and are so large, that we at first mistook them for turkies.

A poor fellow shot himself in the arm that afternoon, and suffered amputation.

This morning we left our surgeon and a small party to return slowly to the Fort, in care of the wounded dragoon.

We then crossed back to the South side of the river, and have had a long march; enjoying an unusual variety of scenery and incident. We were forced into the hills again, which were smooth, and found ourselves near the forest clad mountains at the South: we came down to a fine stream, with groves, (so beautiful for their rarity;) and here some buffaloes came dashing down a long slope beyond; and to the pleasure of this unlooked for change of scenery, was added the excitement of lively action; for many dashed off to the chase; the game took various directions, and ran long and with much incident; and in this vast wild amphitheatre we watched them with intense interest.

There are times thus, on the dullest march,—and in the dullest life elsewhere,—when, as by accident, a general excitement comes, as the sudden whirlwind when the sun is reigning with the calmest tyranny; delightfully refreshing, like

a shower to drooping flowers, they give our souls new spirit and power to rise from the moral drought of routine and dull material life.

But our creek had little grass; and so we ascended to high hills again, while over the mountains to the Southeast rolled dark thunder clouds, which threw a purple,—a strange and mysterious light on the wild scenery; the storm seemed to pursue us; but suddenly in a bright gleam of sunshine, we looked down upon the welcome river, and struck at last, the welcome road. But then we saw another storm, coming from the Northwest; and this gave us some dashing rain; but soon all was bright and calm again; and at length we were gladdened with the view of Deer creek, whose little forests made it doubly inviting. And on entering them we surprised two deer, which were shot as they ran. And fat deer they were, poor fellows!

It is half-past nine at night. The storms, the labours, and the excitements of the day are over; all have enjoyed the food which toil has sweetened; all have enjoyed the soothing pipe; the horses graze quietly around, at the pickets; the camp fires burn irregularly through the woods; weather-beaten troopers are grouped about them silently drying their fresh meat on little scaffolds and boughs; leafy domes supported by natural pillars which art has imitated, are illumed here and there by the fitful fire-light; some sprays of foliage now and then catch and throw back bright gleams from the solemn obscurity; the broad moon has risen and begins to silver some tree tops, which are gently stirred by the light airs, which waft over the deep azure the fleecy fragments of the shattered storm-clouds; harmonious now, is the tree-frog’s monotone; in all this is the spirit of beautiful Repose; the true harmony and economy of Nature, which at night renovates her creations by universal sleep.

Sleep hath its fearful dreams,—Night its storms,—man his passions: God over all, in all has wonderfully mingled Good and Evil.

CLOUDS.

I know not whether past the crimson zone
Of evening, sail those ships of snow and gold—
The beauteous clouds that seem to hover and fold
Their wings—like birds that having all day flown
Against the blue sky, now at set of sun
Play for a moment gaily on their soft
And burnished pinions, wide; then from aloft
Sink down below the horizon and are gone!
I know not where they fold their shining wings
In very truth; nor what far happy land
They come together in—a radiant band,
The brightest, purest of all earthly things!
But well I know that land lies broad and fair
Beyond the evening: Oh! that I were there!

PINE FORK PLANTATION:

A CHRONICLE OF OLD DAYS IN THE OLD DOMINION.

BY PEN. INGLETON, ESQ.

VIII.

WHAT MASTER COMMISSIONERS WERE LIKE IN THE YEAR
OF GRACE 1680.

Paul was received with great cordiality by the Colonel and Amy, whom he saluted with a cousinly kiss; to that young lady's unconcealed dissatisfaction however. Their night adventure furnished matter for conversation for three days or a week, and then it was dismissed.

A carping or envious critic might have said, that Paul had about him a little of the city-gentleman-in-the-country air, and that his manners were in strong, even intended contrast, with those around him. Certainly he was neither too stiff nor polite—which is as great a sin with many as the stately air—but he could not be mistaken for a Virginia-bred cavalier; and every word and gesture of this young gentleman seemed to say, "I am just from my travels—look well at me!"

The contracted limits of our tale will not permit us to relate the occurrences of each day at Pine Fork: the excursions, the pleasure-parties, the visits of neighbors;—we cannot dwell on these phases of plantation life, though a true picture of that long dead race, and their habitudes, would present many points of interest: we must proceed.

About a week after Paul's arrival, he was sitting after dinner with Jack, discussing with much gusto a bottle of old sherry which the departure of Colonel Ralph and Mistress Amy had left them to enjoy in peace and quiet, when a loud noise was heard at the great door of the hall.

Jack rose; and on going to the window, was greeted with these words, uttered in a loud and consequential tone of voice—

"I demand, in the name of his Excellency, entrance!"

The speaker was a little, fussy, red-faced man, holding a bundle of papers in his right hand, and in his left a heavy riding-whip, with which he had been thundering at the door. He was accompanied by a tall and lean gentleman, cadaverous and long necked; and their horses, which showed signs of travel, were fastened near.

"Sir, I demand entrance in the name of his lordship, the governor."

"Well, gentlemen," said Jack Purnell, "I see no difficulty."

"Hum!" said the fat commissioner.

"Hem!" said his lean companion.

And they entered the mansion, and at the young man's instance took their seats beside the table. Jack Purnell filled two bell-shaped glasses with sherry, and presented them; then as he emptied his own,

"To his Excellency's very good health gentlemen," said he.

"Hum!" said the little commissioner, as though distrustful of this sentiment from his host; and unrolling his papers, after draining with great gusto his glass, proceeded to say that he was "the master commissioner, deputed by Lord Culpeper to collect the fines or penalties exacted of every one who had countenanced that black-hearted rebel, Bacon."

One might have supposed that this characterization of the boy-hero, would have produced much irritation in the mind of Mr. Jack Purnell, whose especial admiration Bacon was, and with whom the rebel leader was distantly connected. Nevertheless, no such irritation displayed itself: on the contrary he nodded politely. The commissioner continued—"that as Colonel Ralph Purnell, of Pine Fork, according to the testimony of his own letters exhibited to his Excellency the Governor, fell under the above category, he was ordered to demand of the said Ralph Purnell, Gentleman, the sum of one hundred pieces of eight, good and lawful money, for which he was prepared to give an acquittance, then and there."

"As commissioner—certainly," said Jack with (to Paul) ominous politeness.

"A like amount of tobacco would be equally good," continued the little commissioner.

"Wait!" exclaimed Paul blandly and softly, "I am informed that the piece of eight is now worth six shillings."

"Hum!" said the commissioner. Then turning to Jack: "I speak, I presume," said he "to the son of Mr. Ralph Purnell."

Jack nodded.

"Is that gentleman himself at home?"

"He is not, sir," said Jack, with great politeness. "I will, however, manage our matters I hope to your satisfaction."

"Well sir—to business."

"Pleasure before business, however, is my maxim, sir," replied Jack with great politeness, "wetting the lips I have always observed is a great aid to discussion. How like you this wine?"

"It is old," said the little man, licking his lips, "that shape of bottle is never made now."

"You might know its age from the dust and cobwebs. But look, here is the date—1645."

And Jack filled the glasses of his guest for the third time, with a glance at Paul, which that bland young gentleman concluded not to see.

Why should we lengthen out this disgraceful proceeding on the part of the scapegrace, who occupies so much more than his proper place in our history? At half-past five in the evening the master commissioners of his Excellency, "duly empowered, etc., etc., etc.," were in a state of most unseemly elation—at six very nearly drunk. Having thus accomplished his purpose, Mr. Jack Purnell slyly abstracted the commissioner's book, wherein were written minutes of his days labors, and wrote on a white leaf in the functionary's large sprawling hand:

"Colonel Ralph Purnell of Pine Fork—paid to the commissioners his penalty of one hundred pieces of eight, this day May 15, 1680."

Then sliding it back in his pocket, the young man called for servants to bring their horses and help them to mount.

The master commissioners had totally forgotten their business, and took leave of their hosts with many bows and maudlin smiles. Their measure was not full, however, for in going through the pine forests, about a mile from the house, they were suddenly assaulted by three or four negroes, and cuffed, knocked, and half-dragged from their horses, until they were glad to escape at a gallop.

They had no sooner disappeared than the two young men appeared from their concealment in the brushwood, and bursting with laughter, threw the servants a handful of silver.

This exploit when it was known, acquired for its projectors a gratifying amount of reputation among the anti-royal inhabitants of the county: but Col. Ralph was very indignant. The day after a special messenger conveyed to Governor Culpeper the one hundred pieces of eight with an explanation—"the money not having been paid and taken afterwards by a band of Indians as the commissioners alleged."

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IX.

MR. MUSKRAT STATES THE RESULT OF HIS REFLECTIONS.

A few days after the scene related in the last chapter, Mr. Muskrat, the trapper, was seated in his hut, at sunset, busily engaged in weaving baskets of the tall marsh flag when he perceived clearly defined against the blood red sky which seemed to threaten a storm, the figure of Lory coming onward toward his habitation.

The old man uttered a subdued "ough!" and with the Indian instinct of deception, betook himself with greater assiduity than ever to his labors, thus purposing to act surprise and pleasure on Lory's arrival with more dramatic effect:—this manœuvre was not of difficult performance

inasmuch as the young man's eyes were bent upon the ground and his listless step seemed to betoken profound thought or sadness.

When his shadow fell upon the threshold, Mr. Muskrat rose abruptly to receive him, and pressed his hands with much real affection and respect. Then pointing to a wicker chair, ornamented with the skins of deer, foxes and otters, he said in his deep guttural tones—

"The son of Red Hawk is sorrowful: let him open his breast and point his finger to the marks on his heart."

Lory sat down and resting his forehead on his hand made no reply.

Muskrat groaned—that is the only word which comes near expressing the sound, half of irritation, half of grief given forth by his old lips.

"A cloud of pine smoke has hid White Hawk from his friend," he said at last; "who has kindled the fire?"

"No one," said Lory.

"White Hawk is sorrowful."

"Sick at heart—weariness."

"Let him tell his friend:—yes, let him talk with a straight tongue."

"He has nothing to talk about," said Lory, listlessly.

Muskrat groaned again.

"If the old man speaks plain words to the White Hawk, will the White Hawk listen and not get red in the face?" he asked with so much softness, that Lory raised his head.

"Plain words? Let him speak."

"The son of Red Hawk mourns?"

"No."

"Ough! A great sachem said when the sky was black with birds, 'there is nothing to be seen;—but the words did not make it so.'

"What have I to mourn?"

"I talked of pigeons."

"Well."

"Where is the White Pigeon?"

This Lory knew well was Mr. Muskrat's name for Amy. His face flushed.

"Beware how the White Pigeon is talked of. The arrow will be turned back to the hand that shot it."

"White Hawk is a great chief, his blood has run like a river in the veins of a thousand braves: Muskrat is nobody."

"Speak."

"Muskrat is nobody," continued the old Indian, "but he has a round, red, very big heart in his breast. His heart is neither snow nor ice: it is not white."

"Speak!" repeated Lory.

"Muskrat loves White Hawk more than his own father loved him."

"Speak not of my father!"

"And why not?" said the old Indian cunningly; "he was a great Sagamore: ten tribes mourned when his life ran out of his breast."

Lory's head sank.

"What has Muskrat to say—let him speak."

"The White Pigeon," said Muskrat, emboldened, "is not white. Her heart is blacker than her feathers."

Lory sprang up and caught Muskrat by the arm, with eyes that flashed fire.

"Black! does Muskrat wish to see the color of his blood!"

"It is very old and sluggish," said the trapper. "If a knife tapped at the heart, and said 'Come out,' it would not show itself."

Lory fell back trembling.

"Amy," he murmured;—"forgive me, Muskrat: I am sick at heart."

The Indian's old wrinkled face assumed an expression of deep commiseration, and he pressed his hand upon his heart as though to still its beating.

"Did the old hound," said he, "mumble with his toothless mouth at the dove that circled in the air, and pushed back the light of morning with her snowy breast? Did the Muskrat, burrowing in the swamp-mud, look up and see spots on the bright feathers of the White Pigeon? Did he think, that because love sharpened his old eyes, he could see to the end of the world?"

"Muskrat loved the father—let him speak with a straight tongue to the son."

"Listen then," said the old Indian. "In a far country there was once a flower so white and beautiful, that no plant of the forest but loved it. But it loved chiefly, and above all, another golden flower which grew beside it; and often when the wind blew and the leaves were stirred, the beautiful white flower would turn to its companion and whisper among its leaves. They lived thus many days, and all the plants around said, 'How much the white flower loves the golden flower there at her side.' But one night the evil spirit blew into the wild wandering wind seeds of another flower, that needed but a single night to take root and grow and flourish, and rise in the fresh morning a full grown plant, all spangled over with blooms of many colors, gay and flaunting, near the little white one. These many colors were far more beautiful, the plants all said, than the little golden one's; and they said this so often, that the white flower soon began to listen to them and to turn away from the golden one, her old companion;"—

Muskrat stopped to grind his jagged teeth: his eyes blazed with hatred and malignity.

Lory was as pale as death.

"Well," he said, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

"The white flower before long," continued Muskrat, "forgot her golden-hued friend and playmate through so many days; and thought that nothing in the wide world equalled in beauty the new many-colored plant, borne there upon the wind by the evil spirit."

"And what did the golden flower?" murmured Lory.

"The good spirit transformed them all into living things, and the golden flower struck his knife into the heart of the evil plant, and it disappeared from the earth!" cried Muskrat rising up with rage and hatred glowing in every muscle of his face.

Lory covered his brow with his hand:—large drops of sweat rolled down his livid cheeks.

"No," he murmured, "the golden flower died of despair!"

And rising from his seat, he said to Muskrat, who again crouched down and looked on him with profound commiseration and affection:

"What will be will be:—it is written on bark. Lory has heard Muskrat with open ears, and his words are not yet lost on the wind. Yet the day is spent and nothing gained."

The old Indian raised his arm.

"Let the White Hawk listen!" said he.

"I hear the thunder—a storm is coming up out of the west."

"The storm is coming—with it the lightning. If a tree stands in the way and raises its head too high, what does the lightning?"

"Go! your words are idle!" said Lory, whose bosom was still agitated by the suspicions instilled into him by Muskrat's parable.

The old man laid his hand upon his heart:—his eyes were full of tears.

"Spirit of the great Red Hawk," said he, "counsel your son!"

As though in answer to the old Indian's adjunction, a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder gleamed and boomed across the forest.

"He is answered!" exclaimed Muskrat; and thinking that no more need now be added, he was silent.

Lory looked out of the window, saw the approaching storm, and making a farewell sign to Muskrat, left the hut.

Five hundred paces from the ravine, he met Paul and Amy walking leisurely along, and engaged in earnest conversation. The Indian's eyes flashed, and a terrible expression of hatred crossed his brow. The arrow was rankling in his heart; but then he began to reason with himself. Was there any foundation for Muskrat's allegorical tale;—could Paul Hansford stand between him and Amy's affection? Could she, so good and kind, break his heart by withdrawing from him her love and giving it to another?

Just as his suspicions were at their height, and his misery consequently perfect, a sunbeam broke forth from a cloud and lit up Amy's beautiful, innocent face as with a divine halo.

"No! no!" murmured Lory; and two tears rolled down his cheeks.

X.

GUITAR AND BANJO.

As though nature desired to inspire with confidence and hope the mind of the poor Indian boy, the storm which had threatened to burst with torrents of rain, passed off to the southward with a few heavy drops, and the sun, poised on the western belt of pines, shone forth with new joy and splendor. The trees glittered with rain drops, the grass was greener and more fresh, the little rivulets danced along in the crimson sunset-light with new merriment and glee.

Amy saw Lory and beckoned to him to come and join them. The Indian slowly drew near.

"Why, Lory," said Amy, in her clear, cheerful voice, "what makes you so pale?"

"Indeed, sir, you look unwell," said Paul, blandly and with much courtesy.

Lory replied in an agitated voice that he had been a little unwell; was now better: and Amy immediately expressed great concern. A closer observer than Lory, might have observed a sly glance at Paul now and then, as she inquired with warm and affectionate solicitude after Lory's ailment; and to say the truth, that gentleman could not conceal his annoyance. He became suddenly dumb, or answered snappishly. This extraordinary circumstance may possibly be explained on the hypothesis that Mr. Paul had already been affected by the young girl's bright eyes; and in further explanation it may here be added, that Paul was a firm believer in the caprices of womankind, and could not deny that Lory had in him much to attract.

He however entirely recovered his equanimity by the time they arrived at Pine Fork, which was about twilight; and Lory—poor, simple, confiding Lory—had nearly banished every word of Mr. Muskrat's from his mind. They found there Miss Mary Jones, who having ridden out with Jack, had taken refuge there from the threatened storm. The Colonel was also seated on the portico, whose lattice-work was covered with flowery vines, and quietly smoked his long-stemmed pipe.

"Ah, there comes Paul," said Jack; "the good Paul, the excellent Paul.—St. Paul, in a word: is it really true that you have fought

against the wild beasts at Ephesus, my friend?"

"Ah, cousin Jack, still joking I see."

"Or have you only contended for ladies' favors in courtly drawing rooms? Speak up, unsophisticated Saint, and give us a little scandal."

"Mr. Purnell," said Miss May Jones, "has been plaguing me all the evening, and now, I suppose, having another object, will suffer me to drop into a little obscurity."

"Well come and talk to me, May," said Colonel Ralph, "if these fine foppish gallants amuse themselves at your expense, you shall find in me a respectful and courtly cavalier—especially if you will read me this passage from Stanley."

"Stanley!" exclaimed Paul, with polite astonishment; "is it possible, uncle Ralph, that his poems have—(reached this outlandish place, he was about to say, but added instead.)—extended the name of their author to Virginia?"

"See now! What a conceited fellow is this Paul! 'To Virginia,' forsooth, and 'is it possible,' indeed! On my honor, these dogs will make it necessary for me to repeat my favorite passage from Richard III., in order to convince them that Master William Shakespeare's works have reached this *terra incognita*."

Paul apologised gracefully. Jack challenged the old gentleman to repeat the passage in question, and on Colonel Ralph's attempt and failure, took him very seriously to task for setting young men like themselves so bad an example of deception.

"What!" said Paul, smilingly glancing over the volume of poems, "all my old favorites! I forgot to say, uncle Ralph, that I know old Tom Stanley perfectly well, and have often heard him repeat these lines here. And ah! yes! these have been arranged to music and sung with great applause."

"Do you know the air?" asked Jack.

"Why—why now—yes;—at one time,"—hesitated Mr. Paul, and making a strong effort to blush.

Of course he was importuned to play, and at last reluctantly consented, and dispatched a servant to his chamber for his guitar, with which he had already enlivened the monotony of Pine Forkian existence.

"Attend now, ladies," said Jack; "consider that Paul has been imported, or exported from London to the Colony, expressly to give us an idea of life in the great city. No simpering now, my dear fellow."

"Don't mind him, cousin Paul," said Amy, "he isn't worth attention."

Jack would have made some reply, no doubt, to this hostile manifesto on the part of his "unfeeling sister," as he was accustomed to call her, but at that moment the guitar arrived.

"If you could forget you are in the Colonies now, Paul," said he, "and imagine Amy here, instead of a very plain and ordinary looking country girl, (here the young man dodged to avoid a buffet from his sister,) if you could fancy her a Whitehall beauty with corkscrew curls, lovelock on forehead, etc., etc."—

"Oh, Mr. Purnell!" exclaimed Miss Mary.

"Don't mind him, cousin Paul," repeated Amy, "if he could play himself, he would not abuse you so."

This observation from Amy, seemed to suggest an idea to Mr. Jack Purnell. He declared his unwillingness to listen to "that ridiculous love song," and leaving the company entered the mansion just as Mr. Paul Hansford commenced. Paul's voice, naturally clear and melodious, had been highly trained: he had in fact expended much time and labor on the art of playing the guitar and accompanying the music; and the song which he now sung for the entertainment of the company, was remarkably sweet and plaintive in the words and the air. These were the words:

"When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And as a trophy of thy scorn
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death!

"But if cold earth or marble must
Conceal my dust;
Whilst hid in some dark ruin, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me.

"And they who would attest thy glory,
Will or forget or not believe thy story!
Then to increase their triumph let me rest,
Since by thine eyes slain! buried in thy breast!"

No sooner had this madrigal ended, and the last vibrations of the guitar died away, than the strain was taken up by that unconscionable Mr. Jack Purnell, who holding in his hands an immense banjo, and playing thereon with all the negro contortions—rolling his eyes, swaying about and patting his foot—gave utterance to a plantation song very popular at that day, and revived in these latter years with slight modifications, under the title of "Uncle Ned."

An overwhelming burst of laughter greeted this parody on Mr. Paul's performance, and Colonel Ralph declared that the banjo was infinitely the best of the two; observing further that these foreign guitars and notions were a disgrace to the rising generation.

"Now there is Lory, who plays like a master on a master instrument—a good old Virginia fiddle—violin you call it I suppose. Where's your

fiddle, Lory?" he asked of the Indian, who in an obscure corner sat silent and motionless.

"The sound has gone away from it; but Lory will speak to his father plainly. It only cries when I play, and it distresses him—me."

"The viol—fiddle I mean, Uncle Ralph," said Paul, smiling. "is certainly a finer instrument than the guitar; but then there is a softness, a melody about the guitar—when well played, of course," added Paul, with some conceit, "that is possessed by"—

"Nothing but the tamborine," observed Jack, "you are right."

"Miss Mary am I not horribly treated here!" exclaimed Paul, moving to the side of May Jones; and there until tea time that young gentleman remained, engaged in the most confidential—at times it seemed the most tender—conversation; Miss Amy Purnell having been forgotten so completely by Mr. Paul, that he was apparently unconscious of her presence. Amy lost her self-command—fretted—pouted—stole bad-humored glances at May Jones and Paul. Still they went on murmuring confidentially; and when supper was ready Paul led in May, and then as though waking to a sense of the impropriety of leaving Amy to Jack, apologised.

Amy pouted and grew angry. Lory saw the expression of her face, and murmured, "Muskrat has sharp eyes: they have seen what does not exist: he dreamed. To the Great Spirit Lory trusts all. *He is nothing.*"

XI.

HOW IN HIS WANDERINGS, HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD CULPEPER CAME TO PINE FORK PLANTATION.

After a while it seemed to Lory, that something unusual was going on at Pine Fork. All the young ladies for ten miles around would flock in on certain days, betake themselves to Amy's bedchamber, and there for hour after hour, keep up a continuous humming, as though a thousand bees were pent up and making vain efforts to issue forth. There was much sending to Jamestown for stuffs, trinkets, and a variety of little matters, used on occasions of rural celebration, (sold by Mr. William Matys of that ilk,) and everything seemed to indicate that a grand festival of some sort was on the tapis. Moreover, certain obscure allusions, (very obscure to Lory) were observed to make mistress Amy either blush or laugh, whereas it seemed to Lory that there really was nothing whatsoever in these allusions either of an embarrassing or amusing nature.

Several times Lory asked innocently for some explanation of these matters—for the Indian

was the simplest creature in the world;—and strange to say, he found himself laughed at most unmercifully. But Amy never joined in this laughter. It seemed even that many of these sallies irritated her against those who made Lory their laughing-stock: and once or twice, after gazing long and musingly on the Indian's open, ingenuous countenance, traces of tears had been discovered on her cheeks.

During all these arrangements and mysterious preparations, Mr. Paul Hansford was absent from Pine Fork; but it was currently reported that this absence was only temporary, and each day he was expected to make his appearance again.

So days passed at Pine Fork, when one evening that establishment was honored with the presence of a distinguished guest.

Colonel Ralph was perusing that same "Virginia Gazette," which at the commencement of our brief chronicle the reader has seen treated so ignominiously, when Jack putting his head in at the open window, informed him that a visitor was coming up the avenue.

"Who?" asked Colonel Ralph.

"His Excellency, sir."

"Lord Culpeper?"

"Himself."

"Then he is welcome," said the old gentleman, rising "for that heavy cloud forebodes a storm."

"To say nothing of this nice pattering," said Jack, pointing to the leaves of a large elm which glistened with rain drops.

"Where is the Governor?"

"Listen—or rather look."

In fact, the footfalls of a horse were at that moment distinctly heard, and the next moment a cavalier, covered with dust and bending in his saddle from weariness, issued at full gallop from a bend in the avenue, which had for a minute concealed him, and entering the gate, drew up with a sudden pull which threw his animal on its haunches.

"Welcome, your Excellency," said Colonel Ralph, with stately, but perfect courtesy. "Here Tom! Cato! take Lord Culpeper's horse."

"Ah!" stammered his Excellency, at sight of Jack, whose face was evidently not unknown to him, "I am—this is—Mr. Purnell, I believe!"

"Of Pine Fork, my lord—at your service, I need not assure you, wholly."

The Governor was not a man to continue embarrassed long, in whatever situation he might be placed. He bowed low, and dismounting, was marshalled through the old antler-and-weapon-hung hall, between a double line of respectful and attentive negroes, to the guest chamber.

Thence he reappeared in half an hour much renovated and refreshed, and in a few words ex-

plained how he had been hunting, had been separated from the company, lost his way, and seeing a storm coming, betaken himself to the first shelter that presented itself,—“which he was rejoiced to know was the residence of a gentleman so brave and courteous as Mr. Ralph Purnell.”

His Excellency, Lord Culpeper, was in one particular a notable man. It was well known that he took all advantages, had an eye to his own personal matters everywhere and at all times, and used this exaggerated courtesy and blandness just as he would have made use of any other agent of success. But spite of all this—spite of the fact that he was notoriously insincere, so perfect was his acting, so winning his noble and dignified amenity of manner, that once in his presence, all evil reports were forgotten, or set down as calumny. His influence, too, was not that of Governor, man in power, but simply of the individual.

That sharp-sighted, and, (in his own estimation,) incredulously hard-hearted young man, Mr. Jack Purnell, was completely deceived; and when his Excellency, with that noble and profoundly respectful amenity for which he was famous, led mistress Amy to the supper table, she too began to think that “perhaps papa had done Lord Culpeper injustice all this time.” Thus were these two young people won over by his Excellency.

Colonel Ralph was not quite so deeply impressed by his lordship's blandness—and it was evident that the Governor “laid himself out,” as we say in our time, to conciliate his host. To all Colonel Ralph replied with the same stately but perfect courtesy we mentioned: the true courtesy of the old English, (who was also the Old Virginia) gentleman, which he could and did practise toward enemies even, when those enemies were in the relation of guests to him.

After supper the household, accompanied by their guest, betook themselves to the portico to enjoy the delightful breeze of the fair June evening.

“What a noble landscape!” exclaimed his Excellency gazing on the waving hills and the glancing stream which shone in the double light of the sunset and the rising moon. “On the honor of a gentleman, sir,” he added, turning to his host, “I am almost tempted to set forth to-night, weary as I am, on my return. Romantic, you perceive, Miss Purnell!”

To his astonishment, Amy took scarcely any notice of this address. She was straining her eyes toward the end of the avenue, and in a moment a traveller rapidly approaching made his appearance. It was Paul, and in ten minutes he had drawn up, dismounted, saluted his Ex-

cellency blandly, and shook hands with the family. Amy blushed; and looked round to find if any eyes were fixed upon her. No one looked at her, and as Lory was out somewhere hunting, his quick-sighted eyes, so often bent upon her face, were not to be feared.

"You had a pleasant ride, Mr. Hansford?"

"Yes, your Excellency: very,"

"I told my dear host but now," continued the Governor, "that I felt almost a desire, weary as I am, to set forth for Jamestown."

"And I was about to reply, my lord," said Colonel Ralph, "that it would forever destroy my reputation for courtesy, were I to allow you to leave Pine Fork to-night. I cannot."

"Well, be it so. That I am heartily welcome, sir, I feel assured."

"Your lordship will always find that welcome—with all your followers."

"Are master commissioners included?" asked the Governor, with a pleasant smile.

"Ah, you have not forgotten that freak of the boys. Jack is a sad dog! a sad dog!"

"Your Excellency should have been here," said Paul blandly, thus strongly contrasting his manner with his words; "the master commissioners absolutely disgraced themselves."

"Disgraced themselves! Is it so, Mr. Purcell?"

"They were drunk," said Jack with great conciseness.

"Your Excellency would have enjoyed it rarely," said Paul.

"Enjoyed it?" asked Jack.

"Certainly. Ah! my lord, they do not know what times we had in London. You recollect when the Mohocks"—

"Bah!" said his Excellency with a warning look to Paul, "London is London, my dear sir: we are now in the Colony of Virginia."

"True," said Colonel Ralph, who understood this look perfectly; "were it England, you would have better roads."

"Which reminds me to ask you if your highways here are good after rains?"

"Why does your Excellency ask?"

"I must set out to-morrow."

"Surely you will not terminate your visit so abruptly, my lord."

"Necessity, my dear sir," said his Excellency, "a thousand matters call me."

"Well, if your visit must be so short, let it so be. At what hour in the morning will your lordship have my coach?"

"One moment, my dear host. Pardon me. I cannot cause you that inconvenience. Besides, I prefer much my horse."

"You will ride on horseback?—and on a road you have not travelled?"

"But I must have a guide: so far, my dear friend, I shall tax your kindness."

"I will be your guide," said a voice behind him, soft and measured.

The Governor turned suddenly.

"Oh, Mr. —," he stammered.

"Yes," said Lory, gravely, "I see I am not forgotten, sir."

"Forgotten, my young friend," said Lord Culpeper, resting his hand kindly on Lory's shoulder, "your's is too handsome a face to forget. I accept your kind offer with gratitude."

Lory sat down in a retired corner, to rest after his hunt, and bent his sad, happy eyes on Amy, who stood now in the moonlight. "No! no! he dreamed!" the Indian murmured.

XII.

HOW THE "PIECE OF EIGHT" WAS LOWERED TO ITS ORIGINAL VALUE, AND HOW THE PROCLAMATION WORKED.

Early on the next morning the Governor, resolutely refusing to remain longer at Pine Fork, on the ground that were he to tarry longer he would never leave it, set out with Lory for Jamestown. The old family coach with its six superb bay horses, with their long sweeping tails and sleek coats, stood at the door, but the Governor declared his preference for riding on horseback; and so they set forth—his Excellency with a profusion of bows and smiles, Lory with a long, loving look at Amy.

For on that morning, as he walked out early, he had met the young girl in the garden, and they had a very happy talk: and Amy had been so dear and kind to him—seemed even to love him better than she had before—poor Lory!—and had uttered so many soft, tender words, which echoed still in his great trusting heart! Finally she had put her little white hand in his, and smiling sweetly, said, "Come back soon, dear Lory." How kind those words! how he heard them still, and how the air seemed full of them. Poor Lory!

The Indian was aroused from his reverie by Lord Culpeper.

"We have met before," he said, glancing sideways at the young man.

"Yes," said Lory, in his mild voice, "I have again another matter, sir."

"A matter of importance?"

"To many: one above all."

"Is that one myself," asked his Excellency with a smile.

"Oh, no! but you have some concern with it certainly."

"What is it? Speak."

Lory took from his breast the letter delivered to him by Muskrat, on the day our tale commenced.

"It is found in this," he said, "Lory would have travelled from the forests to the Town, in another day, but all is done."

"May the fiend seize me!" said Lord Culpeper pleasantly, "if I can make aught sensible of this jargon."

"It is bad language," said Lory, "but it means the *Brown Otter*."

"What! the rascal who attempted to fire Jamestown, and burn us all to ashes?"

Lory's head moved affirmatively.

"Cursed Tuscarora," said the Governor, indifferently; "of course he is a dead man."

"I am a Tuscarora," said Lory proudly, and with a haughty glance.

"The devil! You a Tuscarora! Well, no offence, my young friend."

"We are poor; do not tread upon us."

"Well," said the Governor, who was somewhat wearied with this, to him, exaggerated partisanship, "you spoke of the *Otter*."

"He is a great brave."

"There is not much of the brave in him now."

"How so?" asked the Indian.

"He is ironed, and naught but bread and water is allowed him. Had he not been sentenced to be hung—reprieved now until the first day of August—he would have received the legal number of lashes to be given daily."

Lory's haughty eye flashed.

"Does the Governor of the pale faces wish to fill the Indian's head with blood!"

Lord Culpeper positively started at these indignant words.

"May all the devils seize me!" he replied, somewhat moved from his propriety, "if I recollected that you were a Tuscarora equally with *Brown Otter*. I'll not offend any man for naught, much less you, my dear friend. Come! come! we'll make up."

"Lory has not quarrelled," the Indian said, indifferently, "he is the *Brown Otter*'s friend."

"The *Otter* had better far make his peace with his only available friend, the Great Spirit."

Lory perfectly well understood that his Excellency had commenced bargaining.

"Yet the *Black Crow* was pardoned."

"True—true. But then you were so anxious for his pardon, my friend, (those furs by-the-by were magnificent!) and your *present* so movingly made; and considering again that his crime was only manslaughter"—

"The *Brown Otter* has not killed."

"He has attempted to fire."

"He was unfortunate. An evil spirit came and whispered in his ear."

"If he had succeeded where would Jamestown now be?"

"He was mad."

"Ah, you Indians are persuasive talkers;—and you wish a pardon, my dear friend, eh?" asked his Excellency.

"Yes," said Lory.

"Immediately?"

"At once."

"But remember he is sentenced—to die on the first day of August."

"He will not die," said Lory.

"Will not?" said his Excellency, affecting much amusement at the Indian's abrupt tone:—abrupt, for Lory was becoming weary, knowing from experience the certain result; "and pray why will he escape death?"

"Because the life of a poor Indian is far less than two hundred big new coins—two hundred pieces of eight."

"Two hundred?"

Lory nodded and added, "Or one hundred beaver furs."

"One hundred?"

"Good ones," said Lory.

"Hum!" quoth his Excellency.

"He is then free when the furs come?"

"Why, it is a man's life, my friend."

"A poor Indian's. Well, Lory will offer more. We offer for the *Brown Otter* two hundred and fifty pieces of eight."

"I was just thinking, my dear friend," said his Excellency, with great blandness, "that after all there were extenuating circumstances in the case of the *Otter*. I promise you to examine closely into those circumstances. As to your present I accept it, and I do not fear any failure on your part."

"The money or the furs shall reach you by a sure hand."

"I'll take it out in furs."

Lory nodded.

"The two hundred and fifty pieces of eight," he said, "each at six shillings"—

The Governor sighed.

"I am sorry, my friend," he said, "but this is no longer so. Five shillings! five shillings is hereafter the value of that coin. Miserable! it would not pass at its proclamation value. I was compelled to lower it again."

The true and only reason for Lord Culpeper's proclamation, again lowering the value of the coin to five shillings, was simply and purely the fact that his own salary was about to be paid, and he would have been compelled of course to receive the piece of eight at its fictitious overvalue. We need not follow this conversation further. The Indian knew what "examining into extenuating circumstances" meant, and his Excellency

knew that he knew it. There the subject dropped.

The matter being concluded satisfactorily, Lord Culpeper blandly turned the conversation; and so they went swiftly, side by side, on their fleet and spirited animals, toward "James City," where the inhabitants were no doubt anxiously awaiting his Excellency's return. In the minds of many the fact was not at all clear that some wandering Tuscarora had not taken a fancy to his lordship's scalp.

XIII.

THE SHIPWRECK OF A HIGH HEART.

Having piloted Lord Culpeper to a certain Mr. Jacob Randall's, where they spent the night, and from which Jamestown was visible in the distance, Lory bade the Governor farewell, and at six in the morning, set out on his return to Pine Fork.

The character of the Indian was of that fine sensitive nature, that he was for the most part sorrowful or happy without the faintest realized foundation. Was he sunk in a dreamy melancholy?—he could give no reason for it. Was he as happy as a lark in the bright morning when spurning the dull earth all heaven opens before it?—he could assign no cause for it. But, on this occasion, he knew well why his heart beat fast, and his eyes filled with happy tears: Amy had returned to her old affectionate ways, and loved him.

He could not doubt it: the whole world whispered it, or confirmed it, rather. The blue sky spreading over him in one wide unbroken canopy, lit by the first golden beams of the rising sun; the forest trees making the soft air redolent of tender leaves, and rocking on their tops a thousand singing birds; the ancient immemorial ponds that slept like islands in a sea of verdure, supporting myriads of lazy lilies, and glassing on their surfaces the old enormous pines, whose tops glowed in the beautiful morning; the bright-finned fish, that stirred the limpid water, or darted, at the Indian's approach, beneath the broad-leaved flags; the hare, that flitted across his path; the turkey, that, hidden in the copse, scarcely displaced the silence with his stilly croak; the deer, that passed at distant openings like shadows; the hawk, that fanned the blue air with his tireless wing; the crow, that flew creaking, on his black flapping pinions; the woodpecker, that was drumming near, on the dead top of some old tree, and tired of this at last, flew fighting with his fellows:—all, to Lory, were the living proofs that Amy loved him, for they seemed so happy.

The Indian was above suspicion: he could not watch, and doubt, and spy out all about the one he loved. His was one of those natures which lean blindly and passionately on an object, and will not doubt. There was something ridiculous, laughable in this blind confidence of the Indian boy; this ignorance of a fact which stared the whole (Pine Fork) world in the face, some persons will say. But there is nothing ridiculous in tragedy:—we do not laugh at Othello.

Lory rode so well, that he arrived at Pine Fork at ten o'clock at night, his pony foaming and he himself weary. Just as he reached the bottom of the long slope which led to the mansion, a black shadow rose up from the brushwood, and stood in the path. He drew his long hunting knife, and reined up, suddenly.

"White Hawk is not an owl," said the voice of Muskrat, "his eye is the eagle's."

Lory observed a tremor in the old man's voice which he could not understand.

"Muskrat has wandered from his stream," said he, "is he not afraid that harm will come to him?"

Muskrat laughed savagely.

"He has sharp claws: he will tear his enemies: let them come."

"Why are you here?"

The old Indian muttered something.

"Speak!"

Muskrat seemed to struggle with himself: at last he said:

"Let White Hawk come with Muskrat to-night: a star will fall and strike him in the big house."

"Your words are idle."

The old man laid his hand on his arm.

"Do not go to-night to the big house," he said earnestly, "I see a red pool of blood in the sky above it. Beware."

Lory smiled.

"Muskrat is hurt by the moon!" said he, "the stars have talked wrong to him. Go; the day is done, and it is time to sleep."

The old Indian seemed to struggle violently with his own thoughts: he muttered, gesticulated, pondered, then started on, looking again at Lory. At last he released the young man's arm and falling back:

"Go!" he said, in a savage and exulting voice "it is written on bark!"

Lory touched the pony with his heel, and went on silently through the shadow. At the gate he dismounted and continued his way on foot through the shrubbery. He reached the portico, and was about to pass in with the silent cat-like tread of the Indian hunter, when turning his eyes, they met a sight which made his arm fall

powerless, and sent the blood to his heart like a flood of fire.

A sort of hiss issued from his pallid lips, and he trembled like a leaf in the wind: then his face from dead pale, became crimson with passion, and drawing his knife, he bounded forward with a furious shout.

Amy started with an affrighted cry from Paul Hansford's arms, where she had lain, her head upon his breast.

The Indian uttered no distinct words: he threw himself upon Paul with his long hunting knife, and struck at his heart.

Just, however, as he reached the spot, and just as the weapon, directed with unerring precision, was about to plunge itself into the young man's bosom, the Indian's foot slipped. The consequence was, that it was buried in the wooden seat, where it remained imbedded.

Paul rose in absolute horror: Amy, with terror in every feature. Then understanding at once the whole, she threw herself between the two men, and with pallid lips and trembling limbs, muttered some incoherent words. But there was no longer any fear of Lory: the animal predominated in his nature for a moment only: his eyes no longer gleamed with rage and ferocity:—there was nothing in them but despair.

With heaving bosom and trembling lips, he bent a long fixed look upon the young girl of mingled grief and despair, placed his hand on his heart, and turned away—his brain reeling. Amy fainted; and when she had again revived, learned that he was gone. In fact, the bright-bladed knife, which remained firmly fixed in the wood-work, was the only evidence to her, that all this scene was not some wild and unnatural dream.

The Indian had retraced his steps toward the forest, his head turning round, and almost staggering in his gait. All was over for him: all was gone: what was he—where was he? He mounted his pony, he knew not how; and letting the rein fall on his neck, bent forward. The little animal, as though knowing his master's wish, set forward into the forest at full speed.

All around him seemed to the Indian at that moment, the merest phantasmagoria. Nothing was real. The tree tops seemed to swim in the moonlight which just tipped the loftiest boughs; the stars seemed so many laughing eyes, the bushes and young pines assumed the shapes of fiends, or mocking wood-demons, who, with large axes on their shoulders, were coming forward, to clutch him with their long, sharp-clawed hands, and bear him away into the depths of night.

Then his agonized brain returned to the scene he had just witnessed; and his heart was again

on fire. Amy untrue! Amy love any one but him! Amy, his hope, his love! his life! Was it not the veriest feverish dream which clung to his numbed senses and made him imagine that this thing could be real! Amy false in her words—with her soft, sweet voice: false in her looks and smiles—with those large, tender eyes, and innocent lips: false in everything; and he had so long worshipped her! The Indian's brain tottered. He could not weep: he had no tears. The fire in his heart dried up all, and seemed to scorch him.

The pony, left without guidance, had taken the cross road leading toward the hut of the trapper. Lory knew nothing of the road: he was sensible of nothing but a fire in his head, and what seemed ice upon his heart. He put his hand to his forehead, and tried to dispel what appeared to him to be a mist floating across them, and obscuring every object.

A hundred paces further, he reeled in his saddle, and overcome by vertigo, fell forward, not however, from his seat. The pony was suddenly checked by a vigorous hand, and the young man's fainting form was received by the trapper Muskrat, whose whole frame quivered with consuming rage:

"Wo, wo to them!" he groaned, "they have killed my child!"

XIV.

BEFORE THEM GO THE MERRY MINSTRELSY.

We refrain from any attempt to describe the state into which the whole household at Pine Fork were thrown by the incident just related. Mr. Paul's nerves did not recover from the shock for days; and still that gentleman was by no means deficient in the universal characteristic of cavaliers at that day—personal courage;—not in the least. Had it been a question of his willingness to repair to one of the secluded haunts provided for that purpose in London, on some fine morning, and there, sword in hand, stand face to face, in fair combat, with any one, it is certain that Mr. Paul Hansford would cheerfully have consented. That was civilized fighting, and necessary in a community where the sword was looked upon as the best, surest, and above all the most fashionable arbiter. But to be attacked by a wild Indian like his rival, (Paul had now learned all,) to defend himself from an infuriated tiger; a man who sprung upon him unawares with a long, deadly knife—ough!—this was the shock to the nerves of Mr. Paul Hansford.

Colonel Ralph said nothing: would allow no one to speak of the Indian. He felt it neces-

ry that he should, as the director of his household, suppress these tumultuous passions. Amy remained in her room for several days, Jack became uncommonly serious, and Paul was moody.

All this, however, in a few weeks, wore away, and the day drew near for Amy's marriage. At last that joyful day arrived, and all again was bright and cheerful: Amy smiling and happy, the Colonel good-humored, Mr. Paul bland, and Mr. Jack Purnell at his customary antics.

A festival, especially a wedding party, in Virginia, is a merry and hearty affair, where all are expected to act as seems fit to them, and enjoy themselves as much as possible, in every manner possible. These occasions were signalized once in a different manner, doubtless, than at present; but even to-day, when a wedding comes round in one of our old country-houses, there is much to remind you of the "good old times:"—those mythical times, which ever fly us, never are the present;—and, by the very contrast, throw you back from our own pushing, mercantile age, to former days:—days when three times as many guests were invited as the house could lodge, even when sofas, mats, and lounges were put in requisition:—when he who laughed the loudest was the worthiest man—and "strong heads," boasting of their deeds of prowess on many a well contested field, went home reeling, and could do no business for a week.

Amy's wedding was a merry one, as might have been expected. All the neighborhood for thirty miles around were present, and the noise of carriage wheels and hoofs, was, for a time, almost stunning.

The appearance of the bride at the door of her chamber, with her attendant bridesmaids, was signalized by old Rosin, as had been arranged, with merriest music. The old man stood at the entrance of the hall, which had been arranged and re-arranged day after day for the occasion, having behind him a crowd of shining faces, black as though carved from ebony, and instinct with broad-grinning joy. The group so placed, was in itself a picture—though from the English appearance of the vast antler-hung hall, (around whose ornaments of guns, and spears, and pictures, flowers were wreathed in profusion,) there was some incongruity in those ebony faces. No sooner had the bride, as we have said, made her appearance, than Rosin, holding in his powerful grasp an old fiddle, struck up a martial and triumphant tune, and nodding vigorously, with rolling eyes, and swaying gait, preceded her into the great dining room, followed by the, as yet, silent fiddlers of less note.

This was the signal, and through the crowd of white faces and stalwart forms, a thrill and a

hum ran, and spread itself—a murmur of rejoicing.

Then the bride appeared, clad in white satin, and blazing with the old family jewels. In her hair, she wore a snowy rose-bud, and the whispered commentary on every side, was that Amy had never "looked so pretty." Paul himself was radiant.

After the ceremony, came the dancing and feasting: the din of voices; the merry laughter; the rejoicing in so many ways appropriate to and customary at weddings everywhere. It is not necessary that we should describe the scene. We could not if we wished to.

Amy was going through that storm of kisses which must be endured by every bride, when she heard a visitor say:

"Where is the young Indian?"

"Why dead, of course!" was the reply.

Amy shuddered and turned round.

"Did you—say Lory was—dead?" she murmured, turning pale.

The "wedding guest" with great surprise at the young girl's emotion, replied:

"Oh, no! Only that since he was not here he could not be alive, you know, Miss Amy! They said he was very much devoted to you."

Amy turned away from the speaker. Her heart was suddenly oppressed: she felt that while she was happy, Lory was most unhappy. Paul saw her emotion, and exerted himself to dissipate it; and finally succeeded. Carried away by the mirth and joyful uproar around her, she suffered her thoughts to dwell only on the present scene. When the recollection of Lory crossed her, she banished it; and soon it did not return.

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XV.

HAWK HOLLOW.

Heavy clouds piled up above the sunset, bethought that a storm was about to burst upon Hawk Hollow.

At the door of his cabin, the Indian Muskrat stood, or rather crouched, resting one hand on the window sill, and snuffing like a deer, the odor of the coming storm. The air became dark and close, the sun blazed behind the black clouds, and a strong, cool wind, arose and fell, and came in gusts against the tree tops, and died away in the moaning forest. Muskrat looked around him despairingly, and sank upon the rude seat at the door of his humble cabin.

Then covering his face with his hands, he gave himself up to thought, seeming to sleep. He remained long in this sombre attitude, and at

times large tears fell between his fingers, and his breast shook with sobs.

Who could tell whither that old Indian's thoughts wandered, on that stormy evening, alone in the forest there: his heart well nigh broken; his old life soon to be desolate?

So overcome by grief was he at last, that he heard not a light, hurried step upon the matted grass, and saw not the form which stood before him. A hand was laid on his shoulder. He bounded up as if a brand of fire had touched him.

Amy stood before him. Amy, very sad and pale, her eyes full of grief and terror, her hands trembling.

"I heard," she hurriedly said, "that Lory—my brother Lory was here, and very ill: where is he?"

Muskrat for a moment was overcome with rage at the sight of this young woman, who had caused, he rightly thought, all Lory's despair. Amy never stood, throughout her life, in a more perilous position. But Muskrat was worn away—exhausted; hatred and anger no longer moved him so powerfully as before. His old, stubborn heart, was well-nigh broken, and in the wreck of his affections, he cared for nothing else, was nearly deadened to all other emotion.

He finally stepped aside and allowed Amy to enter.

Stretched on a pallet, formed of bear skins, in one corner of the hut, the young girl saw the form of Lory; but so worn, and thin, and pale was his face, that she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

She hastened to him and knelt down at his side: the old Indian looking on with grim despair.

"Lory!" exclaimed Amy, in a voice interrupted by sobs, "Lory, I am here to see you; indeed, I did not know you were sick; I did not know where you were—indeed I did not. Say, do you know me, Lory. Speak to Amy, brother!"

This was his familiar name at Pine Fork, when they were children. The Indian turned his pale worn face toward her, and murmured rather than said:

"Oh, yes! Lory knows Amy very well, and loves her, very much!"

Amy sobbed.

"I did not know where you were: no one told me you were sick, Lory. Will you forgive me?"

Lory smiled and his large, dreamy eyes, filled with tears; he was so feeble.

"Yes, I have been sick," he said, "Lory thought he was strong, and brave, and grand, but he is a little child."

"He is strong and brave!" cried Muskrat, raising his old gaunt form above them at the foot of the couch, "he is a great chief! The lightning is afraid of him; it will not strike him! Go! the pale faces are deer; they wither like grass!"

Amy scarcely heard this wild outburst. She had no eyes or ears for any one, but the sick boy.

"Lory," said she, "do you forgive me? Oh! do not say you hate me; for I am so unhappy to think—"

"Forgive you, Amy," said Lory, "look! If the heaven-fire strike one of the trees now, (how the thunder rumbles!) can we be angry? Lory was unhappy; but he was weak and poor! Ah, so weak!"

"Lory, you have the purest heart, the noblest soul! Oh, forgive me for my wrongs to you—for all my carelessness and deception"—

"How it mutters!" said the Indian, dreamily, "I think I have heard my father speak before!"

Amy pressed her forehead to one of his cold hands: Lory turned at her touch.

"I have had a fever, Amy," he said. "Yes, Lory has been sick. He hunted one night, and slept on damp earth: Lory is ill, but will soon be well again."

A terrific flash of lightning gleamed across the cabin, and a roar like that of a thousand cannon, rolled through the forest: Muskrat, crouching on the other side of the Indian, raised his swarthy face, and listened with startled eyes.

"Red Hawk talks to his child," he muttered, "he is on a fair hill-top in the happy hunting grounds, and his shout is the rush of a mountain torrent! The blaze of his eye lights up the forest."

Lory placed his thin hand on the old man's brow, which was covered with a cold sweat.

"We will hunt there many happy days, Muskrat," he said, "look! the father is smiling on his child."

The old man took the thin hand and pressed it to his lips. His frame trembled, and two large tears rolled down, and fell upon Lory's arm.

Amy was sobbing as if her heart would break. The Indian's eyes were fixed dreamily upon the bright sky, which, for a moment, had rolled away its veil of clouds.

Then he turned his face gently toward the young girl.

"How beautiful," he said, "and does Amy love Lory?"

"I love you dearly, brother," said the young girl, in a voice stifled with sobs.

"Then Lory is happy;" was the Indian's reply, with a brighter look than before.

His eyes dwelt for a moment with great softness on old Muskrat, and then turning round, he bent his glances on the sky. Amy and Muskrat waited in silence : but Lory never spoke again.

Throughout that long and stormy night, the old Indian sat rocking to and fro, and groaning ; he had never for a moment dropped the young man's cold hand. At times, in the pauses of the storm, he sung monotonously some old chaunt, celebrating the prowess of his tribe ; or spoke to Lory as though he were still alive. On the next evening, he was found dead beside the body of the young Indian, whose lifeless hand he clasped even in death. To both, their love was their life.

To "Flower," on her Birthday.

Do you remember, dear, the morn
I came along the shady road
And, happy, entered the abode
So cheerful then, soon so forlorn ;—

And took my darlings to my heart
And kissed them gaily o'er and o'er,
And stood delighted at the door,
And felt, at once, as though a part

Of my own being long had been
Estranged from me, and blessed the day
I left the Lowland, far away,
And came to you, and entered in ;—

And took you to my arms again,
And laughed and acted like a child—
I scarce was more indeed—and smiled
The happy smile, that in its train

Brings long and golden hours of joy
Free from all weariness ; and then
Rambled through every wood and glen,
And ever laughed, a happy boy ?

The forest is as green once more,
The winter days are passed and gone,
The grass is flowery on the lawn,
The rose droops blooming round the door :

The tall old trees wave every bough
In happy winds, and hounteous blooms
Make the air heavy with perfumes—
And light is on my darling's brow.

Four years have flown since then, and thus
Fourteen long summer-times have gone
Since shone her beauteous birth-day dawn—
And she is doubly dear to us :

To me at least, who pull the oar
Here in the billowy sea of life,
Where all is toil and wearying strife
Who first shall reach the golden shore.

Live happy, dear, in the old home
I came to on that radiant morn,
And taste of pleasures only born
Of simple life : the days to come,

Will thus go onward happier far,
Than if amid the dapper throng
You wearied at the rattling tongue
And sickened in the wordy war :

Live happy, asking God to guide
Your footsteps, and to bless us all :
We are as withered leaves that fall
And float away upon the tide :

But none to idle chance are left—
The bright blue heaven is still above,
And prayer does much to bend the love
Of God to all of strength bereft.

Then dear, pray ever and give thanks :
Forgive and love : forget all wrong :
So shall He place you in the throng
Ranged round his throne in shining ranks !

BON GAULTIER'S BALLADS.*

BON GAULTIER is the *nom de plume* of Wm. Edmonstoune Aytoun, Esq., Editor, Professor, &c., and we suppose we shall do him no wrong in considering him as the author of both these works. The characteristics of both—of which the most prominent is a very copious and rather weak versification—are so much the same, that it is difficult to imagine them to have flowed from different pens. And if Bon Gaultier did not in fact write the poems upon which he placed the seal of his editorial *imprimatur*, they have at least proceeded from a disciple of his school, and are worthy of the adoption they have received.

Taking up these works in the order of their appearance in the world, we shall first turn our attention to the Book of Ballads. The first three of these ballads are paltry parodies of three of the most beautiful romances in Lockhart's collection. Parodies are always productions of very questionable merit. Whether puns be justly called the lowest species of wit, or not, it may certainly be said with truth, that parodies are the lowest species of poetry. They generally confess a poverty of idea, and recommend themselves only by caricaturing the ideas of others. Hence, they pay a sort of forced tribute to the

*THE BOOK OF BALLADS ; edited by Bon Gaultier : London. 1849.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Wm. Edmonstoune Aytoun, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh. Redfield, Clinton Hall, N. Y. 1852.

merit of the original: for, unless that have achieved popularity, the parody is destitute of the reflected light, by which alone it shines. It can please only, in the same way, as the tricks of monkeys do, when they exhibit a mimicry of man: by suggesting grotesque resemblances between the dignified and the contemptible, between pathos and buffoonery, heroism and bombast—in a word, by degrading high, pure, and noble images, into their opposites, and obliging us to take that humiliating step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It must be admitted, that they are often acceptable to the public—nor do we deny that sometimes they deserve the success they meet. There have been parodies, commendable for their wit, and yet, so tempered with respect for the subjects upon which it was exercised, as to give pleasure rather than offence to those at whom its shafts were aimed. Such, for example, are the Rejected Addresses of Horace Smith. Again: a parody is sometimes a just satire upon a production, which enjoys, from the reputation of the writer, or from other causes, a place in the public esteem, to which it is in no way entitled. Here the parody does good service, in exposing vain or vicious pretensions, and holding it up to the derision of the world. "The Vision of Judgment" of Southey, in which he impiously profanes the mysteries of Heaven, and raises George the Third to its highest honors and rewards, was thus rebuked by the "Vision of Judgment" of Lord Byron, with a mingled force of truth and sarcasm seldom displayed in any work. It is not to be denied, that the latter jests too irreverently with things that should always be approached with awe: but how much less is this offence, viewed in connection with its motive, than the solemn blasphemy committed by the venal poet of Royalty. These exceptions to the general rule, which we have affirmed respecting parodies, are, however, of rare occurrence. They are commonly the result of ambitious mediocrity, too often of envy and malevolence; and we have many a time sympathized with the honest indignation of Thomas Haynes Bayley, when he resented the multiform imitations and travesties of his beautiful "I'd be a butterfly":

"I'd be a parody—made by a ninny,
On some little song with a popular tune—
Not worth a half-penny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon."

To this latter class—the larger one—of poetic caricatures, these ballads of Bon Gaultier, seem to us to belong. They smack of that low ribaldry, which panders to the levelling propensities of the mob, and could not have been written by one capable of appreciating at their true worth, the exquisite Spanish ballads, which they at-

tempt to ridicule. Such an one would as soon think of painting his mistress in the garb of a fish-woman of Billingsgate, or of sending her as a Valentine, one of the vile prints, which of late years, have been displayed in the shop windows on the 14th of February.

Next, follow a series of ballads, called "American;" which are more objectionable than the preceding, inasmuch as libels upon a whole nation are more censurable than lampoons of individuals. The execution of Colt for the murder of Adams, with all its horrible accessories, is gloated over in the spirit of the miserable wretches, who crowd to witness public executions, and make a mockery and a jest of the spectacle. The most disgusting incidents in American life, such as the lynchings, the gougings, the street fights, are made the themes of song, and paraded as leading features in the society and manners of the United States. Even the stale sarcasms about "wooden nutmegs" and "Pennsylvania bonds" are raked out of the mire, and flung in the face of the reader. Statesmen, like Clay and Webster—and poets, like William Cullen Bryant,—are represented as uttering the coarsest slang, and behaving like the ruffians of St. Giles' or the Five Points. The most scurrilous descriptions and epithets, which vagabond tourists have lavished upon the people of this country, are reproduced, without the redeeming accompaniment of originality, wit, or humor. It is a waste of time to say more of these pitiful ebullitions, of national prejudice and spite, and we dismiss them.

The rest of the book consists of miscellaneous ballads: some of them flat, stupid, and commonplace; and others, redolent of the same mean malice we have so often alluded to. The most distinguished living poets of England, Macaulay, Montgomery, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer, are represented as scrambling for the vacant place of Laureate; and imitations attempted of their several styles, in comparison with which, the sallies of Kunkel's Serenaders are classic and elegant. If there be any motive discernible in all this book—any design to be detected in it, it is that of defacing and defiling the reputations of literary men, who have won distinction and honor on both sides of the Atlantic. The garrets of Grub Street seem to be the sources, whence the author has derived his manners, his morals, his elocution and his wit.

But it is time to consider our hero in another light. Having done his utmost to depreciate his contemporaries, in the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" he enters the lists in his own person—his name inscribed upon his banner, and the *fanfare* of his own trumpet heralding his approach. Will it be credited that after all this,

Macanlay is his model? That he has stooped to pick up his moulted feathers, and essayed with them to imitate his flight? Strange and humiliating, but nevertheless true and palpable, is the fact. In the structure of his verse, in the selection of his topics, in the contrivance of his machinery, there is, throughout a manifest and miserable effort to copy "The Lays of Ancient Rome." The maker of parodies is but a maker of parodies still, and nothing more. He has but one instinct. Whether his vein be facetious or serious, comic or heroic, his precedence is the same. He sits down before a great picture, and draws a caricature. His copy resembles the original, as a gingerbread figure of Washington might represent his immortal statue by Houdon. The grim old Douglas, the intrepid Claverhouse, the noble Montrose, suffer no less in his hands, than the literary champions of our own time.—Reversing the doom of Midas, it is his fate to transmute all the gold he touches into the basest of metals.

"Nil tetigit, quod non *deturpavit*."

We have not space to quote examples of the imitation—and the deterioration—of which we have spoken. But as a specimen of the wordy, superfluous style, in which Bon Gaultier tells a story, and his way of suiting the mode of speech to the character of the speaker, we turn to his "Edinburgh after Flodden." It begins with the arrival of a fugitive from the fatal field, and you expect, at the first line, that he is about to announce the evil tidings:

"News of battle! news of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:

And the archways and the pavement

Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle! who hath brought it?

News of triumph? who should bring

Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant king?

All last night we watched the beacons

Blazing on the hills afar,

Each one bearing as it kindled,

Message of the opened war." &c., &c., &c.

Such a torrent of *talk*, poured out for two pages, upon the luckless messenger, seems to have disgusted him: and when the questioners at last stop to take breath, and receive his answer, he scorns to give any. His temper was doubtless that of the Waterloo hero, the Highlander, in Hogg's admirable ballad—who thus replies to a querist of the same stamp:

"Ye are but some lawland loon,

Silly body, lawland body—

No the bluid that wore the croon,

Silly body, lawland body—

Ye'se get nocht frae her nain sell,

Silly body, lawland body—

*De'il a news to you she'll tell,
Silly body, lawland body."*

Bon Gaultier's messenger, however, preserves a rigid silence, and makes his way, attended by all the population of Edinburgh "shrieking, praying, by his side," through two pages more, until he reaches the presence of the elders, assembled in the town hall, and presided over by their Provost. Now, this Provost, (according to Mr. Aytoun) was a man not wholly unknown in Scottish history—Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, commonly called "Bell-the-Cat," from the following incident: James the 3d, the predecessor of the gallant king who fell at Flodden, had disgusted the nobles, by the favors which he bestowed upon certain low-born and worthless flatterers. A meeting of the nobles was secretly held, at which measures were pressed and discussed, for seizing and punishing these obnoxious favorites. All were agreed as to what ought to be done; but the question was, who should take the lead? And this was brought to an issue by Lord Gray, who re-quoted the fable of the mice that had resolved to tie a bell round the cat's neck, which should give warning of her approach, but of which no mouse was bold enough to undertake the tying. As soon as he was done speaking, up started Douglas and exclaimed, "I am he will bell the cat." He kept his word; and, with the support of his confederates, seized upon the unhappy wretches, and hung them almost in the monarch's sight. Such was the man—fearless, proud, fierce, and unrelenting—sparing of words—prompt in action—whom Mr. Aytoun introduces, making a speech of four pages to the terrified burghers of Edinburgh, in which he recommends the women to go to Church and pray for their deliverance, and exhorts the men to make ready to "meet in patience" a death which seems to be inevitable. We, by no means, disapprove the sentiments which are put into his mouth—the heroic resolve to fall amid the ruins of the city—the reliance upon God's mercy in the last hour of trial; but we are very sure that old Bell-the-Cat would have tried other means to revive the fainting courage of the city, instead of confessing the cause to be hopeless—and that he never wasted so many words upon any subject whatever, in the whole course of his life.—We give the conclusion of his death-song:

"Once more let us meet together,

Once more see each other's face;

Then like men that *need not tremble*,

Go to our appointed place.

God our Father, will not fail us

In that last tremendous hour;

If all other bulwarks crumble,

He will be our strength and tower:

Though the ramparts rock beneath us,

And the walls go crashing down,

Though the roar of conflagration
 Bellow o'er the sinking town—
 There is yet one place of shelter,
 Where the foeman cannot come,
 Where the summons never sounded
 Of the trumpet or the drum.
 There again we'll meet our children,
 Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
 For their king and for their country
 Rendered up their souls to God.
 There shall we find rest and refuge,
 With our dear, departed brave:
 And the arches of the city
 Be our universal grave!"

To which we would suggest, as an appropriate pendant, the chorus of that spirit-stirring strain:

"Let us all be unhappy together!"

We have only one more topic to touch on.—Bon Gaultier is very indignant, that Mr. Macaulay should have done such unpardonable injustice to the memory of Claverhouse, as to call him "a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart." So far from deserving such a character, it is the opinion of Mr. Aytoun, that "*John Grahame of Claverhouse*," was a gentleman, not only free of reproach in these respects, but of exemplary piety; for which he quotes the memories of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheill, in which we are assured, that besides family worship performed regularly evening and morning, at his house, he retired to his closet at certain hours, and employed himself "in that duty." Mr. Aytoun, thinks, moreover, that all, or nearly all, the writers, who have delineated the character of his hero, have fallen into a similar error, and have filled the public mind with unfounded prejudice against him. He thinks, too, that the so called persecutions of the Covenanters were not really persecutions for religious non-conformity; but rather necessary severities, for the purpose of repressing the rebellious conduct, the rapine and murder, in which the non-conformists, as a general rule, were prone to indulge themselves. And he even goes so far as to say "that a large portion of our national annals have been most unfairly perverted, and that party strife and polemical rancour have combined to distort facts and to blacken names, for mere temporary and ephemeral purposes."

In making the charges of "rapacity" and "violence of temper," we think it probable that Macaulay may have travelled out of the record. We do not remember to have seen Claverhouse accused of extortion: and the ideal we have pictured to ourselves, from the descriptions of his character, is that of a cold, stern, relentless man, rather than one violent and passionate. But, in

the other points at issue between them, Mr. Aytoun will stand but little chance of a verdict at the hands of the reading public. The attempt which he makes, is of the same character with the effort to prove that Richard the Third was no murderer. It is an assault upon one of the firmest and most solidly built portions of the historical edifice. Whether the cement in which the stones are laid, be truth or prejudice, time has hardened the whole structure, and made it proof against much more formidable batteries, than these at the command of Bon Gaultier. To silence his fire, we think it only necessary to present the character of Claverhouse, as drawn by Sir Walter Scott in the text and notes of *Old Mortality*. Scott, who has been so belaboured by Dr. McCrie for alleged injustice to the Covenanters, may now, perhaps, be challenged, by the jealous Jacobitism of Mr. Aytoun, as a judge "deaf to all evidence in favor of one whom he has been previously taught to condemn;" and if so, it will only be one more illustration of a case that has been justly decided, to the great dissatisfaction of both the parties litigant. But to our quotations—

"This remarkable person (Claverhouse) united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish Privy Council, in executing the merciless severities of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory.

"The gentleness and urbanity of that officer's general manners, the high and chivalrous sentiments of military devotion which he occasionally expressed, his deep and accurate insight into the human bosom, demanded at once the approbation and the wonder of those who conversed with him; while, on the other hand, his cold indifference to military violence and cruelty, seemed altogether inconsistent with the social, and even admirable, qualities which he displayed. Morton could not help, in his heart, contrasting him with Balfour of Burley; and, so deeply did the idea impress him, that he dropped a hint of it as they rode together at some distance from the troop.

"'You are right,' said Claverhouse, with a smile; 'you are very right—we are both fanatics; but there is some distinction between the fanaticism of honour, and that of dark and sullen superstition.'

" 'Yet you both shed blood without mercy or remorse,' said Morton, who could not repress his feelings.

" 'Surely,' said Claverhouse, with the same composure: 'but of what kind? There is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned and reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics and crack-brained demagogues, and sullen bores; some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine, and dashing down a can full of base muddy ale?'"

We have brought Bon Gaultier face to face with old "Waverley" himself; an authority whom no rational man will accuse of wanting extensive and accurate information, or of indulging undue hostility towards the followers of the Stuarts. There we leave him; repeating that cruel and peculiarly Scottish sarcasm in one of Sir Walter's favorite anecdotes, where the judge says to his old antagonist at the game of chess, upon whom he had just passed sentence of death, "And now, Donald, my man, I think I've *checked ye for ance!*"

THE UNATTAINED.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

How often do the loftiest-soaring thoughts
That ever in our minds find nestling place,
Elate most subtly, the detaining grasp,
Language would lay upon them!

High and clear,
Through the pure ether of our silent souls,
Swells the ecstatic music,—circling still,
With fuller utterance to our inward sense,
Lower and lower, till the voice drops deep
Within our thrilling bosoms. When we haste
To seize the lark-like singer, and to frame
And fit it round with words, whose wiry bonds
Shall hold the captive fast, that other ears
May hear what we have heard,—we lift our hand,
And lo! the place is empty! We had set
Our deftly woven cage, with nicest art;
Then with exultant feeling, looked to see
The airy thing, a fluttering prisoner there,—
But find we only have the soft-lined nest,
Without its occupant.

The quick-winged thought,
Too subtle for our snare, is safe escaped;
And far above receding,—upward, on,
Through the mind's radiant atmosphere, we catch
What evermore we fail to others' sense
To render audible. Some ruffled down,
Snatched all too rudely from the silvery breast,—
Some feathers, azure-tipt, dropt from the wings
Beyond us spread, alone are left to prove
The presence of the singer in our souls!

1852.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

(Not found in Pickett's History.)

OVID BOLUS, ESQ., ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

And what history of that halcyon period, ranging from the year of Grace, 1835, to 1837; that golden era, when Shimplasters were the sole currency; when bank-bills were "as thick as Autumn leaves in Vallambrosa," and credit was a franchise,—what history of those times would be complete, that left out the name of Ovid Bolus? As well write the biography of Prince Hal, and forbear all mention of Falstaff. In law phrase, the thing would be a "deed without a name," and void; a most unpardonable *casus omissus*.

I cannot trace, for reasons the sequel suggests, the early history, much less the birth-place, pedigree, and juvenile associations of this worthy. Whence he or his forbears got his name or how, I don't know: but for the fact that it is to be inferred he got it in infancy, I should have thought he borrowed it: he borrowed everything else he ever had, such things as he got under the credit system only excepted: in deference, however, to the axiom, that there is *some* exception to *all* general rules, I am willing to believe that he got this much honestly, by *bona fide* gift or inheritance, and without false pretence.

I have had a hard time of it in endeavoring to assign to Bolus, his leading vice: I have given up the task in despair; but I have essayed to designate that one which gave him, in the end, most celebrity. I am aware that it is invidious to make comparisons, and to give preëminence to one over other rival qualities and gifts, where all have high claims to distinction: but, then, the stern justice of criticism, in this case, requires a discrimination, which, to be intelligible and definite, must be relative and comparative. I, therefore, take the responsibility of saying, after due reflection, that in my opinion, Bolus's reputation stood higher for lying than for any thing else: and in thus assigning preëminence to this poetic property, I do it without any desire to derogate from other brilliant characteristics belonging to the same general category, which have drawn the wondering notice of the world.

Some men are liars from interest; not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain: some are liars from vanity, because they would rather be

well thought of by others, than have reason for thinking well of themselves: some are liars from a sort of necessity, which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue: some are enticed away by the beguilements of pleasure, or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these: he belonged to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of Belles Lettres. Bolus was a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers, and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk, was from the irresistible promptings of instinct, and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie: he lied with a relish: he lied with a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on: he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the practical purposes of life; but in so far did he glory the more in it; just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want.

Bolus's genius for lying was encyclopediacal: it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and common-place for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great as was his memory—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies—his invention was still larger. He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers; mere tinkers on other people's wares,—simple parrots and magpies of other men's sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattles, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas: they were bailers of goods, which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins making no usury; barren and unprofitable non-producers in the Intellectual Vineyard—*nati consumere fruges*.

He adopted a fact occasionally to start with, but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish and value were all his own: a Thibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool, as the author of a fact Bolus honored with his artistical skill, could claim to be the inventor of the story.

His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition wall between his imagination and his memory. He had long ceased to distinguish between

the impressions made upon his mind by what came from it, and what came to it: all ideas were facts to him.

Bolus's life was not a common man's life. His world was not the hard, work-day world the groundlings live in: he moved in a sphere of poetry: he lived amidst the ideal and romantic. Not that he was not practical enough, when he chose to be: by no means. He bought goods and chattles, lands and tenements, like other men; but he got them under a state of poetic illusion, and paid for them in an imaginary way. Even the titles he gave were not of the earthly sort—they were sometimes *clouded*. He gave notes, too,—how well I know it!—like other men; he paid them like himself.

How well he asserted the Spiritual over the Material! How he delighted to turn an abstract idea into concrete cash—to make a few blots of ink, representing a little thought, turn out a labor-saving machine, and bring into his pocket money which many days of hard exhausting labor would not procure! What pious joy it gave him to see the days of the good Samaritan return, and the hard hand of avarice relax its grasp on land and negroes, pork and clothes, beneath the soft speeches and kind promises of future rewards—blending in the act, the three Cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity; while, in the result, the chief of these three was *Charity*!

There was something sublime in the idea—this elevating the Spirit of man to its true and primeval dominion over things of sense and grosser matter.

It is true, that in these practical romances, Bolus was charged with a defective taste in repeating himself. The justice of the charge must be, at least, partially acknowledged: this I know from a client, to whom Ovid sold a tract of land after having sold it twice before: I cannot say, though, that his forgetting to mention this circumstance made any difference, for Bolus originally had no title.

There was nothing narrow, sectarian, or sectional, in Bolus's lying. It was on the contrary, broad and catholic. It had no respect to times or places. It was as wide, illimitable, as elastic and variable as the air he spent in giving it expression. It was a generous, gentlemanly, whole-souled faculty. It was employed often on, and in behalf of, objects and occasions of this sort, but no more; and no more zealously on these than on others of no profit to himself. He was an Egotist, but a magnificent one: he was not a liar because an egotist, but an egotist because a liar. He usually made himself the hero of the romantic exploits and adventures he narrated; but this was not so much to exalt himself as because it was more convenient to his art.

He had nothing malignant or invidious in his nature. If he exalted himself, it was seldom or never to the disparagement of others, unless, indeed, those others were merely imaginary persons, or too far off to be hurt. He would as soon lie for you as for himself. It was all the same, so there was something doing in his line of business, except in those cases in which his necessities required to be fed at your expense.

He did not confine himself to mere lingual lying: one tongue was not enough for all the business he had on hand. He acted lies as well. Indeed, sometimes his very silence was a lie. He made non-entity fib for him, and performed wondrous feats by a "masterly inactivity."

The personnel of this distinguished Votary of the Muse, was happily fitted to his art. He was strikingly handsome. There was something in his air and bearing almost princely, certainly quite distinguished. His manners were winning, his address frank, cordial and flowing. He was built after the model and structure of Bolingbroke in his youth, *American-ized* and *Hoosier-ized* a little by a "raising in," and an adaptation to the Backwoods. He was fluent but choice of diction, a little sonorous in the structure of his sentences to give effect to a voice like an organ. His countenance was open and engaging, usually sedate of expression, but capable of any modifications at the shortest notice. Add to this his intelligence, shrewdness, tact, humor, and that he was a ready debater and elegant declaimer, and had the gift of bringing out, to the fullest extent, his resources, and you may see that Ovid, in a new country, was a man apt to make no mean impression. He drew the loose population around him, as the magnet draws iron filings. He was the man for the "boys,"—then a numerous and influential class. His generous profusion and free-handed manner impressed them as the bounty of Cæsar the loading commonalty of Rome: Bolus was no niggard. He never higgled or chattered about small things. He was as free with his own money—if he ever had any of his own—as with yours. If he never paid borrowed money, he never asked payment of others. If you wished him to loan you any, he would hand you a handful without counting it: if you handed him any, you were losing time in counting it, for you never saw anything of it again: Shallow's funded debt on Falstaff were as safe an investment: this would have been an equal commerce, but, unfortunately for Bolus's friends, the proportion between his disbursements and receipts was something scant. Such a spend-thrift never made a track even in the flush times of 1836. It took as much to support him as a first class steamboat. His bills at the groceries were as long as John Q. Adam's Abolition peti-

tion, or, if pasted together, would have matched the great Chartist memorial. He would as soon treat a regiment or charter the grocery for the day, as any other way; and after the crowd had heartily drank—some of them "laying their souls in soak,"—if he did not have the money convenient—as when did he?—he would fumble in his pocket, mutter something about nothing less than a \$100 bill, and direct the score, with a lordly familiarity, to be charged to his account.

Ovid had early possessed the faculty of ubiquity. He had been born in more places than Homer. In an hour's discourse, he would, with more than the speed of Ariel, travel at every point of the compass, from Portland to San Antonio, some famous adventure always occurring just as he "rounded to," or while stationary, though he did not remain longer than to see it. He was present at every important debate in the Senate at Washington, and had heard every popular speaker on the hustings, at the bar and in the pulpit, in the United States. He had been concerned in many important causes with Grymes and against Mazereau in New Orleans, and had borne no small share in the fierce forensic battles, which, with singular luck, he and Grymes always won in the courts of the Crescent City. And such frolics as they had when they laid aside their heavy armor, after the heat and burden of the day! Such gambling! A negro *ante* and twenty on the call, was moderate playing. What lots of "Ethiopian captives" and other plunder he raked down vexed Arithmetic to count and credulity to believe; and, had it not been for Bolus's generosity in giving "the boys" a chance to win back *by doubling off on the high hand*, there is no knowing what changes of owners would not have occurred in the Rapides or on the German Coast.

The Florida war and the Texas Revolution, had each furnished a brilliant theatre for Ovid's chivalrous emprise. Jack Hays and he were great chums. Jack and he had many a hearty laugh over the odd trick of Ovid, in lassoing a Camanche Chief, while galloping a stolen horse bare-backed, up the San Saba hills. But he had the rig on Jack again, when he made him charge on a brood of about twenty Camanches, who had got into a mot of timber in the prairies, and were shooting their arrows from the covert, Ovid, with a six-barrelled rifle, taking them on the wing as Jack rode in and flushed them!

It was an affecting story and feelingly told, that of his and Jim Bowie's rescuing an American girl from the Apaches, and returning her to her parents in St. Louis; and it would have been still more tender, had it not been for the unfortunate necessity Bolus was under of shooting a brace of gay lieutenants on the border, one frosty morn-

ing, before breakfast, back of the fort, for taking unbecoming liberties with the fair damosel, the spoil of his bow and spear.

But the girls Ovid courted, and the miraculous adventures he had met with in love beggared by the comparison, all the fortune of war had done for him. Old Nugent's daughter, Sallie, was his narrowest escape. Sallie was accomplished to the romantic extent of two ocean steamers, and four blocks of buildings in Boston, separated only from immediate "perception and permanency," by the contingency of old Nugent's recovering from a confirmed dropsy, for which he had been twice ineffectually tapped. The day was set—the presents made—*enperle* of course—the guests invited: the old Sea Captain insisted on Bolus's setting his negroes free, and taking five thousand dollars a piece for the loss. Bolus's love for the "peculiar institution" wouldn't stand it. Rather than submit to such degradation, Ovid broke off the match, and left Sallie broken-hearted; a disease from which she did not recover until about six months afterwards, when she ran off with the mate of her father's ship, the Sea Serpent, in the Rio trade.

Gossip and personal anecdote were the especial subjects of Ovid's elocution. He was intimate with all the notabilities of the political circles. He was a privileged visitor of the political green-room. He was admitted back into the laboratory where the political thunder was manufactured, and into the office where the magnetic wires were worked. He knew the origin of every party question and movement, and had a finger in every pie the party cooks of Tammany baked for the body politic.

One thing in Ovid I can never forgive. This was his coming it over poor Ben O. I don't object to it on the score of the swindle. That was to have been expected. But swindling Ben was degrading the dignity of the art. True, it illustrated the universality of his science, but it lowered it to a beggarly process of mean deception. There was no skill in it. It was little better than crude larceny. A child could have done it; it had as well been done to a child. It was like catching a cow with a lariat, or setting a steel trap for a pet pig. True, Bolus had nearly practised out of custom. He had worn his art threadbare. Men, who could afford to be cheated, had all been worked up or been scared away. Besides, Ford couldn't be put off. He talked of money in a most ominous connection with blood. The thing could be settled by a bill of exchange. Ben's name was unfortunately good—the amount some \$1,600. Ben had a fine tract of land in S—r. He has not got it now. Bolus only gave Ben one wrench—that was enough. Ben never breathed easy afterwards. All the V's and

X's of ten years' hard practice, went in that penful of ink. Fie! Bolus, Monroe Edwards wouldn't have done that. He would sooner have sunk down to the level of some honest calling for a living, than have put his profession to so mean a shift. I can conceive of but one extenuation: Bolus was on the lift for Texas, and the desire was natural to qualify himself for citizenship.

The genius of Bolus, strong in its unassisted strength, yet gleamed out more brilliantly under the genial influence of "the rosy." With boon companions and "reaming suata," it was worth while to hear him of a winter evening. He could "gild the palpable and the familiar, with golden exhalations of the dawn." The most common place objects became dignified. There was a history to the commonplace articles about him: that book was given him by Mr. Van Buren—the walking stick was a present from Gen. Jackson: the thrice-watered Monongahela, just drawn from the grocery hard by, was the last of a distillation of 1825, smuggled in from Ireland, and presented to him by a friend in New Orleans, on easy terms with the collector: the cigars, not too fragrant, were of a box sent him by a schoolmate from Cuba, in 1834—before he visited the Island. And talking of Cuba—he had met with an adventure there, the impression of which never could be effaced from his mind. He had gone, at the instance of Don Carlos y Cubanos, (an intimate classmate in a Kentucky Catholic College,) whose life he had saved from a mob in Louisville, at the imminent risk of his own. The Don had a sister of blooming sixteen, the least of whose charms was two or three coffee plantations, some hundreds of slaves, and a suitable garnish of doubloons, accumulated during her minority, in the hands of her uncle and guardian, the Captain General. All went well with the young lovers—for such, of course, they were—until Bolus, with his usual frank indiscretion, in a conversation with the Priest, avowed himself a Protestant. Then came trouble. Every effort was made to convert him: but Bolus's faith resisted the eloquent tongue of the Priest, and the more eloquent eyes of Donna Isabella. The brother pleaded the old friendship—urged a seeming and formal conformity—the Captain General urged the case like a politician—the Señorita like a warm and devoted woman. All would not do. The Captain General forbade his longer sojourn on the Island. Bolus took leave of the fair Señorita: the parting interview held in the orange bower, was affecting: Donna Isabella, with dishevelled hair, threw herself at his feet: the tears streamed from her eyes: in liquid tones, broken by grief, she implored him to relent,—reminded him of her love, of her trust in him, and of the consequences—now not much longer to be

concealed—of that love and trust; ("though I protest," Bolus would say, "I don't know what she meant exactly by *that*.") "Gentlemen," Bolus continued, "I confess to the weakness—I wavered—but then my eyes happened to fall on the breast-pin with a lock of my mother's hair—I recovered my courage: I shook her gently from me. I felt my last hold on earth was loosened—my last hope of peace destroyed. Since that hour, my life has been a burden. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you a broken man—a martyr to his Religion. But, away with these melancholy thoughts: boys, pass around the jorum." And wiping his eyes, he drowned the wasting sorrow in a long draught of the poteen; and, being much refreshed, was able to carry the burden on a little further,—*videlicet*, to the next lie.

It must not be supposed that Bolus was destitute of the tame virtue of prudence—or that this was confined to the avoidance of the improvident habit of squandering his money in paying old debts. He took reasonably good care of his person. He avoided all unnecessary exposures, chiefly from a patriotic sense, probably, of continuing his good offices to his country. His recklessness was, for the most part, lingual. To hear him talk, one might suppose he held his carcass merely for a target to try guns and knives upon; or that the business of his life was to draw men up to ten paces or less, for sheer improvement in marksmanship. Such exploits as he had gone through with, dwarfed the heroes of romance to very pigmy and sneaking proportions. Pistol at the Bridge when he bluffed at honest Fluellen, might have envied the swash-buckler airs, Ovid would sometimes put on. But I never could exactly identify the place he had laid out for his burying ground. Indeed, I had occasion to know that he had declined to understand several not very ambiguous hints, upon which he might, with as good a grace as Othello, have spoken, not to mention one or two pressing invitations which his modesty led him to refuse. I do not know that the base sense of fear had any thing to do with these declinations: possibly he might have thought he had done his share of fighting, and did not wish to monopolise: or his principles forbade it—I mean those which opposed his paying a debt: knowing he could not cheat that inexorable creditor, Death, out of his claim, he did the next thing to it; which was to delay and shirk payment as long as possible.

It remains to add a word of criticism on this great Ly-ric artist.

In lying, Bolus was not only a successful, but he was a very able practitioner. Like every other eminent artist, he brought all his faculties to bear upon his art. Though quick of perception and prompt of invention, he did not trust himself to

the inspirations of his genius for *improvising* a lie, when he could well premeditate one. He deliberately built up the substantial masonry, relying upon the occasion and its accessories, chiefly for embellishment and collateral supports: as Burke excogitated the more solid parts of his great speeches, and left unprepared only the illustrations and fancy-work.

Bolus's manner was, like every truly great man's, his own. It was excellent. He did not come blushing up to a lie, as some otherwise very passable liars do, as if he were making a mean compromise between his guilty passion or morbid vanity, and a struggling conscience. Bolus had long since settled all disputes with *his* conscience. He and it were on very good terms—at least, if there was no affection between the couple, there was no fuss in the family; or, if there were any scenes or angry passages, they were reserved for strict privacy and never got out. My own opinion is, that he was as destitute of the article as an ostrich. Thus he came to his work bravely, cheerfully and composedly. The delights of composition, invention and narration, did not fluster his style or agitate his delivery. He knew how, in the tumult of passion, to assume the "temperance to give it smoothness." A lie never ran away with him, as it is apt to do with young performers: he could always manage and guide it; and to have seen him fairly mounted, would have given you some idea of the polished elegance of D'Orsay, and the superb *menage* of Murat. There is a tone and manner of narration differing from those used in delivering ideas just conceived; just as there is a difference between the sound of the voice in reading and in speaking. Bolus knew this, and practised on it. When he was narrating, he put the facts in order, and seemed to speak them out of his memory; but not formally, or as if by rote. He would stop himself to correct a date; recollect he was wrong—he was *that* year at the White Sulphur or Saratoga, &c.: having got the date right, the names of persons present would be incorrect, &c.; and these he corrected in turn. A stranger hearing him, would have feared the marriug of a good story by too fastidious a conscientiousness in the narrator.

His zeal in pursuit of a lie under difficulties, was remarkable. The society around him—if such it could be called—was hardly fitted, without some previous preparation, for an immediate introduction to Almack's or the classic precincts of Gore House. The manners of the nation were rather plain than ornate, and candor rather than polish, predominated in their conversation. Bolus had need of some forbearance to withstand the interruptions and cross-examinations, with which his revelations were sometimes re-

ceived. But he possessed this in a remarkably degree. I recollect, on one occasion, when he was giving an account of a providential escape he was signally favored with, (when boarded by a pirate off the Isle of Pines, and he plead masonry, and gave a sign he had got out of the Disclosures of Morgan,) Tom Johnson interrupted him to say that he had heard *that* before, (which was more than Bolus had ever done.) B. immediately rejoined, that he had, he believed, given him, Tom, a *running* sketch of the incident. "Rather," said Tom, "I think, a *lying* sketch." Bolus scarcely smiled, as he replied, that Tom was a wag, and couldn't help turning the most serious things into jests; and went on with his usual brilliancy, to finish the narrative. Bolus did not overcrowd his canvass. His figures were never confused, and the subordinates and accessories did not withdraw attention from the main and substantive lie. He never squandered his lies profusely: thinking, with the poet, that "bounteous, not prodigal, is kind Nature's hand," he kept the golden mean between penuriousness and prodigality; never stingy of his lies, he was not wasteful of them, but was rather fore-handed than pushed, or embarrassed, having, usually, fictitious stock to be freshly put on 'change, when he wished to "make a raise." In most of his fables, he inculcated but a single leading idea; but contrived to make the several facts of the narrative fall in very gracefully with the principal scheme.

The rock on which many promising young liars, who might otherwise have risen to merited distinction, have split, is vanity: this marplot vice betrays itself in the exultation manifested on the occasion of a decided hit, an exultation too inordinate for mere recital, and which betrays authorship; and to betray authorship, in the present barbaric, moral and intellectual condition of the world is fatal. True, there seems to be some inconsistency here. Dickens and Bulwer can do as much lying, for money too, as they choose, and no one blame them, any more than they would blame a lawyer regularly *fee'd* to do it; but let any man, gifted with the same genius, try his hand at it, not deliberately and in writing, but merely orally, and ugly names are given him, and he is proscribed! Bolus heroically suppressed exultation over the victories his lies achieved.

Alas! for the beautiful things of Earth, its flowers—its sunsets—its lovely girls—its lies—brief and fleeting are their date. Lying is a very delicate accomplishment. It must be tenderly cared for, and jealously guarded. It must not be overworked. Bolus forgot this salutary caution. The people found out his art. However dull the commons are as to other matters, they

get sharp enough, after a while, to whatever concerns their bread and butter. Bolus not having confined his art to political matters, sounded, at last, the depths, and explored the limits of popular credulity. The denizens of this degenerate age, had not the disinterestedness of Prince Hal, who "cared not how many fed at his cost:" they got tired, at last, of promises to pay. The credit system, common before as pump water, adhering, like the elective franchise to every voter, began to take the worldly wisdom of Falstaff's mercer, and ask security; and security liked something more substantial than plausible promises. In this forlorn condition of the country, returning to its savage state, and abandoning the refinements of a ripe, Anglo Saxon civilization for the sordid safety of Mexican or Chinese modes of traffic; deserting the sweet simplicity of its ancient truthfulness and the poetic illusions of Augustus Tomlinson, for the vulgar saws of poor Richard—Bolus, with a sigh like that breathed out by his great prototype after his apostrophe to London, gathered up, one bright, moonlight night, his articles of value, shook the dust from his feet, and departed from a land unworthy of his longer sojourn. With that delicate consideration for the feelings of his friends, which, like the politeness of Charles II., never forsook him, he spared them the pain of a parting interview. He left no greetings of kindness; no messages of love: nor did he ask assurances of their lively remembrance. It was quite unnecessary. In every house he had left an autograph, in every ledger a souvenir. They will never forget him. Their connection with him will be ever regarded as

—"The greenest spot
In memory's waste."—

Poor Ben, whom he had honored with the last marks of his confidence, can scarcely speak of him to this day, without tears in his eyes. Far away towards the setting sun he hid him, until at last, with a hermit's disgust at the degradation of the world, like Ignatius turned monk, he pitched his tabernacle amidst the smiling prairie that sleep in vernal beauty, in the shadow of the San Saba mountains. There let his mighty genius rest. It has earned repose. We leave Themistocles to his voluntary exile.

I like your German singers well,
But hate them too, and for this reason,
Although they always sing in time,
They often sing quite out of season.

Good

MY RIVER RHINE.

I shall not see my river Rhine!

Not any one of all its towers—
Its ruins wreathed with ivy and vine—
Its old time beauteous with flowers!

Much less the thought of Phidian Greece
The home of vanished magic, fills
My heart about to faint and cease;
Would only that the sunny hills

Of that imperial river, fair
With purple grapes, could rise for me—
And I could breathe the enchanted air
Rippling its breast from the far sea!

From boyhood I have longed and dreamed
That such a blessing should be mine!
I could not die away it seemed,
Before I saw my river Rhine!

My Rhine with every beauty graced—
My Rhine in spirit loved so long!
Dear Rhine! on which my heart would waste
Its fragrance in a flood of song!

I did but dream!—the orange light
Of eve faints on the slender pines
Of my own West—I go from sight:
Die out poor heart! die out weak lines!

I shall not see it! O my Rhine
So long my heart's dream, loved so long!
Could I but, dying, make thee mine
With passionate tears and floods of song!
L. I. L.

JOHN FOSTER.

BY WILLIAM E. SCREVEN, ESQ.

Author of "Christianity and its Relations to Poetry and Philosophy."

Few names are more revered by men of thought than that of John Foster. His works have done more for the development of character, in proportion to their extent, than those of any other essayist. He came, it is true, at a time when the essay was about to be exchanged for other forms of composition, but it is not too much to say that he gave it new dignity and purpose, and wielded it with a power which far surpassed even the illustrious men who preceded him. Although the writings of Addison, Johnson, and the essayists of their school, convey many a useful and instructive lesson, yet their predominant effect is that of elegant entertainment.

It is otherwise with the essays of Foster. They are written for the purpose of mental and moral

discipline, and that purpose is accomplished, to a degree that ceases to be wonderful, only when we consider the aptness of illustration, and depth and power of thought, by which they are so strongly distinguished.

The object of this article is not, however, to estimate the intellectual excellencies of our author, or his productions. That has been repeatedly and ably done. It is rather to vindicate his moral and religious character from some very harsh views, which have been presented in relation to it, by Mr. Gilfillan, in his second Gallery of Literary Portraits. We would further premise, that we do not hold Foster's religious creed, and therefore do not write as a sectarian. We simply believe that he has been represented, in some respects, harshly and unjustly, and wish to enter into a calm examination of the charges preferred against him.

Mr. Gilfillan has reviewed our author both intellectually and morally. The intellectual estimate of his genius is candid and just. Every discriminating admirer of Foster's works will find in that portion of the review an appreciative tribute to his insight and enlarged understanding. It is, however, far otherwise when the reviewer passes to the consideration of his religious character. He seems to have forgotten candor and charity, and first assuming a most unfavorable position, he is led on, as it were, in wanton sport, to conclusions that are as fallacious as they are ungenerous. We believe the memory of a good and great man, one who, while he lived, was a benefactor to his kind, and who, though dead, still speaks to them instinctively in the strong and stirring language of his works, should not be assailed, under any professions of partial admiration, without a word being uttered in his defence.

The charge brought against the great essayist, by his reviewer, is, that he regarded the existence of moral evil in the world, with the despair of moral cowardice; that he looked upon the present system of things with impotent fear and hatred, and, finally, that he surrendered his mind to the gloomy doctrine of fanaticism.

Setting forth with this allegation, the reviewer has proceeded, with a degree of conceit, and careless indiscriminating reasoning, unworthy of himself and his subject, until he has drawn a picture that can be regarded only with abhorrence. If John Foster were the man he is thus represented to have been, he must have been either an idiot or a fiend, from whom every sane man must turn with pity or horror. The truth, however, is, that he was neither the one, nor the other, but a man of noble faculties and noble principles, challenging our admiration not only for his intellectual powers, but also for the

...purity and majestic uprightness of his moral nature.

A conclusive refutation of the charge preferred against Foster is furnished by his life. However thick and intricate may be the net-work of error, which a plausible pen can weave around the purest character, a simple recital of the incontrovertible facts of daily practical life, will sweep away the fallacious fabric as the sun dispels the morning clouds. What then does the life of our author teach, as to the nature of those sentiments and opinions, of which it was the natural outbirth, and therefore the infallible index? Was it the life of a fatalist, or of a moral coward? Was it the life of a man who could fold his arms in criminal indolence, averring that moral evil was invincible to human efforts, and therefore he would not stir, but leave the work of purification and amelioration to the Supreme Being? It was far otherwise. From the time that he first took the vows of religion, until his death, John Foster was a steadfast, faithful and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of humanity. In one form or another he was always to be found struggling with evil, and acquitting himself like a man in the cause of human progress. An unfortunate style of delivery, which he could not overcome, rendered him almost useless in the pulpit. He therefore retired into private life, but his vigorous pen was still employed in battling not only for religious truth, but also for political rights. He never gave a production to the public, which was not an earnest and effective effort to advance mankind in the march of improvement. His four principal essays will live as long as the language in which they are written, and will continue to develop and improve the character of men to remotest time. Many have read Foster's pages with a flushed cheek and compressed lip, and risen from their perusal with the germ of a new nature formed in their hearts, and many others will do the same in coming generations. Not in the external world of sense will the triumphs of his genius be immediately visible, but they will be wrought in the still depths of the heart, where the imperial Will resides: And they will come forth in many a form of outward action, which are not less the effect of his works because they proceed from them indirectly, and through the medium of subsequent purposes. Many a gigantic scheme, and noble enterprise, will spring from minds which received their first concentration and consolidation of purpose from the "Essay on Decision of Character," and the "Essay on the Epithet Romantic" will regulate many a wayward will and impart a judicious course of action. Yes, Foster was a great and successful worker against that moral evil, to which it has been charged on him that

he succumbed with the abject despair of moral cowardice.

Nor was it only in the world of philosophical ethics, that he battled against evil, where it existed in the form of error: in the religious field also, where it assumed the darker character of sin, he fought the fight of the true soldier, and won a wreath of imperishable laurels.

In short, it was the peculiar character of the man, that, while with a keen observation, and a heart full of sensibility, he saw and deplored the existence of that baneful thing which curses the nature and condition of man, he was always engaged in lending his remarkable powers to its diminution and final destruction.

How idle and absurd is it then, in the face of these facts, to attempt to hand over such a man to the contempt of mankind as a prodigy of pusillanimity! It is true, that Foster used many expressions which betokened his sense of the dreadful extent, tenacious hold, and hardy character of moral evil, but who has not heard the most assiduous and even successful combatants for truth, in moments of weary, but transient despondency, utter the same sentiments?

Mr. Gilfillan seems to be peculiarly amused that our author, in a review of Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*, manifests his sorrow that snow had been discovered in the planet Mars. He proceeds in a rhapsody on the purity, beauty, and harmlessness of snow, and inquires what there is in such a substance to excite the fears of Foster. Nothing, assuredly, in the substance itself. Doubtless, the essayist was as able to appreciate the pure and beautiful snow, as well as every other charm of nature, with as much zest as his flippant critic. The grave solicitude he expressed was occasioned by the fact that it was a proof of the existence of physical evil on another planet. Whatever skepticism Mr. Gilfillan may entertain, concerning the connection of physical and moral evil, Foster at least was persuaded that the good and wise Creator never permitted the former to approach, except as the just consequence of the latter. Therefore, his serious and noble mind could not contemplate the revelations of the telescope without emotions of anxiety. No one fears the motion of the grass as it waves in the breeze, but when it bends before an approaching whirlwind, any rational mind will view it with anxiety, as the index of coming desolation.

Mr. Gilfillan finally proceeds to the absurd length of classing Foster and Byron in very nearly the same school of skepticism. A strange term, indeed, to be applied to one who had devoted his life, and all the energies of life, to the extinction of skeptical error! And why is this? Because Foster, in a career full of labor and expe-

rience, and rich in the fruits of an observation peculiarly piercing and extensive, deplored the sinfulness of mankind, and the suffering consequent upon it. A comparison of the lives of the men, so unjustly classed together, is sufficient to show the folly and indiscriminating absurdity of the classification.

These lives, however, are too well known to make it necessary for us to enter into such a comparison at this time. Suffice it to say, that the poet, with all his brilliant powers and qualities, lived in habitual carelessness with respect to religion and eternity; though, perhaps, leaving some hope in his last moments, that the awful realities of another world were not met with a mind unprepared for them. No sense of duty pressed upon him, during the active portion of his career, to subdue error and sin, and to reconcile man to God and truth. On the contrary, many of his works seem almost devoted to the purpose of nursing in the human heart, feelings of daring blasphemy against God, and impatient hatred and opposition to that system of things which God has instituted in this world.

On the other hand, behold the great essayist, consecrating himself to the cause of truth, always employing his abilities in that noble conflict in some form or other, devoutly recognizing the sovereignty of God, the atonement of Christ, the possibility of man's salvation, and the duty resting on all, and therefore on himself, to advance the interests of that kingdom, which will spread over the whole earth, with "healing on its wings" for every human woe, and which will have no end.

Foster recognized all this with firm and devout conviction, and acted upon his belief practically, in a manner that has made him illustrious as a benefactor to his race, and placed him as a bright star in the intellectual and moral firmament. Yet these are the men who are classed together, as taking the same despairing view of the present system of things! Mr. Gilfillan has lost sight of Foster's entire life and writings, and fastened on a few despondent expressions, which in old age were used, almost confidentially, in his 'Journal and Correspondence,' chiefly in view of the little which seems to be accomplished by human efforts in ameliorating the spiritual condition of mankind.

To make more apparent the habitual carelessness with which Mr. Gilfillan writes, even on such subjects as the one under consideration, we will mention one very glaring contradiction respecting Foster.

In his first "Literary Gallery," speaking of the famous discourse on Indian Idolatry, he commends its author for acknowledging to the mighty pagan systems the possession of a certain sub-

limity, and poetic interest, even while he hurled all the thunder of his logic and tremendous sarcasm against its gross and profane errors. In the second "Literary Gallery," he eats his own words one by one, and without any allusion to the former tribute to Foster's liberality, apparently having forgotten it, condemns him for being "slow to admit any degree of interest, or of poetry, or of grandeur in those colossal faiths, which have ruled for ages the great majority of mankind." It is impossible to conceive a case of more glaring and palpable self-contradiction.

Mr. Gilfillan proceeds to admit that, after all he has said, it may seem paradoxical to assert, that Foster was an amiable man; yet declares that he was undoubtedly so, if the universal testimony of those who knew him is to be believed. The truth is, that it would not only seem, but really be, paradoxical, if what had been said were true; but what had been said, being a tissue of absurdity and false reasoning, and therefore not true, the amiability of the essayist is not at all paradoxical.

According to the reviewer, Foster was, as to his intellect, able and great; as to his religious character a cross between a fool and a fiend; and as to his domestic life a pure and amiable man. Verily, this does seem paradoxical!—so much so, that a man of Mr. Gilfillan's sense and ability should have doubted the compatibility of such elements, and sifted the matter more thoroughly before he drew his conclusions. Had he done so, properly, he would have found no incompatibility, and therefore no paradox. He would have found that John Foster was not only an able and an amiable man, but that, also, in his religious character, he was an enlightened, liberal, and laborious christian.

We have attempted to offer a sacrifice upon the sacred altar of John Foster's memory. In doing so, we are actuated by mingled motives of admiration and gratitude for that serious and noble man, who, after an upright and noble life, has joined a band of spirits kindred to his own in a higher sphere. We cannot see him treated with what we suppose to be injustice, without saying that in his defence which he cannot now say for himself, and, perhaps, would not care to say, if he could. To Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of his intellectual merits, and domestic life, as we have before said, we do not object, or, if we do, it is too slightly to deserve notice. That estimate is high-toned and appreciative. But this commendable spirit vanishes entirely when he comes to speak of our author's religious character. This branch of his review is founded upon the grossest want of discrimination, and is disgraced by an air of levity, and affected smart-

ness, which sits very ungracefully on a foundation of bad logic.

Nor are the same faults wanting in many other reviews he has given to the public, but, being concealed beneath the plausibilities of an eloquent style, they frequently escape observation. Our present object, however, is accomplished, and we leave the subject with our readers, trusting, that even if their verdict is against us, they may be induced to resort to the useful works of Foster, and decide the question for themselves.

Notices of New Works.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, *From the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. Vol. IV. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1852.

We have read this volume with very great delight. It seems to us a model of historical composition. The style is admirably adapted to the story, and the reader finds, for the first time, the incidents of our colonial existence presented to him in the vivid and glowing colors that belong to them. Indeed, for pictorial effects, we think this volume far the most successful that Mr. Bancroft has yet published. Many of the passages which refer to events of peculiar interest, have the air of eloquent descriptions of some grand historical paintings. The figures stand out boldly—the light and shade is managed with rare skill—the accessories too are not wanting:—the future artist who would acquire fame for the delineation of national events, has only to follow with his brush the pen of the historian, and his canvass will be rich with the life and character of the past.

Mr. Bancroft introduces, for the first time, in this volume, that remarkable personage, around whom the whole action of the coming revolution is to have its movement as the man of the age, the hero of the most important struggle of modern times. In the following extract, we see George Washington, at twenty-one, going out upon that perilous mission to the Delaware Indians, in which all the elements of his character—his patient endurance of hardships, his humanity, his extraordinary foresight—were conspicuously displayed:—

“In the middle of November, with an interpreter and four attendants, and Christopher Gist as a guide, he left Will’s Creek, and following the Indian trace through forest solitudes, gloomy with the fallen leaves and solemn sadness of late autumn. across mountains, rocky ravines, and streams, through sleet and snows, he rode in nine days to the fork of the Ohio. How lonely was the spot, where, so long unbecked of men, the rapid Alleghany met nearly at right angles ‘the deep and still water’ of the Monongahela! At once Washington foresaw the destiny of the place. ‘I spent some time,’ said he, ‘in viewing the rivers;’ ‘the land in the Fork has the absolute command of both.’ ‘The flat, well-timbered land all around the point lies very convenient for building.’ After creating in imagination a fortress and a city, he and his party swam their horses across the Alleghany, and wrapt

their blankets around them for the night, on its north-west bank.

“From the Fork the chief of the Delawares conducted Washington through rich alluvial fields to the pleasing valley at Logstown. There deserters from Louisiana discoursed of the route from New Orleans to Quebec, by way of the Wabash and the Maumee, and of a detachment from the lower province on its way to meet the French troops from Lake Erie, while Washington held close colloquy with the half-king; the one anxious to gain the west as a part of the territory of the ancient dominion, the other to preserve it for the red-men. ‘We are brothers,’ said the half-king in council; ‘we are one people; I will send back the French speechbelt, and will make the Shawnees and the Delawares do the same.’

“On the night of the twenty-ninth of November, the council-fire was kindled; an aged orator was selected to address the French; the speech which he was to deliver was debated and rehearsed; it was agreed that unless the French would heed this third warning to quit the land, the Delawares would also be their enemies; and a very large string of black and white wampum was sent to the Six Nations as a prayer for aid.

“After these preparations, the party of Washington, attended by the half-king, and envoys of the Delawares, moved onwards to the post of the French at Venango. The officers there avowed the purpose of taking possession of the Ohio, and they mingled the praises of La Salle with boasts of their forts at Le Boeuf and Erie, at Niagara, Toronto and Frontenac. ‘The English,’ said they, ‘can raise two men to our one; but they are too dilatory to prevent any enterprise of ours.’ The Delawares were intimidated or debauched; but the half-king clung to Washington like a brother, and delivered up his belt as he had promised.

“The rains of December had swollen the creeks. The messengers could pass them only by felling trees for bridges. Thus they proceeded, now killing a buck and now a bear, delayed by excessive rains and snow, by mire and swamps, while Washington’s quick eye discerned all the richness of the meadows.

“At Waterford, the limit of his journey, he found Fort Le Boeuf defended by cannon. Around it stood the barracks of the soldiers, rude log-cabins, roofed with bark. Fifty birch-bark canoes, and one hundred and seventy boats of pine were already prepared for the descent of the river, and materials were collected for building more. The commander, Gardeur de St. Pierre, an officer of integrity and experience, and for his dauntless courage both feared and beloved by the Red-Men, refused to discuss questions of right. ‘I am here,’ said he, ‘by the orders of my general, to which I shall conform with exactness and resolution.’ And he avowed his purpose of seizing every Englishman within the Ohio Valley. France was resolved on possessing the great territory which her missionaries and travellers had revealed to the world.

“Breaking away from courtesies, Washington hastened homewards to Virginia. The rapid current of French Creek dashed his party against rocks; in shallow places they waded, the water congealing on their clothes: where the ice had lodged in the bend of the rivers, they carried their canoe across the neck. At Venango, they found their horses, but so weak, the travellers went still on foot, heedless of the storm. The cold increased very fast, the paths grew ‘worse by a deep snow continually freezing.’ Impatient to get back with his despatches, the young envoy, wrapping himself in an Indian dress, with gun in hand and pack on his back, the day after Christmas quitted the usual path, and, with Gist for his sole companion, by aid of the compass, steered the secret way across the country for the Fork. An Indian, who

had lain in wait for him, fired at him from not fifteen steps' distance, but, missing him, became his prisoner. 'I would have killed him,' wrote Gist, 'but Washington forbade.' Dismissing their captive at night, they walked about half a mile, then kindled a fire, fixed their course by the compass, and continued travelling all night, and all the next day, till quite dark. Not till then did the weary wanderers 'think themselves safe enough to sleep,' and they encamped, with no shelter but the leafless forest tree.

"On reaching the Alleghany, with one poor hatchet and a whole day's work, a raft was constructed and launched. But, before they were half over the river, they were caught in the running ice, expecting every moment to be crushed, unable to reach either shore. Putting out the setting-pole to stop the raft, Washington was jerked into the deep water, and saved himself only by grasping at the raft-logs. They were obliged to make for an island. There lay Washington, imprisoned by the elements; but the late December night was intensely cold, and in the morning he found the river frozen. Not till he reached Gist's settlement, in January, 1754, were his toils lightened."

We all know the issue of this adventurous journey, how the young commissioner brought back an accurate account of the condition of affairs in the Lake country, and how the most energetic measures were taken in consequence. It is no part of our purpose to pursue the upward military career of Washington in Mr. Bancroft's pages, for we are but endeavoring to quote such portions of his narrative as will impress our readers with a just idea of the whole, but we may declare that no where else is that career to be found drawn so strongly in a few, clear and rapid lines. We subjoin the concluding sentences of the sketch of Braddock's defeat, an action of which no American can read without trembling for the fate of Washington, marked out, as he was, by the rifle of the savage foe. Mr. Bancroft says:

"Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed—among them, Sir Peter Halkett—and thirty-seven were wounded, including Gage and other field officers. Of the men, one half were killed or wounded. Braddock braved every danger. His secretary was shot dead; both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the American alone to distribute his orders. 'I expected every moment,' said one whose eye was on Washington, 'to see him fall.' Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors do the same. Two horses were killed under him; four balls penetrated his coat. 'Some potent Manitou guards his life,' exclaimed the savage. 'Death,' wrote Washington, 'was levelling my companions on every side of me; but, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected.' 'To the public,' said Davis, a learned Divine, in the following month, 'I point out that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.' 'Who is Mr. Washington?' asked Lord Halifax a few months later. 'I know nothing of him,' he added, 'but that they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets.'

Such was the critical commencement of that wondrous course of splendid achievement, and temperance in victory, which leaves the lives of all other heroes, ancient or modern, in the distance.

One other passage in detached portions have we marked out for quotation, in introducing which a single word

must be said of the dark and guilty story to which it relates. The episode of the Acadian banishment stands happily without a parallel for cruelty in American annals. It is sweetly told in the hexameters of Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and nothing more affecting ever found a chronicler in a poet. Mr. Bancroft narrates it with fervor and sympathy:—

"At last after repeated conquests and restorations, the treaty of Utrecht conceded Acadia, or Nova Scotia, to Great Britain. Yet the name of Annapolis, the presence of a feeble English garrison, and the emigration of hardly five or six English families, were nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had subdued, hardly conscious that they had changed their sovereign. They still loved the language and the usages of their forefathers, and their religion was graven upon their soils. They promised submission to England; but such was the love with which France had inspired them, they would not fight against its standard or renounce its name. Though conquered, they were French neutrals.

"For nearly forty years from the peace of Utrecht they had been forgotten or neglected, and had prospered in their seclusion. No tax-gatherer counted their folds, no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records and regulated successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their herds and flocks; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows, thus reclaimed, were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded fifty and thirty fold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed and comfortably furnished, and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom, their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flock, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg, in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle.

"Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbors of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company, with a monopoly of the fur trade, counted, perhaps, sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants."

Mr. Bancroft proceeds to inform us what resulted from the sudden change of masters over this colony—how the feelings of a simple and unoffending peasantry were disregarded by the British soldiers—how their property was taken from them without pretence of right—how they were constrained in matters of conscience and religion, and how meekly they submitted to all these outrages.

"The Acadians cowered before their masters, hoping forbearance: willing to take an oath of fealty to England; in their single-mindedness and sincerity, refusing to pledge themselves to bear arms against France. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could exercise clemency without apprehension. Not a whisper gave a warning of their purpose, till it was ripe for execution.

"But it had been 'determined upon' after the ancient

device of Oriental despotism, that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away into captivity to other parts of the British dominions.

* * * * *

"France remembered the descendants of her sons in the hour of their affliction, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands to the English; but the answer of the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused them the liberty of transmigration.

"The inhabitants of Minas and the adjacent country pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and their guns, promising fidelity, if they could but retain their liberties, and declaring that not the want of arms, but their conscience, should engage them not to revolt. 'The memorial,' said Lawrence in council, 'is highly arrogant, insidious and insulting.' The memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. 'You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy,' said he to them, though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity. 'Guns are no part of your goods,' he continued, 'as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restricted from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses. It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oath of allegiance in the common form before the Council.'

"The deputies replied that they should do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine; and they merely entreated leave to return home and consult the body of their people. They next day the unhappy men, foreseeing the sorrows that menaced them, offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told that by a clause in a British statute, persons who have once refused the oaths cannot be afterwards permitted to take them, but are to be considered as Popish Recusants; and as such they were imprisoned."

The fiat, it seems, had gone forth—*Delenda est Carthago*—the savage masters would rule. What follows is the saddest tale Mr. Bancroft's task as historian could require him to recount. It is merely a recital of the forcible expulsion:—

"To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, 'both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age,' were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September, they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their centre, and spoke:—'You are convened together to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are to be removed from this his province. I am through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.' And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six; in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred

and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrived. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December with its appalling cold had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers before the last of them were removed. 'The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly,' wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets, 'the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.' Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. 'Our soldiers hate them,' wrote an officer on this occasion, 'and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will.' Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Rivière St. John; some found rest on the banks of the St. John and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of the banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia alone; one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; having the poor-house as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated: the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

"The wanderers sighed for their native country; but to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were in ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians, but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. The roots of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

"Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born as strong as that of the

captive Jews, who wept by the side of the rivers of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbor to harbor; but when they had reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were torn once more from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche. Once more those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British Commander-in-chief in America; and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships of war."

"I know not if the annals of the human race keep the records of wounds so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia."

Our limits here, compel us to stop in our notice of this excellent continuation of Mr. Bancroft's History. The quotations we have given are ample to show with what spirit the author has treated the stirring subject of his labor, and to assure the reader that the subsequent volumes may be looked for with an eager expectancy.

A. Morris has this volume for sale.

THE NAPOLEON BALLADS, by *Bon Gaultier*. *The Poetical Works of Louis Napoleon*. Now First Translated into Plain English. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1852.

The original London Edition of this squib was published anonymously, from which fact the Literary World was inclined to doubt whether it really came from the pen of Bon Gaultier. Mr. Putnam settled the matter by a statement under signature, that he was authorized by Mr. Bogue, the London publisher, to affix the name of Bon Gaultier to the reprint, and that he, (Mr. Putnam) paid Mr. Bogue a sum equal to half the profit of the entire edition for advance proof sheets of it. For ourselves, while we condole with Mr. Putnam over his bad bargain, we cannot see how any one should hesitate as to the paternity of these Napoleon Ballads. The resemblance to the Comic Ballads is perfect. They are just as dull, as halting and as vulgar as their predecessors, and if possible more so. In the matter of poetic desecration by parody, perhaps Bon Gaultier has exceeded himself, for he undertakes to cover with ridicule, in a pointless and despicable imitation, one of the most touching passages in the *La Mémorial*—a feat about equal to enacting Harlequin in a grave-yard. That the Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh could stoop to such low buffoonery, fills us with astonishment.

It cannot be denied that the Prince President offers as fair a target for the shafts of satire as was ever set up before men, but this only renders the misses of Bon Gaultier the more palpable. One of his parodies we consider rather clever—that of the Raven—the best stanzas of which we quote. Louis is supposed to be sitting in a London garret, meditating upon the scarcity of his funds, when suddenly he heard a tapping, which he suspects to be the knock of a creditor at his garret-door.

Upon this I rose and hearkened—when, behold, my window darkened,
As by some opaque object which was never there before;

"Surely," said I, "there is something—clearly, too, a very rum thing,
For it's not at all a dumb thing, at the window, not the door,

I wonder whether it can be a message from the Emperore.

I never had one—not before."

Open, then, I flung the shutter—and, as sure as bread's not butter,

In there stepped a fine gilt eagle—Eagle of the Emperore;

Not a minute stay'd or stopped he—not a civil word he dropped me;

But, with mien quite free and easy, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Grisi just above my garret door:
Perched and grinned, and nothing more.

Then, as this strange bird kept staring at me with his eyes so glaring,

Till I'm sure there's no declaring what I felt upon that floor.

I cried unto the gilded eagle—"Who hath sent thee like a beagle,

Not, I'm sure *selon les règles*, to this twice confounded shore?

Tell me, have you brought a token from the awful Emperore?"

Quoth the Eagle, "You're a bore!"

• • • • •

"Eagle!" cried I, "what the devil? Is this kind of conduct civil,

Coming using language evil—coolly calling me a bore?
If you have come for a treat here, you'll not get an ounce of meat here."

And, in fact, I have a notion that I somehow rather swore;

But 'twas enough to make one—when, quoth the bird above the door,

"You have a great fate in store."

"Ha! what hear I?" cried I; "Eagle, do you prophesy things regal?

Do you say I shall be *égal* to the glorious Emperore?

Tell this soul with sorrow saddened, whether it will e'er be maddened

With a fate which yet it hadn't—hadn't ventured to implore?

Come here, Eagle—sit beside me;" but it muttered—
"Never more!

Here's my place above the door."

And, since then, the Eagle's sitting—never flitting—ever sitting,

Free and easy, upon Grisi, up above my palace door.

And it's ever me reminding how upon me it is binding

To pursue the system grinding—of the glorious Emperore,

And from that glorious system of the glorious Emperore,
I'll be parted—never more.

DOLLARS AND CENTS, BY AMY LOTHROP. New York. Geo. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place. 1852.

These volumes, in their literary as well as external character, much resemble the "Wide, Wide World"—that charming tale which we recommended to our readers on its first appearance, and whose popularity we at that time predicted. We attach high value to works of this description, for they present human life and human nature in the brave, hopeful view which, all who look for happiness should strive to take of it,—they show that the world is not a bed of roses, a place of sensuous enjoyment, "still from one" pleasure "to another thrown;" but a place to struggle, and endure, and win peace and assured happiness for ourselves in, by bold, hopeful, honest exertion; and they moreover teach that highest of all lessons, other than religious, that to do our duty, and suppress our evil desires and passions, is the surest means of arriving at the purest earthly joy. In the "Wide, Wide World," the theme of the book is the struggle of a child, naturally passionate and wilful, with her evil traits, and her final mastery of them. The book, as a delineation of such a character, and the vehement contest between right and wrong, in such a nature, is invaluable. We think no one could *possibly fail to be bettered by it*; and in this, we have accorded to it what seems to us the highest praise.

From the mysterious and enticing title, "Wide, Wide World," to "Dollars and Cents,"—which are such material things, and not at all mysterious, however enticing they may be—the descent is abrupt and sudden. But we think the book will be found far better than the title, (which we think horribly bad,) and in "Collingwood," the numerous,—we should rather say innumerable—readers of Miss Warner's work, will not, we think, be displeased to meet a gentleman closely related in character to "John." The struggle depicted in this book, is as old as civilization—and will impress deeply those bold and noble hearts who have passed through it, strengthened and purified. To such, and to all our readers, we commend it.

A. Morris has it for sale.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT. A Collection of the Games Played at this Celebrated Assemblage. Illustrated by Copious Diagrams and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By H. STAUNTON, Esq., &c., &c. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1852.

This goodly volume is devoted to the proceedings of a Parliament or Congress of Chess-players, which was held in London in the summer of 1851, and the subsequent passages of skill in the ancient game of chess, which took place between the most distinguished members of that body. The author, Mr. Staunton, seems to be an enthusiast on the subject of his favorite diversion, and speaks of the triumphs achieved by some of his brother players, very much as Humboldt would speak of some grand discovery in science, effected by a fellow-laborer in the great cosmical field of inquiry. We are quite unable to share Mr. Staunton's interest in the marchings and countermarchings of mere ivory Knights and Kings, and we fear the familiarity with chess is not so general as to ensure for his well printed volume a very extended sale. We have among our readers, however, many excellent old gentlemen who are addicted to the game, and who would derive great entertainment from Mr. Staunton's account of the Tournament. To these, we commend the book, as well as to such beginners as have already possessed themselves of the "Chess Player's Com-

panion," by the same author. Like all the publications of Mr. Bohn, this volume is beautifully printed on the best paper. It has reached us through J. W. Randolph of this City, from Bangs, Brothers & Co., of New York, Bohn's special American Agents, but it may be found at all the Bookstores.

THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Edited by Simon Wilkin, F. L. S. Volumes III and IV. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1852.

These two volumes complete the edition of Sir Thomas Browne, embraced in Bohn's Antiquarian Library. They contain those writings of the quaint old English philosopher upon which his fame most securely rests, the *Religio Medici*, *Christian Morals*, and that wonderful and eloquent disquisition entitled *Urn-Burial*. There is given also, what we do not recollect ever to have seen before, a very curious and delightful correspondence from which we derive some more accurate notion of Sir Thomas, in *propria persona*, than can be obtained from any other source. We rejoice over this new edition of one of the old Classic English writers, and we trust Mr. Bohn, who has already brought out Jeremy Taylor, and Milton, as a prose writer, in a fresh garb, will continue to issue such books, of which we can never have too many. Bangs, Brothers & Co., of New York, have sent us these volumes through J. W. Randolph, at whose bookstore they can be obtained.

THE ONWARD AGE: An Anniversary Poem. Recited Before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, in Honor of its Eighteenth Anniversary. By T. BUCHANAN READ. Cincinnati: Published by the Association. 1852.

The exulting march of passing events has not, in our time, been sung in sweeter numbers than in the flowing decasyllabics of this very finished production. The author's reputation among the American votaries of the Muse has already been sufficiently established, but were this not the case, there is enough of fancy and of melodious diction in the "Onward Age," to set up any man as a poet. Witness a single extract, with which we dismiss the brochure:

Onward forever, through the darkness hurled,
With all its medley burden, swings the world—
Reels its great cycles, without thought or will,
Pierced to the center with the whirling thrill:
While Man, confused, stares up with dizzy sight,
And stumbles on through error toward the right:
His restless nature, urging like a goad,
Drives him afar, but dimly points the road—
The scanty lantern of his gathered lore
Shines round his feet, but darkens all before.

Happily for him, a surer light is given—
A ray of love that shines direct from Heaven.
Oh, what were Earth by sacred Love forgot?—
A soulless wanderer—a desert spot!—
Howling through time beneath its ban of fate,
And fighting space, with all its demon freight;
Then life would on her dusky forehead wear
The twisted horrors of Medusa's hair—
And black annihilation only be
The last great boon to all humanity!

But on forever—the celestial gem
That lit the night o'er ancient Bethlehem,
Wias its clear way with wide, increasing rays,
Till e'en the noontide brightens in its blaze.
Blest with that light, which guides along the van,
Man follows Nature's ever onward plan;
His tireless spirit, like the ocean stirred,
Rests not till God's commanding voice is heard.

Long 'ere his fleets the trackless seas explored,
Far through the glowing West his fancy soared—
In clouds prophetic round the dying day
Saw phantom landscapes beckon him away,—
The sun—the moon—and all the starry host—
Led the wide pathway to the unseen coast:—
The amber weed, long weltering through the brine,
Told Norway secrets of the tropic line;—
The eider, swinging from his northern nest,
Bore Greenland's badge upon his snowy breast:
Imagination, in its height of power,
Like Galileo on his Tuscan tower,
By science guided, gazed across the seas,
Till unknown empires wooed the Genoese.

THE ILLUSTRATED OLD ST. PAUL'S: A Tale of the Plague and the Fire. By *Wm. Harrison Ainsworth*. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street. Philadelphia.

We do not like Mr. Ainsworth; and we cannot say that "Old St. Paul's" is any improvement on that long list of bad books which boast that gentleman's paternity. "Rookwood," Mr. Ainsworth's first and best work, really had something in it—though that something was of a disagreeable character. The weird and the real, the commonplace and the supernatural, were mixed with some art, and Mr. Dick Turpin, the bold highwayman, would have found no fault with his portrait. But as in the case of "Jack Sheppard," the revolting and the melodramatic ran wild and ended by disgusting the reader. This last named work is well known to have caused the murder of a celebrated gentleman closely connected with the Duke of Wellington, and those who read it will not wonder thereat, or discredit the statement. One feels quite a revolver and bowie knife sensation on rising from its perusal.

"Crichton," Mr. Ainsworth's best novel, is the purest specimen of melodrama we have ever had the bad fortune to meet with. We are quite sure that such a farrago of trap-doors, secret passages, poisoned goblets, and impossible personages, never before issued from human brains. We despair of saying anything bad enough for "Crichton" in an artistic point of view. "Old St. Paul's," as far as we have made its acquaintance, is of the same stamp as the rest. To the readers of such works—that is, to all who revel in the delineation of "plague, pestilence," and general horrors, (set off with woodcuts)—we promise an unusual treat. But to those of simpler and less vitiated tastes,—to all who prefer sense and nature to bombast and melodrama, we would recommend a careful avoidance of this "last and best."

We are indebted for a copy of it to Messrs. West & Brother.

THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By *Alphonse de Lamartine*. Volume II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Monsieur de Lamartine is not an especial favorite with us in any walk of literature, but we have no hesitation in

saying that he is the very worst historian we have ever read. He seems to have as little regard for facts and authorities, as if to tell the truth was not an object to be aimed at in such composition. The present volume is a very excellent companion for its predecessor, and taken together they constitute about as untrustworthy and fanciful a piece of historical narrative as was ever penned by a crack-brained poet. The book is well printed by the Harpers, and may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

THE DAYS OF BRUCE: A Story from Scottish History. By *GRACE AGUILAR*, Author of 'Home Influence,' &c., &c. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852.

We have so often had occasion to commend the writings of Grace Aguilar to the readers of the Messenger, that we deem it unnecessary to pass in extended review the present posthumous publication. It is a work of fiction interwoven with the history of one of the most stirring periods in the annals of Scotland, and will be read with avidity by all who have made themselves acquainted with the peculiar abilities of the author.

It may be obtained of A. Morris.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by *Robert Chambers*. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

We are confirmed in our opinion by the second volume of this excellent work, that it will be by far the most entertaining edition of Burns ever published. The biography is all the better for having the poems embodied in it, and the poems derive an additional charm from the circumstances connected with their composition. We look with impatience for the succeeding volumes.

For sale by A. Morris.

LEXICON OF FREEMASONRY, Containing Definitions of all its communicable terms, Notices of its History, Traditions and Antiquities, and an account of all the Rites and Mysteries of the Ancient world. By *Albert G. Mackey*, M. D. From the press of Walker & James, Charleston, and for sale by all Booksellers.

The design and character of this volume are so well set forth in the title page given above, that comment from us is quite unnecessary. To the young member of the Masonic Fraternity we should consider it very especially useful, as a guide. We are glad to see so handsome a volume from the Charleston press, as it assures us that we need no longer rely upon the North to usher our books to the world in graceful and appropriate externals.

J. W. Randolph has sent it to us.

ZEPHYRS FROM ITALY AND SICILY. By *WILLIAM M. GOULD*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 200 Broadway. 1850.

A sad interest attaches to this volume, in the fact that since its publication the author has died. We do not recollect to have seen anything from his pen before these pleasant recollections of travel, but we are justified by them in saying that in his premature death American Lit-

erature has lost one who might have become a shining ornament to it. Mr. Gould's style is somewhat florid and redundant, but the reader does not tire in his company. To such as feel an interest in the topography of the celebrated battle-fields of Napoleon, the volume will be highly interesting, as the author seems to have made a *specialité* of the Emperor's campaigns, and describes with great particularity, every such locality that he visited.

The work may be found at the bookstore of West & Brother.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, B. D., etc., etc. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. 1852.

To most men, even to such as are engaged in professional study, no one branch of investigation seems so frivolous or unprofitable as, what for want of a better term we will call, *verbiology*. The students of language are therefore treated with less consideration than any other class of mental laborers. But no thinking person can read Mr. Trench's volume without being convinced of the injustice that is thus done to philologists, for he has succeeded in showing that words are things, and things too of great moment, on the proper use and employment of which, may depend much of the purpose and determination of our lives. As a historical treatise, this work of Mr. Trench possesses an interest second to few efforts of its class, following up the noble and copious English of our own day, through many revolutions and vicissitudes, conflicts and changes, to its origin in the dusky past, and stopping by the way, to descant on kindred topics of an episodic nature. We cordially commend the volume to the public. It is for sale by A. Morris.

PAPERS FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway.

We recollect having marked each of these five articles, as they appeared in the Quarterly, for a second reading, which we have given them in the pages of this handsomely printed volume. Now we lay the book upon our shelves, in order that, at some fitting season, when we shall need recreation, the papers may be 'read a third time.' The paper on the "Printer's Devil," quite exhausts the subject, and bears internal evidence of having been written by Sir Francis Head. "Gastronomy and Gastronomers" is playfully learned, and the "Art of Dress" is a very curious piece of æsthetical composition. We hope the Appletons will give us further compilations from the Foreign Reviews. If selected with taste and discrimination, they would prove among the most acceptable volumes of their Popular Library. J. W. Randolph has this work for sale.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Randolph Macon Magazine* and the *Southern Repertory and College Review*. Each of these publications comes to us from a Virginia seminary of learning—the former, as its name implies, being conducted by the students of Randolph Macon College, and the latter by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College, at Emory, in the Southwestern part of the State. The *Magazine* is highly creditable as a literary journal to the Institution with which it is connected, but it is not difficult to recognize the work of more expe-

rienced hands in the *Repertory*. It is to be expected that Professors will write better than students, and the comparison we have made is not therefore disparaging to the younger class. In the May number of the *Repertory*, our attention has been arrested by a very able article on "English Orthoepey" which would grace the pages of any review, American or foreign.

MARCO PAULO'S VOYAGES AND TRAVELS. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Of this juvenile series we have received the first two volumes, embracing the adventures of Marco Paulo in *New York City* and on the *Erie Canal*. They are embellished with numerous wood-engravings illustrating the localities, and are likely to afford great pleasure to the class of readers for whom they are designed.

A. Morris has them for sale.

Blackwood for June has been sent to us by the Richmond Agents—Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse. The disappointment occasioned by the absence of "My Novel," from the table of contents, was amply compensated by the raciness and spirit of several of its articles. Indeed, we have not seen so good a number, independently of Balwer's sweet and tearful romance, for many months past. It is worthy of the palmy days of old Christopher.

HORSE SHOE ROBINSON: A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy. By John P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn." New York: George P. Putnam, 10 Park Place, 1852.

We expressed, upon the recent appearance of "Swallow Barn," the gratification afforded us by this new and handsome edition of Mr. Kennedy's works. The present volume is presented to us in a typography worthy of high literary excellence, though the form of the book is rather clumsy for convenient perusal. Mr. Putnam has remedied this to some extent, by dividing a portion of the edition into two volumes. Of "Horse Shoe Robinson," a work of fiction, we are sure we need not now speak the popularity it enjoyed seventeen years ago was not undeserved, and will be revived in full force among the present generation. As a pourtrayer of Southern life and character, as a genial and eloquent delineator of Nature "in her wild and frolic hour of infancy," and as a writer of flowing and elegant English, Mr. Kennedy is equally to be admired, and deserves a high rank in the Literature of the age.

The Harpers are about bringing to a close both the illustrated serials, which have been in course of publication by them for some months past. The last number of "London Labor and the London Poor," is filled with curious and valuable statistics, and Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution" has reached the Southern campaign, which will render the succeeding numbers of great interest to Southern readers.

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Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER X.

Sketch of Brazilian History; Name and Discovery of the Country; Founding of Rio de Janeiro; The site of the City.

Before landing, let us refresh our memories a little in the history of the foundation of the city; an outline of events connected with Brazil, generally may be gathered from the chronological table appended.

On the 22d day of April, A. D., 1500. Pedro Alvares Cabral, in command of a Portuguese squadron, descried the land in about seventeen degrees of South latitude; but not finding there a convenient harbor or port, he steered to the northward, and entered a bay, afterwards named Porto Seguro, where, on the first day of May, 1500, in the name of Dom Manuel, King of Portugal, he formally took possession of the newly discovered country, and named it *VERA CRUZ*—the new country of *Vera Cruz*.* This name for Brazil is found upon ancient maps, drawn prior to the middle of the sixteenth century; since that period, the country has been known, under its present designation. About the year 1503, two vessels returned to Portugal from Porto Seguro, laden with a wood, which from the intense brightness of its color, was called *braz*, or live coals, by the Portuguese; the name thus given to the wood, was afterwards attached to the country, which Cabral had called *Vera Cruz*.

It seems the coloring properties of the wood were accidentally discovered. An ancient voyager in the 16th century, relates, that while in the country—"we made excellent fires of this Brazil wood: I remarked, being less humid than other trees, but naturally dry, that it made very little or no smoke while burning. One day, one of our company, wishing to bleach our shirts, without suspecting any thing, put some of the ashes of this wood into the lye, which, instead of making them white, made them red, and although we hastened to wash them afterwards, we could not make them lose the color, and so we had to wear them."†

* Abreu e Lima—Historio do Brazil—Brésil par M. Ferdinand Denis.

† Denis.

It is recorded that a Spaniard, Juan Dias de Solis, visited the harbor, now called Rio de Janeiro, in the year 1515, then known by the name of Nictheroy, or Niterohy—the concealed waters; and in 1519, two Portuguese navigators, in the service of Charles I., entered this bay, and remained here from the 13th till the 27th of December; they gave it the name of *Bahia de Santa Luzia*.

About three years afterwards, King John III., of Portugal, hearing that the Spaniards settled on the Rio de la Plata were encroaching on the domains of the Portuguese, fitted out an expedition, under the command of Martim Affonso de Souza, directing that he should erect fortifications and distribute lands to those who might wish to establish themselves in the country. The squadron touched at Bahia, and, on the 30th of April, 1531, anchored in the bay of Rio de Janeiro; it remained there three months, and sailed on the 1st of August. Now, the Father Ayres de Casal says, in his *Corographia Brazilica*, that the squadron, after being refreshed at Porto Seguro, entered the bay of *Santa Luzia*, the name of which was changed to Rio de Janeiro, because they entered it on the first day of the year 1532. But, according to the Diary of Pero Lopes de Souza, it is very clear this was not the cause of the change in the name, if a change were made, because the entrance occurred on the 30th April, 1531, and not as Father Ayres supposes, on the 1st of January, 1532; at the time, the name *Rio de Janeiro* was already known, inasmuch, as Pero Lopes very simply says:—"Saturday, April 30, at four o'clock in the morning we were up with the mouth of Rio de Janeiro"—from which it must be inferred he had heard the name before he arrived.*

The deduction from all this is, that the Europeans who called this the "River of January," believed the bay was the mouth of a great river; the fact is, however, the streams which empty into it, are very small.

Of the founding of the city, I can merely relate, substantially, the statement of Gen. Abreu e Lima; he seems to be careful in his assertions, and therefore, it is probably correct.

The importance which Brazil assumed in the estimation of the Portuguese government, the natural products of a country whose wealth was exaggerated in all accounts of it, seemed to sug-

* Historio do Brazil—Abreu e Lima.

gest to all commercial and navigating people of Europe, that their flags might also float on the ocean which laved the western shores of South America. Some French cruisers had already made Bahia and Cape Frio celebrated in their country; and those places, in their opinion, should not be exclusively occupied by Portuguese. The idea of a permanent settlement in Brazil, occurred, among the first, to Nicholas Durand de Villegaignon, a Knight of Malta, and Vice Admiral of Brittany; he designed to establish here a kind of independent Sovereignty, which might be an asylum for Calvinists, whose dogmas he had adopted: his relations with Admiral Coligny, favored his views in this respect.

In imitation of Spain and Portugal, under the pretext of forming settlements in the new world, Villegaignon concealed from the Crown of France, the chief object of his ambition, and to induce Coligny to support him with all his power, he assured him of the certainty of founding in Brazil a colony of Calvinists; his art obtained for him the command of two well-armed ships, and with them, he proceeded to the bay of Nitheroy, in November 1555. The Tupinambas, who inhabited this part of Brazil, had, for a long time, trafficked with the Corsairs of Dieppe; and on this account, they joyfully received the French, supposing they had come to deliver them from the oppression with which they were threatened, by neighboring tribes of savages. On a desert island, belted by rocks on a level with the surface of the water, the Admiral disembarked; he there constructed a rude fortress, which he gave the name of Coligny, but it now bears that of its founder.

After establishing his first relations with the natives, Villegaignon took care to impress on the Crown of France, the value of his brilliant acquisition, and to ask for reinforcements; and, at the same time, he secretly asked Coligny to send out Doctors or Priests of the Calvinistic Sect. In short, a new expedition was prepared at the cost of Henry II., under the command of *Bois le Comte*, a nephew of the same Villegaignon, with a colony of French Protestants, and two Calvinist Ministers: this expedition arrived in March, 1557, at Fort Coligny, where it was received most kindly by Villegaignon. But the support and propagation of Calvinism was no longer the chief object proposed; he began to show a preference for temporal interests. The total change in the conduct and opinions of Villegaignon, at once proved to the Protestant colonists, that this Chief had disappointed the expectations of Coligny.

The zeal he had manifested for the reformed religion, was feigned: when it became his inter-

est to change his party, he let fall the masque, betraying and persecuting the Protestant colonists. This sudden change was attributed to letters from Cardinal de Lorena, which charged that he had abjured the Catholic faith. After the conspiring against his life, he became more haughty and cruel, and treated the Protestants with great severity, expelling them from the fort and from the Continent. Villegaignon did not long retain a power which he abused in the most odious manner. His means of defence being very much reduced, he resolved to return to France, (metropolis,) and obtain new aid and a successful termination of his projects. He left the fort and island, garrisoned by a hundred Frenchmen in his confidence, and on setting out, he caused a Protestant Minister, who had remained with him, to be thrown into the sea.

The disturbances which followed the death of Henry II., contravened his vast designs. Finally, as soon as his nascent colony fell into the power of the Portuguese, he renounced all his hopes in Brazil, as well as the hopes which had so long flattered his ambition; and returning to his estate in Beauvais, he died after some years, leaving an unenviable memory behind him. Ambition and religious zeal divided the most remarkable epoch of his life. Each of these sentiments served him alternately for masque; and when he ceased to play this double part, declaring himself to be opposed to Calvinism, he received the name of the *Coin of America*, from the French Protestants.

It is difficult to understand how the Court of Lisbon, jealous of its commercial advantages, should suffer four years to elapse without being disquieted by the enterprize of Villegaignon. The Jesuits at last roused the cabinet at Lisbon from lethargy by their reports, and finally brought Mendo de Sà an order to attack and expel the French from Fort Coligny; but desiring to execute this part of his instructions, he found great repugnance in the counsel of his subordinates, whose apprehensions were dissipated by Padre Nobrega, who accompanied the governor in this expedition, giving the best proof of correct judgment, in the skill with which he drew succours from S. Vicente, which decided the success of the enterprize.

Finally, Fort Coligny was taken by assault in 1560, the French escaped by flying to their ships or to the main land, where, joined by the Tamoyos, they fortified themselves again. Mendo de Sà not having sufficient force to hold the island, withdrew the artillery, demolished the works, and embarked for Santos, with the view of visiting the first and most ancient Captaincy of Brazil. During his residence there, he directed the establishment of Santo André to be trans-

ferred to Piratininga, because exposed to sudden attacks from hostile tribes. In this new locality, the colony took the name of S. Paulo, and came to be the most considerable, and most flourishing city in this part of Brazil. As the road from Santos to S. Paulo was difficult, and infested by Tamoyos, a better and safer road was opened under the direction of the Jesuit Missionaries.

On returning to S. Salvador, the governor found himself engaged against the Aymorees, who laid waste the Captaincies of Ilheos and Porto Seguro; he marched against them, beating them in various attacks, and drove them seventy leagues into the interior. Still, while Mendo de Sá obtained this triumph on one side, on the other was formed one of the most terrible confederations of savages, that ever threatened the Portuguese power in Brazil. The Tamoyos, masters of the whole country between Rio de Janeiro and S. Vicente, joined to attack the Portuguese. Successful in their first attack, they set their eyes upon S. Paulo, which would have been annihilated had not a Catechist discovered their project. The town itself was attacked, but defended by the Christian Indians, commanded by Martim Afonso, (baptismal name of the celebrated Tebyreça,) resisted, with destruction to the savages.

But, if the valor of this Chief and the zeal of the Jesuits were manifest in the successful defence of S. Paulo, on the other hand the enemy was victorious in S. Vicente, and in the Captaincy of Espirito Santo, where Ferdinando de Sá, son of the Governor, died fighting. The war was obstinately continued on the part of the Tamoyos; all the tribes united for a general attack, and the danger seemed imminent when the two Apostles of Brazil, (Nobrega and Anchieta,) full of zeal and faith, determined to risk themselves with the savages in hope of obtaining peace. In effect, after five months spent in suffering, anxiety and sacrifices of all kinds, God crowned the labors of his ministers, in a pacification which had been so difficult to obtain. The wonderful embassy of the two Missionaries was considered to have saved the Portuguese colonies.

War was not enough; another calamity pressed upon the rising colonies. Smallpox was introduced in the island of Itaparica, afterwards into S. Salvador, and extended its ravages on the northern coast: nearly thirty thousand Indians, who had been converted by the Jesuits, were rapidly carried off by the disease. This destructive contagion was followed by the slow, lingering scourge of famine; as if the atmosphere were contaminated, plants rotted, and all the productions of nature as well as men, seemed to be attacked by languor and death. The famine caused a second mortality; of eleven establishments

formed by the Jesuits, six were destroyed, either by death of the inhabitants or by their desertion in numbers; they fled to the interior, seeking an asylum from so many ills.

When the Court of Lisbon was informed that Nobrega and Anchieta had concluded a peace with the Tamoyos, it was at once determined to found a colony at Rio de Janeiro, without delay, and exclude the French altogether, who had somehow, remained masters of the post in spite of their defeat. In virtue of this resolution, the Queen Regent despatched Estacio de Sá, nephew of the Governor, with six galleons for Bahia, (1564.) where he brought an order to his uncle to aid him with all the colonial force in expelling the French from the continent. Mendo de Sá immediately assembled all his disposable force, and placed it under the command of his nephew, who sailed for Rio de Janeiro and then S. Vicente, where others joined his standard, and he obtained some small vessels, which were essential to his success.

As the preparations at S. Vicente consumed the rest of the year, 1564, Estacio de Sá could not return to Rio before the beginning of the next year, when he disembarked near the Sugar Loaf at a place now known by the name of Praia Vermelha, where his dispositions for attacking the French were made; but they being advised of his approach, repulsed him in all his attacks, and sustained the contest more than a year, in spite of the force, council, and boldness of the indefatigable missionary Nobrega. All the resources of the South being exhausted, it became necessary to ask the assistance of the Governor General; in consequence of this application, Mendo de Sá equipped a fleet, under the command of Christavão de Barros, and accompanying the reinforcement in person, he arrived at his nephew's camp on the 18th of January, 1567. The general attack was deferred until the day of St. Sebastian, on which occasion the French lost the strong fort *Uraçumiri*, not one of the Tamoyos who defended the entrenchments escaping. The conquerors would have marched against another fortress of the French, which they also would have carried by assault; but, in the first attack, Estacio de Sá received an arrow in the face, from the effects of which, he died a month afterwards. His cousin, Salvador Corrêa de Sá, who was named his successor, at once assumed the command.

Estacio de Sá was subsequently interred in the church of St. Sebastian, in which his epitaph, dated, 1585, is still seen. He was the founder of Villa-Velha, which stood on the Praia Vermelha, immediately to the West, and at the base of the Sugar Loaf. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, three forts, called São-Diogo, São-Theodosio and São-João, were built adjacent

to Villa-Velha; and subsequently the fort now known as the "forte de Praia Vermelha," was constructed.*

Few French died in these two decisive actions, in which the allied Tamoyos had sustained the whole weight of the fight. When the latter succumbed, the French embarked in four vessels they had in port, and sailed for Pernambuco, where they were driven back by the Governor of the Captaincy, so that there was nothing left them but to return to Europe. Thus terminated forever in Brazil, an ephemeral power which threatened the prospects of the Portuguese colonies. Surely, if Mendo de Sá had been less loyal, if Nobrega and Anchieta had been less skilful, Rio de Janeiro, now the capital of Brazil, would have been, perhaps, a French colony. Immediately after the victory, the Governor General, in obedience to his instructions, traced on the western shores of the bay, the plan of a new city, which, after existing for two centuries, became the metropolis of Portuguese America.

Scarcely had the new city of St. Sebastian assumed a regular aspect, when Salvador Corrêa de Sá, the same who had distinguished himself in the conquest, became Governor. Created first Chief Alcalde, he was inaugurated to the office with all the formalities usual in Portugal. The Chief of the converted Indians, Martim Affonso de Souza, *alias* Ararigboia, who had distinguished himself so much in the last expeditions, was settled with his people on the other side of the bay, in the place now called San Lorenzo. In the meanwhile, there arrived at Cape Frio, four French vessels, probably the same which had been driven from Rio de Janeiro and Pernambuco; Mendo de Sá had returned to San Salvador, and only a small force remained in charge of the Governor; nevertheless, Salvador Corrêa de Sá, aided by the celebrated Ararigboia, succeeded in again expelling them, taking one vessel with heavy guns, which we used to protect the har. When the young king, Dom Sebastian heard of the noble deportment of the Brazilian Chief, Martim Affonso de Souza, he bestowed on him the "habit of Christ," and sent him presents of great value, among which, was a coat of arms, an honorable mark of appreciation and esteem.

The Jesuits, always busy in propagating the faith, had rendered great services to the Crown of Portugal, both in India and America, and for this reason, the King resolved to send to Brazil a reinforcement of these Missionaries with Dom Luiz de Vasconcellos, whom he selected to succeed Mendo de Sá, in the government of the colony. Sixty-nine Priests assembled at Lisbon,

*Dicionario Geographico, historico e descriptiro do Imperio do Brazil. Pariz, 1845.

and embarked in the fleet destined to carry the new Governor. At that period, Portugal had not sent to the West any considerable expedition; but opposed by winds and currents, it was separated and totally destroyed by two famous Corsairs, Jacques de Soria, and João Capdeville, Huguenots, from Rochelle, intent upon exterminating all Catholics who might fall into their power. The unfortunate Governor died fighting; and of the sixty-nine Missionaries, scarcely one reached his destination to relate the misfortunes and martyrdom of his companions.

Nobrega did not live to learn the fate of these new martyrs of his Order; he died about the same date in the 53d year of his age, bent with the weight of great toil and continued fatigue. Nobrega for his incessant vigilance and benefits rendered, deserves to figure honorably in the annals of Brazil, where he established a moral tone on religious foundation, and with sound policy sustained a vacillating colony; he was the true legislator of the Indians. No one ever spent his life more actively, nor more usefully for his country, and for his fellow beings.*

The site of the city of St. Sebastian or Rio de Janeiro, is a marshy plain, studded by lofty hills of granite, or rather granitic gneiss, clothed in luxuriant vegetation. At first sight, this can scarcely be supposed. The soil on the hillsides is remarkably thin, and in any climate of less moisture and temperature, would be inadequate to support the vegetable growth upon it. In the valleys, it is deeper, an alluvium being washed down the declivities by the rains, and deposited upon a thick bed of clay, which underlies nearly the whole of the district, and keeps the surface of the earth from becoming dry by natural drainage.†

When the city was commenced, on the Punta Calabouça, the vicinity was almost constantly overflowed by pools of stagnant water, which were prejudicial to the general health of the pop-

*Compendio da Historio do Brazil. Vol. 1: p. 80.

† See, Travels in the interior of Brazil, principally through the northern provinces, and the gold and diamond districts, during the years 1836-'41. By George Gardner, M. D., F. L. S., &c. Second edition. Reeve, Benham and Reeve. London, 1849.

Sketches of Residence and Travel in Brazil, embracing historical and geographical notices of the empire and its several provinces. By Daniel P. Kidder. 2 vols. Scribner & Ball. Philadelphia, 1845. (Many of the illustrations of this work, have been copied from original drawings, by Fleury, Debret, H. Lalaisse, and Vernier, published in costly European works on Brazil.)

Brésil. Par. M. Ferdinand Denis. In, L'Univers, ou Histoire et Description de Tous les Peuples. Paris, 1838.

Notices of Brazil in 1828 and 1829. By Rev. Walsh, L. L. D., M. R. J. A., &c. 2 vols: 12 mo. Boston, 1831.

ulation. Staunton, Macartney, and other voyagers, notice this condition, and it remained until the time of Dom Pedro I., when the marsh was drained and improved. A view from the Convent of San Bento, or a ride towards the imperial residence of San Christovão will satisfy the voyager of the real nature of the topography, and lead him to suppose that there are sources of miasma enough in the neighborhood, to render the place unhealthy at certain seasons. Indeed, intermittent fevers prevail around the bay of Rio de Janeiro, especially amongst those of the population who are imperfectly nourished and sheltered, at all times; and occasionally it is severe and fatal in its effects. In 1845, there was considerable mortality and suffering on the Ilha do Governador, which was traced to extensive marshes, by Doctor João José Vieira, who was appointed by the government to investigate the subject.*

CHAPTER XI.

Hotel Faroux; Santa Theresa; Cemetery; Market; Funeral of an Infant; Hackney Coach; Suburban Residence; Sunday in Rio; Mode of Washing; The Corcovado; Comparison of Foreign Trade; Value of Commerce with the United States; Importance of the Navy to Commerce and the Country; Employment of the Navy in time of Peace. The worth of Glory to the Nation. Cost of the Navy not a criterion of its value.

May 3d. Ten years have passed since my last visit to Rio de Janeiro, and in that time, changes and improvements have been made. The depth of water has diminished at the old landing place, and there is a new slip about a hundred yards to the left of it. A building has been erected near, which is known as the Hotel Faroux, the common resort of foreign naval officers and others. It is a kind of restaurant, with the addition of lodging accommodations, such as they are.

Soon after landing, we made our way across the praça to the church, formerly known as the Igreja de la Imperatriz, and the Capella de Santa Theresa. A sacristan politely exhibited the silver altars, and the effigies of Saints, decorated in glittering robes, and a gilded sarcophagus, used for the temporary deposit of a corpse, between the time of the funeral obsequies and interment. In the private chapel of the Imperial family, is a good picture of Santa Theresa. We were shown the burial place, a hollow square, surrounded by three ranges of graves one

above another, each being large enough to receive a body. In the centre of the square are marble cenotaphs of nobles, whose ashes are preserved here. Among them is a well finished statue of a female *en chemise*, in a kneeling posture, resting on a marble cushion. The hands are clasped, and repose upon the thighs; the face is turned upwards with a prayerful expression; this figure cannot fail to attract the attention of visitors.

On returning to the Hotel Faroux, we found some of our shipmates regaling themselves on beefsteak and mushrooms, partridges, &c., which, I doubt not, after a sea-diet of nearly two months, were especially savory.

I was welcomed to my sleeping apartment by the sight of several cockroaches an inch and a half long, which, in their flight, might have been mistaken for humming birds.

May 4th. Soon after day-light, I visited the market, a hollow square paved with flag-stones, in which were spread vegetables and fruits: Lettuce, potatoes, beans, pumpkins, egg-plants, onions, cucumbers, yams, yuccas, oranges, limes, chirimoyas, (but far inferior to those of Peru,) bananas, plantains, lemons, (sweet and sour,) a variety of fishes and poultry. The venders are all negresses: and having no other measures of capacity, sell vegetables by the handful, or by count. Butchers' meats, which are of very inferior quality, being lean and tough generally, and of high price, are sold at shops in another part of the town.

May 6th. At the church of Santa Theresa today, we met the funeral of an infant of about two years of age. The body, dressed in scarlet silk, trimmed with gold lace, was borne in a half open bier. Fancy an oblong trunk with the top divided in the middle, and hinged on the sides, so that it opens to the right and left, and trimmed with silk and fringes, and a notion of this piece of funeral apparatus may be correctly drawn. There was no coffin; the dead child was gayly arrayed and reposed amidst flowers in its bier, the lids of which were open. No procession of mourners followed; only a few persons were present, and they seemed to be in no manner influenced by the dead child's presence. A Priest, in the appropriate costume or uniform of the church, holding in one hand a closed book, with a finger clasped between its leaves, while he scratched his bare head with the other, led the way, conversing with some person on a subject seemingly unconnected with his present duty. On arriving at the cemetery, the gate was closed, and the sexton declared it could not be opened, because his slave had gone off with the key. The bearers of the body, who were decently dressed male citizens, laughed at the sexton's

* Ammaréo polit. p. 46.

manifest vexation. The priest readily extricated the parties from what seemed to me a disagreeable situation: he said, "Carry the body again into the church, and I will there further recommend the soul to God."

From this little incident, may be gathered, that the people of Rio de Janeiro regard the death of young persons with sentiments widely different from those which prevail with us. There was nothing to indicate that the close of the infant's life brought deep grief to parents or friends; the outward signs were rather of rejoicing than of sorrow; it went down to the tomb in gay silks and glittering lace, amidst flowers, arranged with as much affectionate care and parental pride, as if the mother had sent her darling on a birth-day visit, to be admired on the way. There was nothing to bring sad thoughts, or provoke a sympathizing tear. I have never beheld a funeral of a child at home, without some thought of the sorrowing parents, because I could not imagine a mother parting forever from a loved infant without acute mental suffering, even in spite of the solace which protestant Christianity affords. But here there must be an influence upon the selfishness of our nature different in its effects from that, to produce a custom and a feeling relatively to the death and burial of young children, so diametrically opposite to what we regard to be natural. Shall we condemn whatever we perceive in the habits of a people, because when measured by our own, they are found to be different? I find no fault in this Brazilian custom, because I know of no absolute criterion by which to determine that it is right or wrong; but I imagine there is something in the teaching, in the education which enables Roman Catholic parents in Brazil, to bear more calmly than we can, the loss of young children.

Sunday, May 7th. About ten o'clock this morning, I went on shore with a friend, to pay a visit of invitation to a distinguished American gentleman resident here. We hired a vehicle for the day. The body hung low, on four wheels, and like a barouche, may be closed or left open at pleasure. Two very small mules were harnessed to this carriage. A coal black negro, under a glazed leather hat, which might have provoked the envy of a fireman, while his pedal extremities were hidden in the profundity of a pair of tall, stiff, leather military boots, sat upon the box. A blue frock coat with red facings and trimmings, completed the livery of our hackney coachman. Away we started, bouncing and thumping over the stones in a manner to test the strength of the turn-out, which seemed as frail and gaudy, as the carriage which, according to dramatic records, the fairies furnished to Cinderella. The jehu belabored the mules continually, and

they heeded the blows so little, that the inference was palpable; long habit had made them insensible to this kind of stimulation.

Our route was through narrow streets in the southern part of the city, and along the road to the Corcovado, a distance of about three miles.

The suburban residence of our host, like all the houses of Rio, has the ground floor arranged for the accommodation of pleasure carriages, and the occupancy of servants. The drawing rooms and family apartments are on the second floor. This house is pleasantly situated. In front, a mountain, the sides of which are very steep and clothed in a luxuriant tropical vegetation, rises several hundred feet; and at its base a tiny stream flows from the Corcovado towards the sea. The peak of the Corcovado, seemingly almost overhead, is seen to the right when looking from the drawing room towards the road. A garden of about three acres rests on the base or lap of mountain in the rear. It might, without very great impropriety be termed an orchard; oranges were scattered under the trees, as we see apples in some parts of the United States. Besides, the cinnamon, (*laurus cinnamoni*), cotton, and coffee, there were bananas and figs, and a tree called "*lucu*," bearing a cordiform, hairy pod, filled with reddish seeds of the size of peas, which are used in soups, and for this purpose, are considered equal to tomatoes. There were many flowers of various kinds, and some of them strikingly beautiful.

Our worthy entertainer received us cordially, and at once supplied us with linen jackets to wear instead of the heavily laden cloth coats, which are usually worn by naval officers, under instructions of the Secretary of the Navy, and almost always at the cost of discomfort in tropical ports. A broad cloth coat, sprinkled with dozens of heavy brass buttons, besides other ornamental badges, closed to the chin, would not be worn in preference by any gentleman of taste or discretion, while walking under the blaze of a noon-day sun, in an atmosphere warmed up to a temperature of 90°F. We appreciated this act which contributed so much to our comfort; although it did reflect somewhat on the genius of those who devised the uniform dress of the navy, we had not courage to decline the use of the jackets provided for us.

In Rio de Janeiro Sunday is not a day of rest. On our way, as we passed along the streets, we observed that masons and carpenters were at work. Twenty or more negro men and women stood in the stream in front of the house, more than half-leg deep, washing soiled linen. They first imbued it plenteously with soap, and then, as if they were venting spite upon some stone or rock on the bank, they thrashed away right and

left without regard to integrity of buttons, occasionally dipping the piece into the water. The women had their skirts tucked up so that their lower extremities stood revealed to the hips, but no more. They sang cheerfully as they battled the rocks with their master's linen; and, to judge from appearances, were as happy and free as the spectators, but we were assured they were slaves.

Looking up to the Corcovado, I am reminded of a former visit, and of the notes I made at the time:—near Rio

"There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep"

for many a mile around. It is two thousand three hundred feet high, and at one time, the Corcovado, as it is named, was the site of a Look-out, from which the approach of vessels was announced by signal. At present it is one of the sights of Rio, and is much resorted to by strangers soon after their arrival. The view is worth all the exertion it costs to reach the top; and I may remark, the toil of the excursion is much less than it is represented to be by those who have been long enough here to feel that proclivity to indolence produced by the climate.

One morning, accompanied by several officers, I landed, and after winding through several streets, began the ascent of the Corcovado, along the aqueduct. The day was cloudless, and everything was propitious for the excursion. Being full of spirits, we were capable of deriving the greatest pleasure from the beautifully romantic views that on every hand presented themselves: even a pencil guided by a skilful hand, cannot convey an adequate idea of the scenery and natural beauties seen in this ride. The air was balmy; the flowers were blooming though it was winter; bright valleys expanded below us, and above towered moss-covered rocks; and the stillness every where prevailing was only interrupted by the occasional note of a bird. Here and there we met amateur naturalists, and slaves of collectors in pursuit of insects, land shells and birds, in every part of the ascent. What exquisite pleasure many of my home-staying friends would have derived, could they have been with us; to see the endless variety of flowers, a vegetation new in almost all its forms to a northern eye, and a scenery for picturesqueness not exceeded in any part of the world.

We passed the "Casa da Agua" and continued our ride to the "Pavilion," not, however, without feeling distrust in the feet of hackney horses when riding on a narrow path, that struggled for existence between a deep precipice on one side and a wall-like rock on the other. The Pavilion is a name given to a spot where there was a rude round table, sheltered by a wooden

shed, and surrounded by a few thatched huts, tenanted by the workmen and slaves who were occupied in extending the aqueduct to receive springs which pour out their waters from a higher point of the mountain. It is shut in by rocks on almost every side and is not discovered until nearly upon it. From this point the ascent to the peak is very difficult, and on horseback, very dangerous; therefore, it is usual to complete the journey on foot.

Here we met several ladies and gentlemen of our party, who had travelled a path on the side of a deep gorge or valley opposite to that by which we had ascended. They had already begun to spread upon the round table a substantial lunch to fortify us for the task we were about to undertake. While discussing the good things before us, which had been brought from the city in baskets, on the heads of slaves, I was amused by the appearance of a negro who had charge of our horses. His pantaloons reached only to his knees, and he wore a pair of boots without soles; so that his black skin was exposed above their tops, and his toes below. Yet, like one well pleased with himself, he strutted about in discharge of the duties of his office.

Having stored a basket with flasks of water and of wine to follow us, we began the ascent, which from this point is very steep; in many places the path was obstructed by fallen trees, and in others deeply worn by heavy rains, which fall at all seasons of the year. It was mid-day, and the trees grew so thickly together as to intercept the movement of the air, which was exceedingly hot and oppressive; and we often halted as we climbed to take breath and to cool ourselves. After toiling on our way nearly a half hour, we met a party of English gentlemen descending, and asked whether we were not near our journey's end.

"Oh no," replied one, "you are not more than half way up; and after you get there, you find nothing at all—but the view, and that is tolerably fine, to be sure." And, the view being all we expected, we pushed on.

At last we came out of the thick wood upon a naked rock, which bore the marks of fire; it was the site of a house which, we were told, had been burned some years previously by a party of reckless Frenchmen. Here we encountered a breeze, fresh from the sea, which made us button up our coats, and the ladies to draw their shawls more closely about them. A few steps more brought us to the top of the Corcovado, where we stood for some moments in silent admiration. The summit of the rock is about fifty feet in diameter, and its surface has a slight inclination landward. On it were the ruins of a look-out, on which are carved many names of persons am-

bitious of notoriety: the record must be read there, for I did not transcribe it. Several iron staunchions were still standing on the verge of this bald spot; but a bridge which crosses a chasm to a projecting point of the rock, had been destroyed by fire.

The atmosphere was clear, and the eye took in a horizon of seventy miles. The bright, blue, boundless ocean rivalled the sky in color, and its expanse was dotted by a half-dozen ships, approaching the harbor under a cloud of canvass, and seemingly no bigger than their boats. Cape Frio, sixty miles distant, was distinctly visible, and the white thread of sand beach, stretching between it and the bay. The Sugar Loaf seemed a mere mole hill below us. The alleys of the Botanic Garden showed like pencil lines, and the houses along the lagoon, all of which were immediately beneath our feet, were comparable to toys. The Corcovado presents a perpendicular face towards the sea, of more than two thousand feet in height.

"Stand still—how fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles.

* * * *

The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on th' uncumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong!"

A story was related of a young French lady, who, having been deserted by her lover, cast herself from this dizzy height. Her body was never found; it remained, it was supposed, on some inaccessible crag a prey to vultures.

We gazed an hour, and descended to the Pavilion; and thence to the city.

All the events of that delightful day recurred to my memory as I gazed upon the lofty peak from the veranda. Of most of those who formed the pic-nic party I have now no trace; but I know that several of the then lovely maidens are at present fair matrons, and that the most beautiful and the youngest of the party sleeps in an early grave. Long will her merry laugh ring on memory's ear, and the bright glance of her eye be present to the recollection of those who are still left to follow her to the world of the happy and the good.

I was aroused from a sort of reverie by the arrival of other guests, among whom were several who had long been residents, and were therefore supposed to be well informed on Brazilian affairs.

Speaking of Brazilian commerce, a gentleman stated that the number of vessels under the American flag, trading with Brazil, was more than double that of any other nation; and to prove the assertion, brought forward a report of the export trade for the year 1845, from which the following general table was deduced.

	<i>No. of Vessels.</i>	<i>No. of Tons.</i>	<i>Av. Tonnage.</i>
English,	88	22,896	260
American,	174	58,816	337
Austrian,	17	5,829	341
Belgian,	15	5,015	334
Bremen,	13	3,631	209
Danish,	40	11,831	295
Dutch,	1	352	353
French,	26	9,421	362
Hamburg,	24	7,771	323
Hanoverian,	1	195	195
National, (Brazil,)	47	8,537	181
Neapolitan,	7	2,313	330
Norway,	3	799	299
Oldenberg,	3	620	206
Portuguese,	42	11,585	275
Prussian,	2	1,266	452
Russian,	4	1,311	357
Sardinian,	26	4,679	179
Spanish,	7	1,627	232
Swedish,	43	15,373	357
Total,	583	173,867	

In the year 1845, there was imported into Brazil from the United States, flour valued at \$1,083,318, and manufactured cottons, valued at \$330,926; the total imports were valued at \$2,837,950. For the same period the value of coffee exported from Brazil to the United States, was \$4,401,269; sugar \$293,060; hides and other articles \$646,001: the aggregate value of exports to the United States is stated at \$6,084,599.

Including the value of the tonnage engaged in the trade of Brazil with the United States, the capital employed in this commerce is probably equal to ten millions of dollars.

The markets of Brazil take yearly about three millions of dollars worth of property produced by the farmers and manufacturers of the United States, an interest which extends from the seaboard to the far west, yielding more or less advantage to citizens of every vocation. The preservation and protection of this commerce is important to the whole country.

It was remarked by a merchant present, that the navy had been useful in establishing and increasing the value of the American trade with Brazil, because its existence gave confidence that commercial enterprizes would be protected by the strong arm of the government in case of attack; and the simple presence of our ships of war served to protect our merchants from aggression and many petty annoyances, to which they would be exposed, if we were without a naval force.

Another rejoined: "however true that may have been in times past for the world generally, and possibly to a very limited extent at present in some parts of the world, the position is not true now. The value of American commerce with Great Britain, with the north and the south of Europe, is far greater than of that with Brazil; but no one imagines that the presence of our ships of war in the British Channel, in the Baltic, or on the coasts of France, is requisite for the protection of that commerce. A naval force is not necessary to coerce civilized nations to treat foreign merchants and their ships with justice and propriety. The governments of civilized countries require no show of power to induce them to observe the provisions of commercial treaties and laws. The people of the United States would not quietly submit to the presence, in our ports, of the men-of-war of all nations with which they trade, if their avowed object was to overawe us into an observance of the rules of fair dealing. A suspicion of our national honesty in trade would not be tolerated for a moment; and the expression of such a suspicion, by the constant presence of a squadron of any nation on our coasts, would be received with loud tones of indignation. It is not just to conjecture that any civilized government, like that of Brazil, would be influenced in its conduct towards the merchants of the United States by the continuous presence of our men of war—that without their presence, in other words, the commerce of the United State with Brazil would diminish. Fear is not the dominant motive of the actions of civilized and intelligent people. Acquisitiveness exerts much more power. The people of Brazil are not insensible to the advantages they derive from their commerce with the United States; and even in the absence of treaties, they would perceive their interests in placing the merchants of the United States on a footing with those of the most favored nation. It is not to be presumed that they, more than other people, are prone to quarrel with their customers; they do not require our men-of-war to compel them to perceive the advantage of selling four or five million dollars worth of coffee every year, which, if Americans were driven from their ports by unkind or unjust treatment, would remain unsold, and the effect would quickly be seen in a depreciation in the value of coffee-estates and of slaves. There have been, and there are still small annoyances to traders, which are attributable to certain rules embodied in the details, or forms prescribed for the despatch of business in the custom-house, but the presence of men-of-war does not avail to induce a change. A judicious diplomatic agent would effect more

in the course of a month in this respect, than the presence of a naval force for twenty years."

"I trust the gentlemen of the navy present," he continued, "will not misconstrue my sentiments. While I contend that the presence of ships of war is not necessary to protect our commerce in civilized countries;—meaning of course countries whose governments carry on war;—I am not insensible to the great importance of a well organized naval establishment to the strength and respectability of a government. Such an establishment is essential, in spite of all that has been said by the most erudite members of the various Peace Societies, in different parts of the world,—unless we choose the exclusive policy of the Japanese, and abandon intercourse with foreign nations. But that policy will never be adopted. The influence of commerce in ameliorating the condition of mankind, by diffusing every where knowledge of the arts, of science and of religion is fully recognized; and as long as commerce is pursued, or at any rate, until all the people of the earth reach that degree of civilization which will render resort to war unnecessary to decide differences of opinion, or questions of right, military establishments both by land and sea must be maintained by nations. Strength is always respectable; to secure this kind of respectability, it is necessary to demonstrate from time to time, that strength exists; and this may be done without proceeding to extremities. When even a good natured animal exposes his teeth, men who see them are generally satisfied that he has capacity to bite, without any further demonstration, and prudently avoid provoking him to any further exhibition of his power to protect himself, or to assail others. As long as the eagle possesses talons and a strong beak, he will not be molested in his flight by hawks and buzzards; but, deprived of these organs, the noble bird might be exposed to aggression, and, being unused to avoid assailants, fall a prey, even to the "mousing owl." He requires something more than the plumage of his wings, and a far-reaching eye to maintain his position among the feathered tribes; we must leave him the instruments by which he can show his courage and his strength, or expose him to insult without power to resent it.

"A commercial nation without a navy would be as little respected, as our national bird deprived of all powers except those of flight. When we disband the navy, we must at the same time prepare to submit to encroachments on our rights, by even the weakest of foreign nations possessed of naval power. Our policy is to maintain a navy which should be in every respect efficient, without comparing its cost with that of peaceful institutions of any kind. It is unwise to reckon

"what glory costs the nation," until it is determined what a nation is worth without glory, for it must be evident to all who seriously consider the subject that a nation's glory is the common soul, the spirit of the body politic. A country indifferent to national glory, to national reputation, is no better than a man insensible to honor and indifferent to the reputation he holds in a community. Our flag, 'the star spangled banner,' is not a meaningless arrangement of colored bunting contrived to please the eye, like the arabesques of an eastern screen. It is a symbolic embodiment of liberty, and on its broad folds are emblazoned, in characters of electric light, a record of the virtues, and prowess of the whole people, which imparts increased strength to the arm, and courage to the heart of every true American who beholds it. That banner is hailed with pleasure and pride by every patriot, because it is at once a sign of individual protection and national glory. When national glory has departed, the nation will need no banner; all will be gone. Then, narrow indeed, must be the views of the statesman who can compare the value of a nation's glory with gold; to estimate it at a money value, is a first step towards rendering virtue, intelligence and power secondary to mere wealth.

"Let us suppose that the navy has cost five millions a year during the past half century, or 250,000,000 of dollars; and that, had there been no navy, this sum would be at the present time in the coffers of the government. Is there an American alive mean enough to prefer this kind and degree of national wealth, to the respect the nation has won through the naval prowess of Hull, Decatur, Stewart, Bainbridge, Perry, McDonough and others? There is not a man, worthy of the name, who would willingly exchange that portion of national glory achieved in times past by our little navy, for the privilege of boasting that the treasury of the nation contained hundreds of idle millions.

"But while I appreciate the value of a navy, I am far from believing that its existence is necessarily involved in wasteful or extravagant expenditure. A judicious economy may be carried into the navy, as well as in every other department of the government;—and I may add, I do not know that a dollar is wrongly expended in this branch of the public service. Yet, it is not clear, that the navy is as efficient and useful as it might be made in times of peace. If it can be employed only to sail along the coasts of civilized countries with which we trade, the institution is truly of little value. It is a sinecure to protect that which requires no protection.

"The officers and vessels of the navy would find employment more valuable to commerce in seeking out new markets for the productions of

our soil and machinery; in ascertaining and making known the limits of coasts and shoals, and in being sure vehicles of correspondence and intelligence between distant points where postal arrangements do not exist. Instead of keeping their days of sailing secret, our ships of war should depart on stated days, as punctually as mail boats; and wherever they can, without interfering with the postal regulations of countries, carry a mail from port to port within the limits of their cruising. Our public ships would thus serve our interests to a much greater extent than by lounging idly in port for months together, as they were known to do in past times, until, as it was said, they were in danger of grounding on the beef bones thrown overboard by their crews."

"You have made quite a speech," rejoined a gentleman; "but I think you confound the system of employing the navy, directed at Washington, with the navy itself, and hold it responsible on points which are above its control. While admitting the general usefulness and importance of the navy, you deny its special utility to our commerce in Brazil, on the ground that this nation should be treated with as much confidence as the most civilized countries on the earth. I fear the civilization here will not yet compare favorably with that of Europe; and until such comparison is satisfactory, I for one would regret not to see ships of war in the harbor of Rio-de-Janeiro. Affairs are very tranquil now; but no one can guarantee their stability, and in the event of revolution, in the event of insurrection of the blacks, Americans here, in the absence of our squadron, would have no security for their lives or property; no place of refuge. It is wise to maintain a naval force here for this reason alone, if for no other. England and France believe it to be necessary to keep squadrons constantly cruising on this coast; the reasons which influence the governments of those countries doubtlessly influence that of the United States in this matter. The presence of ships of war have unquestionably tended to diminish the African slave trade with Brazil; and to bring many of the wise and humane men of the empire to think seriously of its impropriety. Moreover, there is no way so effectual to exhibit our war ability, and make known abroad the resources of the country, as that of the palpable evidence conveyed in a noble frigate, or a ship of the line. Ignorant, weak and poor countries do not, cannot manufacture such things. I admit that in time of peace our public vessels and officers might be profitably employed in surveying coasts and shoals, and in conveying mails at stated periods; but the officers, willing as they are to serve the country, cannot enter upon such duties with

out authority. If the neglect of these points be a fault, it is not chargeable on the navy, but on the power which controls it. The internal organization of the navy is antiquated and defective; and there may be many practices in it conflicting with the statutes, and contrary to the spirit of republican institutions and government, but the navy is not alone to be answerable for this condition. Every word of censure cast upon the navy as it is, applies forcibly, if not deservedly, to legislators and the administration of affairs at Washington. Many of the evils at present complained of in the naval service, may be traced into the administration of the Navy Department; and if the whole subject were carefully analysed, on the broad principles of truth, (commonly called philosophy,) it would be found the navy, as a body, is not deserving of all the censure applied to it in different quarters. That it contains some inefficient, and exceptional officers, the true friends of the navy do not deny; but considering the frailties, follies and conceits of humanity, and the temptations to which they are frequently exposed, it is questionable whether any community of men, of equal numbers and pretensions contains fewer of doubted ability or morality. There are differences of opinion among even the most intelligent; and on some points these differences may be warmly, and even injudiciously debated, and possibly to the extent of interfering with the discharge of official duty. But these differences can be set at rest by decisions of the national legislature, and a firm and unflinching administration of law by the Executive. The differences have grown out of defective organization, which has often and long been a subject of discussion; and of course, when this organization is reformed, discussion of it will cease, but not till then. There must be a law: because it has become of late years too frequent to discuss the legality of authority before respecting it, and thus it is that certain orders of the Executive are disobeyed, or treated contemptuously, by officers of high position and higher pretension. But this may be an offspring of that transition condition through which the navy has been slowly passing for several years; and all is tending to a practical exhibition of the doctrine that there can be but one social grade of intelligent gentlemen, divide them into as many official grades as you may. In a word, equality of social rights will be recognized in the navy as it is in civil life, in which superior intelligence and conduct confer consideration without regard to vocation. When off duty, the commodore and passed-midshipmen are on the same social level, and possess the same social rights."

"Come, gentlemen," interrupted our host,

"permit me to lead you to a more agreeable subject of discussion; dinner is announced."

We soon forgot naval matters, under the influence of good cheer, and in due season took leave of our excellent host, to return to our several vocations.

Chronicles of the Valley of Virginia.

BY PEN. INGLETON, ESQ.

"To the intent that the honorable and noble adventures in feats of arms, performed and achieved during the wars . . . should be memorably registered, and put in perpetual reminiscence, whereby the brave and hardy may have ensamples to encourage them in their exertions, I Sir John Froissart will treat and record, a history of great encomium and praise . . . and will take my foundation out of the true chronicles sometime since compiled by the right reverend discreet and sage John La Bele . . . who with good heart and due diligence, did his true duty in writing this noble chronicle. . . . I will neither forget, diminish nor abridge the history in anything . . . but rather I will multiply and increase it, as near as I can following the truth from point to point."

FROISSART.

THE STORMING OF WINCHESTER JAIL.

I.

HOW CAPTAINS WILLIAM WHITE AND ABRAHAM FRY HUNTED IN THE SLEEPY CREEK MOUNTAIN.

The morning of the tenth day of October, of the year of Grace 1768, was very clear and bright in that wild and rugged country, which constituted the western part of the good and loyal county of Frederick, in the Ancient Colony of Virginia. The particular portion whereon the events we are about to relate in part occurred, was then, and is to this day, known as the "Sleepy Creek Range"—an undulating and thickly wooded mountain, which, like the Massinutton, after running on in one unbroken rampart, divides itself into two parallel ridges, sinking suddenly into the plain.

On the morning of the day just mentioned, two tall and stalwart men clad in the ordinary hunting shirt and moccasins, and carrying in their hands long heavy rifles, such as then were most in favor with the border men, paused on the summit of the most southerly peak of the range of Sleepy Creek.

The eldest of these men was a fair and worthy specimen of that wonderful race which

then peopled the western border. His iron gray hair clustered in grizzled masses round a tall, well-developed forehead, wherein were set two eyes as dark as night, and instinct with courage and resolution;—his lips were full and closely compressed;—his whole face, from the keen dark eye to the protruding chin, displayed the dauntless nature of the man. His tall and gaunt frame, whereon the storms of sixty years had left no trace of their ravages, seemed a model of strength—so vigorous was every movement, so like an antique statue's were the brawny muscles;—and there was in every motion, every gesture of the man, that calm strength and quiet power, which render always their possessors dangerous above all other enemies.

His companion was younger and more impulsive;—his age could not be greater than thirty-five, and in his laughing lip and gay blue eye, much of courage and high feeling might be seen—not so much of that resoluteness we have spoken of in Captain William White. He had not seen the horrors of the former time, and been a part of them as the elder hunter had, unhappily; and he laughed and jested gaily, and went on lowly singing, while the bright sun gathered strength, just mounting over the far lowland woods.

At times the elder hunter would check this indiscreet sound with a motion of his hand; sometimes remonstrate; at other times say nothing, though it was calculated to spoil their sport. At last they reached the extreme summit of the mountain, and descended toward the east. Here a rough bridle path, running toward Winchester, was visible, and near it the hunters sat down to rest, and "eat somewhat" as they expressed it then.

So taking out their dried beef and rude loaf, they commenced breakfast, talking in a subdued tone.

II.

WHAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF THEIR CONVERSATION.

After a pause of some moments, the younger hunter, who was called, as the reader has been told, Captain Abraham Fry, rose up, and shaking himself, said to his companion:

"I know not what is your opinion, Captain; but I think it certain."

"What is that?"

"This contest with England."

The Captain shook his head.

"She is not so bad as you make her out," he said.

"She could not be worse to us colonists of Virginia. Say now, can Captain William White,

the brave Indian-fighter, the courageous borderer, approve what they call the "Black Act?"

"What is that?"

"I mean the Stamp Act."

"It is unconstitutional and unjust."

"Ah, well! I am glad you think so. And what say you of the state of things in this our good county of Frederick?"

"We have many grievances, it is true."

"Yes! by my faith, so many that they will not always be borne: and what is more, in the resistance we make, the colonies will be successful!"

"And why do you think so?"

"Have we not such men as you, Captain White—and many such all over the land?"

"And what am I?"

"You are a man who would more than match ten regulars in any fight."

The Captain smiled, shaking his head.

"It is true," said he, "I might strike down many enemies fighting Indian fashion; but I no longer like that mode of fighting as of old."

"Take care! There are Indians about here, still."

"Not many: we are done with them—I am old and rusty this many a year."

"Well, if you and such as you are nobody, have we not George Washington?"

"Ah," exclaimed Captain White, his large eye brightening, "now you talk reason. I know Washington—for I have seen him at work in '54. But all this is useless—things are quiet in this good year of Grace 1768—very quiet."

"The quiet of death."

"You should say rather, thinking as you do, the silence that precedes a storm!"

"Yes—and the storm will come."

"We shall see."

"See what a state of things is here in Frederick? What think you—say now—of our County court?"

The hunter shook his head.

"Not much good."

"And of this Martin Felsee, our worthy sheriff, what says Captain White of him?"

"He is a villain!"

"And you have had him many times at arm's length! By my faith, let him not stand so long with me!"

"Friend Fry, this man represents the law."

"What law?"

"The law of the land, which every good man must obey."

"Well, I would represent another law!"

"What is that?"

"Of vengeance!"

"You are wrong," said Captain White, sh-

king his head. "For many years I thought and acted so: but no good ever came of it."

"Let me tell you of his last villainy. It was only the other day"—

"Hist!" said his companion, rising, "the sun will not wait for us. Defer your story, friend Fry;—we must be moving if we would sup on venison."

III.

WHAT SORT OF GAME THE TWO HUNTERS ROUSED.

The hunters did not pause long to gaze upon that fair and fertile country; but with eyes alone for their game, commenced the descent eastward. Their path ran parallel to the slightly defined road we have mentioned, winding along the southern descent, and at intervals this narrow track came in sight, then disappeared again, swallowed, like a sleeping snake, by the richly variegated woodlands of October.

Suddenly the elder hunter laid his hand on his companion's arm, and bending down his head, uttered the low Indian "hist!"

"What now!" whispered Captain Fry.

"Did you hear nothing?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing but the rustle of the leaves."

"And did you see nothing," continued White, with his eyes bent on a thick copse at some distance—"nothing?"

"Yes, I saw the topmost limb of that chestnut bend down with the weight of a squirrel, and I dreamed but now that a cloud upon the western mountain yonder was a herd of elk."

The old hunter gave no heed to these carelessly uttered words, but suddenly levelling his rifle at the thick copse, fired. Then to his companion—

"Indians!" he cried. "To your tree, or you're a dead man!"

"Did I not say they were still in these parts!" said the young hunter: and following the example of his companion, he darted behind a tree. It was well for him that he did so. At the moment he had screened his person, two quick reports were heard, a ball buried itself in the broad trunk of the oak, and with a yell three Indians sprung from the copse and appeared in the open glade of the forest.*

* They had not been out long before they discovered two Indians in the glades.—*Kercheval*, p. 140.

IV.

THE RESULT OF THE ENCOUNTER.

The Indians immediately darted to their trees, and commenced loading their firelocks. Captain White would never have permitted them to do so, had his own rifle not been just discharged, and so for the moment rendered useless.

In an instant the whites and their enemies had both re-charged their guns, and then commenced one of those contests of skill and cunning, which had for their stake good human lives. The Indians endeavored by every stratagem possible to wile their enemies from the shelter of their protecting trees, and to make them throw away their rifle shots: and that in such wise with such great skill that none but experienced woodsmen could have resisted them.

"We shall lose our supper, more still," said White, "should we not bring down these beasts."

So taking off his cap, he held it guardedly in his hand and slowly protruded it beyond the tree trunk. In an instant a shot echoed along the mountain, and a rifle ball dashed the cap from his hand to the distance of ten paces. The Indian saw his mistake and unguardedly abandoned his tree:—the mistake cost him his life; for he had no sooner exposed himself than he fell, struck through the heart by White's rifle ball. At the same moment two other shots were heard—one of the surviving Indians had shot at Fry, the other at White: both were unharmed.

Captain White clubbed his rifle and rushed upon his enemy: the Indian, holding in his hand a long knife, met him face to face, and endeavored to plunge it into his heart. White's rifle broke at the first blow, and his enemy closing, they both rolled upon the ground. There the contest was one of simple strength, and the Indian was no match for the white hunter, who, wresting his own knife from him, stabbed him in the side. The Indian closed his eyes, and fell forward biting the grass. White rose up, covered with blood. At the same moment he was joined by his companion, who had pursued his flying enemy for some distance, and only gave up the pursuit on remembering the critical situation of his friend.

"See there," said White gravely, and wiping the sweat from his forehead, "he is nearly gone."

"Dead for a doubloon!" cried Fry, touching the body with his foot.

"Yes, I felt the knife go deep."

"You stabbed the dog?"

"It was my only chance of life. I thought I had given up this sort of work for good," he added, shaking his head.

"I said there were Indians about still."

"Yes, so you did."

"And why did they attack us?"

"I know not."

"My rascal ran like a deer—did you see him?"

"Yes, yes; but come now; we must see to what tribe this savage belongs. He is not dead."

"Not dead—the rascal!"

The Indian in his death agony turned over, and with fast glazing eyes looked upon the elder hunter.

"How de do, broder?" he murmured.

"Brother with a vengeance!" said the young hunter; "you dog, did you not try to 'brother' us with your firelock there but now!"

The Indian murmured something.

"Speak!" said Captain White, checking his companion. And kneeling down, he raised the Indian's drooping head. "Speak, you poor, bloody heathen!"

"White broder no take poor Injun scalp?"

"No—I'm not a scalp-taker."

The Indian seemed much astonished at receiving this assurance; it was plain he had rather proffered the request in a moment of despair, than with any real expectation of having it granted.

"Your scalp is of no use to me," said the hunter, "and none to you either, since you are about to die."

"And white broder bury poor Injun body?"

"Yes, yes; you shall have Christian burial, which you do not deserve. But don't fear for it. Yes, yes!"

The Indian seemed to understand this very well, and muttering lowly, "White broder good to poor Injun!" without another word expired.

"See there now," said Captain White thoughtfully, "this human nature is a wonderful thing. That poor Indian devil tries to kill me with all his might; and when my knife has well nigh finished him, begins with 'broder' and 'poor Injun.' This is a strange world!"

"There is something stranger than the conduct of the Indian."

"What is that?"

"Your own forgiveness and kindness to him, Captain."

The Captain shook his head.

"I can't bear malice," he said; "when a man is dead,—his heart no longer beating, the hatred is gone from him. The warrior there is dead. He shall rest as is fit, and that in six feet of earth."

"Shall we bury the other one also?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Why, you're a strange Indian-fighter, Captain."

"I'm done with it, friend Fry. I wished to have my hands no longer bloody as in the old days;

but since heaven has seen fit to force me to kill, I will at least give burial to my enemies."

"Where shall we find spades?"

"At my house, which, as you know, is some three miles distant. Your own is at least six there in the low country. Come!"

And leaving the dead Indians lying as they fell, and keeping a sharp look out for the one who had fled, and might be lurking with others, the hunters slowly took their way towards Captain White's hunting cabin. His proper dwelling was on Cedar Creek.

V.

HOW THE HUNTERS WERE INTERRUPTED WHILE BURYING THE BODIES, AND BY WHOM.

In less than two hours, the hunters were again in the little mountain glade—this time mounted, for carrying more conveniently the spades and pickaxes they had brought to dig the Indians' graves.

They tied their horses, and then selecting a little knoll, over which a huge oak tree threw its broad arms, they set to work in silence to hollow out the grave. It was hard labor, though they had thrown upon the ground their caps, coats, hunting gear, and every thing calculated to impede their exertions; and as they toiled, penetrating deeper and deeper into the rocky mountain soil, huge drops of perspiration rolled down their brows and cheeks. At last they had dug to a depth of at least six feet, and the grave was sufficiently deep. They then proceeded to the spot where the dead Indians were lying, and raising them by the neck and feet, bore them to the knoll, and placed them in the grave. Fry was about to throw in the first spadeful when White stopped him:

"Poor creatures!" said he, "we ought to say something over them."

Then lowering his head solemnly—

"The Lord have mercy on these poor sinful heathen!" he said, "and make them clean, and forgive their sins, and take them to himself. Amen. Dust to dust is all they are now;—go on, friend Fry."

Before the first spadeful of dirt fell, a party of three men made their appearance at a bend of the road, riding eastward. They hastily approached, and he who rode at the head of the party exclaimed in loud, harsh tones:

"Stop! I command you in the King's name."

"What now!" said White, turning round.

"Ah, Captain White!"

The captain answered calmly:

"At your service, Mr. Martin Felsoc."

"And what are you doing there?" asked the officer.

"We are burying two Indians, as you see."

"Two Indians, eh?"

"The grave is open; you may see what number, if my word is not enough."

"Your word is quite sufficient here," said Felsee, with a sneer, "you are my prisoner!"

The captain drew back.

"You and your companion—both."

"And on what grounds do you arrest me, sir?" said the hunter, frowning.

"On what grounds, indeed!"

"You do not answer."

"Are you demented?"

"I asked you on what grounds I was arrested!" repeated the Captain, calmly.

"For murder."

"For murder—me!"

"Nothing less."

"Me—for murder!" repeated White.

"You and your companion!"

"Mr. Felsee," said Captain Fry, leaping on his horse, "you are a false villain, I tell you to your teeth, and we will show you and your men what it is to try to arrest good and true men in this manner."

And cocking his rifle—

"Go on your way!" he said, "the road is open!"

Felsee drew back, trembling before the fiery countenance of the hunter.

"You threaten me!" he said.

"Yes—I do."

"An officer of the law?"

"A villain—and I would think the world indebted to me should I send you out of it!"

"Sir! Captain White, I call on you to"—

"Call on me for nothing, sir!" said White, raising his proud, contemptuous face, and fixing a glance upon the officer, before which he quailed. "I am your prisoner, I believe, on a charge of murder!"

"You—his prisoner!" stammered Fry, letting his rifle fall.

"Yes; I have no desire to resist an officer of the law. I will stand my trial."

"You are mad, captain!"

"Come, come, friend Fry, imitate me. Let us go to Winchester in this worthy man's company."

"Rather to hell!" exclaimed Fry. And raising his gun in his strong hands: "Let any one touch me!" he said, with flaming eyes.

Felsee hesitated.

"I am your prisoner," said White, "and ready to go with you."

"And your companion?"

"That is your affair!"

"Arrest this man!" cried Felsee to his subordinates.

Fry raised his rifle. Not a man stirred.

"Do you hear me!" cried Felsee.

The men only muttered some unintelligible words, which seemed to allege their own unarmed condition; and in another moment their duty was no longer a possible duty.

Fry raising himself in his stirrups, said boldly to Felsee:

"Martin Felsee, you will yet suffer for this thing you have done! I shall see to that, and by my faith, if this matter is not revenged by the rightful person, I will take my vengeance on you for the insult you have offered me here to-day, and the wrong you have done my good and true friend, Captain William White. Look to it!"

And turning his horse he rode away, leaving Felsee white with rage. That worthy was recalled to himself by these grave words:

"I am waiting, sir."

"Ah, you at least I have!" he exclaimed, exultingly. "Come, mount—for Winchester!"

VI.

CAPTAIN FRY MEDITATES, AND ACTS.

Several days had passed since the events we have related, when on a fair evening, Captain Abraham Fry sat in the small porch before his mansion—his arms hanging down, his head resting on his breast, his listless eyes fixed absently now on the wooded mountains to the west, now on the road which led to Winchester. The captain seemed sunk in troubled thought:—for once in his life that hardy spirit found himself at fault, met and opposed by the mysterious power of *the Law*. This new element, so to speak, in frontier life, perplexed him:—young as he was, he had lived far enough back in the former times to recollect when no such power existed, and now it seemed at once to have grown so large and strong as to defy all opposition. "*The Law*"—what was that! What could this mysterious thing be, which had at once struck powerless the man whose will was of iron, who bowed to nothing—the brave William White? Was it not possible to oppose it—could any one be punished for defending himself from an Indian attack? What was society coming to?

These thoughts were interrupted by the approach of a traveller from the Winchester side; and on a nearer approach, he proved to be a friend of the Captain's living some miles west of the mountain. He dismounted and entered, and the two men exchanged greetings:—the Captain still much preoccupied. He walked up and down, played with his rifle listlessly, and his dreamy

eyes ever and anon were bent as before upon the mountain and the winding road running below his door. "Your mind seems busy with something, Captain," said his guest.

The Captain stopped.

"I am in fact much troubled," he said, wiping his brow.

"Troubled about what, pray?"

"About a friend."

"And who is that?"

"White."

"Captain William White who was carried into Winchester under arrest the other day?"

"You come from Winchester!"

"Yes."

"You saw Captain White?"

"Certainly."

"Have you heard why he was arrested?" exclaimed Fry.

"For murdering an Indian, they say."

"And what more do they say—may the foul fiend seize them!"

"Why how you start!"

"I was with him."

"You!"

"Yes—what say they of the accusation?"

"I heard many say it would go hard with him."

"Go hard with him!"

"Yes—murder, they say, is made out by Martin Felsee's testimony. In that case, good-bye to Captain White!"

Captain Fry rose up, greatly agitated—and his fine and manly face quivered with rage.

"Ah! they say that do they! And Martin Felsee, the false villain! I will yet stand face to face with that foul knave, and strike him with that force that no blood shall remain in his body. But I killed one of those Indians—I will go and tell all."

"You, Captain!"

"I was with White!"

"You had better keep out of the way yourself, then—or two heads are gone!"

"Heads—keep out of the way—oh, I see all!"

And the Captain fell in a chair, struck, it seemed, with vertigo. He remained thus for some moments—then rising suddenly:

"I know what remains for me to do," he said, with flashing eyes, "and that I will do!"

And the very next day Captain Abraham Fry set about carrying out his resolution.

VII.

A SCENE IN WINCHESTER JAIL IN 1768.

Martin Felsee, sheriff of the county of Frederick, proceeded with his prisoner toward Win-

chester, where in due time he arrived;—and clattering along Loudoun street past the Fort, he bent his way to the jail. Therein Captain White was ere long safely lodged.

The jail was not a very prepossessing building—rather the reverse without and within. It was an edifice of considerable size, constructed of logs strongly joined at the angles, and the main door of heavy oak led into a sort of hall, on which opened the doors of the cells. The whole was surrounded by a high fence, and the grim old building with its small, iron-barred windows and huge smoking chimneys, resembled nothing so much as an ogre who had retired from sight to digest his human food, and was ashamed of being seen.

Captain White was ushered into the worst of the rooms of the jail and heavily ironed. Martin Felsee seemed to feel a very sincere and genuine hatred for his prisoner, and it was not very long before this sentiment displayed itself.

"Good morning, Captain White!" said Felsee, who acted as jailer, the day after his arrival, "you begin to believe, I hope, that Martin Felsee has caught you at last!"

"Go," returned White; "speak not to me."

"And why not, pray, good Captain," asked Felsee, sarcastically; "are you—standing all but convicted of murder—so much above the man you once struck and insulted?"

"Go!" repeated White.

"Softly, my friend;" said the jailer, "I will remain, if it please you."

"Remain then."

"And to pass the time, we will converse a little."

"Go or stay, speak or be silent—all is indifferent to me."

"You lie," replied Felsee coolly, "for you know I am the principal witness against you; and from the character of the fellows with me, you know they will swear just what I order them to swear."

"You dare to insult me!"

"Yes—I do dare."

"Dog!"

"Come, no hard names,—I have means of correction here."

"Correction! What dare you say, villain; repeat that word!" cried White, with a movement of his powerful frame which strongly excited the jailer's fears.

"I mean you shall have but bread and water—but bread and water, do you hear?"

The Captain turned round contemptuously.

Felsee seemed much irritated at this movement, and said bitterly—

"It is very well for a felon to turn his back on an honest man!"

"You dare call me a felon!" exclaimed White.

"Yes, a murderer!"

"Murderer and felon—recollect those names, Martin Felsee," said the captain, suddenly resuming his calmness, "I will make you remember them night and morning during many long years yet."

Felsee seemed more and more enraged at the words of his prisoner; and he commenced pouring out a flood of insults and threats, which the powerless captain could only groan under, lamenting his powerlessness to catch his enemy in his brawny arms and crush him; or summoning all his philosophy, treat with silent contempt.

Felsee having exhausted, for the moment, his store of bitter and abusive words, retired, uttering again the words felon and murderer. White rose up, overcome with rage:

"Yes! yes!" he muttered, "you shall remember them day and morning for long years. Remember what I say!"

Felsee went out laughing.

VIII.

A SCENE IN WINCHESTER COURT.

When Captain William White was brought a prisoner to Winchester, charged with the murder of two Indians—nothing having been said of Fry, whose fiery and reckless character Felsee did not care to contend with—the usual monthly court of the county of Frederick was held in a handsome log-building, in the immediate vicinity of the jail.

Here—into the presence of some half dozen solemn and stately Justices of the Peace,—the prisoner was led. The justices sat on rude chairs, ranged in a row, on a ruder platform, raised only some three feet from the floor; and a large crowd, anxious to see the "Indian killers," having assembled, the sheriff, Mr. Martin Felsee, was busily engaged in preserving order sufficient to render the words—pompously uttered—of their worships audible.

After the simple and very hasty forms had been gone through with, Captain White was, without more ado, requested to give an account of himself, what he was brought there for, and "any other matter touching the issue, which had come under his knowledge"—this phrase, like charity covering a multitude of sins, against regularity and sense, in their worships. Captain White related the events with which the reader is acquainted, and plainly produced a strong impression on the minds of many.

Martin Felsee then was heard, and under his skilful hand, matters speedily assumed a differ-

ent appearance. He colored the picture highly with those dark tints which pleased him most—he blended fact and falsehood—he gave a thrilling account of the assault made on him by Captain Fry—from which he said heaven in its mercy had preserved him—and having skilfully handled this latter subject, so as to produce on the justices, the impression that a personal insult had been offered to their authority, ended his account, and sat down. The subordinates corroborated all he said.

Captain White was called upon for his witnesses—he had none. The court shook their heads. A vast murmur, which came very near breaking into a shout, rose from the crowd. Martin Felsee's utmost exertions could not produce order. But when the justices deferred the case to next month, on the plea of the late arrest, and for other causes; and "could not raise bail"—the shout arose in good earnest;—and the worshipful magistrates had the conviction, (never a pleasant conviction to such men,) that they had done an act which *the people* did not approve. They did not understand this word then what it meant; but they nevertheless *felt* what it was.

So Captain White was carried back to jail amid many murmurs, and the court hastily adjourned to attend the races at the old race-course, eastward from the town. As for Martin Felsee, he spent a cheerful hour in bitterly taunting his helpless prisoner.

IX.

THE CONSEQUENCE OF CAPTAIN FRY'S RESOLUTION.

The resolution which the worthy Captain Fry had come to on that bright October evening, was nothing less than to "raise the country," and going to Winchester, force open the jail and liberate Captain William White.

He set about the accomplishment of this purpose speedily, and no man could have done more than he effected, in the time given him. Captain Abraham Fry was one of those men who persuade by the tones of their voice, the flash of their eyes, and the movement of their arms. The young men of all western Frederick, in a few days, comprehended clearly, that the brave and hardy Captain White, had been arrested for defending himself from an Indian attack, and now lay heavily ironed in Winchester, where he was to be tried and found guilty, on the evidence of Martin Felsee, a man most thoroughly and truly hated wherever he was known.

When the general indignation was deeply aroused, Fry boldly counseled an attack upon the jail and a rescue of the prisoner. At this

many drew back: they could sympathize with Captain White, but never break the law, and breed a riot to rescue him, however badly and unjustly treated. Such an expedition would not be safe, and what was more, would be unlawful. This dreadful word seemed to meet Captain Fry at every turn.

But he overcame it, and such was his ardor in the affair, that before many days had passed, he had organized a company of fifty or sixty men, who, armed to the teeth, were determined to break the jail if necessary, and rescue the prisoner.*

These men were to rendezvous on a night fixed for the purpose, at Mr. Isaac Hollingsworth's, just outside of the town. There Fry was to join them, and taking the command, lead them to the attack. The Captain went home happy, after arranging all these matters. He would accomplish these cherished objects;—since he would liberate White, punish Felsee, and beard, in its very temple, the detested "Law."

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X.

THE ATTACK.

The night fixed for the intended attack, saw all the conspirators duly assembled at Hollingsworth's, where they waited patiently until nearly day-break, then setting out, they entered the town just as the first red rays of the sun were scattering themselves over the horizon, and lighting up the Fort.

With no silence, in no secrecy, did the band proceed; but went on boldly, defiantly, toward their object. At the corner of Loudoun street and Brook street, they met with Mr. Robert Rutherford, who, learning their intent, besought them earnestly to turn back and give up their dangerous intention.

They listened patiently for some moments; then perceiving that the time was passing—time they should make use of—they calmly told him they were well convinced he spoke what he thought right; but they thought it wrong. Then they passed on.

At the noise made by the company on their march, many windows were raised, many fair heads were thrust out; and the half-dressed forms, says the chronicle, were seen to flit from door to door, with the joyous exclamations, encouraging, too, of "go on, brave boys; good luck to you!"

*"But White had rendered his neighbor too many important services, and was too popular, to be permitted to languish, loaded with irons, in a dungeon, for killing Indians." Ker. p. 140.

and other merry words of comfort and sympathy. The party relished these more than the remonstrances of Mr. Rutherford, and so they passed on to the jail, which they immediately invested. They were followed by many of those scantily dressed maidens, and other early risers; and this popular feeling, we are told by the chronicle, was very grateful to them then.

They broke down the fence and entered the enclosure: then a devil's tattoo of knocks was beat upon the door. The head of Martin Felsee appeared at the window beside it.

"What would you have good people?" he asked, trembling.

"White!" escaped in one echoing shout from every lip.

"What, Captain White, here lawfully imprisoned?"

"What is it always—lawfully?" cried a commanding voice; "well, let us see this law which can stand against bullets."

"Bullets, gentlemen!" exclaimed Felsee; "surely you have lost your senses!"

"Open, scoundrel!"

"Never," replied Felsee, who thought he recognized those in the crowd who would prevent any violence.

Nothing more was said by the rioters; but in a moment, their ranks were seen to divide, a white object gleamed in the morning light as it was raised by a dozen stalwart hands, and then a large mass of stone hurled through the air, fell upon the hapless door, and crashing through timbers and lock, and bar, and all manner of fastening, yielded the fortress into their hands.

They rushed in, and Martin Felsee was caught as he endeavored to make his escape. At sight of his woful face, the young girls who had penetrated with the party, clapped their hands and shouted with laughter.

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XI.

HOW THE PRISONER WAS LIBERATED.

Captain Abraham Fry stood face to face with Martin Felsee, and bent upon him one of those frowns which betray an undying enmity.

"False villain!" he said, scornfully; "were it not for your condition here—alone, and with enemies all around, nothing should defer that combat between us which shall yet take place."

Felsee saw his advantage.

"You insult me," he said.

"I waste no more words on you, dog! The keys!"

"I have them not."

"The key!" said Fry, cocking his rifle, "or you are a dead man!"

Felsoe drew them from beneath his coat-skirt—

"Take them," said he; "I can now declare with truth, that *they* were also forced from me."

Captain Fry immediately ran to the door indicated as that of his friend, and in a moment he had caught him up, and with a few heavy blows, dashed his irons—those disgraceful irons, which Felsoe "had dared," they said, "to place upon the limbs of the great Indian fighter, Captain White." Then the Captain was led forth, and then a shout arose which made the rafters ring again. The shout was—

"Welcome! welcome, Captain! You are free—free!"

All those hardy natures were overcome with joy on seeing once again erect and lion-posted, free from bonds, and stately as of old, the valiant Captain; and as they stood there, in the fresh morning light which bathed their wild forms and faces in its rosy splendor, and gathered tumultuously round their chief, now rescued, and by their daring once more free, they presented a spectacle which had in it much of martial and imposing beauty.

And once again as Captain White raised his tall frame, and shook himself like a lion freed from the hunter's toils, that joyous shout arose, of—"Welcome! welcome, Captain! You are free!"

XII,

HOW CAPTAIN WILLIAM WHITE KEPT THE PROMISE
MADE BY HIM TO MARTIN FELSOE.

Captain White did not receive these gratulations with the pleasure which they would on other occasions, have caused. There was no mirth or joy in his haggard face and master frame. But his dark eye shot lightning when it rested on Martin Felsoe; and from Felsoe it never wandered; there it remained with a depth of hatred in its lurid light, which appalled the craven heart within him.

"Come, Captain!" cried the party, "we are here to take you off."

"Thank you friends," said White, calmly.

"You will go?"

"Who doubted it?"

"I, by my faith!" exclaimed the leader of the party.

"And why?"

"Fry presented his rifle, cocked it, and peremptorily demanded the keys, telling the jailer he would be a dead man in one minute if he did not deliver them." Ker.

p. 140.

"Because you professed such admiration of the law, by my faith!"

"I have none now."

"Nor I," exclaimed Fry; "I came here to see what this law was; and if the jail and jailer are all, heaven help it, I say."

"I am ready to go with you," said the Captain, "all are faithful friends; and I ask one more favor."

"What is that?"

"That you will delay while I say a few words to the man who arrested me, and stands yonder now with impudent coolness."

"Who—Felsoe?"

"I wish to say a word to him."

"Well," said Felsoe, whose fears had somewhat decreased, and who consequently resumed his insolent tone; "Well, say your say. What is it?"

"I wish to remind you of the insulting words you used to me when I was a prisoner here. Do you remember them?" said Captain White, coldly.

"I said nothing," returned Felsoe, "but what was the truth."

"You called me *liar* to my face!"

The jailer returned a sullen look.

"You called me *Felon* and *Murderer*, whereas I was neither."

"That will yet be proved," replied Felsoe, with a look of hatred impossible to describe.

"You see, my friends," said White, turning round.

"The dog deserves punishment."

"We will give it to him now!"

"No!" exclaimed White, drawing his hunting knife, "that is my affair."

Then turning to Felsoe:

"Do you remember," he said, "what I promised you when you called me *Murderer* and *Felon*?"

Felsoe turned pale and drew back.

"I promised you I would make you remember these words night and morning for years—now I will keep my promise!"

And throwing himself upon Felsoe, the hunter tore open his vest, and clutching him by the throat, ploughed, with the point of his knife, the letters M. F. on his naked breast.

"Go!" he said, hurling the jailer from him, "you have there your own name, or '*Murderer*' and '*Felon*,' as it pleases you! The punishment is slight for all the pain and agony you may have made me suffer!"

Ten minutes afterwards, the Captain borne along in the midst of his triumphant friends, and inhaling the fresh morning air, left Winchester, and mounting a fleet horse, bent his course toward the western mountains.

THE VILLAGE OF THE WATERS.

BY C. H. H.

I love thee, Village of the Waters, more
Than tongue of mine dare ever hope to tell;
Round thee are twined such memories of yore,
And on thee rests so sadly sweet a spell.
I know, dear mother of my heart, full well
How brightly gleam thy waters as they flow,
Though I have never trod that lovely dell,
Nor plucked the flowers that by its streamlets blow,
Since early manhood's day dimmed morning's radiant
glow.

It is in sooth a bright and genial clime,
A land of beauty,—where my lot is cast,
Where joyous birds, and lisp'ing runnels chime
With dancing winds that gaily frolic past:
Here no wild storm, nor fiercely howling blast
Chills the young flowers, or dims the sunny skies;
But all of Eden that remains thou hast—
Land of the South!—how fair to mortal eyes
Thy slumbering valleys rest, thy mist-robed mountains
rise!

And yet, though zephyrs, with their scented breathing,
Telling sweet tales of orange bowers, invite
To fragrant woodpaths, where the woodbine, wreathing
The dark Magnolia—like a gentle sprite,—
Whispers of rest, of hearts-ease, and delight;
Though all seem basking in joy's golden ray,
And earth be flooded with the heavenly light,
The Mind will oft, when Nature is most gay,
With sickening longing turn to scenes far, far away.

Then fades the Present:—to my spirit's ken
A village nestling in a valley seems,
Where deep, broad rivers meet, and I again
Walk its loved streets, as men will walk in dreams:
Yet on my own, no face, with welcome, beams;
Ah no! for they that loved me—all are fled,
And there is left—alas, not one—who deems
Me other than a stranger, and instead
Of living friendships I must turn me to the dead!

Ah me, how Memories rise!—yet let them come,
They may assuage the sad, the bitter grief;
And let me speak them, for if lip be dumb
The wearied heart can never hope relief:—
Long years ago—though now they seem but brief—
In life's young day's, ere I had learnt to roam,
Or e'er had turned o'er sorrow's tear-stained leaf,—
Here where I heard the waters dash and foam,
I dwelt with childhood's friends in childhood's happy
home.

Here was my all:—all loving heart could ask,
No thought of mine e'er left that happy fold,
In morning's roseate light I joyed to bask,
Life's current rippled over sands of gold;
And I had playmates; Oh, as we beheld
The treasured glories that the past displays,
The sports—the heart-words—of those days of old,
How thrills the heart! how fondly do we gaze!
But where are they whose love made bright those golden
days?

Alas! I know not. One beyond the sea
Has journeyed far: while in some distant land

Others have sojourned, though of them to me
No word hath come. Ah, Time's relentless hand
Hath wrought sad havoc with our loving band!
And as I tread my lonely way along
These streets where are the meetings I had planned?
Not one is here of all that happy throng,
And sundered are the ties that I had deemed so strong.

But why grieve I for *them*? Is not my Sire
Still circled fondly by that holy ring,—
And on our home-hearth burns not still the fire
That warmed my heart when life was in its Spring?
Alas! Alas! death's dark, remorseless wing
Swept my dear sister to the realms of night,
And when, with pang as keen, our breasts to wring,
He tore my brother from that circlet bright,
My sainted mother drooped, and vanished from the light.

Why linger I if none that love are here?
Why wound afresh my sadly bleeding heart?
Why stay to shed the unavailing tear,
When stranger voices gruffly say—"depart!"
Ah! here is that which solace can impart,
And draw the venom from the tooth of pain,
Blunt the dire edge of death's destroying dart,
And change my losses to exceeding gain!—
I therefore tarry here, and would for aye remain.

For me, sweet Village of the North, there still
In thy lone midst, a pleasant home is found;
'Tis near the base of yonder gentle hill,
Within the precincts of this sacred ground.
Nor can I hope, by searching earth around,
To find a lovelier spot to rest my head.
And here, where holy memories most abound,
I would remain, in deathless wedlock wed,
To this dear church-yard mould—this *Trinity of Dead*.

STRAY WRITINGS.

BY E. A. POLLARD.

CRITICISM.

Much, and much more than is commonly
imagined, is required of him who aspires to crit-
icise literature as it should be criticised.

The critic must not regard art apart from the
mind, to affect which is its purpose; but purely
as a fact of consciousness, as a mental state, he
must understand the workings of the mind, else
he will not understand his business. The main
question in mental philosophy is—What laws
does the succession of our thought and feelings
obey?—and the critic must answer this question,
else he will do his business empirically, and,
judging without giving reasons be an useless and
a most hated critic.

A little thinking will now bring us to the con-
clusion, that the critic must himself be a worker
in the Fine Arts—at least be possessed of sensi-
bility and taste. Two works of Art may pro-

duce feelings the same in kind, and so he called by the same name; and yet produce feelings very different in degree, and so have very different merits. There are rules which make up the essentiality of Art, and there are rules for the embellishment of Art; and, of course, to know these latter properly, the critic must be as said above, else he will only be useful to beginners in literary labor.

Above all this, the critic, being a judge, must entirely put down his prejudices and temper. He must be as anxious to discover excellences as defects; and he must not be, (what is common among judges,) too severe upon faults, far above which he thinks himself. He will often be hated and slandered, for he will often wound vanity, and raise his voice against the popular taste; yet he must be too proud of his calling, to use it as a vent for passion, or as a means of revenge. His calling is to correct storied Art,—and well worthy is it of pride.

HISTORY.

What is history? A question, forsooth, not so easily answered as is generally supposed, nor in as few words as are generally given to its answer.

History is the record of certain events. Or, if you like it better, (and most of us like modest definitions of all callings except our own,) history is an *inquiry* for certain, some events, which sense, says Volney, the Greeks gave to the word *ιστορία*. I am now at a curious question—Of what kind are these events, which deserve a place in history, which, in short, are historical?

The historian records events not to show his learning, not to minister to our empty curiosity, not to make us smile nor weep, not to entice our wills, not to do anything else than to show the sequence of moral causes and moral effects, taking place in the people or in the individual. The question is now answered. To put upon paper all those events, which occupy—may, fill up past time,—or rather all those which we can reach, is very much labour without very much profit; and is not, in fact, to write history. He is most truly a historian, who selects and gives to us those events which best hold to view the operation of moral causes; and, I add, most usefully a historian, when these causes are such as have most power over the nature of things. He may not be much of a fine writer: he may not draw touching and enticing pictures. He may not be much of a showman: he may not open a curiosity box, over which we may gape first with wonder and then with weariness. But never mind all this. He places facts upon the

tongue of the theorist, speaking in *ifs*—sufficient usefulness and therefore sufficient glory for any one person.

Perhaps it is not out of place to add that the usefulness of the historian does not stop here. To limit the usefulness of anything to its end, is a gross and yet not a very uncommon fallacy. The historian, while he meets the end of his calling, often excites praiseworthy and zealous ambition, and, carrying us a long distance away from home, excites new wants, and cures us of prejudice, of an extreme conservative spirit, and of unbefitting vanity. Although certain persons have always been fond of expressing old opinions, and attacking fixed beliefs, no one has ever said that history, properly written and properly read, is not of immense usefulness.

But I have not finished writing out the definition of history. We must clearly, and we can easily distinguish between the historian and the historiologist—the former recording events and doing nothing more: the latter explaining, generalising, using these events, being either politician, moralist, or something of the sort. The former often and very naturally usurps the office of the latter; and hence the frequent confounding the two. But history and historiology should not be brought under the same pen. And for saying this I can give more reasons than one, other reasons than the productiveness of divided labor. So much for the definition of history, and I hope that it is enough.

BENEDICITE.

I saw her move along the aisle—
The chancel lustres burned the while—
With bridal roses in her hair,
Oh! never seemed she half so fair.

A manly form stood by her side,
We knew him worthy such a bride:
And prayers went up to God above
To bless them with immortal love.

The vow was said. I know not yet
But some were filled with fond regret:
So much a part of us she seemed
To lose her quite we had not dreamed.

Like the 'fair Ines,' loved, caressed,
She went into the shining West,
And though one heart with joy flowed o'er,
Like her, she saddened many more.

Lady! though far from childhood's things
Thy gentle spirit folds its wings,
We offer now for him and thee
A tearful Benedicite!

Reflections Suggested by the Death and Character of Henry Clay.

BY W. J. TUCK, M. D., MEMPHIS, TENN.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Our illustrious orator and statesman is no more! The melancholy event which we have been so sadly anticipating for some months, has proved, alas! but too certain, and he who was the foremost man in all the nation, and first in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, now slumbers in the cold and icy embrace of death—leaving the whole country in mourning, a nation in tears!

We have received no particulars of his last moments, but we doubt not, from the information received from time to time, that his end was peaceful and happy. He has, for months past, expressed his cheerful resignation to that most solemn of all events which he knew was rapidly approaching, and daily evinced the most cheering hope of that immortal felicity reserved in Heaven for all those who truly trust in God and the atonement of the Saviour.

The death of so great and distinguished a citizen as Henry Clay, cannot fail to present many interesting and solemn associations to every reflecting mind. We are here most impressively taught that the great and the noble, as well as the humble and obscure, are alike subject to the same inexorable law, that pale death, with equal pace, knocks at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the prince—that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

and that,

"Death levels all things in his march,
Naught can resist his mighty strength,
The palace's proud, triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length."

How affectingly are we also reminded that our greatest and most illustrious statesmen, patriots and orators are rapidly following in the way of all flesh—men of whom it will be said, in future ages, "there were giants in those days." The renowned and chivalric son of South Carolina has but recently yielded to the inflexible decree; "the old man eloquent," the nation's noblest son, has followed rapidly in the wake, and solitary and alone of the unequalled trio, remains the "great expounder of the Constitution," whose advancing years admonish him that he too must soon leave the scene of his earthly tri-

umphs and glory and meet his renowned compatriots in the spirit land. When shall we look upon such forms again? Who shall rise up to fill their places, and shed upon their nation's name so much honor and glory and immortality?

We shall attempt no labored eulogy upon the character of Henry Clay. We should most signally fail to do justice to such a subject. Throughout the length and breadth of this great nation, the ablest writers and the ablest orators will delight to proclaim forth in tones of glowing and pathetic eloquence, the noble virtues and exalted patriotism of our departed statesman. Eloquent will they trace out his interesting and eventful history from his early and boyhood obscurity, to his proud and lofty position on the mountain height of glory and renown, which he so nobly won by his brilliant native genius, his bold and unequalled eloquence, his constant and untiring energy and industry, his ardent and self-sacrificing devotion to his country's welfare, and that broad and expansive philanthropy which has inseparably associated the name of Henry Clay and Liberty in every portion of our globe.

We shall only permit ourselves to linger for a few moments, upon two of the prominent and noblest traits of character in the history of this great and good man, 1st, that *patriotism* which led him to love his country's good and happiness above,—far above all earthly considerations; and, 2d, that *religion* which inculcated the love and veneration of his Great Creator, which was the crowning climax of all his excellence, which sanctified his brilliant fame, and gave to his closing career that peace and happiness which the "world can neither give or take away."

It has been correctly said by his biographers, that patriotism was the ruling, predominating trait in Mr. Clay's character. The sacred flame burned brightly in his bosom from the earliest dawn of manhood to the last moments of his existence. It has been shown forth in every act of his long and eventful public life. He was ever willing, if necessary, to sacrifice his own well-earned fame and reputation upon the altar of his country's welfare and glory. How often has it been said, and with truth, that he would rather be right, in acting for his country's wealth, than be President. When in the darkest and saddest moments of his existence, he was persecuted and villified and hunted down by his enemies with the most bitter and rancorous malignity, when even deserted by his friends and left almost alone, in the majestic solitude of his glory, he was never known to quail or falter for a moment, in the cause of his country's welfare—he was still the same bold and independent patriot, the same unyielding and unflinching hero,

"Unawed by power, unappalled by fear."

Like the brave and undaunted Leonidas,

"He alone
Remained unshaken. Rising he displays
His God-like presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly glory joined
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The unextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor and contempt of death,
Serene he rose and thus addressed the throng."

In one of his own eloquent speeches, he gives a most graphic and glowing description of that patriotism which he so warmly cherished, and in which every eye may behold a most striking and life-like portrait of this noble virtue as evinced in his own history. He says:

"The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which soaring towards Heaven, rises far above all mean and selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country—that *Patriotism which catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling and personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue—that is the noblest and sublimest of all public virtues.*"

Such was the patriotism of him whose loss has filled our nation with mourning. The faults—for all men have their frailties—will now be forgotten; even years before his death, his most bitter political opponents had forgotten their hatred, and spoke his name only in terms of veneration and respect; and now that death has thrown a sacred veil over his imperfections, his noble and unsurpassed public and private virtues will be cherished and remembered in the hearts of his countrymen—and "as blessings brighten as they take their flight," we have never so highly appreciated, as we shall now do, the immense and irreparable loss which we as a nation have sustained in the eternal departure from among us of one who has been the chief instrument of preserving and perpetuating our political union, peace and prosperity, and who has thrown a halo of lustre upon our nation which will be undimmed in all coming time.

We shall close this humble tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, by directing briefly the attention to that most excellent and admirable of all the traits in the character of our great statesman. With all his greatness and genius and eloquence and world-wide reputation, he combined

the character of a devout and humble christian. Like a truly wise man, he had discovered the vanity and nothingness of all mere earthly distinctions—like a genuine philosopher, he had correctly analyzed the great problem of human life and ascertained that after all, Religion was the "one thing needful," and that all else was "vanity and vexation of spirit." In earlier life, in the midst of numerous engagements and high political excitement, he had neglected this all-important subject, and sought for happiness in the honors, gratifications and distinctions of this world—but "honors, pleasures, wealth and fame" have always failed to fill that "aching void" which is felt in every human heart. How natural then that a wise man should reject all such broken cisterns, and drink from that fountain, from which if a man drink, he will never thirst. But at all periods of his life, Mr. Clay always entertained the highest veneration for religion before he practically embraced it. When in 1832, he moved a resolution to request the President to appoint and recommend a national fast on account of that terrible scourge, the Asiatic cholera, which was devastating the country, and when, very unexpectedly, Congress and the President opposed the resolution, Mr. Clay arose and remarked:

"I am a member of no religious sect, and I am no professor of religion. I regret that I am not. I wish that I was and trust that I shall be. I have always had a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages and observances. Among these, that which is proposed in this resolution has always commanded the respect of the good and devout, and I hope it will obtain the concurrence of the Senate." These words were nobly and eloquently spoken, and were a certain presage of the period when he who felt so profound a regard for religion would fully embrace it and enjoy its consolation. And now the scene of his earthly career closes. We have not as yet learned his last words. We doubt not they were spoken in praise of the God who had so much blessed him, and in devout prayer for the happiness and welfare of his beloved country, to whose service he had devoted his life and all his energies. We know that he constantly spoke of his approaching and certain dissolution with cheerfulness and christian hope; with the bright prospect of a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

"Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

What an important and excellent lesson does such a death with so great a man, convey to all, and especially to the politicians of our country.

What a noble and glorious testimony to the truth and saving power of the religion of the gospel! Will men doubt the sincerity and honesty of this great and good man in his last moments, when about to leave forever, this sublunary scene, and appear before the tribunal of his God? And will they doubt of the capacity of so capacious a mind to judge wisely of that system which he embraced as the only solace and hope of man when leaving this world, and entering upon the solemnities of eternity! What an appropriate and severe rebuke to those vain and miserable scoffers who make a jest of religion and regard it only as suitable to the weak-minded and superstitious!

But we have already too far protracted our reflections. We close by remarking, that our illustrious and christian statesman, though dead yet liveth. His happy and quenchless spirit shines in bright glory near the throne of his Creator; while he still lives, and will ever live, in the hearts of all true Americans.*

"Can that man be dead,
Whose *spiritual influence* is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his *speaking dust*
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

Sunday Night, July 4, 1852.

* The attributes of Mr. Clay's eloquence are thus graphically and beautifully described by Colton, his biographer:

"His person tall, erect and commanding; his countenance as well as his voice capable of expressing every feeling and passion of the human soul, pleasure, or pain, satisfaction or discontent, hope or fear, desire or aversion, complacency or contempt, love or hatred, joy or grief, ecstasy or anguish, kindness or cruelty, pity or revenge, resolution or despair; his large mouth and swollen upper lip, working quietly or in agony, as occasion requires; his eye resting in calmness, or beaming with lively emotion, or sparkling with strong feeling, or flashing with high passion, like the thunderbolt of Heaven in the darkness of the storm; his arms now hanging easy by his side—now outstretched, now uplifted, now waving with grace, or striking with the vehemence of passion; his finger pointing where his piercing thoughts direct; the easy, or quiet, or violent movements of his whole frame; the bending of his body forward, or sidewise, or backward; the downward or upward look; the composed, or suffused, or impassioned countenance; the watching, shifting glances, taking in the field of vision, and making each one feel that he is seen, and individually addressed; the theme, himself; his audience, his fame, his position on the subject of debate or under discussion; the respect and esteem in which he is held by them; his dignity, his courtesy, deference, his disinterestedness, his philanthropy, patriotism; all these, and many others that might be named are among the attributes of Mr. Clay's eloquence, and appertain to that accumulation and concentration of influences, which have given his popular harangues, his forensic efforts, his various public addresses, and his parliamentary speeches so much influence over the minds, the hearts and actions of his countrymen."

"I LEFT THE SOUTH BEHIND ME."

I left the South behind me
With all its golden bloom—
Its orange trees and locusts,
Its radiance and perfume.

I knew the red of sunset
Would still lie on the trees—
The winds roll organ-music
Still o'er the forest seas—

That every morn would glitter
Upon the dewy flowers,
And stillest moons—ah!—draw her
As once to woodland bowers—

But still I left behind me
The wealth of golden bloom—
How could I bear the sunlight
—The verdure, the perfume!

The flush of morn and evening
Brought only bitter tears—
She was no more my angel,
My dream of happy years:

My heart—how could she break it,
As she would break a flower,
In which no odor lingered,
The plaything of an hour.

It may have been that, careless,
She meant to give no pain—
I know not—but my heart's dream
Can never come again!

And so I left behind me
The wealth of golden bloom—
I could not bear the sunlight,
The radiance, the perfume!

L

CHARLES LAMB.

Considered as a man of genius, he was not in the very first rank, simply because his range was a contracted one: within that range he was perfect; of the peculiar powers which he possessed, he has left to the world as exquisite a specimen as this planet is likely to exhibit. But, as a *moral* being, in the total compass of his relations to the world's duties, in the largeness and diffusiveness of his charity, in the graciousness of his condescension to inferior intellects, I am disposed, after a deliberate review of my own entire experience, to pronounce him the best man, the nearest in his approaches to an ideal standard of excellence, that I have known or read of. In the mingled purity—a child-like purity—and the benignity of his nature, I again express my own deep feeling of the truth, when I say that he recalled to my mind the image and character of St. John the Evangelist—of him who was at once the beloved apostle, and also, more peculiarly, the apostle of love. Well and truly, therefore, did the poet say, in his beautiful lines upon this man's grave and memory—

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"

De Quincey.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.*

This is a valuable book. It had its origin in a scheme of the friends of the Christian religion connected with the University of Virginia, to secure the delivery of a series of lectures on the *Evidences of Christianity*, before the officers and Students of that institution. The strictly unsectarian character of the University, rendered it a problem of some delicacy, how the arrangements for the course could be made to comprehend the different branches of the Church, and avoid all appearance of sectarianism. After discussing several plans, it was finally determined that there should be a successive series of courses, to be delivered during successive years; that the whole number of lecturers in each course, should be chosen from the same Church; and that each Chaplain of the University for the time being, should make the successive arrangements, and superintend the publication of the lectures, if such a publication should be considered desirable. This will account for the apparently sectarian character of the work before us. All the lecturers in this case, are Ministers of the Presbyterian Church. The prefatory sketch in the volume, contains an account of the arrangement of the general plan, which will be satisfactory to all who are willing to be satisfied.

A book of this sort, containing the best efforts of some of the ablest Ministers of a great and intelligent Church, could not fail to exhibit a large collection of great and varied excellence. We took it up with expectations considerably raised, and we have laid it down with those expectations more than met. In the fifteen lectures in the volume before us, the reader will find, perhaps, as many varieties of excellence in the different rhetorical and logical elements of the series, as he will in any similar publication of the present day. All of them may be characterized as able, and many of them, as exhibiting a high order of ability in the different kinds of intellectual merits to which the taste and genius of the several authors led them to aspire. Some of them are glowing with brilliant declamation: some are suffused throughout the whole texture of the discussion with one deep hue of imaginative sentiment. Others are much more rigidly logical in their structure, and one of the most remarkable features of the volume is the immense variety of logical address exhibited by the different authors. In some, the argument proceeds with a brief and simple directness of inference.

the conclusion moving in a single narrow line from the premises. In others, the grasp of the premises is broader, and the detail of the argument becomes more complicated in its motion, and requires a larger amplitude of mind to concentrate it effectively upon an inference. In some, the ability displayed, is the ability of a discourser; in others, of a debater; while the great lecture of the volume exhibits a combination of qualities of a degree of excellence not seen often in the literature of an age. With regard to the mechanical execution of the work, it is well printed and badly bound: it is gotten up after the usual flimsy style of modern binding, and threatens to return the purchaser to the bookstores much quicker than there is any reason for, except in the interest of the seller. Each lecture, except two, is preceded by an engraving of the author.

This book is a most seasonable publication. It was needed. The tendencies of all the various influences in the intellectual and social pursuits of modern times, are decidedly skeptical. The rapid increase of wealth and luxury naturally tends to soften and effeminate the mind, and render it impatient of all severe and solemn ideas. The prodigious activity of intellectual exertions, the vigilance with which old ideas are taken up and passed under the most rigid analysis, add largely to the skeptical inclination of the day. The popular literature of the times, in all its branches, criticism, poetry, metaphysics, social reform, is almost universally tinctured with it. The investigations of modern science have given immense acceleration to the movement, and the moral ideas of equality which so extensively pervade the political doctrines of many modern philosophers and reformers of society, growing morbid in the heated imaginations of unwise men, are utterly at war with the principles of the gospel. It would be a profitable speculation to trace the causes and the effects of these complicated influences, and display the logical connection which establishes their utter incompatibility with the moral ideas and the doctrines of the Bible. It is easy to explain the tendency of modern literary pursuits to produce infidelity, by the refining power of letters on the imagination and the sensibilities, unaccompanied by any corresponding purification of the spiritual vision, to behold the true nature of sin. It is easy to see why the social reforms of modern times are so powerfully tinctured with skepticism, when we remember that contact with the miseries and vices of the outcast, has no necessary tendency to open the understanding to the real guilt of these lost wretches. It is difficult for the eager benevolence of a modern reformer to stand among the cells of a parish poorhouse, and amid the squalor and wretchedness around him, recognize

*LECTURES ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. Delivered at the University of Virginia, during the session of 1850-'51. New York. Robert Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. pp. 606.

the guilt and condemnation of every solitary soul in the ghastly company, under the just wrath of God. All the indignant speculators upon the iniquities of political injustice, are rather disposed to console themselves with the idea that the oppressed in this world will necessarily receive a recompense in the world to come. These vague and general ideas, which would not bear expression in the face of a christian community, secretly exist widely in the minds of many nominal accreditors of the gospel, and lay the foundation for the most inveterate hostility to its claims. But there is no alteration in the stern and significant doctrines of the Bible, to suit the deranging views of the age. The declaration still stands the *whole world is guilty : there is none that doeth good ; no, not one*. The menace is still glittering amid the gloom and terror of the divine anger, *the soul that sinneth it shall die*. To these and all similar truths, the natural pride and passions of human nature will always object, and these truths will always animate and intensify the contest to overthrow the evidences of Christianity. Whatever causes tend to increase these natural aversions of human nature to these threatening facts, will necessarily increase the eagerness to destroy the system of religion which supports them. From these facts, imperfectly stated from the signs of the times, we shall not risk much in asserting that the great contest of the church with infidelity is by no means at an end. It may be that the severest and most prolonged contest it has ever yet maintained, is just about to open. It is therefore the duty of all who accept the Christian revelation as true, to prepare for the conflict, and this is the great reason why we are so much gratified at the appearance of this able and effective discussion of the evidences of Christianity. It is an index to the infidel that the gospel has not yet lost its power over the intelligence and impartiality of the human understanding. It warns him that the power of this great system of religion is still as fresh and vigorous as ever. It tells him he is to expect no holiday task in his assaults upon the gospel of Jesus Christ. It tells him he comes to apply the torch to no hoary and trembling superstition, with the winds of popular contempt whistling along its decaying aisles, and overturning the dishonored altar of a once successful, but now detected fraud. It tells him that he approaches a fortress strong in the unabated strength of granite and brass, manned by resolute and disciplined troops, and bearing, graven on its castellated front, the great promise of the Master, *the gates of hell shall not prevail against it*. We rejoice to hear a note of defiance so cheerful and so strong, sounding from the battlements, in the able volume upon our table.

The first lecture of the series was delivered by the celebrated Dr. William S. Plumer, on *Man's Responsibility for his Belief*. The subject was admirably selected as the first of the course, and we are sorry to say we are less satisfied with the discussion, than with any other portion of the series. Dr. Plumer is unquestionably the ablest and most effective preacher of the whole group of lecturers. His tall and commanding person, the glance of his stern and serious eye, the energy of his action, and the overwhelming power of his enthusiasm, when thoroughly excited, render him one of the most effective orators this State has ever given to the pulpit or the public forum. But separate the magic of his oratory from the substance of his remarks, and the reader will experience what the reader of a still more celebrated preacher invariably feels. Neither Chalmers nor Plumer will ever retain their contemporary reputation for pulpit abilities, upon their printed discourses. Neither of them say foolish or unimportant things; there is always good sense, shrewdness and practicality in their remarks; but the printed sermon bears but little of the grandeur and thrilling power of its spoken delivery. The lecture before us is full of the characteristic marks of its author: clear, concrete, full of appeals to simple fact, innocent of every tincture of abstract ideas, terse even to bluntness, and plain, even to roughness, we have not the smallest doubt, that uttered in all the majesty and dramatic power of the speaker, it was decidedly the most immediately effective of all these addresses at the time of delivery: but we question whether it will answer as a satisfactory discussion of the subject. It will be satisfactory to all who are already disposed to accept the doctrine of the lecture; but we question whether it would ever affect the views of a skeptic of keen and practised metaphysical acumen, who hates the idea of responsibility, and who is determined to pick a flaw in any argument designed to give such startling importance to his speculative opinions. Dr. Plumer tells him if he takes arsenic he must die, no matter how sincerely he may have believed it was calomel: that he will not be helped out of a pond, no matter how honestly he may have been convinced that the ice would support him; and if the Christian religion be true, he will not escape the danger incurred by neglecting it, no matter how honestly he may have questioned its truth. This is perfectly true as to the *fact*; but the fact does not distinctly imply the proper kind of responsibility to which man is held for his religious opinions. A man may take arsenic by *mistake* as well as by *design*; but the death which overtakes him in both cases is, in the one, his *misfortune*, in the other, his *fault*: in the one case he

is to be pitied, and in the other to be *blamed*. Now, the infidel may easily turn the flank of the analogy proposed by the lecture, by admitting that he would fall under the calamities foretold, if the gospel be actually true, and asserting that he *would not be* responsible for his loss, since his loss would then be his *misfortune*, and not his *fault*. Nor is there anything in the simple fact stated in the analogy, to discriminate between a *misfortune* and a *fault*, and let us know in any particular instance, whether a man perished by his own fault, or by reason of causes for which he was not properly answerable. This fact of inevitable ruin is valuable to drive the mind to a thorough and honest inquiry after truth, since it implies that our views must be naturally correct, as well as honestly entertained, to be really serviceable to our happiness. This is the true value of the fact; but it is not valuable in determining the question of man's proper moral responsibility for his views, simply because it does not discriminate between what constitutes a moral responsibility, and what merely subjects a man to the results of certain causes. If the infidel allows that he may perish by misfortune, he does by the very terms of the admission, exonerate himself from all responsibility for it. On the contrary, if it can be shown that he is properly responsible in a *moral* as well as a *physical* sense, for his own loss, the whole aspect of the case is altered, both in regard to its moral character, and the ultimate results which it will produce. We shall endeavor to state very briefly, the true principles upon which man is held to a just responsibility for his opinions.

The responsibility of man is a fact which is asserted by his own consciousness. There is in the nature of man, a sense of right and wrong, and whoever transgresses this sense of duty, necessarily experiences a sensation of disapprobation in his own feelings, which demonstrates his responsibility. Now the great component elements of responsibility, whether for opinions or practices, are an *obligation* covering the case, and *freedom to act under this obligation*. No man can be held responsible for not doing what he was under no obligation to do, or for believing what he was under no obligation to believe. Admitting an obligation to exist, any interference with the freedom of his action in meeting the obligation, does, just to the extent of that interference, relax the obligation itself. From this, we conclude that no man is morally responsible for anything, whether opinions or actions, in which his voluntary powers are not called into play. It is the *will alone*, the *moral power* of the soul alone, that gives a *moral complexion* to any act of the *mind or body*. There may be acts of the mind as well as acts of the body, which have

no particular moral character in themselves. But these acts, indifferent in themselves, become right or wrong, from the influence of the *will*, the *motive*, the *moral nature* of the agent in doing them, and the *degree* of good or evil in them, will be measured by the degree of good or evil in the cause of its moral complexion. The *will* must exert itself upon an opinion or an action, before it can possess any proper moral character, so far as relates to the agent himself. He may be *legally* responsible for what his own will did not originate or agree to; or he may be involved in the consequences of the acts of another for which he was neither legally or morally responsible. But no man can be held *morally* responsible, except for the acts of his own *moral* nature. Ignorance, unless it is voluntary, does not involve moral guilt; the absence of this voluntary influence makes it simple *mistake*. It will make no difference as to the *fact* of moral character, although it will make a difference in the *degree* of that moral complexion, whether this influence of the will shall *precede*, or *attend*, or *follow* the formation of an opinion. If the individual has a *will about* it; if, while he either admits or denies a thing, he has a *like or dislike* to it, he will be morally responsible for his views, just to the extent in which his will is concerned in it, and will deserve respect or the contrary, just in proportion to the purity or impurity of the moral feeling with which he has tintured his opinions. This influence of the *will* may *precede* the opinion, just as a man may refuse to allow the good qualities of another, because he dislikes him. The prejudice of feeling in this case is directly concerned in producing an unfavorable estimate of the real qualities of the individual. Or this influence of the will may attend the formation of an opinion, or it may follow it; but in whatever direction it may come, or by whatever cause it may be produced, the existence of this *moral feeling* or influence concerned in our opinions, thoroughly establishes our proper responsibility for them. From all this, we conclude that *whenever the mind is in any sense or shape influenced or susceptible of influence by the will in the reception of truth, then the responsibility of man for his belief is fully proportioned to the degree in which the voluntary powers of the soul are concerned in the formation of that belief*.

Let us return now to the other great element of human responsibility. Man cannot be responsible for his belief, unless he is under some obligation to believe, and no man is under *any obligation to believe a thing unless there is evidence enough to prove it*. If there be such a sufficiency of evidence, it is clear that his unbelief is not the result of a physical incapacity of faith arising from the lack of evidence, but from the influence

of other causes acting on his moral nature. If there be not a sufficiency of evidence, he is still bound to give the subject an impartial investigation to ascertain that fact. If he fail to investigate, he fails to learn that there is a deficiency of evidence, and cannot base his rejection of the doctrine upon such a deficiency. He rejects it, therefore, on other grounds, which are not sufficient to justify that rejection, and stands convicted of dishonesty in holding his opinions. Allowing these opinions to be substantially true, he is yet guilty of being right by mistake and of getting right by a dishonest evasion of evidence. But while it is true that no man is bound to believe anything that cannot be proved to be true, it is also unquestionable that *his voluntary powers* may be most intensely concerned in relation to the evidence. Not only is man not bound to receive anything as true, without a sufficiency of evidence, but the mind is so constituted that it cannot receive anything as true, unless upon some kind and some degree of evidence. Faith must undoubtedly be controlled by the evidence before the mind. No effort of the will can make a mind inquiring for the truth, believe a thing to be true, for which there is no evidence. Nor can we avoid giving credit to a thing, however *unwilling* we may be to accept it, if the evidence to prove it is decisive. This power of evidence to force a conviction over the struggles of the will, is the ground upon which it is claimed, that man is not responsible for his belief, *that it is altogether controlled by the evidence, and not subject to his will*. This takes it for granted that man is not responsible for anything but which is absolutely under the unlimited control of his will. But this is by no means true. Man is responsible for the acts of his will, no matter whether those acts of the will are absolute and controlling or not. Just so far as his will is employed, he is responsible, and no farther. If his will merely resist, the admission of a truth, and his assent is yielded reluctantly and bitterly, he is obviously responsible just to the extent of that reluctance. If his will can so control his estimate of the evidence; if his prejudices are so powerful as to render him incapable of an impartial judgment upon the testimony, his responsibility is obvious. If the mind yields bitterly to the force of overwhelming evidence, it is obviously responsible for the moral feeling by which its resistance was prompted. *No matter what may be the peculiar nature of the act of the will in any particular case, man is responsible just according to the nature of that act*. Indeed, the opinion that man is not responsible for his belief, takes it for granted that feeling and prejudice have nothing to do with the formation of opinion. But this is contrary to the universal testi-

mony of history and experience. The idea of man's responsibility for his belief, is a principle that underlies the whole structure of society. It is the principle which requires the absence of all personal interest in causes coming before the public officers of justice. It is a principle which pervades our estimate of human character in every walk of life. We never fail to denounce a judge whose judgment is perverted by his passions. We never fail to disapprove the moral character of a man who forms all his views of men and things, simply from his prejudices, without waiting or caring for an honest investigation. The truth is, by far the greater portion of the opinions of all men, is formed more from simple suggestions of feeling, than from a consultation of facts. It is absolutely impossible to prevent the contact of the *will* of man, with the evidence or the opinions presented to his understanding. The moral nature of man will keep step with the motions of his mental nature. If the mind acts at all, the very nature of action implies activity and exertion. If it act at all, it must act either right or wrong. Thus the influence of the will is found to affect our views of the evidence, by presenting a perfectly impartial view of the testimony, or by so resisting or adding to the evidence, as to give it undue preponderance, or deprive it of its just consideration, according as the prejudice of the heart is for or against the subject of the evidence. There is another distinct mode in which the voluntary powers of the soul will be called into play by the evidence of a case. The *nature* of certain kinds of evidence, necessarily imposes a responsibility upon the mind. There are various kinds of evidence: some intrinsic or self-evidence; others circumstantial; and others again, require the active exertion of the mind to perceive their force. The evidences of christianity are not analogous to the evidences of the existence of the sun—an evidence acting by a physical necessity, and impressing conviction without any exertion of the mind. They are similar to the evidences of the higher mathematics or the evidence of any historical fact, which require an exertion of the mind to grasp them. Now, in making this exertion, the voluntary powers of the mind are called into play, and responsibility inevitably ensues. The sum of the whole is this: man is not morally responsible, except for the acts of his moral nature; but as it is impossible to prevent the action of his moral nature along with every exertion of his active powers, it is absurd to talk of releasing man from his responsibility for his belief. Until we can release man from responsibility for the influence and acts of his will, we must allow his responsibility for everything in which the will is concerned, and conse-

quently for his opinions. To admit the responsibility of man at all, and deny it, for his opinions, is absurd; for it admits man to be accountable, yet denies it in one grand department of his nature; yea, in the very spring and source of the acts for which his responsibility is acknowledged. He is responsible in the formation of his opinions, in their indulgence, and in their results. If an opinion springs into his mind from the bias of his heart, he is responsible. If any truth is presented to his understanding, and he refuses to consider it, he is responsible. If any truth is forced upon him, and he dislikes it, he is responsible. Or if his mind, under any aspect of the truth as presented to it, is imbued with any kind or degree of moral feeling about it, he is responsible for the same, and entitled to respect or contempt, according to the purity or impurity, the strength or the weakness of that feeling.

If Dr. Plumer had only interpreted his facts, generalized them into propositions, or distilled them to a principle, his lecture would have been far more effective over the class of minds for which it was intended. The classes who would be satisfied with the lecture as it is, have really no need of it; while those who really need it, will not be content with the incomplete state of the argument. The argument is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The lecture is not untrue, but incomplete in its statement of the argument.

The lecture next in succession, is very different, both in structure and in style, from the one just noticed. It is decidedly the ablest discussion of the whole series, with a single exception. Mr. Van Zandt's subject is the *Necessity of a Revelation*. He has discussed it with a most masterly ability, and arranged the results of his strong and patient thought in a style of very considerable merit. The first part of the lecture is devoted to the discussion of the true nature and value of the argument drawn from the alleged necessity for a revelation. In this portion of the argument, the most consummate powers of analysis and construction, are displayed. The whole argument from the necessity of a revelation, has been depreciated by at least one of the greatest minds of modern times, from a mistaken view of the true nature of the argument, admitting it to be valid. Dr. Chalmers could see but little force in the plea for the Bible as a revelation from God, on the general ground of necessity for such a revelation, because admitting this necessity, it did by no means follow that the Bible was the revelation, whose necessity was admitted. He preferred, therefore, a direct approach to the question, *is the Bible a Revelation?* holding that the actual fact, if it could be established, would establish its own necessity. He sought to establish the necessity by proving the

fact; while the opposing parties claim to establish a *presumption to the fact*, by means of a *prior demonstration of its necessity*. The objection of Dr. Chalmers to the plea from a necessity, is only justified upon the supposition that the argument was a *presumptive* argument. But such is not the case; it does not claim to be more than a mere presumption. But the presumption if it can be established, is valuable, as it throws the burden of proof upon the infidel ranks, to the extent of the presumption, and places the question in such a position, that if the Bible is found to answer these necessities of the case, which prove the necessity for a revelation, then the claims of the Bible are established as that revelation which was needed. In thus stating the true nature of the argument, and vindicating its real force, by putting it in its proper position, the lecturer has rendered a really valuable service to the support of the Christian faith.

In conducting the discussion on the direct question of the necessity of a revelation, Mr. Van Zandt has not given sufficient prominence, perhaps, to one very significant fact; this is the absolute impossibility of separating the teachings of the Bible from the lessons of reason in modern speculations on the subject. He has seen the fact, and used it with effect in his argument; but we think it possesses a force, absolutely conclusive, against the infidel position in this part of the question. The question is not what reason can prove to be true, after it has been told of it; but what it can discover without being told. This is the exact state of the question, and the statement of it, makes it evident that it is impossible at this time to separate between the two, and ascertain what reason could discover without the Bible, and what it can prove within the advantage of its statement. Admitting it to be possible that the infidel could expel every trace of the influence of the Bible from his mind, in forming his theory, it would be impossible for him to establish the fact of the completeness of that expurgation, and the argument would fail for want of sufficient authentication and certainty. But it is absolutely impossible for a modern infidel to expurgate all the influences of revealed truth from his mind. It is impossible for him to say how much he is indebted to the Bible or not, for his premises or his conclusion. He can, therefore, no longer fairly appeal to what reason can do, independently of revelation. It is inadmissible for a modern infidel to deny the necessity of revelation, on account of the power of reason. He may assert in vain what reason can prove, unless he can establish what reason can discover, and clearly trace a distinction between reason alone, and reason influenced by the statements of the Bible. If the Christian should bring

an argument into the controversy, branded with such an objection, no infidel would allow its validity: but the rule is as good against him as for him, and his plea against revelation on account of the boasted achievements of reason, is ruled out on the ground of its indistinctness and its unsusceptibility of definite discrimination upon its real force. It is impossible to get the question of the real power of reason uninfluenced by revelation fairly before us at any other bar than the porches of the ancient speculators of Greece. Even there the question is not free from objections, arising from the influence of tradition upon the theories of those great heathen philosophers. But no where else can it be at all admissible, even as a matter of debate. To get a full idea then of the capacity of reason to determine the great questions of religious speculation, we must go back to the grand old thinkers of heathen Greece. It seems to us that no man can read these singular compounds of weakness and strength, darkness and light, and estimate the conscious uncertainty which attends the boldest assertions of their remarkable authors, without being satisfied that reason can only create presumptions at best, where absolute certainty alone can be of use to the happiness of man. The cause of it is obvious: the great things which lie beyond the vale of sense, are *simple matters of fact*, which can only be determined by testimony from within the mysterious bourn. Thus we may presume, from the fact of our existence now, that we will exist hereafter; but it is only a presumption: the fact can only be made certain by a definite statement from a competent witness, cognizant of the actual state of affairs. In other words, by a revelation from God himself.

The discussion of the whole subject by Mr. Van Zandt, is very happily conceived. The lecture is really a master-piece of quiet, meditative analysis. The argument ought to be, and will be, not merely satisfactory, but conclusive, to all candid and competent judges.

The lecture of Dr. Ruffner, on Miracles, is a clear and forcible presentation of the usual views of the subject, undistinguished by any preëminent ability, but fully in keeping with the reputation of the author. But we are sorry to be compelled to dissent entirely, both from the truth of the following paragraph, and the prudence of publishing it in a volume, so likely to last as the lectures before us. We are sure there must have been some mistake or negligence concerned in the composition of sentiments, so singular as the following:

"Men may publish doctrines that are sublime, pure, benevolent, and fully approved by the reason and conscience of mankind; yet, however, they may appear worthy to have emanated from

Heaven, they may still be the product of merely human wisdom. Whatever the human mind is capable of receiving by revelation from God, it may also, by possibility, originate, by the exercise of its own powers. Divine revelation, though flowing from an infinite source, is necessarily limited to the capacity of the recipient. In God and in his works, are depths of wisdom, reaching infinitely beyond all the profundities of human thought. The human mind seems indeed to have an indefinite range of thought; it can form combinations innumerable of those elements of thought, which it derives from sense and reason. But it can form no conception of anything beyond the informations of sense and the suggestions of reason. Therefore, while human nature remains unchanged, the Spirit of God can reveal nothing to the spirit of man, but what is already within the natural range of human conception, and intrinsically undistinguishable from the natural products of the mind. Many a poor enthusiast has mistaken the ardor of his feelings and the vividness of his conceptions, for the inspiration of God. Without an external sign from God, no man certainly can distinguish a Divine revelation from what is purely human; for revelation is necessarily so humanized in passing through a human medium, that nothing indicating its Divine origin, remains distinctly impressed upon it. As external evidence is necessary to distinguish general history from ingeniously wrought fictions, so without the criterion of miracles, we might confound the revelations of the Holy Spirit, with the dreams of the enthusiast and the inventions of the impostor."^{*}

It is certainly a most singular statement, that whatever the human mind is capable of receiving by revelation from God, it is capable of originating by the exercise of its own powers. If this be true, we really do not see that there is any necessity for a revelation at all. If this be true, we do not see how there can be any such thing as a mystery in religion. There is one sense in which a divine revelation must be limited to the capacity of the recipient, and there is another, in which this is not true. The mind is perfectly capable of accepting as true, many things which it cannot comprehend. We may easily accept the fact that the will has power over certain muscles of the body, yet we may not be able to understand the mode in which this power actually operates. A thousand illustrations of this assertion will occur on the slightest reflection. Now it is true, the mind must be able to understand *a statement of a thing* before it can receive it as true, and in this sense, divine revelation must be limited to the capacity of the recipient. But it is a very different thing to understand fully *the thing which is stated*; in this sense, the assertion is not true. It may be impossible for the human mind to form any conception of the Eternity, or the triune constitution of the

^{*} Lecture, pp. 61—62.

Deity; yet it is perfectly competent for the mind to accept the statement of the fact, that there is a Trinity, on the authority of a competent witness. Indeed, there seems to be a perpetual confusion in the whole paragraph. In one place, it confounds our ability to form definite conceptions of a thing, with our capacity of accepting it as true. In another, it confounds our ability to discover a thing, with our capacity to accept it on competent authority. One sentence seems to surrender all the ground claimed by the deist, by allowing the full competency of natural reason. Others seem to give up all that has ever been asked by those who objected to the mysteries of the gospel. Another destroys one great branch of the Internal Evidence of Christianity, by denying that the revelation, after passing through a human medium, retains any thing distinguishably above the capacities of the human mind. We regret this, extremely; for we have no idea in the world that Dr. Ruffner really meant to convey the ideas so unfortunately conveyed by his language, and the paragraph will give an occasion of exulting remark to all those errorists who have so long contested those points with the friends of Christianity. If he merely meant to say that man must be able to understand what God says, the remark is true in one sense; it would not answer the purpose of a revelation for God to speak in an unknown tongue. If this is all he meant, the idea was not worth the risk of so serious a misunderstanding as it was easily capable of receiving. But if it meant that man must be able to understand all that God actually declares to be true, we must protest in the name of all sound reason, and all sound theology, together. If this be true, there must be a change in the substance of a truth, with every different understanding to which it is presented, and what is intrinsic truth to a strong, clear mind, becomes false and absurd, as soon as it is presented to any mind incapable of understanding it. While we acquit Dr. Ruffner of all intention to convey such impressions, we must be permitted to regret that his language should have been so unguarded as to be not only readily susceptible of such a construction, but as to actually suggest it with a force well nigh irresistible.

In commenting upon the paragraph quoted from this lecture, we have left ourselves but little space to devote to the real value of the argument from the miracles of Christ. This branch of the great subject of the Christian Evidences must ever be an impregnable barrier against all the attempts of infidelity. It contains in a peculiar degree the great characteristic of the gospel as a system of facts. Jesus Christ is said to have done certain miraculous works, and the whole question is determined, when it is settled

that he actually did do what is alleged to have been done. If he did not do them, then nobody is bound to believe that he did. If he did do them, then all are bound not only to accept the gospel as true, but to comply with all its requisitions. Now the question simply is, can these facts be proved? If they cannot be proved, nobody is bound to believe either them or the system of religion built upon them. Is it possible to prove them? Mr. Hume says, No, because it is much more likely the witnesses should lie, than that the miracle should have occurred. This is very true: it is much more likely that witnesses should lie, than that a miracle should occur; and the whole question left for discussion is the question, *did they actually lie?* The whole question then, as a question of evidence, is reduced to a question of the credibility of the witnesses; a question which Hume must admit to be entirely susceptible of proof. The whole point is simply a question of fact. If the facts can be actually proved, then it makes no difference how much philosophers may argue against the possibility of the event. If the facts cannot be proved, then no one is bound to believe them, and the question is at an end. Hume's argument can only hold on a single supposition; a miracle is unsusceptible of proof only on the hypothesis that it is an *impossibility*, a thing *beyond the power of God*. If it be allowed to be possible, then the whole argument again returns to a simple question of fact. God is able, or he is not able, to work a miracle. If he is not able the debate is at an end. If he is able, the question whether *he will work one*, can only be determined by an expression of his will; and the question whether *he has actually worked one*, is a plain question of fact to be determined in the usual way. Anything that is possible, is susceptible of proof. We say then very quietly to all skeptics, if these facts cannot be proved, you are not bound to believe them, and we refer you to the testimony. If they are true, then you are as much bound as any body else to examine the testimony and accept the facts. We recommend you to a diligent and impartial examination of the appropriate proofs in this part of the subject. We could simply put you on your guard against the influences of your prejudices in judging of the testimony. No man ever found any difficulty in accepting the gospel, who was really willing to accept it as true.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon the merits and demerits of the entire series of articles before us. The lecture of Dr. McGill is a rather unique discussion of the prophetic testimony of the Scriptures. It does not pretend to enter into specific detail, placing prophecy and fulfilment side by side, so as to destroy the possibility of doubt. The world has yet to see an

argument on this great subject worthy of the tremendous power of its bearing on the question of the divine origin of the gospel. Nor will the formation of such an argument require less than the most consummate powers of analysis and combination, a learning comprehensive of the history of all ages, and a patience of research which cannot be exhausted. It is certain that the argument before us has not even begun to approach such a discussion. Easy, graceful, imaginative, skilful in the extreme, and as affected as it is everything else put together, the lecture is really a masterpiece of elegant and imaginative theological coxcombry. It is chiefly valuable for the list of characteristics required in every genuine prophecy.

The sketch of the character of Christ, by Dr. James W. Alexander, is a pleasant and rather graceful piece of chit-chat. The article of Dr. Sampson is a plain and labored article, full of ripe scholarship, and indicating a maturity of information on the subject which speaks in the highest terms of the efficiency of the theological school to which he is attached, and the ability of its teachers. The articles of Messrs. Moore, Hoge, Miller, Smith, Green, Robinson and Rice are filled with varied and valuable thought. There are some very fine specimens of declamation in Mr. Hoge's lecture. Mr. Miller's article is the most singular in the book, and affords a capital exemplification of the closeness with which the sublime and ridiculous are associated. It is almost impossible to understand it; this must be admitted; but at the same time this must be ascribed to the nature of the subject, and not by any means to the lack of ability in the lecturer. No one but a man of keen and vigorous understanding could have constructed this unique and Gothic structure out of the mists and clouds of German metaphysics. Mr. Robinson's article in particular is extremely able; it stands third in the series for ability. The logic is the broad and massive weapon of a debater, and the rapid flow of the style indicates a popular orator, accustomed to the extemporaneous efforts of popular assemblies. His subject is the Difficulties of Infidelity, and the rapid, yet weighty movement of the logic is enlivened all through with the pathos, the wit, and the glowing fancy of one able to touch the hearts, as well as to command the intellects of men. It seems to us that this peculiar mode of defending the gospel by a positive movement on the camp of the enemy might be made irresistibly effective. It is a new and thoroughly warranted method of proceeding, and one which promises rich laurels to the successful achiever of the adventure, as is abundantly shown in the foray of Mr. Robinson. The system of infidelity—if the term system will submit to the

the completeness with which such a supposition accounts for the idea, and by showing how progressively inadequate to explain its origin are the successive suppositions ranging down from revealed and natural religion, to the entire negation of all religious ideas in Atheism. A brief series of remarks introduces and dismisses the question of the authenticity and uncorrupted preservation of the books of the Old and New Testaments. Then follow in the two successive paragraphs, a set of vigorous discriminations between certain ideas commonly confounded by writers on the authority, inspiration and revelation of the sacred books. The closing division of the introduction displays the ground of the duty he was about to perform, and announcing the subject of his remarks, with a few allusions to the method of treatment he had adopted, he proceeds immediately to the discussion. The first paragraph of the lecture proper, is so fine a specimen of the various kinds of merit that unite in this most singular specimen of intellectual effort, that we cannot withhold it from the reader. It is designed to exhibit the influence of the *internal evidence* of the Scriptures, upon the existence of God; a question which has hitherto been claimed by the infidel and given up by the Christian, as a *preliminary* question, necessary to be settled before approaching the question of the divine authority of the Bible. It did certainly seem reasonable that we should prove *there was a God*, before we undertook to prove that he had spoken to man. The whole controversy was checked at the outset by this specious demand. The infidel vaped extensively over the absurdity of attempting to prove to him that God had spoken, before he admitted there was a God at all, or admitting there was, before it was allowed that he *could* speak to man. But we imagine this plausibility will appear no more in the great conflict of the gospel with infidel hostility.

"1. They tell us on the threshold, that it is not competent for us to prove that God has spoken to us—much less to prove this by any considerations connected with the message itself—until we have first proved that God exists; and moreover that we must prove this latter point, not only previously to, but independently of, the former. I could have wished that a separate lecture on the being and attributes of God, had formed a part of this course; not only as by this means greater completeness would have been given to the whole; but especially because, in our day, there is a growing infidelity, much of which wickedly baptizes itself into the name of Christ, the fundamental error of which attacks the separate, personal existence of God. As there is none, I may the more properly clear this particular objection—though avoiding, as I needs must, the general argument. To that end, suppose I were to make the same challenge to an argument designed to prove from the work of creation, that

the universe has a divine author: and demand that the existence of God be first and indefinitely proved—before any one shall attempt to prove, that all created things are his handy-work? Suppose again, I should interpose a similar challenge, to an argument purporting to prove the existence of God, as the ruler of the universe—or the judge and final rewarder of men, or their merciful benefactor—either from considerations from the general order of nature, or the universal course of Providence, or the adaptation of man to the universe? Is it not obvious that the objection applies in the same manner, and nearly to the same extent, in one case as in another? They first deny that we can prove the existence of God, by any argument *a priori*. Independently of that, there is his work within us; and this also they deny. Independently of these two, there is no way in which we can know anything of God, except by the external manifestations he makes of himself. If he had made but one kind of external manifestation of himself—that would be a way, whether of works, or providence, or word, to know him: but if he makes many external manifestations of himself, each is a way as real as any other, and to those capable of comprehending it, as conclusive, both that he is and what he is. It might just as well be said that the course of providence affords no proof of the being of God, but only an elucidation of his character, after his being had been previously and independently proved. And the same thing might be said of the works of God. We have no more idea—perhaps not so much—how God ought to make a world, or how he ought to govern it—than how he ought to speak to it. In this case, therefore, the word of God may be as real and as legitimate a source of proof of his existence, as either his works or his providence can be: since it is just as certain that if God has spoken, there is a God, as it is, that if God creates, or God rules, there is a God: and it cannot be pretended that it is more difficult to deduce anything whatever concerning God, from a full revelation of himself by words, than by works, or by providence. It is very manifest that a demand that we shall prove the existence of God, previous to and independent of any particular manifestation of himself—might be made with equal propriety of every successive and every conceivable manifestation of himself: the end of which is, that in proving God's existence, we must be deprived of all the manifestations of that existence—that is, in effect, of all the sources of knowledge of his existence—until that existence itself is first proved. This is a round-about, and very silly way to atheism. For let it be considered, that so far as we are concerned, it is the very same thing to say, there is no God at all, as to say God has made no manifestation of himself to us. And again, upon the supposition of our own intelligent existence, which cannot well be denied, it is impossible for us to conceive, that God should not manifest himself to us, if he exists at all: since we know nothing more certainly than that activity is an attribute of all existence that rises above the condition of inert matter; and that it becomes more intense, more exalted and more comprehensive, with the increasing dignity and power of the existence itself: so that the non-manifestation to

intelligent existences, of an infinite, almighty, and all-pervading activity, is an inconceivable absurdity. And still further, upon the supposition of our having any certain knowledge of anything whatever, which cannot well be denied; the probability at once becomes violent in favor of the existence and by consequence the manifestation of God. For the most certain thing to us, is that we do not individually occupy the entire universe—and that exterior to ourself there is much beside and independent of us. It is impossible, in the nature of the case, for us to know that in that universe exterior to us, one of the things may not be God; so that the non-existence of God is a proposition which, even if it were true, is wholly incapable of being proved. In such a state of the question—even supposing the probabilities to be capable of being exactly balanced—when considered *a priori*, which is by no means the case—the very slightest presumption which could arise in favor of that which may be proved, at once inclines the scale against that which in its own nature cannot be proved. And therefore, as there is an utter impossibility of proving the non-existence of God, and very many methods of rendering the fact of his existence probable, there would, in the case supposed, arise immediately the violent probability already stated. For the purposes of the present argument, therefore, there is manifestly no such necessity as that which is so constantly urged by infidels, and so generally conceded by Christians: a demand on one side, and a confession on the other, equally absurd, and in their result atheistical. For let it be supposed, there is a God:—then the question would be, is this his word? Or let it be supposed for the moment undetermined whether there is a God or not:—then the question would be in such a position that any proof that this is the word of a God, would in like manner prove that there must be a God. Either way, the question remains the same—do these Scriptures commend themselves to us as a revelation from an infinite, eternal, and unchangeable being? If they do not, there may still be such a being. If they do, there must of necessity, so far as we are concerned, be such a being.”*

This is certainly one of the most notable specimens of original and convincing discrimination upon ideas long admitted to be unsusceptible of division that has ever appeared. It presents, in a prominent view, many of the high qualities of the lecturer at a single glance. The watchfulness with which he refuses to pass even the oldest and most familiar landmarks of the controversy without notice, exposes a most uncommon quality of his mind. This is the fierce vigilance with which his mind seems to sweep the entire range of any subject on which he is employed. Not only is he busy in pushing rapidly forward the main body of his argument, but it seems as if his mind were playing at the same time with supernatural activity across every relative idea, and every possible relation of each idea, not merely with the main subject, but with every c g-

* Lectures, pp. 327—330.

nate subject. There seems to be a species of side glance always flashing round on either side of the argument with an energy almost savage. This perpetual recognition of the minor relations of his thoughts to each other, or to other things as well as to his argument, would be a ruinous process to a dialectician less thoroughly master of himself and his logical weapons than Dr. Breckinridge. It would embarrass the general argument at every step of its progress, and perhaps strip it of its legitimate effect on the final issue, by detaining the attention upon the minor relations of the thought, to the exclusion of the main current of the logic. But it is one of the most singular proofs of the exquisite discipline and power of the great mind under review, that no multiplication of these minor relations between the links of his logic, ever impedes the motion or prevents the effect of his argument. On the contrary, they add immeasurably to the appearance of matchless vigor of intellect, and the inexhaustible profusion of logic which is spread all over this remarkable production. The main argument seems to be groined and twisted in the mere wantonness of exuberant power. It is curling all over with these clusters and tendrils of logic damascened into the substance of the argument. This singular peculiarity is at once a fruit and an index of another power, exhibited in every part of the lecture before us, in which the author seems to surpass every speaker or writer of the present day. This is the *immense wealth* of logic which he seems to have perfectly at command. He never seems satisfied with a single view of the subject however satisfactory; or with a single, argument, however conclusive. There is an incessant passage of new forms of logic before the mind, until we are impressed with the conviction, that he only stops because the page will not hold all that he would put upon it. One huge mass of reasoning is scarcely placed in its position, before another, still more magnificent, is piled upon it, and at length the great structure is towering above us, glittering like the marble walls of some Grecian temple, the model of a perfect combination of strength and beauty.

The observant critic will be struck with another combination of qualities in the logical structure of the article before us. We refer to the singular union of *intensity* and *comprehensiveness* in the mind of the author, and particularly, the *immense variety* of both these species of excellence in this particular production of his powers. It is perhaps the rarest and highest combination of qualities ever found in the human mind. It is not so difficult to take *one* wide and rather undefined view of a question; nor is it so difficult to follow such a view, by a view *falling far within* the circle of the first. But it is a very different

thing to *multiply* these wide views, to draw the line of the second concentric circle *just within the edge* of the first, and to maintain this steady contraction of view, dwelling keenly at each successive involution upon the objects in its range, and sweeping every thing at that immense distance with the clear, all-grasping glance of a perfect comprehension. It requires, for example, no effort to discern the sharp outline of the mountains, displayed against the clear, blue sky above and beyond them; but it takes the fierce, intense gaze of an eagle, to take in each object below the horizon, and to press its glance steadily along each successive decline from the top towards the bottom of the ascent. The feat, in matters of intellect, requires a similar union of breadth and intensity in the understanding, to that required in the eye, by the material vision. Difficult as it is, it is accomplished in this lecture, with a perfection in which it is done in no other English composition, with, perhaps, the exception of some parts of the Living Temple of John Howe. At one moment we are amazed at the breadth and compass of one view, and before our astonishment is exhausted we are presented with another, across wide and variegated scenery, over which the mind roves in delighted wonder. Then the whole aspect of the argument is instantly altered, and we are drawn down to that contemplation of an effort as subtle and intense as the speculations of Spinoza. Nor is this interchange of view allowed to us once; but it is repeated until the marvel of power is infinitely multiplied in the marvel of variety. There is also a curious exhibition of this union of breadth and intensity of mind, in the lecture, in the *double series* of logical ideas employed in some of the paragraphs, pushing upon two distinct, yet related conclusions at the same time. If we may be allowed to degrade a noble exhibition of intellectual power, by so paltry a comparison, we would liken it to an athlete of the circus, riding two horses at once, a foot upon each, moving at full speed round the arena, master in full of himself and his flying coursers. Examples of this peculiarity will meet the reader on almost every page in the latter part of the lecture.

The union of these powers of mind in an intellect so thoroughly disciplined, necessarily gives effect to another remarkable exhibition of intellectual ability. This is the power of *concentration*. Indeed, the striking exertion of this power has been of decided disadvantage to the lecture before us. Its huge masses of thought are compressed together with such force, as to render it to a degree incomprehensible to the common reader, and even to the scholar, unless at the expense of an amount of thought, which many are not likely to give it. This is the principal blem-

ish of the lecture; but we shall congratulate ourselves on its obscurity, if it will induce the author to resume the subject and expand the article into a volume. This obscurity is not owing to any lack of clearness in the conception of the lecturer, but from the excessive condensation necessary to the presentation of a complete outline of the argument in his own understanding. The lecture before us does not exhibit such striking examples of this immense power of condensing thought, as are afforded by some other efforts of the celebrated author. In this peculiarity as a public speaker, he is unequalled by any orator this country has ever produced. Some of the speeches of the distinguished speakers of America, exhibit certain traces of this power; but the large majority of them are constructed strictly upon the syllogistic plan. In this method of argument, the speaker rises step by step, displaying, as he goes, the machinery of his logic in every movement. This is the analytic mode of discussion, which, while it affords ample scope for the highest efforts of the highest order of intellect, yet by no means requires so rare and powerful a faculty as this peculiarity we are now illustrating in the mind of Dr. Breckinridge. This peculiarity is the power of combination and concentration in an oration. It is the power of selecting the results of analysis, or the great concrete facts in a large and complicated subject, and compressing them together in one continuous and compacted strain of remark. It is easier to *analyze* than *combine* thought: it is far easier to frame an address, by taking a few leading ideas, splitting them asunder, and moving over the divisions of its separated parts, than to frame it from without, by collecting results, and recombining them into a new and effective argument. In this tremendous power of *remarking* as distinguished from *arguing*, no one has ever surpassed the celebrated man under notice. Not that he is deficient in the power of analysis; not at all: for this power of his mind is on the same large scale with all its other powers; but this power is not so marked and rare a peculiarity as his power of concentration.

But none of his extraordinary mental faculties are more remarkable than the *perfect ease* with which all of them seem to move in obedience to his will. There is a conscious ease and vigor of movement in the motion of the entire discourse which can only be paralleled in the masterly discourses of Isaac Barrow. The reader of this massive argument will be astonished to be told it was delivered extempore. This alone was wanting to complete the triumph. In the great efforts even of the greatest men of our own country and of England, there is every variety of ability displayed; but in the most of them we may

detect the signs of effort: we see the straining of the muscles; we detect the contortion of the face as the strong faculties within are heaving with the mighty travail of thought. But there is an air of conscious ease, a masterly vigor and grace of motion, about the action of the great mind before us, that gives us a most exalted conception of the inexhaustible resources of the unemployed power within it. He moves amongst the complicated difficulties of his subject with the easy confidence of a master, and handles the huge and glittering masses of thought as a Titan would dandle a child.

If we turn from the logical peculiarities of the article to its rhetorical elements, our admiration and astonishment will be greatly increased. The style is one of uncommon merit. Easy, graceful, full of breadth and compass, it expresses the quarried gems of thought within with a power and grace worthy of the substance it conveys. It is inferior in studied simplicity and elegance, in ornate and yet massive power to the style of Mr. Webster; but it is only inferior to that of this greatest of the political orators of America, who in fact has never been equalled in point of style in public speaking, by any orator of any age. Indeed, the celebrated senator is the only man now living who can afford a legitimate comparison to the great ecclesiastical debater of the Presbyterian church. Nor do we hesitate to say, if the proud alternative were left us, we should choose the faculties of the Kentuckian, in preference to those of the Jupiter of our political hemisphere. Equally capacious with the understanding of Mr. Webster, the mind of Dr. Breckinridge is far more active, far more intense, and far more easily set in motion. It has often been remarked of Mr. Webster, that until roused by some great occasion, the action of his mind was rather dull and embarrassed, giving but little sign of its real power. But the thoroughly disciplined powers of the great Kentuckian move easily up to any required amount of exertion at the simple motion of his will. Mr. Webster is far more careful in the ornament of his speeches; yet there are passages in the lecture before us, which may be compared with the finest passages in his orations, on the simple issue of beauty and grace, while in pathos and tenderness the advantage is altogether on the side of the ecclesiastic. The gorgeous paragraph that closes the celebrated reply to Hayne, in the Senate, is unsurpassed and unsurpassable for the magnificent combination of the highest splendor of imagination and the utmost intensity of passion which it contains. But for chastened and subdued splendor—for the broad and vigorous stride of the thought—for the indescribable union of beauty with intense and thoroughly disciplined excitability of mind, the

passage below will compare with any passage in the English language. The lecture on the Evidences of Christianity does not afford us the materials for a complete analysis of the genius of Dr. Breckinridge, and a full comparison of his powers with the abilities of Mr. Webster. He possesses certain powers which could not so properly be displayed in the lecture before us. One of these is the power of sarcasm and invective. No man ever born in this country, not even John Randolph himself, was more completely master of the weapons of denunciation. He is the only successful combination the world has ever seen between the abilities of Junius and Charles James Fox. Besides this he has another quality in which he is uniformly eminent—courage. No man has ever lived who possessed more boldness than Robert Breckinridge. Tried by popular clamor of the most exasperated kind—by threats of assassination—by threats of mob law, for his unsparing assaults upon the heresies of Popery—the intrepid witness for the truth hurled a louder defiance to the deepening clamor of his foes, and with unflinching fidelity stood to his duty as a minister of Jesus Christ. His courage gleams in all the productions of his tongue and pen. It always gives him the most perfect possession of his faculties, and enables him to say exactly what he wants to say, and in the exact way in which he wants to say it, in every circumstance and emergency in which he is placed. We have no language to express our admiration for an intellect so massive and yet so subtle, so full of every species of power, so easy and vigorous in its action, so thoroughly disciplined, and so capable of any amount or any kind of exertion. This singular union of will, purpose, discrimination, power of combination, analysis and concentration, tenderness, beauty, ease, and grace, is most marvellous as an example of intellectual greatness. We invite the special attention of the reader to the following selection—

“The fact is never to be lost sight of, that the religious system developed in the Scriptures—that system which in its perfect form we call the religion of Jesus—professes to be, not a doctrine merely, but also a power, a paramount and irresistible moral power. It claims to be the power of God unto salvation; and upon that ground challenges the judgment of mankind. From the very first, it has aimed at the exclusion of all error, the removal of all evil, the extirpation of all sin. From the point we have reached, we are able to estimate this force, as it has been exerted through many centuries, and in an immense variety of positions, and to determine, with accuracy, both its nature and its effects, both its interior organization and its outward operation. Let us begin with the latter. We have seen the religion of Jesus in conflict with Judaism, after

the glory had passed from Moses to Messiah: the struggle of a real with a ceremonial righteousness: the idea of God in types and symbols, perishing before the idea of God incarnate. We have seen it in conflict with ancient heathenism: all the gods enshrined in the Pantheon, and all the gods supported and adored by the triumphant Cæsars, lords many and gods many, dethroned by the true and living God. We have seen it in conflict with the false prophet of Mecca: the fierce, licentious, and warlike religion of the East, after a struggle so protracted and so vehement, withering away before our eyes, even as this pure, gentle and peaceful system culminates more gloriously. We have seen it in conflict with the man of sin: the Bride of the Lord, pining for twelve hundred and sixty years under the rank and ferocious apostacy of the Middle Ages, meek and undismayed through centuries of despair, victorious at last only because the very gates of hell could not prevail against her. We have seen it in conflict with every form of error from within, and every mode of opposition from without; superstition, heresy, idolatry, skepticism, oppression, persecution, seduction, corruption, everywhere confronting all, everywhere resisting all, precisely in proportion to its own vital purity, as determined by the open Bible which it has borne aloft throughout the earth. And now, in these last days, one wide and universal conflict is waged with every error and every sin, throughout the whole world; and the banner, which is the emblem of divine love, still rises higher and higher, and floats more and more broadly over the host of the redeemed: and still from the undaunted array, the loud battle-cry of centuries is lifted up more audibly, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. In how many aspects, and through how many ages, has the same sublime spectacle been exhibited, God manifest in the flesh, redeeming, reclaiming, reconquering rebellious man! Truth united with goodness, subduing, saving sinners! Grace abounding—grace triumphant! As we survey this ceaseless, and as it might seem, endless struggle, there is one truth constantly obvious, one conception infinitely remarkable, which, justly weighed, ought to be decisive. It is of the nature of all human passions to subside at last. All human excitements pass away. All human interests decay. All human institutions perish. What is great and good, along with what is little and vile, hastens to a common oblivion—is swept into an undistinguished ruin. New passions, new excitements, new interests, new institutions, follow each other ceaselessly, each springing up from the decaying mass of the old which return no more forever. There is no restored empire amongst men. There is no restored philosophy, that has ever risen from the dead to lead men captive a second time. There is no restored superstition, that has ever recovered a lost dominion over the human soul. How immeasurably different from this universal law of all human things, has been the force which has manifested itself throughout the whole career of Christianity? With an unutterable tenacity, its divine truths cleave to man, and stimulate him more and more. With a divine vigor they recur and recur again. With an immortal

freshness, they recover from every stroke, and shake off every incumbrance, and purge themselves anew from generation to generation. One immense portion of the work of God's church in the world, has been to recover portions of her own heritage wrested from her by violence, and to teach, a second time, nations and races amongst whom her memorial had been obscured or utterly put out. And that which happens to nothing else, is that in which her main hope and strength lie; the continual revival in her own bosom, of her own primeval spirit, the constant recurrence of the living power, through which all her conquests have been won. This grand peculiarity, and all the wonderful effects which flow from it, the one and the other distinguishing the Christian religion from all human things, admits only of that explanation which the Scriptures themselves give. It is Immanuel! God is with us! This explains all."*

We have selected this paragraph for the double purpose of illustrating the peculiar eloquence of the author, and getting a foundation for a few remarks upon the general subject of this volume. The evidences of Christianity are absolutely overwhelming. They stand as an anomaly in the history of human knowledge. No single fact in all the compass of ancient, classic, and profane history, can exhibit one tithe of the variety and strength of evidence that can be arrayed for each fact of the Christian system. On the supposition that the gospel is false, it is absolutely impossible for the infidel to account for the immense variety and force of testimony, by which the ablest men and the most enlightened nations have been so completely deluded. Admitting the falsehood of the gospel, that rejected mass of testimony will stand forever, glittering in the sunlight of a new dispensation of truth, a fact as real, as massive, and far more mysterious than those heaps of granite under which the Pharaohs have been rotting royally for uncounted centuries. We have a right to demand of the infidel that he take up one by one the great lines of evidence upon which the gospel relies, and explain how it could happen that a delusion like the faith of Christ could manage to secure in its defence such varied and powerful co-operation from the different kinds of testimony adduced. We have a right to the explanation, and we demand it; nor shall we be satisfied with any explanation that does not meet the question upon its merits and determine it fully. We stand upon the facts supporting what is said to be a false system of religion, and we insist upon an interpretation of these facts, and an explanation of their true relations to the great delusion. Until it comes, and, if not satisfactory, when it does come, we shall rest upon the unquestionable facts, the historic verities of the Christian religion, and retort

* Lecture, pp. 355—357.

things, not subject either to the observation or the consciousness of man.

Let us now select an example or two, in illustration of that branch of the Internal Evidence, based on *the great law of adaptation*. If the necessity of a revelation is admitted, then the question is in this position. If the Bible can be shown to meet those demands of human nature, on which the necessity of a revelation was predicated, the conclusion will be inevitable that the Bible is *the* revelation, the necessity of which is conceded. This adaptation of the Bible to the nature and necessities of man, is an overwhelming proof of the superhuman wisdom employed in its construction. This adaptation is indefinitely multiplied. It consists, in one case, in the exact adaptation of its descriptions to the facts of human nature. It consists, again, in the exquisite suitability of the provisions of the Bible for the relief of these wants. It consists, again, in the adaptation of the expedients to meet the exigencies of the problem of human redemption as they relate, not merely to man himself, but to the divine character and law. Indeed the adaptation is perfect, and the full wealth of the argument cannot be extracted, until *all* the necessities of the soul have been explored, classified, and fitted to the peculiar power in the gospel adapted to fill or subdue them.

There is a general adaptation *in the great mode of presenting* all the minor truths, which find their lodgment in the different divisions of human experience. There is no more striking peculiarity in all the Bible, than its *concrete mode of teaching*. It gives *results*, not *processes*; it makes a statement, but shows not the slightest solicitude to prove it. There is an air of calm confidence which breathes in everything it says, which is utterly unaccountable on the supposition that it is a fraud. It appeals always to facts; even its most mysterious and incomprehensible statements are simple statements of fact. It seems content to wait for the development of its truths, to leave men to accept or reject the testimony that asserts them, and shows no eagerness to hurry the demonstration when the unbelieving refuse it. It tells man that a certain thing is true; it tells him, if he will wait for the development of the truth, he will see that it is true; but if he rejects the testimony of God and refuse to wait for the demonstration, the Bible never loses its air of serene assurance. It bids him act as he will about it, but that he must take the consequences. The nature of all moral laws, and the principles of human nature itself, would have to be altered, before a fraud could be made to breathe such a calm spirit of conscious truth and power.

But what we meant to accomplish, by alluding to this concrete mode of teaching in the Scrip-

tures, was to exhibit its perfect adaptation to the requirements of human nature. Religion is designed for the many as well as for the few—for the foolish as well as for the wise; but the masses are not accustomed to long processes of abstract discussion, to balancing arguments and accepting their opinions only as the results of long and complicated speculations. They want *facts*, not *arguments*; *results*, not *processes*; the *final conclusion*, not the *series of steps* by which it was reached. If the gospel had gone about a long argument to prove each statement of its doctrines, the whole system would have been unfitted for the practical exigencies of our race. The only way in which a system of religion can be made suitable to all classes, is to let it be stated in simple, clear, concrete statements, upon the authority of a witness of whose competency there can be no dispute; and this is precisely the mode of the Bible. But, besides—this way is equally well suited to speculative men, as well as to the undisciplined masses of intellect in the world. The Bible comes to such minds with a simple statement of a conclusion, and invites them to examine its correctness by as much speculative ability as they may choose to employ. In excluding argument as the basis of its positions, the gospel does not mean to negate reason, or at all to exclude the utmost exertions of the human intellect. It appeals, on the contrary, directly to reason in its highest, its best, its most comprehensive exertions. It only places reason in a new position; it reverses the usual office of argument and places it *after* instead of *before* its conclusions. Instead of appealing to reason to prove its positions, it proves its positions by the testimony of a divine witness, and then calls upon reason to examine its positions and test their correctness. This is the only way in which the complicated arguments of speculative minds on the metaphysics of natural religion can ever be made useful. Those arguments are always useless in the *discovery* of truth; they are only fitted for its *defence*, or *elucidation*. Now no kind of men are more skeptical than these. Their mental habits have led them to the conclusion, that no matter how plausible a thing may be, an argument can be found against it. They never rest on any truth, because they do not feel assured but what some new argument may be presented which may entirely reverse its position. No matter how rigid may be the logic that leads to a conclusion which they dislike, they never yield to it, because they think, if they cannot see the refutation now, they may see it hereafter. Now the only way that a keen and disciplined intellect, full of power and pride, can be made to hold any thing with a real security, is by presenting to it a conclusion based upon the entire sweep of a subject in all

its possible relations. It will then feel certain that no new argument can spring up to change the face of the result. But no mind but the infinite understanding of Jehovah can sweep all the possible relations of a thought, and he alone then could be a competent authority in such a case. No authority less than an intelligence which cannot be mistaken, and an integrity which cannot possibly deceive, can satisfy such a mind. A revelation from God then is absolutely necessary to enable men of this sort to believe anything whatever as absolute truth. Such a person may think he has some settled ground; but he is mistaken; he is not satisfied that something may not yet be discovered, which might essentially modify even an axiomatic truth.

Beside his general adaptation to human nature, in its mode of presenting its truths, there is in the gospel a most tremendous adaptation in the *particular truths it teaches* to the necessities of human nature. The illustration of this branch of the Christian Evidences embraces the entire range of the necessities of a fallen, yet immortal nature. The argument is cumulative; it gathers strength with each particular instance of adaptation in each department of human nature, and its full force can only be measured by the almost infinite instances in which this great adaptation can be discovered. Man is guilty; the gospel presents an atonement. He is depraved: the gospel presents a power to sanctify the heart and purge all the powers of the mind from the taints of evil. Man is frail and helpless, the prey of powerful passions, the victim of a thousand temptations; but the gospel provides a *power* to govern him, to restrain him, and guarantees his final redemption from the power of sin. Man needs comfort in trouble, support under strong trials, and aid in the dreadful hour of the dissolution of nature. All these in the most consummate perfection have been provided in the gospel. There are *minute adaptations* that become apparent in certain stages of religious experience, which sometimes actually startle the mind with the perfection of their fitness to the fact in the soul. There is no branch of religious inquiry more animated with vivid interest, than this adaptation in the *minutiae* of Scripture truth to the facts of experience. The general argument grows powerfully in force from these facts; for the *minuteness*, the *retired nature of the feelings*, and the *infrequency with which instances of the same sort occur*, when viewed along with the manifest air of *unconscious allusion* in the sacred text, set it beyond all question that these descriptions of the mental phenomena of religious experience were not drawn from the experience or observation of the writers, but from a higher source. If they did not originate in the experience of the authors, the nature

of the facts precludes the possibility of their acquaintance with them, except on the supposition of inspiration.

But this adaptation of the gospel does not terminate upon man. It meets the exigencies of the question of human salvation in its relations to the divine character and government, with such exquisite and extraordinary power, as to make it absolutely impossible that a wisdom less than superhuman could have constructed it. The plan of salvation as revealed in the Bible, presents the most extraordinary combination of intellectual elements that the world has ever seen in any system of thought. There is an amplitude of grasp, a fulness of comprehension of the difficulties to be met, a perfection of skill in meeting these difficulties; there is a keenness of discrimination, a wit and fertility of resource, and a broad recognition of all that is required by the honor of the divine character, which is absolutely marvellous. There is an illustration of the divine attributes in the cross of Christ, which surpasses every illustration of those attributes traceable in any or all of the works of nature. There is a glory of God in the broad shield of the skies, in the glitter of the stars, in the mighty revelations of the planets, in the headlong race of comets, in all the grand motions of the gleaming sentinels that watch on the midnight heavens. There is another glory in the face of the earth, in its broad oceans mirroring the dial of the firmament, in its rivers rushing to the sea under the shade of eternal forests, in its battlemented mountains of everlasting granite, in the richness of its flowers, and the verdure of its plains. But the gospel challenges our attention to another object. It tells us to seek *for the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ*. It stops us at a cross; it points us to a face of unutterable dignity, pale in the shadows of death, spotted with blood, the eyes upturned in prodigies of despair, and the whole shaded by a crown of thorns! Go study it, infidel! We tell you in yon pale and bloody face, God has engraven an illustration of himself that surpasses all he has imposed upon earth or heaven. He has there illustrated *more* attributes, in a *more powerful* manner, and in a *peculiar combination*, to be seen no where else in all the universe. His goodness shines not so gorgeously in the gates of massy gems and the battlements of gold that tower round the city of the redeemed, as in yon wasted and tortured countenance. His justice blazes not in such fierce and intolerable radiance upon the dark turrets of hell, as in that face! Over that cross clusters a rich and massy splendor which dims the brilliancy of the cloud which overspreads the mount in God in heaven! We challenge you to the search! Go gather all the difficulties of the great

things, not subject either to the observation or the consciousness of man.

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But what we meant to accomplish, by alluding to this concrete mode of teaching in the Scrip-

tures, was to exhibit its perfect adaptation to the requirements of human nature. Religion is designed for the many as well as for the few—for the foolish as well as for the wise; but the masses are not accustomed to long processes of abstract discussion, to balancing arguments and accepting their opinions only as the results of long and complicated speculations. They want *facts*, not *arguments*; *results*, not *processes*; the *final conclusion*, not the *series of steps* by which it was reached. If the gospel had gone about a long argument to prove each statement of its doctrines, the whole system would have been unfitted for the practical exigencies of our race. The only way in which a system of religion can be made suitable to all classes, is to let it be stated in simple, clear, concrete statements, upon the authority of a witness of whose competency there can be no dispute; and this is precisely the mode of the Bible. But, besides—this way is equally well suited to speculative men, as well as to the undisciplined masses of intellect in the world. The Bible comes to such minds with a simple statement of a conclusion, and invites them to examine its correctness by as much speculative ability as they may choose to employ. In excluding argument as the basis of its positions, the gospel does not mean to negate reason, or at all to exclude the utmost exertions of the human intellect. It appeals, on the contrary, directly to reason in its highest, its best, its most comprehensive exertions. It only places reason in a new position; it reverses the usual office of argument and places it *after* instead of *before* its conclusions. Instead of appealing to reason to prove its positions, it proves its positions by the testimony of a divine witness, and then calls upon reason to examine its positions and test their correctness. This is the only way in which the complicated arguments of speculative minds on the metaphysics of natural religion can ever be made useful. Those arguments are always useless in the *discovery* of truth; they are only fitted for its *defence*, or *elucidation*. Now no kind of men are more skeptical than these. Their mental habits have led them to the conclusion, that no matter how plausible a thing may be, an argument can be found against it. They never rest on any truth, because they do not feel assured but what some new argument may be presented which may entirely reverse its position. No matter how rigid may be the logic that leads to a conclusion which they dislike, they never yield to it, because they think, if they cannot see the refutation now, they may see it hereafter. Now the only way that a keen and disciplined intellect, full of power and pride, can be made to hold any thing with a real security, is by presenting to it a conclusion based upon the entire sweep of a subject in all

some respects superior to the strictly Internal Evidence of the records themselves. It is an evidence which comes over the long lapse of years, appears directly to our very senses, and is susceptible of application in every age and nation, and indeed in every case of genuine religious experience. We allude to the *doctrine of regeneration*. Dr. Breckinridge very properly says in the opening of the eloquent paragraph quoted a while ago, that the gospel professes to be not merely *a system*, but *a power*. He then proceeds to illustrate the assertion in its broadest application to the general triumphs of the truth over systems of error, and the various departments of the personal necessities of men. But the argument assumes its sharpest and most pointed significance, in its application to this subject. Here is a direct claim to a *present and most commanding power*—a claim which affords a direct test to the reality of its pretensions. It claims to exert the most exalted power over the souls of men, to work the most mysterious and stupendous changes upon it. Here then is a simple issue which can be tried in the most satisfactory manner. Here is a bold and audacious appeal to the personal inspection of individuals in every age and country to examine for themselves whether the gospel be true. The record describes the nature and the various steps in the alleged change wrought upon the moral nature of man. It tells of its origin, its progress, and its completion. It relates the peculiar signs of the change itself, as depicted in the consciousness of man, and the outward evidences which prove the reality of the revelation to others. Here then is *consciousness* testifying to the individual within, and *conduct* appealing to the senses of others without. It also tells under what conditions these peculiar phenomena will rise in the mind, and under which ~~else~~ they will arise, thus giving additional difficulty to the hypothesis of fraud with every successive addition to the terms of the problem to be settled. To this great claim, we challenge the attention of the whole infidel world. Let us take the Bible and its picture of these phenomena in our hands, and go search for *the fact* which is alleged to exist in the mental experience of certain men. If there be such a fact, it must be as demonstratively certain as any other phenomena of the mind. If we can find it, let us apply it to the descriptions in the record, and *if that record be true, the fact and its description* will mutually authenticate each other, just as a *seal* and its corresponding impressions in the wax will do. Now we assert that there is no fact in the mental history of man; not even the fact that he has a mind, not even the existence of any faculty of the mind, that is susceptible of more overwhelming demonstration, than the reality of regenera-

tion, according to the conditions of the gospel. Nay, more, we believe it susceptible of demonstration, from the facts of consciousness, that the agency concerned in the production of the change, is a *supernatural* agency. Here, then, is the issue: is this doctrine true, and true under the peculiar exigencies established in connection with it, by the teachings of the Bible? The evidence in the case is the clearest and the most decisive of all species of evidence—the evidence of consciousness, aided by observation. The field of observation is unlimited in extent, reaching over the religious experience of men in all ages, and among many different nations, and touching that experience as developed before our eyes. The *facts* may be sought in living examples, and their *authentication* may be read on the pages of the Bible. Let us approach with the seal, and apply it to its impression.

The testimony of consciousness is perfectly clear, as to the *reality of a change of some sort*. It is certainly difficult to conceive why religious phenomena in the human mind, may not be as clearly perceived and as accurately reported, as any other mental phenomena. If a metaphysician may be qualified by his talents to discern, and by his reliability to report, the various phases of mood and sentiment, in the human soul, it will be impossible to show why a Christian cannot make an equally reliable report upon his religious exercises, if he is allowed to be intellectually and morally competent to testify. Indeed, the plainest understanding in the world, may make a perfectly reliable statement on this subject, just as any man capable of understanding at all, is competent to state a fact, however unable he may be to explain it. We do not mean that all such persons are fitted to determine *the nature* of the change; for the question now before us, respects simply the *reality, not the nature* of the change. The plainest person, while he may not be able to discriminate accurately upon the true nature of this alteration in his feelings, is perfectly competent to say whether a change of some sort has not passed upon him. To deny this, is to deny the very nature of consciousness. It would be insufferable to deny a plain man's assertion that he had a memory. He might not be able to give a definition of memory, or separate it into its three departments of receiving, retaining and recalling truth; but he is perfectly credible in the assertion of the fact, because he feels he does remember. The question as to the *nature* of the change in the regeneration, is necessarily a question of *inference*, not of *consciousness*. We can only arrive at the certainty of conversion in any particular case, by taking the peculiarities of the alleged change as they are presented in the consciousness of the individual, and comparing them

with those marks alleged by the Bible, to belong to all genuine conversions. If the facts do not agree to the statements of the Bible, then the change alleged by consciousness, is not the change asserted by the gospel. If the testimony of consciousness is indistinct, owing to the imperfect manner in which the facts are developed, the only legitimate inference is not the falsehood of the gospel claim, but that we selected an imperfect sample of its effects. But if the facts do agree, then we *infer* from the agreement between them, first, the genuineness of the conversion of the particular individual, and second, the *reality of all the claims of the gospel*.

Now, let us assume the conditions on which an absolutely reliable statement of the true relations, and distinctions between these mental phenomena, can be given. They are precisely those required in the establishment of any other mental phenomena, subject to the introspective judgment of the mind itself. The witness must be competent to tell what he experiences. It is not necessary, although it would be better that he should be able to discriminate perfectly upon the true nature of his feelings: this may be left to the judgment of the inquirer, after he has gathered the facts from the statements of his witnesses. These witnesses can be gotten of all sorts, from the plainest understandings to the highest and most thoroughly disciplined metaphysical intellects in the world. It is obvious that this argument is cumulative in force, and its proper measure is that absolutely inconceivable weight of credibility derived from the unconscious agreement of tens of thousands of witnesses in every age, and from among every people, all agreeing absolutely in one definite statement of fact. Here, then, is the testimony. Let the infidel take the Christian literature of all ages, and examine the *recorded descriptions* of these peculiar moods and phenomena which we term religious experience. Or let him gather from the Bible, the alleged marks of a genuine conversion, and then go to any religious person or persons, in whose acuteness and candor he has unbounded confidence, and question them about the peculiarities of these religious developments upon their own minds. Let him go from one to another, to avoid all reasonable exceptions to the correctness of his inductions, by making his examination sufficiently broad and diversified. Let him subject all to the most rigid cross-examination, and the argument will grow in power with each successive witness. Let him gather the facts, and if they do not agree to the record, we allow the argument to be unsound, and the religion which makes such pretensions to such marvellous power over human character, a detected imposture. If the great fact of regeneration cannot be proved,

no one is bound to believe it. If it can be proved, then the gospel is true, and it is at once the solemn duty and the infinite interest of every one, both to believe and accept it.

But it may be urged, that the Bible only contains a very skilful arrangement of the results of a large number of surveys and examinations of the religious phenomena of the human mind, and that when we are startled by such singular coincidences between the facts of our own consciousness and the statements of the word of God, we are only meeting with one of the old facts of the human constitution, long ago observed and described by the old Hebrew writers. The brief period of the world's history at the time many of these striking observations were written, precludes the possibility of their being made, simply by accurate observation of religious phenomena, by the ancient religious teachers of Judea: time is one of the essential conditions of such a hypothesis. But besides: the pretensions of the Bible and the facts in the phenomena alluded to, determine definitely against such a theory. The Bible not only asserts the change; but it asserts also, the conditions under which alone it can occur. It declares that it is only manifested through a reliance upon Christ for personal assistance directly applied. Now let us turn to the facts. It has been established by the experience and observation of ages, that *there is one absolute and uniform law of these mental phenomena*: this is that *they never arise except when the soul ceases to exert its own powers for relief, and learns to rely upon another*. One of the facts alleged about the nature of man, is its own disabled condition to relieve itself.* Now let us suppose a case: A man under profound apprehension of certain religious ideas, or to use the usual phrase, *convinced of sin*, begins to seek for relief. He struggles long and stubbornly to extricate himself: but he finds it impossible: the difficulties that oppress him, refuse to yield. In despair, he ceases to exert himself, and relies upon another for assistance. He soon finds that he is relieved; that he is helped; that he can now do, what once he could not do. Now put together the absolute conviction that he could not help himself; the actual cessation of his efforts; then the fact that he is finally relieved; and *the conclusion is irresistible that he has been helped to this belief by some independent agency*. He cannot help himself; he even ceases all exertions; he relies distinctly upon another to relieve him; and he actually gets it. From whom could he experience this deep mental relief, except *from some distinct and supernatural agent*? The facts here exactly to the assertions of the Bible, that man is saved *not by the will of the flesh or*

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will of man, but by a trust in the power of God. But it may be alleged against this view of the case, that possibly this consciousness of helplessness on the part of the individual, was a mistake; that he possessed more power than he supposed; that he failed at first because his powers were not in a propitious condition for exertion; and that the final relief sprang from the more fortunate exercise of his own powers in a happier condition. This objection forgets altogether, that the person is not only conscious of helplessness, but actually ceases to exert himself, and relies upon another. We may admit the explanation of the objector; but it only reaches to one part of the case. It is also based on the supposition that this consciousness of helplessness was false. It might be answered then, by proving the reality of this helplessness from the various sources of its own appropriate evidence. But let us admit that this conscious helplessness was a delusion; yet it is perfectly certain that relief never comes until the person *ceases to exert himself*: this is the *universal law* of these mental phenomena. Now, if relief never comes until the individual ceases to exert himself, the conclusion still holds that he has been helped to it by another; for it amounts to precisely the same thing in the causation of an event, to say that one had no power to produce it, or did not exert what power he had. Should it be supposed that the relief spoken of, is merely the repose of the soul after violent exertion, it is enough to say, it is not merely repose that the soul experiences, but relief from certain fearful and unmistakable phenomena in its experience, which no sophistry could explain away, and no human effort could expel from the soul. It is a complete and permanent revolution of the whole moral nature of man. It is a radical alteration in his hopes, his fears, his affections and desires. It absolutely makes him a *new creature*. How is it possible that such a harvest of new and permanent sentiment, so powerfully modified from the standing views and sentiments of the soul, could have been produced by a mere cessation of mental exertion? The supposition is an absurdity. In a word, if these facts are not true, and true under the conditions alleged in the Bible, nobody is bound to believe one word of them. But if they are true, the reverse follows with irresistible force, and the gospel is established as divine.

We might proceed to construct a similar argument from the nature of the *faith* required in the Bible. This faith is not merely believing a thing to be true; but it is a proper realization of the thing itself. It is the apprehension of truth in ourselves, and in various other things. It is therefore, a *touch-stone* of truth. If a thing is not true, the mind cannot realize it; but if it is

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In conclusion, we would utter a few words of warning on this solemn subject. There is a prodigious proclivity towards infidelity in the present day. The skeptical tendencies of human nature have been greatly stimulated by the spirit of the age. The immense multiplication of books and readers; the increased activity and power of thought in the public mind; the successful detection of many long-honored social abuses, and the researches of modern science, all have tended to produce it. This state of things ought not to be surprising to any who reflect upon the true nature of all great investigations of truth. In fact, an objection to the gospel has grown out of the quantity of opposition it has met with in its career in the world. Surely, it is said, a great truth as the gospel claims to be could not meet with such varied and able opposition as the gospel has actually encountered. A shade of uncertainty is thought to overlie the whole subject, because it has been incessantly disputed. But a few remarks will be enough to expose this mistake. The gospel is not responsible for the quantity of errors that spring up among men, and if it has to resist them as they successively rise and claim its own place, surely it is not properly chargeable with the warfare. Truth is a unit; error is multiform; and as one or more of its protean shapes presents itself for consideration, it is necessarily in collision with the truth. Thus the truth is found in conflict, as often as error is presented, not because there is any uncertainty in the truth itself, but because there is no end to the combination of false ideas claiming to be true. The gospel is no more responsible for the conflicts it has encountered, than some gallant ship moving across the stormy deep, meeting wave after wave in successive shocks, now drifting back under the fury of the storm, but always returning in triumph to the struggle, and crushing billow after billow beneath her rushing keel, as she speeds on victorious towards her destined haven, is responsible for the struggle with the elements. The unity of the ship is not affected by the number of waves that strike her sides, or the fury of the tempests that struggle to engulf

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her in the stormy waters. Besides: the gospel has, by direct statements or incidental allusions, linked its credibility to facts connected with every branch of mental and physical inquiry. It is consequently susceptible of attack and defence in every division of all these subjects, and as these branches of knowledge are successively developed, so do the relations of the Bible to each, naturally come again under discussion. Such discussions have arisen and ended; some are progressing now; and others will come hereafter. But surely no discriminating or honest thinker will ascribe this incessant conflict to the uncertainty of the gospel, when it is legitimately traceable to the essential nature of error, or the unestablished position of recently discovered truth. There is at present, a great conflict in progress between certain views of the Bible, and certain alleged results of complete, or at least reliable investigations of natural science. Indeed, some seem to anticipate that the great conflict of the gospel, seems either about to commence, or has actually begun. Many believers in the gospel appear to indulge the most distressing apprehensions on the subject, and on the other side, many enemies of the Cross of Christ exult in bitter triumph over the anticipated downfall of the Christian superstition. But both classes are wretchedly premature in their emotions on the subject. To the one and the other we have only to say, wait for the full developments of the facts on both sides, and then indulge your emotions of joy or alarm, as the case may be. For ourselves, we feel not the slightest emotion of terror or alarm: Christ is able to take care of his own cause, and we are very willing to allow him to do it in his own way. We know at least this, that the gospel is a system of *facts*, nor will the discovery of a *thousand other facts*, at all disturb either the existence of another *fact*, or the logical inferences that grow out of it. We do not care what facts the geologist may prove; they will not upset the miracles of Christ, or refute the testimony of consciousness to the reality of regeneration. Let the researches of science go on in the name of all that is desirable; we do not wish to honor our Master by closing the avenues of the mind or shutting up all investigation into the secrets of nature. He would accept no such honor, should we bring it; he is the friend, not the enemy of the highest possible advances of the human mind. If the gospel is not true, we are willing to abandon it when geology or any other science has demonstrated its falsehood; but not before. If it is false, it can do no man harm to refuse to accept it; no man is under any obligation to believe anything that is not true, or which cannot be proved to be true. If there is evidence wanting, there is a physical incapacity

of belief created, which exonerates all from any obligation to believe. But if there is a sufficiency of evidence, men are bound to believe. Nor are they at liberty to reject one part of the testimony of unquestioned credibility, because they cannot see how it may be reconciled with another. Their belief depends upon their knowledge; their unbelief on their ignorance. Let them wait until the intermediate facts, reconciling the alleged contradiction, are brought into view. But pending that discovery, they act at their peril, who reject one species of truth, upon the alleged insuperability of the difference between it and another species of truth.

To the objection based upon this incessant conflict of the gospel, we reply, finally, that it really applies to the very nature of things: it applies equally well to that whole constitution of affairs, by which God has refused to make all truth axiomatic, and has left much of the most important truth to be discovered only by the faithful and laborious investigations and the most impartial judgment of mankind. It lies against every thing, against which any thing plausible can be said, as much as against the gospel. The truth is, God has left error to be plausible and specious, and truth hard to be discovered and maintained at certain stages of an inquiry, just to try the moral question whether men love the truth enough to pursue it in the face of difficulties. There is an ample field displayed in the evidences of Christianity, as well as of every other great truth. Especially in its higher branches, *for the action of the moral nature of man*. There is a plenty of difficulty to try whether he is willing to know the truth, or whether he will indulge his prejudices by taking up with some specious error, and refusing to prosecute the inquiry to the uttermost with an industry of application, and an honesty of judgment, worthy of so grave and solemn a subject. Here will be a test for his honesty, which no really honest and resolute man will hesitate to apply. Let him apply it, and it is all we ask. He will find difficulty enough to impose upon him if he is desirous of being imposed on; but if he is willing to know the truth, and is resolute in seeking it, he will not fail to find a solid anchorage for his faith in the granite and adamant foundations of the gospel. If Christianity cannot maintain itself before the highest, the most searching, the most comprehensive, and the most impartial investigation, of which the human mind in its highest elevation is capable, in the name of the God of truth, let it perish. We speak in the calmness of a fixed and resolute conviction. We challenge the whole world to assail the gospel of Jesus Christ successfully, in the spirit of candor, and the acuteness of a true intelligence.

The only regret that ought to be indulged in view of such collisions of the gospel, with the plausible systems of error that oppose it, is on account of those unhappy men whose prejudices against the gospel will lead them to adhere joyfully to any plausible error, and to risk the consequences of a rejection of the truth. As for the cause of truth itself, none need entertain one moment's uneasiness about its final success. But we would most distinctly warn all who are losing their self-possession in the confusion of the strife, not to yield to any scheme of opposition to the gospel of Jesus Christ, no matter how plausible it may be. The gospel is true: it is not only true, but divine: it is guarded by the same unseen but Almighty hand, whose silent motions guide the stars in their courses, and support the pillars of the blue cope above us. He, who throws himself upon the long column of truths, that moves under the bannered cross of Calvary, must sink, as all others before him have sunk, beneath their onward and resistless advance. The golden mail and the silken banners of the holy array, gleam under the light of a face, before which, all the powers of earth and hell will flee in dismay. It is best to wait till God shall settle the controversy with his foes, before we risk all upon their side. *Whosoever shall fall upon this stone, it will break him in pieces; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*

ELLEN DAY.

I have a cherished memory,
Which I would not forget;
A dear, delightful dream of love,
That lingers round me yet:
For in that dream I wander back
To years long passed away;
And seem to be, the boy I was,
When I met Ellen Day.

I was sixteen, she two years less;
And never to my sight,
Had such a maiden form appeared,
So like an angel bright.
We met, beneath the forest shade,
She was our Queen of May;
And from that hour, queen of my heart,
Was lovely Ellen Day.

She was my partner in the dance
Beneath the greenwood tree;
She sung a ballad which rehearsed
True love's sad history:
I then was young, my locks were dark,
But now, my hair is gray:
Yet never voice seemed sweet to me,
As that of Ellen Day.

The livelong day, my heart was light,
For she was by my side;
And though a boy, I inly vowed,
To win her for my bride:

That evening, as we homeward walked,
I gave my heart away;
And gained another; 'twas the heart
Of lovely Ellen Day.

Four years sped by—another year,
And at the altar we
Most fondly hoped to link for aye,
Our earthly destiny:
But oh! before the year had fled,
Death bore my love away;
And laid within the grave so cold,
My lovely Ellen Day.

I mourn her yet; the only charm
Of life has passed away;
For, oh! my heart is buried in
The grave of Ellen Day.
Long years have fled, yet by her grave,
I daily kneel, and pray;
And soon, I hope to lay me down,
Beside my Ellen Day.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF VIRGINIA.

The Memorial of John Howard, Wm. H. Macfarland, G. N. Johnson, S. S. Baxter, Thos. H. Ellis and John B. Floyd, to the General Assembly of Virginia, in behalf of the Virginia Colonization Society.

The undersigned have been appointed by the Virginia Colonization Society a committee to ask from the General Assembly further legislation upon the subject of Colonizing, in Liberia, the free persons of color in this Commonwealth.

The great social evil which it is the object of this Society to remove, is daily growing in magnitude and malignity. From the existing political and social condition of the free negro, must indeed naturally and inevitably follow his moral corruption and that of the community in which he lives. Placed beneath the white man on the one hand, and nominally above the slave on the other, in contact with both, but in union with neither, he can never be reached by the strong motives which impel either class to exertion and to honest courses. All of the more lucrative and honorable pursuits of life are virtually closed to his admission. For agriculture, for manufactures, for commerce, he has neither the requisite capital, nor intelligence. For the mechanic arts, in which as much as in any of the industrial pursuits, enlightened intellect is necessary to skill and success, he is unfitted by that general ignorance which the policy of the law imposes,

and the safety of society requires, even if the natural prejudices of the whites admitted him to equal competition. The learned professions and the avenues to political preferment are alike far beyond his hopes. Even in those humbler trades and menial employments to which the last necessity drives him, he contends with educated white labor on the one hand and with well disciplined and systematic slave labor on the other.

Meanwhile the very immunities of his nominal freedom enhance the wretchedness of his condition. He has no kind master, like the slave, to provide liberally for him in sickness and health, in infancy and old age. He knows nothing of the moral influences of well regulated domestic government. He feels, from his position, none of those nobler sentiments of our common nature which, even in servitude, bid us cling with grateful reverence and affectionate regard to our benefactors and superiors. He feels not even that salutary, though abject fear of impending punishment, which, while it may not in itself morally elevate the slave, at least keeps him from vicious idleness and urges him to honest and orderly habits. Crushed by the combined agencies of superior capital, of superior intelligence, and the competing power of organized slave labor, itself wielded by intelligence and aided by capital; crowded out even of the humbler occupations of life, and cut off from all high encouragements to honorable toil, with nothing of liberty but its name, and all of slavery but its blessings, with no settled home, no community, no country of his own, a social outcast and a political outlaw, the free negro, conscious of the irredeemable degradation of his lot, grows reckless of a future from which he has nothing to hope or fear, becomes discontented in his feelings, disorderly and dishonest in his habits, mischievous, daring and desperate in his crimes. He is drawn down, he is kept down and must continue descending to still deeper degradation by the strong tendencies of his position and the powerful impulsions of moral laws immutable in their operation—his whole being gravitates, unimpeded, toward corruption—there is no room for him to rise—he can only sink,

is compelled to sink, and that with accelerating velocity forever.

If amid this class of persons, under peculiar circumstances, many commendable examples are found of upright, industrious and valuable men, it is only one of those strong facts which go to show that, encircled by proper influences, in a better position, a more congenial home, these people are susceptible of a high degree of respectability, of cultivation and improvement. But, as a class, it is beyond all question that the free blacks of Virginia have been, still are, and must continue to be the most idle, the most vicious, the most corrupt and corrupting element of our population. The criminal statistics of the State unite with general observation in establishing this fact. By a calculation based upon the average number of convictions in the State, as disclosed by the Penitentiary reports from 1800—when the institution was opened—to 1829, it was shown by Governor Giles that crimes among the free blacks were more than three times as numerous as among the whites, and four and a half times more numerous than among the slaves. From 1829 to the present time, the proportion has regularly increased, as will appear in part by the following extract from the last annual report of the intelligent Superintendent of the Penitentiary to the Board of Directors:

"In ten years, from 1831 to 1840, inclusive, 410 white persons and 141 free persons of color were imprisoned in this institution. The white population in 1840 amounted to 740,968, and consequently one person was imprisoned annually for every 18,072. The free negro population was 49,842, and one person so imprisoned for every 3,535. From 1841 to 1850, inclusive, 371 whites and 172 free negroes were imprisoned. The white population in 1850 was 895,867. The free negro 53,537. So that one white person was imprisoned, annually, for every 24,147, and one free negro for every 3,095. Thus, in the first period, *crime among the free negroes was 511 per cent greater than among the whites in proportion to numbers; and in the second, it was greater by 780 per cent.*" That is, in other words, while during the first pe-

riod of ten years, the free negro population was more than 15 times less than the white population, it committed more than one third as many crimes, and during the second period, being more than 16 times less, committed nearly one half as many crimes! "It will be observed also," adds the Superintendent, "that between these periods, the receipts of white persons diminished 9 per cent., while those of the free negroes increased 21."—*Annual report of the Board of Directors of the Penitentiary Institution, 1851, page 12—Doc. No. XIV.*

It is true that in regard to free negroes, the criminal laws are unusually stringent. It is also true that those laws are administered with great rigor. But these facts do not diminish the force of the conclusions deducible from the above calculation. They give the strongest possible corroborating proof. Besides showing the unequal condition and the deep degradation of the free negro, they indicate the intensity and the prevalence of his depravity. The protection of property, the security of life, the peace and preservation of all that is dear to man, the very civil and social necessities of our position, demand that severity of the law, which, even with all the rigor of a faithful administration, is not adequate to keep in check the vicious tendencies, the corrupt passions and habits of these unfortunate people. From them, to the great expense and annoyance of the Commonwealth, our jails are filled with prisoners, our courts are crowded with criminals, our Penitentiary is populated with convicts, and society saturated with moral corruption, notwithstanding all the penalties of the law and the certainty of their execution.

The tendency of so vicious and degraded a population to corrupt society at large, is too obvious to require extended remark. It is notorious that, besides the crimes with which they are directly chargeable, the free negroes are the colluding agents, the secret instruments and accomplices by which unscrupulous white men carry on illegal and demoralizing traffic with slaves, and perpetrate, with impunity, constant and systematic violations of the most salutary laws of

the land. Along the public high-ways and in our villages and cities and their immediate vicinity, these evils are peculiarly felt. Each party to these threefold crimes—the white man, the free negro, the slave—is personally corrupted by their commission, while society in general is injured and defrauded. Much, moreover, of the growing tendency to idleness and sullen insubordination observable in our slaves, is caused by their nightly association with free negroes. Instigated or rewarded by them, or incited by their bad example, an influence so powerful in ignorant minds, many of those petty thefts and those wasteful depredations upon the possessions of even the kindest masters, are committed, which detract so much from the value of property in slaves. It would not be too much to say that many of the more flagrant crimes and fiercer scenes of violence and bloodshed enacted in our fields and workshops, and around our firesides, are attributable to the same cause. Nor should it be forgotten that the presence, in our midst, of so large and vicious a black population, nominally free, circulating in constant intercourse and frequently intermarrying with our servants, must infuse into their minds fallacious notions of liberty and all those poisonous thoughts and feelings which Northern abolition has engendered, and which abolition agents are apt secretly to encourage among the free blacks themselves, as fit instruments in their hands for stirring up the slaves. Generally ignorant and degraded as are these people, not a few of them, especially in our larger towns, are able to read and write and correspond with their friends throughout the State and other States, are familiar with the current thoughts and passions and political movements of the day as reflected from the public newspapers both North and South, and as detailed to them by the perpetual flow of travellers and inquiring sojourners with whom they meet and talk, or hear converse.* The genius itself of Ab-

* A member of the Committee was told at the office of one of the Richmond papers, for instance, that about five hundred copies of the daily issue of that paper are taken by the free negroes of the city. The memorialists would cheerfully bear testimony to the correct habits, orderly dispositions and general good character of many of these persons. But the very intelligence, respectability

olition could not desire a more efficient means of communication with our slaves—of gradually spreading among them false ideas of the hardships of their condition and delusive hopes of an impossible freedom—of scattering deep and far and wide the seeds of idleness and discontent, of turbulence and rebellion, of universal bloodshed and ruin.

The two most powerful reasons which have ever induced Northern abolitionists systematically and virulently to oppose the Colonization Society, are, first that the social evils caused by the free negroes in our midst, are a just infliction upon our heads for the sin of slavery, and secondly that the removal of the free negroes would destroy the best means of tampering with our slaves.

How far this last reason rests on good foundation, the thousands of Southern slaves that have been cajoled and kidnapped by abolition agents, but too well show. Such are some of the more prominent and growing evils inflicted upon us by this population. Necessarily from their position, corrupt, they corrupt and curse all in contact with them, and live the ready instruments in the hands of a powerful fanaticism that sets at defiance the Constitution and the laws of the Union.

But great and alarming as are these evils now, their magnitude must be multiplied in the future, as the number of this population is enlarged and the interests of the two races become more conflicting. Notwithstanding the rigor of the laws, emancipation regularly goes on, while the natural increase itself of the free blacks annually swells the multitude in our midst. From the foundation of the Commonwealth to the present time, the ratio of increase of the free negroes has been greater than the ratio of increase either of the whites or slaves. Nay, while from 1790 to 1850, the whites have increased only 102½ per cent., and the slaves only 64½ per cent, the free negroes have multiplied at the rate of 301 per cent. as will appear from the following tabular statement :

and decent behaviour of these exceptions, give greater weight and currency to any false views and dangerous feelings imbibed through the channels indicated which they may express to their friends, and thus these facts at the same time enhance the evil tendency of those views and feelings and the facility of their rapid circulation among the masses of the free negroes and slaves.

	White pop. of Va.	Free Negroes.	Slaves.
1790.	442,117.	12,866.	292,627
1850.	885,304.	53,829.	472,528
	<hr/> 453,187.	<hr/> 40,963.	<hr/> 189,901
	102½ pr. ct.	301 per ct.	64½ pr. ct.

The free negroes have thus increased about three times more rapidly than the white, and about five times more rapidly than the slave population. Should the increase continue only at the ordinary rate of increase of population throughout the Union,—doubling itself once in every twenty-five years,—the free negro population of the State, by the close of another period of sixty years would be largely upwards of two hundred thousand souls.

Whether the past ratio of increase will continue, or how far it will be affected by the prospective political and social condition of the country, it is impossible to divine.—One powerfully retarding cause, however, will in future be removed. Emigration to other States will not hereafter occur. Many of the Northern and North Western States, to which free negroes have hitherto chiefly gone, have now closed their doors against them. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Delaware have passed laws inhibiting negro immigration. New York and Pennsylvania are seriously considering the subject.* The general tendency of Northern legislation looks in that direction. Southern States are forced to adopt the same policy from fear of the evils which we now endure. Several of the Southern States indeed have inhibited the introduction even of slaves unless owned or purchased by actual settlers or residents. From these facts we infer that emigration to other States will not in future check the growth of the free negro population in our midst. The natural increase and the daily manumission of slaves will regularly go on to multiply at a fearfully rapid rate this anomalous and unfortunate class of persons. Manumissions will take place despite of statutes. The present laws upon the subject are perhaps as stringent as the just freedom of conscience and a proper regard for the benevolent feelings of masters

* Bills for that purpose were introduced, last winter, in the Legislatures of both these States—what was their fate we do not know.

will allow. Leave is given to emancipate; the privilege to the slave of remaining in the State, being confided to the discretion of the courts. But when the kind intentions of the master, and the good character of the slave are known, the discretion of the courts seldom regards the harsh policy of the law.—During the year ending the 1st day of June, 1850, as appears from the Congressional abstract of the late Census, 218 slaves were emancipated in Virginia, and permitted to remain in the State. Even if manumission were forbidden by the law, easy evasions would constantly occur. Men would stand nominal masters for slaves virtually set free. Nor can it be denied that the tendency toward emancipation must increase as population becomes more dense and the interests of society become more conflicting. Should that period ever arrive in Virginia, which has long since arrived in every country of Europe, when it will be cheaper to hire the white laborer than to rear and feed and clothe and take care of the slave, motives of interest will compel emancipation.

But even if this element be omitted in the calculation, an aggravation and multiplication of the evils which we now suffer may be clearly foreseen. Now that emigration, both white and black, from Virginia has comparatively ceased, every element of her population must much more rapidly increase in future than heretofore. Should the free negro population increase only at the ordinary rate of population in the United States, we have seen that at the expiration of another period of sixty years, it will largely exceed two hundred thousand souls. It would reach that amount if it increased only one-fourth as fast as hitherto. Meanwhile, should the other elements of population be doubled once only in thirty years—below the usual average—the white population will, by 1910, amount to 3,581,276, and the slave population to 1,890,112—making an aggregate of 5,588,986. Similar calculations for a longer period may easily be made. Now when so large and increasing a multitude shall occupy the places at present occupied by not one million and a half of people, the means of living must be with greater difficulty obtained.

The universal struggle between capital and labor which always grows fiercer as population enlarges and civilization advances, will be in full activity. The existing relations between the races being preserved, the free negro must be the first to suffer in the competition. Ignorant himself, he will contend with a still higher and a more universally diffused intelligence. Poorer than now, he will contend with the power of a far superior wealth. Still more than at present crushed by the combined pressure of higher intelligence, of greater capital, by educated white labor, and by organized slave labor, the hardships, the necessities, the inevitable degradation of his condition must proportionably increase, until slavery shall become a boon whose blessings he may ask in vain. The powerful impulses of want and despair will drive him to crime. Corrupt and corrupting now, the imagination may not conceive the Upas influences he will then diffuse around him, contaminating alike the white population and the slave. But from a future so filled with gloom we turn away. A sketch of that future might be deemed a fierce dream of the fancy, were not the hopeless poverty, the utter degradation, the constant criminalities in which even the few free blacks scattered among the dense population of the Northern States, are now steeped and stupified, notorious and terrible facts, exciting the sympathies and the alarm of all humane and patriotic men. When, indeed, it is taken into consideration that, as the degradation of this population necessarily increases, as their crimes yearly multiply, as their vicious influence daily spreads corruption throughout the community, white and black, as they become more dangerous instruments in the hands of designing fanatics to kindle the flames of insurrection and rebellion; our laws and the whole system of our policy toward them must, through the urgency of self-preservation, become more and more rigid, harsh and severe, and that thus all parties concerned must continue to suffer accumulative evils from the longer existence of this population in our midst, we may well turn in dismay from a prospect whose shadows loom so darkly on the vision.

With these evils everywhere surrounding us, and still greater evils gathering on the horizon of the future, it becomes wise and patriotic men to adopt efficient measures by which this vicious, corrupting and dangerous population may be removed from the State. The only feasible plan which has been suggested for the accomplishment of this object, is that presented by the Colonization Society. The plan which your memorialists propose, they believe, would not only effect the object in view, but in so doing truly benefit all parties concerned. It would rid the State of a great nuisance. It would confer upon the population removed the greatest possible blessings.

This Commonwealth may well feel an honest pride in what she has done for the advancement of so wise and humane a measure. The part, indeed, which Virginia has taken in this great enterprise, deserves to be generally known, and the noble results which have been so far developed, fully warrant the State in continuing the policy it has heretofore pursued. The history of this movement will show that the very idea of African Colonization had its origin in Virginia, and that no State in the confederacy has given it a more uniform and liberal support. It will be seen that the committee appointed in 1776, by the first Legislature assembled under the auspices of American freedom, to revise and remodel the laws of Virginia,—the acting members of which committee were Edmund Pendleton, Thomas Jefferson and George Wythe,—proposed a scheme of colonizing the free colored population of the State, the very magnitude of which prevented its adoption. It will be seen that subsequent Legislatures and that Virginia's most useful and distinguished statesmen have, from time to time, down to the present period, approved and advocated the plan now in the full tide of successful operation. The acts of 1800, of 1801, 1802, 1816, '23, '28, '33, '37, and 1850, all give to it the seal of the State's approval, while such men as Jefferson and Monroe, Madison and Marshall, Randolph and Mercer, have fostered it in its infancy and lent to it the energies of their great minds, and the influence of their powerful

names. It was in accordance with the recommendation contained in the first series of those acts and of the efforts of such wise and patriotic men, that territory was obtained to which the free blacks of Virginia and of the other States of the Union might be removed. By the sagacity and intrepidity of Commodore Stockton, acting under the authority of Congress, and an agent of the American Colonization Society, in 1822 land was purchased along the coast of Africa to which persons of color, captured under the act of Congress forbidding the slave trade, might be transported. With the permission of the General Government, the American Colonization Society, the origin of which is due to Virginia, made the tract of land so purchased the nucleus of its operations. Presided over and cherished by the first statesmen and patriots of the country, by the Washingtons, the Clays, the Keys, the Jacksons, the Crawfords and Websters of the day, that society has succeeded in planting a colony, which, for the steady energy of its solid progress and the encouraging prospects which brighten around it, is unparalleled in the history of the world. In scarcely more than the quarter of a century, the elements of an empire have been established, that seems destined, with the blessing of Providence, to bring under the dominion of republican government and christian civilization the debased and idolatrous millions of a benighted continent. Like every great political and social movement, this enterprise has contended with difficulties and met with partial reverses of fortune. But its progress has been onward. A comparison of its history with the early history of the Colony of Plymouth, or of Jamestown, from which this powerful and happy nation has sprung into existence, will show that in point of expenses incurred, of mortality suffered, of difficulty experienced in subduing the natives, of establishing the foundations of good government, and of cultivating the industrial pursuits and ennobling arts of life, the Colony of Liberia throws into shade the efforts of our fathers. From Cape Palmas to Sierra Leone, a distance of more than six hundred miles, with an average width of territory of from thirty to forty miles, the coun-

try has been redeemed from barbarism and brought into communication and communion with the civilized world. The soil of the country is fertile in the rich and beautiful products of the tropics. The climate, varying as you ascend from the coast to the interior, from the temperature of the warmer to the milder zones, is happily adapted to the race originally born and embrowned amid its fervors. The soil and climate of the interior land,—any quantity of which can be purchased at small prices from the native inhabitants—are suited to the cultivation of every staple and every luxury known either to the torrid or the temperate zones. Coffee, equal to the best Mocha, rice, cotton, corn, wheat, potatoes, the palmtree with its manifold uses, the banana, oranges, lemons, dates, and a rich variety of other fruits, grow in the bountiful profusion of nature, or are successfully cultivated by the hand of intelligent industry. The commerce of Liberia and the country adjacent, already amounts to more than \$5,000,000 per annum, and yearly increases at the unparalleled rate of 50 per cent.—Of this commerce, England, ever wise to reap advantages from every trade and every people, receives \$3,500,000, and the United States \$1,500,000. With this commerce, the population of Liberia is only about 8,000, composed entirely of free persons of color emigrated from this country, with a native population of nearly 80,000, subject to their government. Seeking rather to secure intelligent, honest and industrious citizens than a large number of promiscuous people; the Colonization Society has employed its funds, obtained only from the generous philanthropy of liberal-minded friends, in selecting and colonizing those best fitted by their education and their known character for enterprise and integrity, to lay the foundation and compose the structure of an orderly, thriving and virtuous society.—Such a body of men, relieved from the appalling degradation of their political and social condition here, and emancipated into the enjoyment of equal rights, equal privileges, equal encouragements and aspirations, with the highest rewards for honest toil and the noblest honors for generous ambition, have awakened to the energy of a new life, the activity of a regenerated being, full of impulse and power, animation and joy. With the kind aid of benevolent friends, the free man of color has there built neat and comfortable homes, furnished not unfrequently with many of the elegancies of civilized life. He has cultivated the rich soil around him to the production of abundant and delightful food. He has founded common schools and higher academies for the general and liberal education of his children. He has erected temples to the living God in a land of idols, and made the waste places of the wilderness vocal with the worship of enlightened piety. He has established courts of equal justice—to him here unknown—governed by the common law of England, adapted to the circumstances of his condition, and throwing the shield of a righteous protection over the property, the persons and the lives of men, where once the savage rule of unrestricted power swayed its sceptre of avarice and blood. With these noble elements of a pure and progressive civilization, he has the crowning blessing of a republican government, modelled in its main features after our own, securing to every citizen not only liberty, but equality, and opening up to all the most energising prospects and the most elevating hopes. Three of the greatest powers in the world, England, France and Prussia have acknowledged the independence of the Liberian Republic, and have established treaties of commerce with its government. But for the peculiar relations which we sustain toward the African race, the United States would long since have set or followed the example. There now grows and flourishes that noble little republic, a refuge, an asylum for the unfortunate free colored population of this country, a centre of life and light to the surrounding tribes of benighted Africa. The powerful influence it must wield in civilizing and Christianizing that rich and populous, but untilled and unenlightened land, the future generations of men only can realize and appreciate. We know that the Germ of Christian Civilization has been planted in a propitious soil, and that it gives good prospect of a glorious fruition.—

We can but hope that, intermingling in daily commerce and friendly intercourse with the native tribes, the colony will infuse into them something of its own intelligent energy and purifying life, and that gradually but finally, that whole continent, like this western world, may be redeemed from barbarous despotism and idolatry, to the blessings of a just government and a pure religion. Thus far at least the brightest anticipations of the best friends of this colony have been fulfilled, nay transcended. Its past history and its present progress give the most gratifying proof of the noble adaptitude of free institutions and the Christian religion to the purposes of Colonization. Even the free black of the United States, though with no political privileges, yet born and brought up under the pervading influences of a republican liberty, in some manner educated to that liberty by daily observing its practical operations and absorbing its influences, in contact with the principles and habits inspired by an ennobling faith and the whole moral atmosphere around him; even he, the oppressed and despised here, thus schooled by the silent, yet powerful teachings of circumstances, when placed in an equal land and a more congenial home, develops energies and displays abilities his native race had never before shown, and proves himself, by practical illustration, more capable of self-government and true civilization than the most cultivated and polished people on the continent of Europe. The Liberian Republic this day would compare most favorably with any government which the French people have ever founded or overthrown.

Your memorialists have dwelt thus long upon this topic, to remove any doubts that might be entertained, of the practicability of colonizing our free colored population on the shores of Africa. They know that extravagant accounts have been given, both of the success and of the supposed failure of this colony, just as of every other bold and distant enterprise: but they do not hesitate to affirm, that the most sober, the most rational and reliable representations which have been made by those best qualified by intelligence, impartiality and practical acquaint-

tance with the progress and condition of the colonists, to speak upon the subject, furnish the strongest grounds of hope for the noble success of the colonization movement. Your memorialists believe that a congenial home, with rich lands, an equal government, and every element of happiness and improvement, is open to the free blacks of the State. These people are here a growing curse to us, and to themselves. Removed, by degrees, to Liberia, they would become an orderly, thriving and respectable population. Degraded here, they must inevitably sink to still deeper debasement. Under better influences, to say the least, they may improve, and cannot possibly be injured.

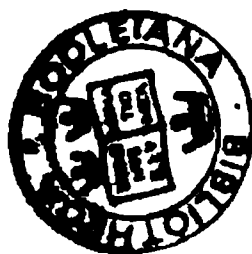
The plan which your memorialists propose, appears to them feasible and wise. We do not ask the Legislature, by one great movement, to rid the State of this population. Even were abundant funds lying idle in the public treasury, so sudden and wholesale an emigration should be deprecated by all. Besides other obvious reasons, which must strike the good sense, and touch the humanity of every intelligent man of kind feeling and common justice, the colony would be unprepared to receive, in so short a time, so large and promiscuous a population. Your memorialists respectfully ask the Legislature to grant an annual appropriation sufficient to defray the expense of colonizing a number equal to the annual increase of the free colored population of the State. That population now numbers 53,000, of which the natural annual increase is supposed to be about one thousand and sixty. Should emancipation go on, and emancipated slaves be permitted to remain in the State, the annual increase will, of course, be much larger. But, no doubt, if the State should once adopt a systematic and permanent policy of colonization, private individuals who might wish to emancipate their slaves, encouraged by the example of government, and aided by the better facilities afforded, would be willing to furnish the requisite funds for their emigration, and, indeed, to make emigration a necessary condition of the freedom granted to the slave. Should this course be pursued, or should the law still further discourage

emancipation, without deportation, the number of free blacks to be annually transported by the aid of the State, would be only the natural increase of the number now in our midst. By making selection only of the young and vigorous—say between the ages of fifteen and fifty years—and permitting the old and infirm to linger out the brief remnant of their lives in our midst, the State might rapidly rid itself of this population. The uniform experience of African colonization proves, that for the transportation and subsistence during acclimation, of each emigrant—all ages and both sexes included—the lowest average sum required is \$50. Say that the number annually sent out would be 1,000, the annual appropriation required would be \$50,000. Should a larger number than one thousand be sent out, of course a larger annual appropriation must be made. It is proper to state also, that in this calculation, the expenses of collecting and conveying the emigrants to the port of transportation, are not included. To accomplish the object in view, perhaps an annual appropriation of \$60,000 would be the lowest amount required. But as the more active and prolific of this population are removed, the natural increase of those remaining will grow less and less. The necessary appropriation would therefore annually diminish in amount. In this manner might this great social evil be extinguished, and the greatest earthly blessings conferred on those who are now hopelessly degraded, and must continue to descend in degradation as population becomes more dense, and the progress of society advances.

Your memorialists earnestly invoke your honorable body to take this whole subject into serious consideration, and to pass some operative and efficient measures in relation thereto. Heretofore, our legislation upon this subject has been temporary and inefficient. The acts making appropriations in behalf of colonization, were to have effect for short periods, and have been so clogged and encumbered by restrictions, as to be rendered almost null and void. Such was the act of 1833,—appropriating \$18,000 annually for the period of ——— years. Such more re-

cently was the act of 1850. By this last act, a regular appropriation was made of \$30,000 for five years, and a *per capita* tax and a tax for registration levied upon free negroes, the proceeds of which, (amounting annually, as appears by a special report of the 1st Auditor, to about \$10,000,) were devoted to the same object. (See Acts of the General Assembly, 1849-'50: p. 7 and 1st, Auditor's report.) Provision was thus made for the appropriation of the sum of \$40,000 a year for five years to the purposes of colonization. With this sum, eight hundred emigrants could have been annually sent out to Liberia, and comfortably settled in congenial homes. But unfortunately it was especially provided in the act that not more than \$25 should be allowed for the transportation and subsistence of each adult emigrant, and not more than \$15 for infants of and below the age of ten years. The lowest average sum required being \$50, this act, therefore, allowed, in some cases only one half, and in many others, but little more than one-third of the necessary amount. This restriction, with other provisions, has rendered the act almost totally inefficient. During the first year after its passage, only one hundred and seven free negroes were colonized, which required an expenditure of \$5,350, of which, only the trifling sum of \$675 was paid by the State, the remaining sum of \$4,675 being supplied by the Virginia Colonization Society; and during the second year, only one hundred and forty-five were colonized, at an expense of \$7,250, of which the State paid \$2,250, and the said Society the sum of \$5,000: the residue of the appropriations for the last two years, being between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, has been, of course, unused. Should the Legislature refuse to adopt more permanent and effectual measures for the removal of this population, your memorialists would respectfully but urgently pray, that the act of March, 1850, may be so modified as to be made available for the purposes for which it was passed, and that the unexpended residue of the last two years' appropriations, may be devoted, in like manner, to the same object. Your memorialists, however, can not forbear the hope that the Le-

gislature will adopt a more liberal policy—a wise and permanent policy, looking to the gradual, but final eradication of this great moral, social, and political evil, which we have so long endured. Even upon the score of economy alone, that policy commends itself to public consideration and speedy adoption. In the lessened expenditures for criminal charges, a great portion of which the Commonwealth pays for the prosecution and punishment of culprit free negroes, in the improved habits, and, consequently, increased value of our slaves, and in the general moral improvement of the community at large, ample compensation would be received for the funds necessary to remove the free colored population from the State. And now, that under the auspices of a more popular Constitution and of more liberal legislation, it is earnestly to be hoped that the resources, physical, moral and intellectual, of the Commonwealth, are to be greatly developed, and every element of social progress to receive a new and powerful impulse, a more opportune and favorable period could not be selected for the eradication of the great evil of which all complain. That the General Assembly, in its wisdom and patriotism, and the generous feelings of a noble humanity, may grant the prayer of your memorialists, your memorialists will ever, &c.



THE HILL-SIDE SPRING.

How aid the fainting memory
The eyes o' the heart!
The life of old—its happier part—
Can never, there enshrined die.

Those olden days, how faint and pale
To the mind's eyes!
But, in my heart I found her sighs
Her image. It can never fail!

Do you remember, faithful friend,
To whom I write,
The spring that bathed the marble white,
O'er which the apple boughs still bend?

You cannot surely have forgot
The hours passed there!
The golden-hued and raven hair
That glimmer still around the spot?

Ah, happy hours! how flitted on
The mornings bright—
In the effulgence of the light,
The rosy light of boyhood's dawn!

But they are gone—most of all she,
My hope, my stay;
She married many a weary day
Ago;—no less my memory!

L. I. L.

THE SUMMER BOWER.

It is a place whither I've often gone
For peace, and found it—secret, hushed and cool—
A beautiful recess in neighbouring woods
Arched overhead and girt around with green,
Domelike and dim, yet no where so enclosed
But that the gentlest breezes reach the spot,
Unwearied and unweakened, and when they,
Those musical confusers of sweet sounds,
Sleep, you may sometimes with unstartled ear
Catch the far fall of voices, how remote
You know not, and you do not care to know.
No livelier influence hath entrance there.
A narrow opening in the branched roof,
A single one, is large enough to show
With that half glimpse which dreamers love so much,
The blue air and the blessing of the sky.
Thither I say I often bend my steps,
When griefs depress, or joys disturb my heart,
And find the calm I look for, or return
Strong with the quiet rapture in my soul.

But one day—
One of those July days when winds have fled
One knows not whither, I, most sick in mind
With thoughts that shall be nameless, yet no doubt
Wrong, or at least unhealthful, since they had
No real cause of gloom and wrought no end,
I, with these thoughts, and on this summer day,
Entered the accustomed haunt, and found for once
No medicinal virtue.

Not a leaf
Stirred with the whispering welcome which I sought,
But in a close and humid atmosphere,
Every fair plant and intertangled bough
Hung lax and lifeless. Something in the place,
Its utter stillness, the unusual heat,
And some more secret influence I thought,
Weighed on the sense like sin. Above, I saw,
Though not a cloud was visible in Heaven,
The pallid sky look through a glazed mist,
Like a blue eye in death.

The change, perhaps,
Was natural enough—my jaundiced sight,
The weather and the time explain it all.
Yet did I draw a lesson from the spot,
Which I commend to thought. Reader! if thou
Hast any sacred sorrow at thy heart,
Look to the stars for solace, call on winds
And waters for a blessing, seek in flowers,
The voiceful and the voiceless things of earth
That sympathy man gives not—they shall bring
Fresh from the heart of Nature balm to thine.
But for the mind which makes its own dark griefs,
These have what life has—nothing.

AGLANS

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

June 20th, '45.—We marched to-day, twenty-seven miles to the crossing place of the Platte river. In all this distance, there was grass but at two spots; and few buffaloes were seen.

I was riding near the head of the column, over the bare prairie, when suddenly, within twenty yards, up sprang a grizzly bear! He ran about eighty paces, threw himself about, and stood some moments, gazing at us with his head high raised. "Grizzly bear!" was shouted down the column, and gave an impulse to the true hunters, which strongly tested the punctilios of discipline: a half dozen of us spurred to instant pursuit: away we galloped, toward the mountain, at greater than buffalo speed. That bold hunter, Capt. M., the foremost, headed and turned back the bear—round a slight swell—when some of us suddenly met it; whereupon, a dragoon's horse, in great fright, gave its rider a tremendous fall; his danger added new excitement,—several shots were instantly fired, and a ball fortunately striking its shoulder, turned off the furious beast toward the river; near it, he took refuge in a very small hammock, where Capt. M. very rashly followed. The bear then came at him with expanded jaws and a savage roar, that sent the horse about with a desperate leap, which made the saddle pommel tear open the Captain's vest to his chin! The bear then dashed on, into the river, where, at twenty paces, a lead of large shot was fired into the back of his head, with no apparent effect; three men followed him there and might have killed him, as he ascended with difficulty the opposite bank; but he escaped into an almost impenetrable thicket of plum bushes, &c., where, it being very extensive, we sought for him in vain.

It was a singular thing, that the moment the bear sprang up before us, near the same spot a very large and perfectly coiled rattle-snake began so loud and threatening a rattle, as to divide the attention of many with his bearship.

A hare shot to-day, although quite poor, weighed seven and a half pounds; the legs were twelve inches long. I supped on a "sagehen," which I shot with my pistol; its quality and flavour seemed to partake of both the grouse and chicken.

June 22d.—Independence Rock.—Yesterday, we forded and left the Platte, to turn confused masses of mountains with picturesque red-rock precipices, which there begin to wall it in; it is

called the Red Buttes. We passed one spring, with a little grass, about half way of our march of twenty-seven miles to another. The last half was the most desolate and wild region we had seen: high plains where there was nothing but clay or sand, and a few stunted, dusty artemisias, interspersed with great rock-hills of dark volcanic appearance. We had to dispute possession with buffalo of the small well-cropped oasis where we encamped, and with another grizzly bear, which we routed out, at dusk, after it had greatly alarmed the horses.

About 5 o'clock, this morning we were in the saddle, anxious—with the famed Sweet Water for our goal—to finish the remaining twenty-five miles of desert. We passed several springs, with a little grass, bog, and some plum bushes; as we neared the river, the country grew more wildly barren; there was a great plain of white sand, and, here and there, of glittering *Epsom Salts*! Amid the mirage and white dust, and the dizzy glow of reflected light and heat, which nearly turned the brain, I have still in my mind's eye a kind of vision of the indomitable hunter, Capt. M., scudding over far black slopes, which seemed themselves in wavy motion, fiercely pursuing flying buffaloes: it was a rivalry of all the German extravagance of their favorite legend of the wild huntsman. The facts seem simple, but there was an unnatural strangeness, a suffocating, alarming heat in the dazzling plains, and the black hills, that gave a dreamy confusion and doubt to realities. Did then, the strange mirage cheat the senses with apparitions of a desperate hunter, on that wonderful gray horse, pursuing black monsters, far, far and indistinctly into the glowing haze?

After all, we knew it was Ben. Moore,* or the devil! But it had always been said that he would follow a buffalo to the abode—left to that imagination which here seemed realized.

But onward moved our silent procession; each followed the whitened horse before him; nothing more could *then* be seen; and expiring fancy, and distressing fact were shadowing forth together the prospect of numerous equestrian statues of salt; and none of us looked back, which might figure in our unhappy history; when, presto! a puff of good natured air, blew pain and doubt and dust away! We were on a verdant sod, laved by a crystal stream. Just behind us, was a pillar; no, a little mountain; a single rock of granite.

Ah! not long, bright Sweet Water! did we

* Captain B. D. Moore, 1st Dragoons, at San Pasqual, California, Dec. 6th, 1846, fell in a charge, far ahead of the foremost, amid a circle of foes, to whom he would not surrender! I was told, soon after, that the enemy, full of admiration, strove hard to disarm and save him.

refrain thy tempting embrace: thou wert a Lethe to the desert behind; all illusion faded from the delightful realities of thy bath.

The rarity and dryness of this air is proved in an ancient buffalo skull, found here, with the ears, and inch-thick hide dried and preserved.

It is near midnight. Silence reigns in the desert; but now and then, come the cries of wolves from the mountains. They give an almost supernatural tone to these solemn solitudes. The repose which twenty hours of excitement and toil demand, is banished. Hark! how they howl! Be grandly dreary, and ye will be attuned to the heart! Yes, never better to a sentimental girl, the gentlest breathings of an æolian harp. Ah! how very doleful is that plaint! Never, never the doleful! Give me the placid calm, with which the soul may revel in fairy creations, adorned by all the flowers of thought, or proud action, the storm of wild and passionate will. The gilded and painted memory, or fierce oblivion.

Come, O, sleep! thou luxury to the happiest; thou matchless blessing to those that may not be comforted. Come deathlike; profound as Adam's first. Oh! fated Progenitor! Then from near thy soft heart, sprang its resistless enemy; evermore armed against the peace of thy unhappy sons! Nay, the very Angels surrendered Heaven, and trembling, yielded to her arms.

June 25th. Independence Rock, which we left yesterday morning, is about one hundred and twenty feet high, and a thousand long; it is the first appearance of a strange ridge of granite masses, near a hundred miles long, which stands in the midst of a great plain, in a direction perpendicular to that of the Rocky Mountains. The Sweet Water for near half its course, from the South Pass to the Platte, runs near its southern base.

Some of its dome-like elevations are near 1,500 feet high; apparently no tree or shrub,—no beast or bird relieves its stern and lifeless gray; its monumental solemnity. For how many ages, since its upheaval by the primitive fires, has it stood—changeless in summer heats and wintry storms—in untrodden solitude; in awful silence!

But the "Rock" is isolated; and I rode ahead several miles over a plain, yesterday morning, hoping to surprise a chamois, or "bighorn," at the "Devil's Gate," the actual extremity of the ridge.

So named perhaps by some earnest believer in satanic grandeur, it is in truth the gateway, chosen, (for its romantic beauty, I shall say) by that fair and gentle offspring of mountain dell, the better named Sweet Water; for, we practical mortals led our martial train with peaceful ease by a much gentler portal, to its valley, a smooth

gap of prairie hill. Whether thus formed in the comical throes of nature—river and sundered rock together—or, whether the waters dammed and falling, wore away the softer trap-rock vein through the granite, less resisting than the hill of stubborn argil and gravel; so it is, the stream here finds an outlet through a profound and narrow chasm in vertical granite.

There are vegetable and mineral attractions and repulsions. The Elm-twigg distorts itself, turning short back to avoid the contact of the locust: the parasite selects the noblest oak, which trails its tender foliage, high over the many self-dependent neighbors, as the tenderest woman oft chooses the most sturdy and rugged mate; and certain it is, this merry little river, whose sparkling waters often demurely purl over golden sands; this very coquette of all the mountain offspring, if it ever approaches the fir-clad mountains of soft inviting blue, turns suddenly back; leaves too, the grassy bed of the valley; and cleaves to the stern rocks: nay, as if for love, or it may be, for strong excitement sake, now and then it enters their very heart, which seems to open to embrace it; and thus, careless of the dry and melancholy plain, goes sporting through their stony bed in fierce or joyous triumph: and then for change again, it comes quietly forth, more deep and staid, and with an innocent smile, to the bosom of the tame and neglected valley. But I have left the "gate" to describe the walls and interior.

My first delight being calmed, I secured my horse, and slung my rifle—that I might better clamber with both hands, and *alone with Nature*, ascended instinctively to a happily selected niche of this her favored temple. Alone! O, who among men would chose more than *one* witness to such an interview!

I was a hundred feet up, and well within the crooked chasm: all breathless, I cast my eyes first upward to the grand walls, still 300 feet above, and approaching in dim perspective; for crowning evergreens formed an arch, as if offering link of beauty to the stern masses, frowning gloomily above the abyss which had sundered them forever.

Below, the waters roared as if to gather courage to dash amongst the shapeless rocks; boiling angrily, they increased by their misty spray the dizzy awe of the downward view. With a slight pause or two, they reflect a gleam of light, which relieves but heightens the majestic solemnity of effect; and then seem to hurry forth from the dread labyrinth, to meet gladly again the light of day.

I have stood on "Marshall's Pillar," overhanging New River 900 feet; I have studied Harper's Ferry from every point; but "Devil's

Gate." with its solemn calm profound, wraps the mind with a spell which no glare of day comes to break; and has so striking an Unity in its grandeur, that it must receive the meed of sublimity.

From the granite range, five or six miles to a parallel mountain ridge at the South, is called the "Valley," of the Sweet Water; it is in fact, chiefly one slope of barren hill, whose sands and gravel are only redeemed from nakedness by melancholy artemisias and absinthia; to the North of the granite, the country is flat and more valley-like; I should say then, that the granite was erupted in the centre of the valley; in the very course of the Sweet Water.

This afternoon, we stopped in the opening of a romantic pass, where the river was narrowly confined by little mountains of rock, to leave a small party with the weakest horses to await our return. Two hunters, who had been sent after buffalo, joined us there with trophies, but with the uneasy haste of a retreat: they had found a grizzly bear with three cubs, and had managed to kill one and had taken a second alive; but then the furious dam had given them a chase, which they dared not stop to encounter, on ground broken by large sage bushes: so they had gladly brought off, as a compromise, the two cubs;—the live one, exhausted by the chase and the excessive heat, seemed dead, and they laid it in the water; a crowd of men were gathered closely around, when suddenly the little beast assumed vigorous life with so fierce a growl, as to disperse his spectators like a bombshell.

We had left the road of loose sand, and now attempted more directly to pass the defile: above us, six or eight hundred feet, great shapeless rocks, piled loosely, or suspended on inequalities of the parent mass, threatened to fall, as many had done before; there, scattered about in the sparkling rapids, and among the rosehushes of the narrow bank, nearly barred our passage, but we fortunately accomplished it. Soon after we emerged on a little green level—still between the mountain precipices—we surprised a flock of chamois passing from one to the other: before we were well recovered from our own surprise they had accomplished their object; but immediately several hunters were scaling the granite in pursuit; and a lucky one reached gunshot distance. When his carbine awoke from silence echoes which had never found a voice, wounded or not, the goats, which on reaching their native rocks had regained an easy confidence, seemed now winged by terror, and skimming the almost vertical slopes and fearful precipices of smooth, naked granite, with a daring velocity which was wonderful, admirable, incred-

ible! I cannot express the thrilling and delightful surprise it gave us.

We ascended then a long sandy slope, still between granite; the reflection was blinding—the heat scorching: there was no sensible perspiration, owing to the rapidity of evaporation; but clouds brought shadows to our relief; and never too was toil sooner forgotten. At the top we paused insensibly, and all gathered there just to behold and gaze excitedly at the glittering summits of the Rocky Mountains. Their sharp pyramids of snow seemed to penetrate,—and all sun-lit—were sublimely relieved by the dark clouds. We descended to find a level camp ground on the Sweet Water; and the telescope now reveals faintly many more pinnacles penetrating dim, airy space, beyond the eye's power to catch the bright reflections of their snow mantles. Like phantoms they seem, mysteriously shadowing forth an unknown land,—a new world.

Near the camp, rising from the green sward, stands a solitary rock of granite: it is two hundred feet high. I ascended and sat long musing there—not alone, for I found company in a single shrub which strangely flourished near the very top.

I am little curious, in little things, and seldom in any manner "played the devil"—to which they often lead so wonderfully; but in this stilted position, I was a daylight Asmodeus: the doings of all the little world below, were open to a glance; and owing to the strangely ascending quality of sound, which I had observed before, I could hear all their uttered thoughts; at four hundred yards remarks came distinctly, to which the person addressed, at twenty paces, answered "what!" I lingered until the torches of some *ex tempore* fishermen, with spears or gigs, warned me that my descent was becoming perilous.

27th June.

"Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couched among falling columns"—

C. "How pleasant thus to repose at high noon of the long, hot day, on a bear skin in the deep shadow of our willow; and in full view of the eternal snows, which send this crystal tide with its delightful verdure!"

F. "The green valley gave us all the pleasure of an unlooked for discovery—the charm of a surprise."

C. Pleasure always flies a studied plan. I like, too, to take misfortune at short notice."

F. As the poor buffalo yesterday did theirs; so their last mouthful of grass was sweet!"

C. "Did you not regret to dispossess them! They seemed to leave with a real reluctance; but so great a herd must soon have finished our forage."

F. "I cannot remember when we rested before! so rarity gives it a greater zest; but we had all the *trouble* of a march, to come three miles! Well, it gave us a good appetite for breakfast."

C. "Not very necessary after the frosty night. But our quiet discussion of trout and buffalo steak, was a good introduction to repose and a pipe."

"How beautifully those light clouds float along from the east, wafted by the gentle airs that just give music to the leaves over head. Ye far wanderers! are ye messengers from that busy world? If so, pass on; and those white summits—those representatives of Nature's simplicity, will receive you quite unmoved!

"What is the world to us? Not much more than we to them!

'Let the wide arch of the ranged empire fall!
Here is my space.'

F. Ah! but Anthony thus spoke under the excitement of a powerful passion."

C. "Most sapient, true; for does he not soon add,

'Now for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now.'

"I rather think there is nothing worth living for beside Love, Music add War."

F. —"And a pipe! for what content, you heathen, does it not appear to give you. And the beauty of this sparkling, but calm morning is something to live for, and gratefully too."

C. "Beauty! I worship beauty! I enjoy it in the tiny flower—it absorbs me in the bright spring landscape, where Nature has kindly played the artist, or in the sunset clouds which methinks good angels paint in heaven's own colours; it enchants me in smiling eyes and lips wreathing their divine intelligence with a halo of love!"

F. "Bravo!"

C. "Thus love at last, as love at first—all-absorbing—feeding upon music,—sporting with war:—love, the link of earth to heaven,—love is all in all!"

(*F.* "He must have been reading Saint John!")

C. "The beauty, then, which now soothes me momentarily, is but a sweet minister to the soul—to which absence is the doomed evil, but space immaterial—and leads it with a melancholy joy, to the imaginative communion of love."

F. "When I have you committed, fairly pinned in contradiction, you fly off into a maze of extravagant fancies, where I should be lost, as well, if I followed."

C. "And get the best of it! Ah! my good friend, let this wild mountain air have fair play; let us with the desert's freedom joyously float convention and opinion—upstart usurpers!—let us make mocking sport of the prosaic solemnity of ignorant prejudice;—let us shoot popguns at least, against the solid bulwarks where folly and selfishness sit enthroned!"

F. "Then fire away!—though hang me if I know what you mean."

C. You are so poetical! The material wilderness, with no fair spirit minister, would sink us to mere animals. Well, I mean that fanatics, hypocrites and malicious gossips generally rule society: sometimes under the cloak of religion,—sometimes as envious, presumptuous censors.—they intimidate the true and innocent, who resist not, nor despise,—but slavishly cower before their unblushing falsehood: thus, all pure simplicity of manners,—all the most private and sacred relations of life are blurred by their foul intrusion. I mean, too, that life is burthened with a thousand artificial cares and anxieties; the growth of envy, jealousy and folly, the prolific brood of another arch-tyrant, fashion."

F. "Well! what care we in this honest wilderness! Care for nothing you cannot help, is the sum of my philosophy."

C. "But who lives, who may not be wounded through another!—Then so be it! let us treat the whole world as it has done us, and—forget it! I dare say, nay, I am sure, that beyond some family ties, there is not upon the wide earth a heart in sympathy with our good or ill; whose even beat would be as much disturbed, were this wild sed to cover us forever, as at the most ephemeral of the trifling cares which make up their petty lives."

F. "At last you have struck a chord that answers as to the touch of truth! And as for love, I know none better than that of the she-bear for her cub; and that lasts, and is returned, just so long as circumstance and interest bind."

C. "O! my friend! Is there not then a pure soul-love, a deathless friendship, "passing the love of women," which all life's trials and the world's baseness cannot soil or sap? If that be truth, 'twere better never to look into her Medusa face! O! better to cherish enthusiasm, (despite the sneers and ridicule of cold, calculating woman;) better, (as it would become) a blind heroism of credulity! Ay, a heroism of policy,—like that of the great Cortez, who burnt, unread, the proofs of a conspiracy, rather than embrace damning doubt."

Evening.—In this day of rest, each has followed his bent; some, headed by Capt. M., of course, have wandered to the stony, sunny hills, seeking the excitement of hunting;—others fish;

still worse, but *de gustibus*.) others sleep away the day. As for myself, with my pipe and pen, and my plum bush—my occupation appears. Nothing disturbs me, but that a luckless brood of magpies inhabit my plum bush. Heavens! how they chatter! How querulously and fiercely they chatter! No girl-school could equal it. I shall assuredly skin, and stuff, at least one of them; or slit a tongue—which might make the matter worse.

This same plum bush is a singular affair: its stems are three feet through, and so closely wound together, that little is wanting to a solid mass: but the half are dead,—and on their dry limbs, hangs the wool of buffalo, rubbed off yesterday.

The bright Sweet Water, giving in the morning strong indications of a devious and capricious course, we yesterday reluctantly resigned her cheerful company, and betook ourselves to her companions, the hills; in the hope, however—which was not disappointed—that we should find something new and pleasing in their more serious company.

After a delightful drink of the water of a little green bog, which has masses of ice near its surface, (and without accounting for this strange fact, I will merely mention that hot as it is by day, water froze last night in my tent,) we gradually ascended what seemed a vast plain;—the granite masses began to disappear;—to the left, the blue mountains became prairie hills; the snow clad Wind River peaks were steadily before us. We exchanged loose sand for a gravel soil; for some soil there is, with a scant, yellow grass;—but mosses are more common: the universal wild sage is thinner and smaller;—heathcock and hares have nearly disappeared—there is, instead, a brownish rabbit,—and curlews too, whose wild cries are well atone with the scenery. About mid-day we were ascending a very dry, hard road—as it seemed—when we met a stream of water!—making a deliberate, but very sure progress. It was not much, “for a new country,” but I thought it remarkable. Then we found buffalo, and had a good, old fashioned and successful chase. We were on very high ground, and the scenery was noble; far away toward the left, to the south of the Pass—that giant gateway to the western continent—the mountains rising again in forbidding grandeur;—great plains in front which might lead to the new ocean,—but in part relieved by towering mountains glittering with snow down nearly to our level;—while more to the right, a majestic table Bluff, 8,000 feet high! seemed there to bound the earth.

But suddenly, with a delightful surprise, we looked down into the smiling face and bosom of our little coquette, Sweet Water, all renewed in

grace, and blooming in a glittering dress of green: absence gave appreciation and zest to the meeting. She was now in a sweet, secluded valley, three miles long, on which high stony hills every where walling it in, frowned in vain. She only smiled the more!

And its attractions had gathered there a vast herd of buffalo, which surprised us as much—so unusual have such become. But here comes Frank again: well, rest is evidently not a time for dull narrative.

F. “Most industrious of scribblers, I give you good evening! How charming, for a change, is our old friend, Siesta! I hope the beautiful nymphs of this happy valley, if they suffice you, hovered over your dreams. But, in truth, I think you dream all day, when no wild bull is a-foot. Hast thou, most favored mortal, tempted an Egeria from her sacred fountain and grove to meet thee, where others groan in very spirit, in the hot and dusty stony barrens?”

C. “You are quite overpowering! Your dreams surely were spirituous. But a truce to day-dreams; light as they are, the whole world granteth them not a foundation spot!”

F. (*He has turned the tables.*) “Well, the Captain has got back; and has had an interesting excursion. He went a dozen miles over—or down—to the Wind River, (or a branch,) which he says is a thousand feet lower than this; and that the mountains, to which it gives its name, appear from thence far more lofty and grand.”

C. “I am sorry I did not go! Is it not water of the Yellowstone?”

F. “Yes; but first of the Big Horn, which takes its name from your “chamois”—they are all goats—that is a fork of the Yellowstone. But is not this a sweet valley! I have bathed in the beautiful little river, where it is five feet deep; the sands seemed of gold,—and on the bank I found ripe strawberries.”

C. “They have a story of Capt. B., whose travels this way were published, that he spent a day or two here, collecting the yellow mica sand, in the belief that it *was* gold. But while you have been indulging in the beautiful, which I hope stirred somewhat the poetical element, which exists perhaps in all, and is dormant in few elevated minds, I have found in the rugged hill-side food for thought at least;—the impression of a sea-shell in primitive limestone;—this, at the top, or rather at the base of the Rock Mountains, (for this South Pass, 60 miles wide, has not the characteristics of a mountain, is merely the highest steppe of the continent,) is a fruitful subject for palæontological research, if such be not without the pale of your practical system?”

F. “Bah! your modern geognosy is a humbug! or, too deep at least, for a wandering dra-

goon. Now, would you go about determining the age of the formation from your knowledge of the shell? or give it physiological gradation from your profound knowledge of superposition of strata?"

C. "The former, if I only knew it. You will allow me at least, on your own recommendation to note the fact in my journal?"

F. "Of course; but with becoming modesty. It is enough to ruffle one, to have such a long word thrust at him, of a pleasant summer evening, and a thousand miles from a library."

C. "But, good heavens! do not condemn a word for its length. Palæontology is an almost poetical triumph, which throws an attractive grace over the sterility of geognostic investigations and symbols on the human tombs, which throw beams of startling light over the obscurity of fabulous antiquity,—so when we discover the traces or remains of existing, or the extinct life of the old world, their natural tombs—the fossil rocks—are monuments on which Time thus records their relative ages. It is a beautiful chronometry of the earth's surface!"

F. "Allow me then a few years of devotion to the study of the analysis of primitive zoölogy and botany, and I will then, if possible, give you my speculations with all the boldness of poetical science upon the formation and age of the continent—all by the light of your chronological, fossiliferous, infernal shell!"

C. "I understand you. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. But there is ever "speculation in the eye" and face of nature. Did you notice yesterday that great level-topped bluff? There is something in the idea of grandeur with which these high plains inspire me, that I cannot fully understand."

F. "Is it not the impression of massiveness, which the extent of the level shape adds to the effect of height?"

C. "Something of the sort:—perhaps so. I have been reminded by some of these lofty table-lands, so swelling as to hide all the earth beyond, of a feature of Niagara; that scene of hacknied sublimity, of which it is supposed that nothing new can be said or written. But it was the rapids, and not the falls, whose smooth descent the eye measures by the banks, that impressed me most, and with an effect that I certainly have not heard or read of. Standing on the Canadian side, much below the falls, in full view of the rapids, in all the foaming majesty of their long rocky descent, I could see nothing beyond—nothing between them and the sky, whose glittering light clouds seemed blended with their bright foam and spray. Then came with the strong semblance, the sublime idea that the

mighty flood was rolling forth continually from the high heavens!"

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Farewell, my friend! Soon the desert shall receive me.

"Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain."

Notices of New Works.

TIME AND TIDE: *Or, Strive and Win.* By A. S. Roe. Author of "James Montjoy," "To Love and to be Loved," etc., etc. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1852.

Mr. Roe will lose, by this new work, none of the reputation he acquired by his excellent and popular moral tale of "James Montjoy." His power lies in describing with great naturalness and feeling, everyday scenes and characters—in daguerreotyping the real life struggles of real life personages, with the "hostilities," as Carlyle would say, which surround and stand in the path of mortals. There is not a particle of rhetoric about this author's style, no striving after effect by those carefully moulded and elaborated periods which characterize—and not favorably—so many of the poet-authors of our day and generation. Mr. Roe's narrative flows on without effort—it is a brook winding through pleasant, cheerful scenery, not a torrent.

Such works will forever be popular; and will live and be read for their home truth, when many volumes of much greater pretension shall have been swallowed up by time and change. And this is as it should be. The writer who purifies in any degree one human heart, or reconciles that heart to its earthly state of probation, has done more for humanity than many a celebrated philosopher and man of science. "Time and Tide" is, as we have said, an every day story of everyday people—showing their strugglings and misfortunes, but their successes and happinesses too; but the moral of the book is summed up in the second division of the title—Strive and Win! Brave words these, which hold how much of deep philosophy, how much of lofty counsel! In them is the essence of all human wisdom, and they are the true talisman which will open for all the most heavily closed doors. The characters have great truthfulness, and Charles, and Frank, and his sister Emily, will be favorites with every reader;—as will not those worthies Marsh and Twineall. The arrest of Charles, on a criminal charge, is told with great beauty and force; and there are many such pages in the book where power and grace are blended.

The author fails, however, in one particular—and badly. Old Peter, the negro factotum of Mrs. Stanley, does not talk "African"—for we may almost elevate into a separate tongue the negro management of English. No one who has listened frequently, or with attention, to the negro's *patois*, would have written the passages in question.

We recommend "Time and Tide" to all our readers. It may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Thomas B. Shaw*. *A New American Edition with a Sketch of American Literature*. By *Henry T. Tuckerman*. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1852.

The first American edition of Mr. Shaw's volume has been a book of constant reference with us ever since its publication. The work is rendered more valuable in its present form by the addition of Mr. Tuckerman's Sketch of American Literature. Mr. Tuckerman has executed his task with taste and judgment, and the only fault we have to find with the performance, is that which belongs to all northern works of this character—injustice to southern writers. There seems a fixed and determined purpose on the part of all New England authors to recognize nothing of literary excellence beyond the Potomac. Accordingly, in the present Sketch, we see every southern *litterateur*, who is mentioned at all, dismissed in a single paragraph, while whole pages are devoted to the discussion of northern minds. We think this very unfair, and especially did we not look for it in Mr. Tuckerman, who has many southern admirers, and whose literary merits have been acknowledged, in the handsomest manner, by the Southern Quarterly Review.

The work is for sale by A. Morris.

ELEVEN WEEKS IN EUROPE: *and What may be Seen in that Time*. By *JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852.

Mr. Clarke's Sketches of European Travel are in the highest degree delightful, and constitute the very poetry of guide-books. We should regard such a *vade mecum* as worth far more than Murray, and we cordially commend it to all such as intend visiting Europe for purposes of observation and improvement. Those who go simply to make the fashionable tour, would not be much benefitted by Mr. Clarke's experience. The three subjects of special admiration with Mr. Clarke, were the Alps, the fine old paintings and the magnificent cathedrals, which one must cross the Atlantic to see. Each of these *specialités* he has described with spirit and enthusiasm. It may be interesting to many of our readers to know that the entire expense of Mr. Clarke's tour, including outward and homeward voyages, was Six Hundred Dollars, and that with this outlay he spent four weeks in England, two weeks in France, three weeks in Switzerland, one week on the Rhine, and one week in Belgium.

The book is for sale by A. Morris.

THE GREEK GIRL: *a Tale in Two Cantos*. By *JAMES WRIGHT SIMMONS*. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company.

There are so many evidences of power and poetic genius in this metrical story, that we are heartily sorry the author did not write it, as he might easily have done, in a style of his own, instead of hazarding another imitation of Don Juan. The sometime slipshod stanza of my Lord Byron, in that brilliant and witty, but very wicked production, rises occasionally into a majesty to which writers quite as gifted as Mr. Simmons, have vainly endeavored to attain, and to copy only the worse portions of a model without its redeeming excellence, subjects one to sharp criticism. In saying this we mean only that Mr. Simmons had fallen into very rough and slovenly versification from copying the stanza of Don Juan, not that he has

caught anything of its licentiousness. But while we regret the form of the work, we are not insensible to its merits, and we do not hesitate to say, that for luxuriance of imagery, and depth of philosophical reflection, the Greek Girl deserves to be widely read. We should like to lay some passages from it before our readers, but we think they will derive a juster impression of Mr. Simmon's powers from a perusal of the entire work, and we therefore advise them to buy it upon our simple *imprimatur*.

It may be obtained of J. W. Randolph.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ-GREEN HALLECK. New Edition. Redfield. Clinton Hall. New York. 1852.

Halleck is a poet after our own heart, though the Tennysonian taste of the day has exalted others above him, who are more psychological (or more egotistical) than he, and throw around their ideas a cloudier drapery of language. We therefore thank Mr. Redfield for this seasonable and handsome edition of his poems. In looking over it, we find our old favorite pieces as delightful as ever, and recognize in the "Extract from an Unpublished Poem," a new candidate for our admiration. This extract has gone the rounds of the newspapers, or we would quote it.

A. Morris has the volume for sale.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW. July, 1852. Charleston, S. C. Published by Walker & Richards.

This excellent publication, under the scholarly editorial management of Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, continues to maintain its long-established reputation, as one of the highest exponents of the American intellect. The number before us discusses several national subjects with great ability. The article on the battle of Churubusco is a fine piece of military history, from the pen of one who unites to an intimate knowledge of the art of war the graces of a polished rhetoric; and the doctrine of Foreign Intervention, as expounded by Kossuth, is treated in another paper with marked discrimination and force. We are glad to see also a genial critical notice of Kennedy's Horse Shoe Robinson. Such a Review as this Quarterly is a credit to the South and to the country.

THE NORTH CAROLINA READER: *Containing a History and Description of North Carolina, Selections in Prose and Verse, &c., &c.* By *C. H. Wiley*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Mr. Wiley deserves well of the people of North Carolina for this excellent volume compiled in their service. It is designed for schools, and will generally replace, we trust, the thousand Yankee publications of a similar character, which have, for many years, been in use in Southern academies. The History of North Carolina, contained in the work, is graphically written, and is well suited to popular reading. The selections seem to have been most judiciously chosen, and altogether the book commends itself to the patriotism of North Carolinians in a high degree.

From Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., through J. W. Randolph, we have received two additional volumes of Bohn's publications. One is vol. V. of Vasari's Lives of

the Painters, which completes the new and handsome edition of that standard work, and contains a full index to the whole:—the other is a volume of translations from Ovid, containing the *Heroides*, the *Art of Love*, and other of the higher productions of the graceful Latin Poet. We are always glad to have the opportunity of paying our humble tribute of commendation to the valuable Libraries of Mr. Bohn, in which only books of the highest excellence are included. The low price at which these books are offered to the public, places them within the reach of all readers. The volumes before us may be found at all our bookstores.

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. By *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1852.

Mr. Hawthorne has fully sustained himself in the *Blithedale Romance*, although we rate it much lower, as a work of art, than either the *Scarlet Letter* or the *House of the Seven Gables*. It abounds in highly wrought scenes, a *riant* humor, a just perception of character and happy description. The plot is cast at Brook Farm, where many years ago a set of rose-water reformers gathered themselves into a sort of association to improve this wicked world of ours, and show mankind how to dwell together in unity. Hawthorne was himself one of these amiable sentimentalists, and it was expected that the *Blithedale Romance* would turn upon the history of this Utopian scheme, but in the preface he expressly disavows any design to show up his brother philosophers. He has peopled Brook Farm, instead, with personages altogether imaginary, and constructed around it a story of considerable interest. This interest is mainly kept up by the fact that the story is told by one who had been only a looker on, and not an actor, and the results are thus invested with an extraordinary effect by the ignorance of the reader on account of the supposed ignorance of the narrator. The atmosphere is unreal, weird, spiritual, a medium favorable to the representation of Hawthorne's ghostly creations.

A. Morris has the work for sale.

A JOURNEY TO KATMANDU: Or the Nepaulese Ambassador at Home. By *Lawrence Olyphant*. New York. D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852.

The visit of the Nepaulese Ambassador to London, during 1850, is quite fresh in the recollection of all who read the accounts of the *fetes* with which he was honored, and the jokes that were perpetrated at his expense. Punch made a small fortune out of his Excellency, whose openness of character and ignorance of the conventionalities of Christendom betrayed him into some curious adventures. The most amusing instance of his extreme simplicity was his proposition to purchase the Coldstream Guards, their evolutions upon review at Windsor having greatly delighted him. We are not certain, however, that this did not show a rare perception of the true character of *enlightened* nations, where all things are reduced to a pecuniary standard. At all events, General Jung Bahadur was no ordinary man, and those who would like to know more of him, will find a charming account of his accomplishments, his *bonhomie* and his native good sense, in "A Journey to Katmandu." Mr. Lawrence Olyphant is the son of the English Governor of Ceylon, and was the travelling companion and guest of General Bahadur on a visit to the capital of Nepal. There he became acquainted with the habits and customs of the

people, which he describes very satisfactorily. A large amount of novel information is given in the volume, which is beautifully printed as one of the series of Appleton's Popular Library.

It may be obtained of A. Morris.

A JOURNAL kept during a Summer Tour for the Children of a Village School. By the Author of "*Amy Herbert*," "*Gertrude*," &c., &c. In Three Parts. Part II. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 260 Broadway. 1850.

The rare faculty of description which Miss Sewell has heretofore exhibited in her works of fiction, qualifies her, in an eminent degree, to write pleasant books of travel, and in the "*Summer Tour*," this faculty has been exercised with great effect. The part before us relates entirely to Switzerland, and no more faithful representation of the Alps has ever been given to the public. The placid lakes, the quiet villages nestling at the bases of the eternal mountains, the awful avalanche, the glittering glacier, and high above all the towering and majestic summit of Mont Blanc—such are the pictures that are represented to us by Miss Sewell's *Journal* with striking fidelity and success. We commend it, therefore, with great confidence, to all summer loungers, as a refrigerative agent, feeling satisfied that although one cannot—

—hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,

he may still refresh himself in the hot noons of August with such drippings from the "regions of thick-ribbed ice." The effect has been cooling to us at least. We shall look with interest for Part III. of the "*Summer Tour*," and take occasion to say here to the publishers, that we did not receive Part I.

The work may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SCOTLAND. By *Henry William Herbert*. Redfield, Clinton Hall: New York. 1852.

THE CAVALIERS OF ENGLAND, Or the Times of the Revolutions of 1642 and 1688. Same author and publisher.

These two volumes, from the pen of one of our best writers, contain some powerfully drawn sketches, based upon the legends of the olden time. Mr. Herbert always writes with effect, and we see no reason to think that these new works will not enjoy as wide a popularity as any of their predecessors. Mr. Redfield has done himself great credit by the handsome style in which the volumes are given to the public.

J. W. Randolph has them for sale.

THE LEGISLATIVE GUIDE, Containing all the Rules for conducting Business in Congress: Jefferson's Manual; &c. &c. By *Joseph Bartlett Burleigh*, LL.D. Philadelphia. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A most useful publication embodying all that legislators should know to enable them to dispatch public business. If Congress and our thirty-one legislative assemblies would master its contents, and proceed according to order in their deliberations, we should enjoy the benefits of a more rigid economy of time and money in the administration of State and National affairs.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVIII.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

NO. 9.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XII.

Rio de Janeiro; Animal degeneracy; Unity of the Human Race; Physiology useful to Political Economists; Botanic Garden; Cultivation of Tea; Lagôa de Freitas; Funeral Ceremonies; Consumption of Wax; Undertakers; Number of Churches; Celibacy of Priests; Ceremony on a Corpus Christi Day; A Brazilian View of the United States; Santa Priscilliana; St. Sebastian, and Sebastianists; Military Ceremony in the Navy; Cocked Hats.

Rio de Janeiro has an air of antiquity; its streets, which cross at right angles, are narrow; very few of the houses are more than two stories high. The walls are generally white, and the roofs are of red tiles; but foreigners remark that the uniformity is broken by a practice of varie-gating the fronts of shops, and even of dwellings, in various colors. The churches are numerous; some of them are impressive, (I will not say imposing, though they may be,) both inside and out. Three fifths of the street population is negro, and perhaps an additional fifth is mulatto. The Anglo-Saxon on landing, is struck with the small stature, and the comparatively feeble physical constitution of the men; even the slaves do not appear to be generally very athletic. One Anglo-Saxon is equal, seemingly, in muscular power, to two of Brazilian growth: appearances may deceive, but I think experiment would prove this estimate to be correct.

I have no hesitation in expressing a notion that there is a declension of animal power in the varieties of the human race, which have immigrated to Brazil, and probably, also a commensurate declension of mental power; and that this declension is due to habitual departure from obedience to physiological laws, as well as to influence of climate. Europeans bring with them, and continue their habits of diet and drink, which are not adapted to produce the highest condition of animal life under an elevated temperature; and being always urged beyond their capability, the organs are impaired; their functions come to be imperfectly performed, and the result is a degeneration in the powers of the individual.

The animal imperfections thus induced, are transmitted to offspring; and the vices of organizations are increased, generation after generation. Promiscuous marriages of negroes with whites, mulattoes, and the resulting castes of many degrees, contribute to lessen both the physical and mental powers. The progeny of a Caucasian and negro, may be superior to the latter, but is never equal to the first; the children resulting from such an amalgamation, are hybrids, and are inferior, as animals, to the pure offspring of either. For such reasons, the social laws or customs which sanction an amalgamation of the various races and castes of men, are in conflict with animal improvement, and with the highest development of the human mind and body. In vain may we look amidst the population of Brazil for preëminently great soldiers, statesmen or philosophers, until physiological law is understood and observed by society, at least in this particular, for many years to come. The controlling minds of the state will be found among white immigrants and their immediate and unmixed descendants; the mixed or hybrid castes will ever be inferiors in natural ability, and consequently in acquired powers. Franklins and Newtons; Fultons and Whitneys; Howards and Washingtons, can never arise from hybrid or mongrel parentage; they can only descend from the pure, unmixed blood of one species. Whether we regard the whole human family as the issue of a single pair, and therefore consisting of no more than one species (using the term in a strictly systematic sense) or not, it is difficult not to perceive distinctive differences in the several races; differences in the anatomical structure and form, even of the bones themselves, which are not traced, even if they be traceable, to the influence of diet, of climate and habit of life. No system of training, it is believed, will enable a Caucasian stock, to produce a negro variety, or species; nor am I aware of any ascertained fact which countenances a suspicion, that a negro pair could be possibly cultivated into producing a Caucasian stock. The negro and white are specifically different; there are varieties of both species. The Anglo-Saxons, the Celts, &c., are varieties of the Caucasian species; and the Abyssinian, the natives of New Guinea, the Hottentot, &c., are instances of the negro species. The cross of varieties of the same species, it is believed by practical agriculturists, often leads to a transmissible improvement in those qualities for which animals

are most valued; but a cross between species produces degenerate hybrids, which, among inferior animals, are rarely prolific. It has been said that the duration of life, the strength of muscle, capability to resist morbid influences, are less in mulatto hybrids, on an average, than in the white or negro species. If this be correct, no additional evidence is necessary to demonstrate the deterioration of *animalité* consequent upon such conjunction of species.

If the protection and preservation of those qualities of body and mind upon which the strength, intelligence, health and happiness of a people depend, pertain to political government, then political economists and legislators should carefully study physiology, that is, the phenomena and laws of organic life. The statutes which regulate legitimacy, should be devised with a view to discourage all marriages which can influence injuriously the development of the race. Unions which may be sources of hybridity in any degree whatever, should be discountenanced; for this reason, connubial relations between the white and black species should have no legal existence under any political system interested in the perfection of the Caucasian race. It will be advantageous to all not to mingle the species: "J'aime qu'un Russe soit Russe."

May 8th. About 10 o'clock, A. M., we entered a carriage drawn by four mules. The two leaders were managed by a postillion in livery who rode one of them; the other two were driven by a negro mounted on the box. We rattled through the streets, the animals being urged incessantly by whip and spur, until we reached a barrier where a toll of a half "patac," equal to about eight cents, was paid. It seemed to be within the city. We passed round the beautiful bay of Botafogo, and on a road lined by pretty villas, more like the creations of fairy land than real structures, and alighted at the Botanical Garden, which is about six miles from the landing in the city. A negro boy acted as cicerone. Two hours were agreeably spent in admiring the trees and flowers and arbors. The sacred lotus of India, floated in the ponds; we rested in the shade of the bread-fruit tree of Tahiti, and the tall bamboo of the East. Here are camphor, cinnamon, and cardamom trees; the sago palm with its salmon-colored fruit; the tea-plant of China; creepers and flowers of every hue, all beautifully arranged, and all in excellent condition. The spot is poetically beautiful, and in the language of a messmate, "perfectly Lalla-Rookish" in every respect. To the southward, the garden looks out upon the ocean; and the Corcovado, rising almost perpendicularly to the northward, watches over it.

"O Jardim Botânico," was founded in 1817,

by Dom João VI., say the histories; but the spot was devoted to the cultivation of exotics, long prior to that date. It appears that about the year 1800, the colonial government of Brazil, set apart about fifty acres in the parish called Lagôa de Freitas, to receive a variety of plants brought from the Isle of France in a transport ship, on which were a number of Portuguese convicts from the East Indies, sentenced to banishment in this then remote country. Those plants, among which were the clove, cinnamon, camphor and nutmeg trees, were the commencement of the present collection. The tea plants were imported about the year 1810 or 1812, and subsequently some natives of China, were employed in their cultivation for several years. The last of those Celestials disappeared from Rio de Janeiro in 1829.

The Botanic Garden is not exactly what the name imports. It is not cultivated with a view to the diffusion of a knowledge of botany, but rather to acclimate useful plants, and spread their seeds through the empire. Some success has attended the undertaking; for tea of Brazilian growth now supplies a very considerable portion of the demand for the article, among the common classes. There is no direct trade between Brazil and the East; and all the tea of Chinese growth to be found in the market, reaches Rio by way of the United States and Europe.

An idea of the extent of the tea culture, may be gathered from a memoir on the subject by Antonio Felisberto Nogueira, a proprietor of Jaguary, who has a tea plantation of 100,000 plants; with 23 hands, young and old, he has obtained 3,200 pounds. On an average, each laborer collects daily, for one hundred days, eight pounds of leaves, which yield two pounds of dry tea; and during the second harvest, four pounds daily, for forty days: so that each laborer in the course of the year, collects 240 pounds of tea, worth at Rio de Janeiro, about 1,600 reis, or about fifty to sixty cents the pound. The cost of boxing, packing, transportation and commissions, is to be deducted.

This branch of agriculture is due, exclusively, to the existence of the Botanic Garden, called of Lagôa de Roderigo de Freitas. It is very near a pretty sheet of water thus named, which is separated from the ocean by a bank of sand, which is sometimes overflowed. Forty slaves, children and adults included, are employed in the garden. Beyond the support of these, the expense of the institution is very small. The Imperial Government gives it necessary attention, and is doubtless extending its usefulness to every part of the empire.*

* Anuario Politico do Brazil.

Seeds or cuttings are freely given to all who may apply for them; fees of admission are not demanded.

On returning, the *Lagõa de Freitas* excited attention; but the beautiful round and deep bay of *Botafogo*, which is said to be a league to the southeast of the city, spreading out a smooth sheet of water, separated from the sea by the Sugar Loaf and other granitic rocks, drew forth exclamations of admiration from my companions. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more lovely looking bay in nature; its beauty is enhanced by the village or town of *Botafogo*, consisting of elegant villas and neat dwellings arranged along the circling shore of the bay, which is ornamented by a fine road. All these improvements have been made since the year 1820, when it was scarcely more than a fishermen's village.

As we drew nearer to the city, we noticed that the grocer's shops, were marked by sides of bacon hanging on the front, and festoons of onions suspended over the doors. In almost every direction, the eye encountered painted door-posts, variegated walls and tile roofs, shaped like the drawings seen on old-fashioned blue china. In the streets were passing water-carriers, marching erect and steadily under a half barrel of water nicely poised on the head; pedlars and pack-mules, carts and slaves moving in opposite directions, which, under a blazing noonday sun, formed a picture strikingly in contrast with street scenes in our own northern, Atlantic cities.

We reached our hotel about 3 P. M., and dined.

In the afternoon we strolled to the Navy Yard, at the extreme end of *Rua Direita*. At the gate was a negro sentinel, bearing a musket on one shoulder in a slovenly, don't-care kind of manner; but he was neither a soldier nor a marine, for he wore the duck frock and trowsers of a naval seaman.

We wandered first through one street and then another noting whatever was different from what we are accustomed to see at home. In the square in front of the church of *San Francisco de Paula*, our attention rested on a hearse, to which several negroes in gaudy liveries, covered almost in tinsel, were attaching three pairs of white mules, whose heads were bedecked with black plumes. The body of the hearse was scarlet, and each corner was ornamented by a gilded seraphim. This was shaded by a roof supported on white twisted columns, three feet high; around which were twined wreaths and garlands of roses. Several funeral attendants, arrayed in blue cloth coats with white breasts and facings, and each armed with a wax candle six feet long, were preparing and gathering around

the vehicle which, we learned from a bystander, was to convey the body of a child to the tomb. The church bells were ringing, and numbers of people were entering the temple. We mingled in the crowd.

A tall catafalco, gaudily decked in gilded arabesques, occupied the centre of the church, and upon it, reposed the dead body of a man in a black suit, the head being hidden under a white cloth. This corpse was in a shallow box, covered in black cloth, trimmed with gold lace an inch wide; the cover, when closed, formed a pent-roof, but it was now open. A company of priests stood round, chanting the services for the deceased, and swinging smoking censers of frankincense, and from time to time sprinkling holy-water. When the chant ended, the corpse-box was closed and borne to the place of temporary interments, adjoining the side of the church, followed by a procession of priests and laymen in black cloaks, each bearing a lighted wax candle about six feet long.

The cemetery consists of a square, each side of which is about a hundred feet in length. A roof about fifteen feet wide runs around the sides, the centre being open to the sky. The walls are about fifteen feet high, and are made up of tiers of vaults, each about two feet square, penetrating six or seven feet into the structure. These vaults or tombs, are occupied from one to two years, or until decomposition has removed all but the bones, which, at the end of that time, are removed and burned, and the ashes are collected and inurned.

A scaffold was arranged close to the wall and opposite to the open mouth of a vault prepared for the interment. The body was set down and a short chant was performed; then it was raised upon the scaffold, and another chant succeeded. Now two attendants in long black costume and white cravats, removed the corpse from the box, and placed it in the vault, carefully adjusting the head in a hollow prepared to receive it. The corpse-box, or temporary coffin, which is rented for the occasion, was removed, and each one of the laymen in black cloaks, took up a grocer's scoop full of powdered quick-lime, ascended the scaffold and sprinkled it over the body, and the vault was left to be closed by the mason.

A corpse was lying in state before a temporary altar at the opposite side of the cemetery. Funeral services were performed, and it, in like manner, was consigned to a vault.

A sudden peal of bells induced me and my companion to return into the church, where we found many gentlemen assembled, and forming in two ranks with a broad space between, extending from the principal entrance to the main altar. Each one bore a long wax candle. We

stood in the rear, but on being observed, a candle was placed in our hands, in a very polite manner, and we fell into line. By this time, the choir, or orchestra above, was seen to be filled with musicians. At least a hundred and fifty candles were burning in the hands of those who were assisting at the ceremony, besides those on the several altars and around a catafalcal structure, nearer to the main altar than that from which the dead man has been just removed to the decomposing vault. Presently, six persons bearing a bier or corpse-box covered with bouquets and wreaths of flowers, came from the scarlet hearse, seen in the street through the open door of the church, and proceeded slowly between the rows of mourners, up to the catafalco, upon which they deposited it. At the moment the corpse bearers entered the church, there was a gush of most delightful music from the choir, in which a full instrumental orchestra and an operatic troupe were assembled. The music was from the opera of *La Donna del Lago*, and executed in a most exquisite style. When the overture was concluded, a procession of priests entered from the cemetery and crossed the church, chanting as they walked from the recent interments. Presently they returned, arrayed in a more costly ecclesiastic uniform, and arranged themselves around the catafalco, upon which the remains of the child had been placed. At its head an image of the glory or host glittered more brightly than the one displayed in the ceremony which consigned the adult body to its vault.

A short chant by the priests was succeeded by music from the choir, both vocal and instrumental. We distinguished amidst the sweet sounds permanently but unnaturally altered male voices; and sweet were the tones of violins, viols, horns, tromboons and trumpets, but richer far, was a flute solo, with occasional accompaniments. Then came a short priestly chant, followed by a chorus which was enchanting. When the ceremony was concluded, and the lights extinguished, the sun had set; the remains of the child were left to rest before the altar during the night. We were thanked for our assistance, and departed for the ship.

How strange to us was the ceremony we had just witnessed, perhaps because we did not comprehend all its meanings. There was nothing sad or solemn; it was elevating, exciting and calculated to remind one more of the mimic show of a theatre than of the future abode of departed souls. Yet it is a beautiful manifestation of parental affection for a lost child—or possibly it may be found on close scrutiny, to be vanity—when we remember the prevailing belief that the souls of infants ascend directly to heaven, and there at once become pure and spotless angels, im-

bued with power to intercede in behalf of the parents they have left on earth. When infants die, it is customary for friends of the bereaved parents to pay them visits, not of condolence, but of congratulation; a custom which may naturally spring from an unlimited faith in the happy change death brings to the innocent soul of a child.

Whether the future bliss of the child's soul, or the angelic power of intercession for parents left behind is in any degree influenced, according to the opinion on the subject entertained by the Roman Catholics of Brazil, by the style and expense of the obsequies, is a question I am not prepared to discuss or answer. But I cannot conjecture even, that thinking and intelligent people believe that the souls of pauper infants are less pure for lack of funeral pomp. Such a notion involves an idea that poverty and penury in this world follow us into the next, and we may fail to occupy a place we merit in heaven, for want of means to see priests and pay for prayers, candles and music, while in this earthly condition. Yet it is manifest, there is a belief in the efficacy of high priced prayers; we are taught by what we see, that the poorest men strive to bestow something on priests to supplicate for the souls of their departed friends, and the rich often bequeath large sums to the clergy to secure a speedy transit through purgatory. Experience teaches the living that priests, as a general rule at least, do not feel it incumbent upon them to labor zealously for the dead without an adequate remuneration to themselves, or to the church. Roman Catholic obsequies in Brazil, if an opinion may be formed from what we have just witnessed, must be profitable to the clergy; for it is not probable that the small salaries of priests would permit them to expend such quantities of wax lights without a pecuniary return. It is certain the obsequies of the poor are dimly illuminated. The importation of wax into Rio for the year 1845, was 601,393 lbs., one-third of which was from the United States; and 480,000 lbs., of candles, one-third of which were of spermaceti. This statement is accurate enough to show that the consumption of wax and of candles, must be very large; for this supply is in addition to the home production which is considerable. The city contains twenty-eight manufactories of candles—*Fabricas de Velas*.

The attention given to funeral pomp and religious ceremonials, may be inferred from the number who seek profit in them. The city directory records the names of sixteen undertakers—*Armadores de Enterros*; and of two whose vocation is to hire splendid vestments, with or without jewels, for angels used in processions—*Armadores de Aujos para Procissões*: their vocation is to dress and decorate the effigies of an-

gels and saints which are constantly paraded in religious processions and ceremonies. I did not ascertain whether these people change the ancient fashions observed by angels in their costume; or like their fellow-craftsmen of England, change the patterns of sorrow's tokens displayed about the dead. Of late years, the fashion in coffins and coffin ornaments, has become a study of some importance.

It has been argued by a Romish priest, very plausibly too, that there is utility in funeral pomp. According to my recollection, for it was introduced in a funeral sermon, his argument was that the principles of justice recognized on earth among men, constituted our only criterion for appreciating the justice of heaven. We know that all men are not equally good, or equally bad; there are degrees and gradations in virtue and in vice, and it is revolting to our ideas of justice to suppose that one and the same punishment awaits all offenders, whether guilty of great crimes or trifling indiscretions. It needs no argument to show (he would say) that men die who are not good enough for heaven, but who are nevertheless too good for hell. For such souls, an intermediate place is provided, from which, through intercession of the Saviour, they may be transferred to the realms of bliss. This intercession can be obtained through the supplications of the ministers of the religion; and it is a beautiful feature in the Roman Catholic church, that she never forsakes her children; even after death she watches over them, and exerts herself in their behalf. Very few die, whose graves are not watered by the tears of affectionate friends and relatives; and it is almost always in their power to influence the action of the church, and through her instrumentality, to abridge the sojourn of a departed spirit in purgatory.

The inference from this kind of argument is that the more sumptuous and costly the ceremony, the more earnest the supplication, the shorter will be the duration of purgatorial probation, all things being equal. It is not until purgatory has been passed, that the rich and the poor become equal; and, admitting this theory, is it not possible, nay probable, that the souls of the abject poor, of those who have perished in times of a common famine for instance, languish in purgatory hundreds of years, because the friends who survived them were too poor to pay the cost of masses, just as poor men, though innocent of crime, have languished in jails because they and their friends had not money enough to constitute bail, or to fee lawyers to solicit their enlargement. This theory of purgatory places Romish priests in the light of attorneys on earth, qualified to plead causes before the court of Heaven; and unlucky indeed is the soul that departs without

leaving means enough behind to retain one of them in his case.

The city of Rio contains forty-seven Roman Catholic churches, besides one British Episcopal and one German church. The British church was founded in the year 1820, and the German in 1837.

The ceremonies of religion seem to be carefully observed. Religious shows and exhibitions met by foreigners in the streets in honor of church festivals, may be regarded as satisfactory proofs that the people profess to be Roman Catholic Christians. Whether they are better or worse than the inhabitants of other Christian countries, Protestant or Catholic, is not a question to be entertained by a passing stranger, who might be led into error by relying upon prejudiced observations of others. It is very certain that the Anglo-Saxon protestants resident here, testify against the priests, who, it is said, violate their vows of chastity, but still so far respect appearances as to require their illegitimate children to regard them as uncles. A better knowledge of physiology will in time show the propriety of abrogating the law of the church which requires its priests to lead a life of celibacy: the laws of nature cannot be rendered inoperative by human statutes, whether established by church or state governments.

As a sample of street manifestation of religion, I beg leave to transcribe a passage from notes made on a former visit, because they are as appropriate now as they were then.

I went on shore and found the praça filled with soldiers, priests and people, collected together to celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi. Along each side of the Rua Direita, from the imperial chapels, stood a file of militia, neatly dressed in blue jackets with green velvet collars and yellow trimmings; greenfeather pompons, some having rings of gold bullion upon them, were stuck in their bell-crowned military caps, which, with white pantaloons and belts, gave them the appearance of regular troops. The complexions of their faces were almost as various as the colors of their uniforms. They "stood at ease," looking up and down the street, lazily expecting the procession from the church. The body of troops before us is composed of shop-keepers and mechanics, who were enrolled to serve as a protection against negro insurrections. The balconies and verandas on the "Rua Direita," as well as those on the streets through which the procession was to pass, were hung with banners of silk and satin of every color, embroidered in gold or silk; and the verandas were filled with ladies and children, waiting to view the coming pageant. The street was crowded with a moving mob, composed of all tribes, among which were circulating negroes,

bearing on their heads trays of various *bonbons* and trifles, the names of which were called aloud in most unpleasantly nasal tones.

About midday the *Te Deum* was ended. The bells rang rapidly and irregularly; great guns and musketry were fired, and an incredible quantity of squibs and rockets were set off in every direction, in spite of the incongruity of burning fireworks and candles in the broad glare of a tropical day, for which I could learn no rationale. All this hub-bub was the signal for the procession to move from the church. Those stationed along the street, lighted the tall caudles in their hands. First issued forth, moving with gravity, for they were all stout, fat fellows, a number of clergymen, bearing standards adorned with tinsel and flagree. Then came a living personation of St. George, the defender of the faith, on horseback, in the array of an ancient knight, vizor down, lance resting on toe, followed by an effigy on horseback, representing a trusty squire in gilt armour, bearing his knight's shield; then came a pursuivant in the knight's livery, but St. George was unaccompanied by either dragon or maid. Next eleven horses under beautiful trappings, led by servants in the livery of the imperial household; the back cloths had on the depending corners and on the part covering the saddle, large silver plates, impressed with the imperial coat of arms. Then came a band of music followed by priests and censers; then the Host, beneath a canopy of white satin, deeply embroidered in gold, followed closely by the imperial household and the body guard of the emperor, armed with glittering pole-axes. The first Regent, Francisco de Lima e Silva, led the young emperor by the left hand in the middle of the street. His imperial majesty, then thirteen years old, wore a general's uniform of green, having too brilliant gold epaulets on his shoulders; a blue sash, a *crachat* or star on his breast, and a cambric cape thrown over all. His hair, which is light, was cut close, and, being bareheaded, a phrenologist might have pronounced at a glance, his perceptive and intellectual faculties to be well developed, and that the basilar portion of the brain was in good proportion. The members of the imperial household were dressed much after the same fashion, and all bore candles in their hands, not excepting even his imperial majesty. The procession was closed by priests, infantry and cavalry. As the Host passed them, the soldiers knelt upon the left knee, in acknowledgment of the presence of the Deity. The sight was impressive.

I viewed this procession from a veranda in the company of an intelligent gentleman who had visited the United States in a diplomatic capacity. I remarked that such shows serve to amuse the vulgar, without exerting much influence fa-

vorable to the purity of religious feeling. He replied, "that may be true; but if the people desire them, why should they not be indulged in such innocent amusements? People are naturally fond of display, and men are better servants of the public in embroidered coats, and when wearing decorations of honorable distinction, than in plain clothes. The republican notions of the present day are ultra. Your first Congress was composed of men who dressed and conducted themselves like gentlemen—like men who had proper respect for themselves, and who were unwilling to be confounded with the *profaanum vulgus*, as seems to be the case now in a number of instances. There were no Davy Crocketts in those days, holding seats in your House of Representatives. In those days no man could be found to usurp as much authority as General Jackson did in removing the deposits from the bank of the United States, and in several other instances I might name. You pride yourselves on your republican government and your democracy; but the government of Brazil is essentially as free and republican as that of the United States, and has not the odious inconvenience of democracy and its too frequent elections. Our president, or as he is here termed, emperor, has not half the power of the president of the United States, and very much less patronage. He bestows orders of distinction, but they cost nothing, and he can do nothing without the consent of the Senate; and being elected for life, the country is free from those political parties, which, to judge from the public journals, distract the policy of the United States. Our emperor is nothing more than a state seal, used to give authority to public documents, and is, *de facto*, destitute of all power."

Among the religious curiosities of the capital of Brazil, is an authentic relique of Santa Priscilliana, a virgin martyr, which was presented by Pope Gregory XVI. to Doctor Manoel Joaquim de Miranda Rego, the rector of the parish of Santa Anna, during his visit to Rome. They were conveyed on the 10th of May, 1846, with great pomp and ceremony, from the church of San Francisco Xavier da Prainha, in which they were deposited temporarily, to the church of Santa Anna, where they now repose. On the occasion, there was included in the procession a group of 196 girls, from eight to eleven years old, all dressed in white tunics reaching to the feet, and covered from the head to the knee with transparent white veils; a crown of roses encircled the head; they bore a candle in one hand and in the other a bouquet of natural flowers. They advanced singing, in infantile tones, to harmonious and pathetic music, "*Vem ó esposa de Christo, recebe a corôa: Vem, ó minha querida.*"

entra no meu jardim."—Come, oh bride of Christ, receive the crown : Come, my dear, enter in my garden.—Their performance was so effective that, it is said, the spectators shed tears of devotion.

Santa Priscilliana, a Roman virgin, in the time when Julian, the apostate, emperor, persecuted the disciples of the Cross, was only sixteen years of age; she always accompanied her mother, Santa Priscilla, who devoted all her efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the martyrs during their imprisonment and tortures; and after their death, to collect their remains and place them in the tombs. Apprehended in these pious exercises and made prisoner, she confessed the Cross, and bore the most horrible pains of torture. The minister of the tyrant despairing to obtain anything from one of her heroic virtue ordered her neck to be transfixd with a sword; she fell dead on the plaza, to live eternally in heaven, and to be venerated on earth as a religious heroine.

The mortal remains of the holy virgin martyr Priscilliana, were found in a subterranean cemetery of Ciriaca, in the via Tiburtina whence they were brought by the cardinal Patricio, Vicar General of Rome, and presented as above stated, to Doctor Rego by the Pope Gregory XVI. In the catacomb, near the skeleton of the holy virgin, opposite to the head, was an earthen vessel, labelled with her name, containing her blood with sand as it was gathered up from the ground on the day of her martyrdom. This jar is enclosed in the glass case which contains the relique. The bones of this holy virgin are enveloped in a covering of wax, which represents her appearance at the age of sixteen; only the top of the head is uncovered, leaving the skull bone of the virgin saint exposed.*

What virtues or power adhere to the bones of this poor murdered girl, the records do not state; but it is presumed there are not wanting statements enough to encourage a belief that petitions from sinners presented over these mortal remains, have been miraculously answered. Such reliques contribute to incite a pious fervor in the minds of credulous people, who probably regard martyrdom as proof positive of the truth of the creed of the martyr, although it is in fact merely a proof of a steadfast faith, and has no reference to the truth or falsehood of the doctrines upon which the sufferer heroically relied. There have been martyrs to the various creeds of heathen and other misbelievers, who have been regarded as unimpeachable witnesses of truth; but truth is not to be demonstrated by suffering pain, or by sacrificing life.

Denis, in his history of Brazil, tells us that the

festival of St. Sebastian, which falls in January, is celebrated with great pomp, he being the patron saint of Rio de Janeiro. The city was usually illuminated for three successive nights. An effigy of the saint, crowned with a diadem of precious stones, was carried in procession to the Senate, with music and every demonstration of devotion. Gradually the custom fell into disuse; but an epidemic disease, which was attributed to neglect of the festival, so alarmed the people, that the procession was revived with increased splendors, and ordered to be continued for the future.

Denis asserts that there is a religious sect, called Sebastianists, numbering in Portugal and in Brazil not less than three thousand persons, who faithfully anticipate the reappearance upon earth of St. Sebastian. Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, was distinguished for his religious as well as his warlike enthusiasm. About the year 1580, Muley Mahomet sought and obtained from Portugal aid to place him upon the throne of Morocco, to which he claimed to be rightfully entitled, though it was occupied by his uncle, Muley Moluc. Don Sebastian led an army of 13,000 men into Africa, where he was encountered by not less than 50,000 Moor-men under the command of Muley Moluc himself. The Portuguese force was entirely routed and Don Sebastian was killed, and both the disputants of the throne died, one on the field of battle and the other was drowned. This army was conducted into Africa under a pretext that by placing the Mussulman prince, Muley Mahomet, on his throne, the Christian king, Don Sebastian, would open the road to the conversion of the Moors. This pious feature of this undertaking, which some historians imply was really to afford the young and fiery monarch of Portugal an opportunity to display his military prowess, mainly constituted the ground for elevating the unfortunate warrior to the position of a saint.

At one time it was asserted that the unfortunate Don Sebastian was not dead, but that he had escaped death and was wandering about Europe. Among other stories which were attributed to the Jesuits, was one which declared that God had rescued Don Sebastian from the midst of his enemies; that he had placed him on a desert island, and that a celestial messenger had transferred him to the care of a holy hermit. The conclusion was natural that under such circumstances he would live for centuries, and at the appointed time leave his island and resume the throne of his ancestors.

At a later period the Sebastianists believed in certain predictions of one known to them as the Black man of Japan—*Pretinho do Japão*. And then we have the vaticinations of an old woman,

* *Anuario Politico do Brazil*.

a religious devotee resident in a convent at Oporto; her dreams often signified the coming of the young king, and those persons who were noted benefactors of Portugal were in turn suspected to be Don Sebastian doing good *incognito*. In 1830 the son of the Infanta Dona Theresa, the eldest daughter of John VI. enjoyed this distinguished honor.

The Sebastianists have no particular place for assembling, and do not form, strictly speaking, an essentially distinct congregation. The common article of their faith is that Don Sebastian will certainly appear, and that they will certainly witness the happy event. They await his coming with as much confidence and simplicity as do the Jews of the present day the coming of the Messiah. It is said their number has increased, particularly in the province of Minas-Gereas. There they are characterised, like the quakers, and the Moravian brothers, by their industry, benevolence and simplicity. They are quite numerous in Rio de Janeiro.

The members of this sect might be described as a kind of Roman Catholic Millerites.

May 9th. The transition from religious ceremonies to the code of military civilities observed in the navy, results from a formal visit of inspection, paid by the commander-in-chief of the United States squadron stationed on the coast of Brazil. The commodore informed the captain he would visit our ship this morning at eleven o'clock. Preparations were immediately made for the reception. The decks were made perfectly clean, and the senior lieutenant, who has within a few years past acquired, by a process of slow assumption, the title of "executive" officer, frequently visited all parts of the vessel, to be sure that every rope-yarn was in its appropriate place, and that every article which might be unseemly in the commodore's sight should be carefully concealed from view. The dignity and importance of the commodore were no doubt enhanced by this operation, in the estimation of Jack, who knows that the first-lieutenant does not often exhibit so much anxiety to make all things appear to advantage. This manifestation of solicitude exerts a beneficial influence on the subordination of the ship. The crew was ordered to be in clean mustering suits, and the officers in "full dress." The quarter-master of the watch kept his spy-glass very constantly directed towards the flag ship. Scarcely had the commodore's barge, distinguished by a triangular blue flag ornamented with white stars displayed on a staff in the bows, shoved off, before it was known that the great man was approaching. A boat rowed by fourteen oars, shaded in its whole length by a white awning, and steered by the coxswain, seated high at the extreme end

or stern, rapidly drew near, and when within about one hundred yards of our ship the boatswain piped a long shrill note, and four side-boys passed out of our gangway, and took their stations at each side of the accommodation ladder, while two other side boys stood just within. There was the stillness of expectation, disturbed only by the pipe of the boatswain, and the rattle of oars as they were laid into the commodore's boat just before she touched the side-ladder. The marine guard was drawn up on the port left side of the quarter deck, and the officers were assembled on the other near the gangway, headed by the commander and first-lieutenant, to receive the commodore as he stepped on the deck. As he entered, cocked hats were raised from the heads of all; the marines presented arms; the drum rolled three times, and the boatswain piped. These sounds scarcely died, before the sound of a salute of great guns was heard: when the thirteenth and last was fired, and the introduction of the officers was over, the commodore and suite accompanied by our first-lieutenant and others, walked over the several decks of the ship. The crew was drawn up along the gun-deck, standing in two rows facing each other, with their backs to the guns. Each man touched the rim of his hat as the commodore passed.

The veteran expressed himself, in complimentary terms, satisfied with all he saw, and after a brief visit to the cabin, retired from the ship. The boatswain, and the side-boys, and the marines repeated their exercises; and the visit of inspection was ended.

Such formalities are useful, if not essential to the preservation of a high state of discipline, because they tend to give a palpable proof of the importance and respect with which superior officers are to be regarded by all subordinates. They are all ancient, and borrowed from the British code of naval formalities. There are modes of reception and leave-taking appropriate to various grades. Six side-boys receive a commodore or captain; four meet a commander, and two a lieutenant and all other commissioned officers who by custom mess in the ward room. These military ceremonies are devised in reference to the grades of line-officers; and are extended to officers of the staff corps, according to their assimilated rank—that is, according to the grade of the line with which they may be classed.

But it is believed, line officers are reluctant to extend these prescribed formalities to officers of any of the staff-corps, and they either neglect or resist their observance in spite of the General Orders of the Secretary of the Navy, which assign an assimilated rank to medical officers and pursers. Those orders are virtually obsolete, because the Department has not deemed it expe-

dient, for reasons which are not stated, to require costume by those whose duty obliges them to wear it. The cocked-hat, which seems to have been purposely shaped to deprive it of all pretensions to utility or beauty, is never worn as a thing of choice. It requires a long apprenticeship to learn how to put it on and off, and to keep it fast on the head when the wind blows. There are differences of opinion on the mode of placing it on the head; some few contend that the corners should stand over the shoulders; others that it should have an oblique position; but the majority assert that it should stand "fore and aft," that is, the plane of the cocked hat should be parallel with the axis of the body—one corner projecting forward straight over the nose, and the other inclining downwards over the spine.

I remember a commander and a lieutenant, whose difference of opinion on this subject was so long and warmly contended, that it ended in a rupture; the commander insisted that the cocked hat was designed to be worn "fore and aft," but the lieutenant always wore it "athwartships" on muster-days, and was always rebuked; still he persisted in his opinion at the risk of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, for he was of opinion that if disobedience could be made of it, he would find his revenge by bringing a charge of cruelty and oppression against the commander, which he would contend was manifested in the attempt to force an officer to wear a cocked hat "fore and aft." This contention about the mode of wearing a cocked hat ended only by sending the lieutenant to another vessel of the squadron. He left us firmly persuaded that our commander was a tyrant of the greatest magnitude; and up to the day of his death, he wore his cocked hat "athwartships" as a sign of his determined resistance to tyranny.

The instant the official visiter has departed, every officer hastens to divest himself of the heavy, cumbersome, and uncomfortable full-dress. It may be regarded as a very unpopular

Ne'er think I can deceive thee.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Ne'er think I can deceive thee,
Or cause thee e'er to rue,
Though all are false, believe me,
One heart can still be true.

The stars above us beaming
Will leave their azure sphere,
Ere from my brightest dreaming,
Thine image disappear.

I know the heart is changing,
And fickle as the wave,
And often in its ranging,
Recalls the love it gave.

The floods may leave the ocean,
The dewy flowers the lea,
But never my devotion
One moment turn from thee.

Though far our paths may sever,
Should fate e'er bid us part,
Nor time, nor place shall ever
Divide my constant heart.

But while its pulse is beating,
Its truth unstained shall be,
And when the last is fleeting,
That throb shall be for thee!

Some Things about the Valley of Chamouni.

(TAKEN FROM MY JOURNAL.)

It was a delightful ride that I made, July 16, 1851, in the banquette of the Diligence, from Geneva, up the valley of the Arve, towards Chamouni. But though my notes are lying before me, I will forbear any description of the ride, or of any of the many interesting objects it presented to our view. At Annemasse, where we passed from the territory of the Swiss Republic, into that of his majesty the king of Sardinia, our passports were demanded, and our baggage was *visited*, as they say in French. This last operation was performed as slightly as a hospital physician visits his patients. The whole system of passports seems to be falling into decline, and is manifestly useless to all parties, when, as in this instance, no charge is made. We took in his majesty's territory a most miserable breakfast. Doubtless he thinks, that as his dominions furnish Mont Blanc to the world, his subjects may be excused for the breakfasts that they charge two francs for. If this is not the best excuse in the premises, it is the only one which occurs to me just now, and I am well content on my part to accept it, as I have forgotten the breakfast, and expect to feast upon Mont Blanc the rest of my life. At Sallanches, we exchanged our diligence for a *char-a-coté*. This is a vehicle drawn by two horses, and holding three persons, who sit upon a seat running lengthwise in the voiture, and opening to the side—in fact a sort of sofa upon wheels. Thus the travellers look out neither before nor behind, but always face the country sidewise, as they ride along. It is a singular looking affair, but very comfortable. Passing from the village and vale of Servos, you cross a dividing ridge called the Montets, between the two valleys, and look down

upon the valley of Chamouni, along which the Arve works its way. The name Chamouni, or Chamounij, or Chamounix, for the orthography varies, is derived upon the authority of an ancient document from the Latin *Campus Munitus*, French *Champ Muni*, fortified field, perhaps from its mountain barriers. The valley reminded me of many spots I have seen in our mountains of Western Virginia, saving of course the superior scenery around, and making an exception also in favor of the better cultivation of Chamouni. It seemed very strange to me to see the evidences of a dense population—houses, villages, and the parsimonious use of land and wood,—in the midst of mountains, whereas among such scenes with us, land is superabundant, woods a nuisance, houses scarce, and villages among the things that are to be. Chamouni is the only place where I have seen building going on—in this little stretch of country, several new houses are building, and sometimes I noticed, exactly what is to be seen so often in our country, an old indifferent house going down, and a new one much larger and finer about to replace it, as if the owner, (which is true with us) had made a fortune in the old house, and was laying out a part of it. I saw also, two water saw-mills, that had quite an American look, except that on the other side of the Atlantic, the stroke would have been at least twice as rapid. Altogether, I could not but be struck with a certain home-look about things, though I was treated as a stranger, for I took a severe cold. If any one reads these notes, who afterwards makes a trip up the vale of Chamouni, let him thank me for charging him to put on his overcoat, after he descends the Montets, or rather when he reaches the top, heated as he will probably be, by walking up the ascent on the other side. The valley has a draught through it, and its proximity to the glaciers is such as to make the air very cold. As I am giving advice, I may as well give another piece, which is to be located at Chamouni. Unless there shall have been some fundamental change in the kingdom of Sardinia, such as the overthrow of the monarchy, the adoption of the Protestant religion, or something else that may be reasonably expected to work a great alteration in the province of Savoy and in the village of Chamouni in particular, let not my descendants to the third and fourth generation, put up at the Hotel Royal de L'Union. It has a poor bureau, poor table, black bread and sour wine, poor servants, poor chambers, and every thing to correspond, except the beds which are good, though queer—the covering consisting of a thin calico sack, filled with down. In extenuation however, of this state of things, let it be remarked, first, that the proprietors are building a new

Hotel just across the little stream, and secondly, that I do not know, that at any of the other Hotels, they have better servants, rooms, table, bread or wine. Therefore upon consideration, I leave my descendants to act in the premises as a wise discretion may dictate.

Wednesday, July 16. My first view of Mont Blanc, was as we left Dijon in France, the mountain being about 150 miles distant. My next was on the top of the Jura Mountains, from which you look down suddenly upon the rich valley, the antique city of Geneva, the silver lake, the rushing Rhone, and after the eye has been arrested for a moment by these things, it fixes itself with a concentrated fascination upon Mont Blanc, rearing its awful brow, apparently, just on the other side of the valley. My feelings, heightened by some peculiar associations, were such as can be awakened but once in a lifetime, and I have a sort of trembling even now, as I recal them. After I left Geneva, the first fine view that I had, was from the bridge that crosses the Arve, just before you enter Sallenches—of this, the guide book says, “on this bridge one of the noblest views in the Alps is presented of Mont Blanc,” and I have no disposition to gainsay the book. During the whole of my ride yesterday evening, I had a full view of the monarch mountain, becoming momentarily more imposing, until I stood just opposite to it, at the Hotel in Chamouni. The evening was clear, except that some mist enshrouded the top of the mountain, not however reaching near down to the lower limit of its snow. Presently the mist swayed off, just from one peak, and then from another, though never actually from all at the same moment, but unrolling as it were, the mighty volume, slowly, leaf by leaf.

The height of Mont Blanc, is the first thing you feel. You are enabled to realise it here, by means of comparison and gradation. You look upon mountains high enough to attract attention elsewhere, but here they are of the lowest grade, and there is a stunted vegetation to their summits—next above these are mountains with bare rocky tops—higher than these, are mountains within the range of perpetual snow, and above these, above all, up, up, away up in the heavens, towers Mont Blanc. The snow is dazzling white, and though so high up, you can distinctly see where it breaks off, in heavy flakes at the precipices. So lustrous, polished, and solid does it look away up in the heavens, that it suggested to me the idea of the great White Throne, to be established for final judgment. In one part of the mountain, there are a number of very elevated peaks of sharp bare rocks of a brown, or reddish-brown color, and when the mist partly veils, and partly reveals them, as the evening

sun shines against them, they come out in the shape of battlements and spires, and resembling strongly as they do, Gothic towers and temples, it was not incongruous to liken them to the pinnacles of the Heavenly City. Last night I awoke, and without thinking of the mountain or indeed of where I was, I went to open my window, because the air seemed compressed—I was startled at the scene. The moon was shining, and I could see with distinctness, but still the obscurity was sufficient to cause the white part of the mountain to appear much more distinct than the dark part or base, and of course to make it seem much nearer. The effect was most singular. It looked as if that which in the evening I had been gazing at with reverence, away up in the sky, had crept down close to the earth to visit mortals, and to inspire that superstitious dread that we feel at the supposed presence of any thing supernatural.

Nothing exaggerated can be said about the greatness of Mont Blanc, and no one can have an approximate idea of it, who has not seen it. I feel how utterly inadequate would be any description that I could give, to furnish even the basis for such emotions as it excites when seen. After saying this, it may seem strange for me to add, that according to my experience, there is nothing of such grandeur, that so soon becomes familiar to us. At Geneva, in a few days, I forgot to look at Mont Blanc in the distance, and here at its base, I begin already to feel the same thing. I think that this is because its wondrous height and whiteness make it look like *sky-furniture*, and we regard it as we do the bright clouds with which it shares the empire of the upper air—they are very glorious, but they do not attract our attention, except when the mind is affected somewhat out of the ordinary way.

I have to-day enjoyed one of the pleasantest excursions I ever made in my life. It was to Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. Montanvert is the name of the summit of the mountain which you ascend in order to reach the Mer de Glace, and which impends over it. It is a spur of Mont Blanc, and is about 6300 feet high, or about half as high again as the Peaks of Otter. Of course it affords some fine views, but not of Mont Blanc, which is near to it and in the same direction. The object in ascending this mountain, is to obtain a sight of the Mer de Glace. The Glaciers are among the most sublime features of the Alps, and the Mer de Glace is perhaps the *greatest glacier in the world*. It is a stream of ice descending entirely down to the valley of Chamouni, from Mont Blanc, and filling up the interval between two mountain ridges. Its longitudinal extent is from 15 to 20 miles, its width varies from 1 to 2½ miles, and its depth or

thickness has been estimated by Professor Forbes at 350 feet, and by Saussure at 600. It is fed by the snows, melting in summer from the Alpine summits, and itself melting at its termination in the valley, it gives rise to the river Arveron, a branch of the Arve, which issues from an enormous ice cavern at its base. It is as its name imports, a sea of ice, of which the waves seem to have been frozen fast in their fluctuation. The nature of the upper surface of the ice depends partly upon that of the ground on which it rests; where the ground beneath is even, or nearly so, the ice is smooth and level; but whenever the supporting surface becomes slanting or uneven, the glacier begins to split and gape in all directions. In some places the layers of ice displaced and upheaved, rise in toppling crags, obelisks, and towers of the most fantastic shapes, varying in height from 20 to 80 feet. As might be expected, there are a great many *crevasses*, or fissures occasioned by the parting of the masses of ice. These fissures were for the most part transverse to the general direction of the glacier, never extended quite across the ice-field, and become narrower towards the extremities, so that when they gape too wide to leap across, they may be turned by following them to their termination. Many of them are of immeasurable depth, and as you gaze down them, you see in perfection the *azure blue* color peculiar to the glacier, with the iridescence common to prismatic substances. Scattered about on the glacier are huge blocks of stone which have tumbled from the heights, and have been borne along by the advancing glacier, for as Byron says,

"The glacier's cold and restless mass,
Moves onward day by day."

The advance of the ice-field of the Mer de Glace is estimated at between 400 and 500 feet yearly. The walking on it is by no means either altogether safe or agreeable. As I entered upon it, I saw a party who had preceded me up the mountain. Some of them were standing on the edge of the glacier, not having ventured farther, and one was returning, leaning upon the arm of the guide, by means of which support he had made an excursion on the ice. I declined the like assistance proffered me by my guide, as I felt some sort of pride about being aided by a man who had not the appearance of being either as strong or as active as myself, but I did not by any means scorn the proffer of his Alpenstock, or iron shod staff, which he did not need, as his shoes were provided with large iron nails to keep him from slipping, while my boots were very *glissantes*. As it was, I got along as far as travellers usually proceed, and as there was some rain falling, the

walking, the guide said, was worse than common. "Ah," said he, in that flattering tone, that every body seems to be master of who speaks French—"Ah que vous êtes celeste!" a curious compliment—"le plaisir de guider un Monsieur qui sait se bien marcher!" Notwithstanding my celestial marching as Pierre was pleased to call it, I did not feel at all comfortable as I descended a hill of ice, at the foot of which was gasping a hungry crevasse, abundantly wide to take me in, so smooth that the descent would be truly facile, and so deep, to judge from the sounds of the stones I let fall, that no fathom line could reach the bottom. They tell a story of a shepherd who, in driving his flock over the ice to a high pasturage, had the misfortune to tumble into one of these clefts. He fell in the vicinity of a torrent which flowed under the glacier, and by following its bend under the vault of ice, succeeded in reaching the foot of the glacier with a broken arm. More melancholy was the fate of M. Mouron, a clergyman of Vevay; he was engaged in making some scientific researches upon the glacier, and was in the act of leaning over to examine a singular well-shaped aperture in the ice, when the staff on which he rested gave way; he was precipitated to the bottom, and his lifeless and mangled body was recovered from the depths of the glacier a few days after. However, ladies walk along here, and make an excursion sometime, quite across the Mer de Glace, higher up, to the Jardin, as it is called. By the way, the guide assured me that it was not at all uncommon to find in a party of Alpine voyagers, ladies whose fearlessness shamed the weaker nerves of their male companions. As for myself, I was content with having extorted such a prodigious compliment from Pierre, and had no care to go skating about any farther, in smooth boots. After leaving the glacier, on the mountain, I passed by a stone on which had been engraved by themselves, the names of Pocock and Wyndham, the first Englishmen who visited Chamouni, 1748. The inscription now seen, has been lately cut, and bears this note—"un vandale ayant détruit la 1re inscription." This vandal, so unceremoniously introduced, was, as my guide informed me, a Chamounard, who had engaged to send to an Englishman a young *chamois*, at a high price one may be sure; for young *chamois* browse upon five-leaved clover; however, he did obtain one, by *hook and by crook*, we may suppose. Nevertheless, as was natural enough, the young *chamois* died, and the poor Savoyard wrote a letter to the Englishman, mentioning the facts, and asking for some *indemnité*: but the Englishman, though perfectly willing to pay a very large sum for a living *chamois*, saw no reasonableness at all, in paying anything for

a dead one, and declined the proposition. Whereupon the Savoyard, despairing of gain, resolved upon vengeance, if not upon the very Englishman, at least upon some of his race, and if not upon the living, at least upon the dead; so he kindled a fire upon the top of the rock engraved with the names of Pocock and Wyndham, and by the heat, caused it to split and tumble over, where it now lies with part of the original inscription still visible. Ah thought I, mountains and glaciers are *unique*, but *human nature* is one. Never before did my eyes behold anything so majestic as Mont Blanc, or so wonderful as the Mer de Glace, and never will again: but this human nature—in high or low—Englishman or Chamounard—it is just what I have been used to all my life; it is what I will meet as soon as I land at New York, and what is to be found in my own mountains in Virginia.

After purchasing on the top of Montanvert some polished pebbles as souvenirs of the locality, I commenced my descent on the same good mule that had carried me up. To me, my mule ride up and down the mountain was almost as new and interesting as the glacier. I am not sure that I shall not remember it as long, and speak of it as often. I had often heard of the ability of mules to carry their riders in difficult passes, and of their surprising surefootedness, but I never gave it full credence, or as we say, never realised it. I knew how everything is apt to be exaggerated in statements made by those who have felt the emotions awakened by the sight of wondrous things, and who would awaken by power of description, like emotions in the breast of others. I had supposed, therefore, that the amount of the matter was, that mules were far more surefooted than horses, and that they could go in safety over comparatively bad paths. But I feel now as if it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that they can go over impassable ways, and that they do not fall at all. I am well used to riding on horseback, and that over mountainous roads, and therefore would naturally feel less apprehensions, in Alpine travelling, than many others. But I know, that to have attempted to descend, on one of our horses, the mountain I came down to-day, would have been nothing short of wilful self-destruction. I had been filled with amazement at what I had witnessed in the ascent, but notwithstanding the experience of the surpassing ability of the mule, I never would have got on his back to ride down, had I merely consulted my feelings. I was fresh, the day was cool, and to walk down would have been agreeable in itself, to say nothing of escaping the seeming hazards of the precipitous ride, but I had no notion of missing the opportunity of a thing so rare as a ride upon a mule down an Alpine

mountain. So I rode from the top to the bottom. I confess that for the first few hundred yards I was filled with apprehension, for with my knowledge of beasts of burden, I did not see how it was possible for one to descend in safety. The path is excessively steep, being a sharp zig-zag with very short turns, and either passing over imbedded rocks, sometimes rising one above another like steps, and sometimes shelving in towards each other in gutter shape, or else encumbered with loose stone. On one side, there was often a sheer descent of many hundred feet, and any where, the mountain-side was so precipitous, that had the mule fallen over, certain death awaited the rider. Now, in this difficult and perilous path, the mule always walks of preference, on the *outermost verge*. The reason for this, I suppose, is that the greater the circumference, the easier is the descent, and these sagacious animals have learned to secure this advantage, even when the difference is very slight. But, whatever is the reason, the fact is unquestionable, and perfectly well known to all who have made even a single mountain ride. I saw my mule, in a narrow passage, over a precipitous place, where there was a sufficient inner track, walk on the outer edge so far, as to put his foot on a rock that was on the extreme verge; and, indeed, I believe, projecting over. It may be asked why I did not guide him? I neither pretended to guide nor support him by the bridle, but allowed him to take his own way, and often I did not even have the bridle in my hand. By the way, the bridles are what we call blind-bridles, that is, furnished with blinders for the eyes, as harness bridles usually are. I asked the guide why this was, and he said that mules had a great deal of curiosity, and unless their gaze was thus restricted, they would be looking about when they ought to be picking out the road. If the mule could depend only upon the judgment of the rider, in selecting the best spots in the path, he would never have earned the reputation that he has. But his instinct improved by practice, is a much surer dependence, and renders the mountain mule worthy of all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. Consequently mules are personages of much importance here. They put the hire of a mule and of a guide at precisely the same sum—six francs a course, each. I asked Pierre how he relished this equality; and shrugging his shoulders, he seemed to be of the opinion, that the guide ought to receive more, but said that the mule well earned his money; which is certainly true. The mules are very fine. There are no small ones among them, and most of them are noticeable for their size—they are well kept, and not at all vicious. There is, every spring, a review of the mules, and any one

that is too old or too young, or is adjudged to be vicious, or careless, or from any reason whatever, unfit for the service, is, as the guide called it, *reformé*, that is, removed from the guild, and bruderschaft of the Alpine service. What a thing it would be, if all of us had to be called up every year as the mules are, to answer for every misstep we had made. The guides are an enrolled, or, indeed, enlisted company, in the employment of the government, and under the direction of a *Chef de Bureau*, who regulates all matters of law and right that arise. He paid me a visit in my room. I had spoken to my guide about conducting me to Martigny the next day. Presently a Frenchman, who had visited the Mer de Glace the same morning with another guide, came to me and proposed to join me on the route to Martigny, and thus save the cost of employing two guides instead of one. I agreed to his proposition, though for some reasons, I was not particularly well pleased with the maker of it. Presently he came to me and said that his guide made some difficulty, affirming that he was the oldest, or ranking guide, and that where two parties united, it was the inferior guide who must be dismissed. Just then his guide came in to urge his own claims. I told him that I was well content with my guide of the morning, who had conducted me to the Mer de Glace, and had done his best to be serviceable, and that I was unwilling to disappoint him after I had spoken to him, though I had made no actual contract. He replied that it was the law of the service. I concluded by saying, that it was my purpose to take Pierre if I could, but if I could not, that then I would place myself under his guidance. No sooner had he left the room, with an apology for speaking about the matter, saying that he had no right to address himself to any voyager, except through the Chef, than Pierre entered and prayed me to retain him, and to allow him to bring the Chef to see me. Presently the Chef entered, a very respectable looking man, and after hearing my statement, he said that when two parties joined, they were entirely at liberty to take either guide they pleased, and that inasmuch as the employer of the other guide had proposed to join himself to my party, he thought if there was any preference, it belonged to my guide. So I told him to send me Pierre and his mule for a trip tomorrow to Martigny.

S. L. C.

WORDSWORTH AND SOUTHEY.

(From De Quincey's *Literary Reminiscences*.)

* * * * *

On the next day arrived Wordsworth. I could read at once, in the manner of the two authors, that they were not on particularly friendly, or rather, I should say, confidential terms. It seemed to me as if both had silently said—we are too much men of sense to quarrel, because we do not happen particularly to like each other's writings: we are neighbors, or what passes for such in the country. Let us show each other the the courtesies which are becoming to men of letters; and, for any closer connection, our distance of thirteen miles may be always sufficient to keep us from *that*. In after life, it is true—fifteen years, perhaps, from this time—many circumstances combined to bring Southey and Wordsworth into more intimate terms of friendship: agreement in politics, sorrows which had happened to both alike in their domestic relations, and the sort of tolerance for different opinions in literature, or, indeed, in anything else, which advancing years and experience are sure to bring with them. But, at this period, Southey and Wordsworth entertained a mutual esteem, but did not cordially like each other. Indeed, it would have been odd if they had. Wordsworth lived in the open air: Southey in his library, which Coleridge used to call his wife. Southey had particularly elegant habits. (Wordsworth called them finical,) in the use of books. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was so negligent, and so self-indulgent in the same case, that as Southey, laughing, expressed it to me some years afterwards, when I was staying at Greta Hall on a visit—‘To introduce Wordsworth into one's library, is like letting a bear into a tulip garden.’ What I mean by self-indulgent is this: generally it happens that new books baffle and mock one's curiosity by their uncut leaves: and the trial is pretty much the same, as when, in some town, where you are utterly unknown, you meet the postman at a distance from your inn, with some letter for yourself from a dear, dear friend in foreign regions, without money to pay the postage. How is it with you, dear reader, in such a case? Are you not tempted (*I am grievously*) to snatch the letter from his tantalizing hand, spite of the roar which you anticipate of ‘Stop thief!’ and make off as fast as you can for some solitary street in the suburbs, where you may instantly effect an entrance upon your new estate before the purchase money is paid down? Such were Wordsworth's feelings in regard to new books; of which the first exemplification I had was early in my acquaintance with him, and on

occasion of a book which (if any could) justified the too summary style of his advances in rifling its charms. On a level with the eye, when sitting at the tea-table in my little cottage at Grasmere, stood the collective works of Edmund Burke. The book was to me an eye-sore and an ear-sore for many a year, in consequence of the cacophonous title lettered by the bookseller upon the back—'Burke's Works.' I have heard it said, by the way, that Donne's intolerable defect of ear, grew out of his own baptismal name, when harnessed to his own surname—*John Donne*. No man, it was said, who had listened to this hideous jingle from childish years, could fail to have his genius for discord, and the abominable in sound, improved to the utmost. Not less dreadful than *John Donne* was 'Burke's Works;' which, however, on the old principle, that every day's work is no day's work, continued to annoy me for twenty-one years. Wordsworth took down the volume; unfortunately it was uncut: fortunately, and by a special Providence as to him, it seemed, tea was proceeding at the time. Dry toast required butter; butter required knives; and knives then lay on the table; but sad it was for the virgin purity of Mr. Burke's as yet un-sunned pages, that every knife bore upon its blade testimonies of the service it had rendered. Did that stop Wordsworth? Did that cause him to call for another knife? Not at all; he

Look'd at the knife that caus'd his pain:

And look'd and sigh'd, and look'd and sigh'd again;

and then, after this momentary tribute to regret, he tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, that left its greasy honors behind it upon every page: and are they not there to this day! This personal experience just brought me acquainted with Wordsworth's habits, and that particular, especially, with his intense impatience for one minute's delay, which would have brought a remedy; and yet the reader may believe that it is no affectation in me to say, that fifty such cases could have given me but little pain, when I explain, that whatever could be made good by money, at that time, I did not regard. Had the book been an old black-letter book, having a value from its rarity, I should have been disturbed in an indescribable degree; but simply with reference to the utter impossibility of reproducing that mode of value. As to the Burke, it was a common book; I had bought the book, with many others, at the sale of Sir Cecil Wray's library, for about two-thirds of the selling price: I could easily replace it; and I mention the case at all, only to illustrate the excess of Wordsworth's outrages on books, which made him, in Southey's eyes, a mere monster; for Southey's beautiful library was his estate; and this differ-

ence of habits would alone have sufficed to alienate him from Wordsworth. And so I argued in other cases of the same nature.

Meantime, had Wordsworth done as Coleridge did, how cheerfully should I have acquiesced in his destruction (such it was, in a pecuniary sense,) of books, as the very highest obligation he could confer. Coleridge often spoiled a book; but, in the course of doing this, he enriched that book with so many and so valuable notes, tossing about him, with such lavish profusion, from such a cornucopia of discursive reading, and such a fusing intellect, commentaries, so many-angled and so many-colored, that I have envied many a man whose luck has placed him in the way of such injuries; and that man must have been a churl (though, God knows! too often this churl *has* existed) who could have found in his heart to complain. But Wordsworth rarely, indeed, wrote on the margin of books; and, when he did, nothing could less illustrate his intellectual superiority. The comments were such as might have been made by anybody. Once, I remember, before I had ever seen Wordsworth—probably a year before—I met a person who had once enjoyed the signal honor of travelling with him to London. It was in a stage-coach. But the person in question well knew *who* it was that had been his *compagnon de voyage*. Immediately he was glorified in my eyes. 'And,' said I, to this glorified gentleman, (who, *par parenthèse*, was also a donkey,) now, as you travelled nearly three hundred miles in the company of Mr. Wordsworth, consequently, (for this was in 1805,) during two nights and two days, doubtless you must have heard many profound remarks that would inevitably fall from his lips.' Nay, Coleridge had also been of the party; and, if Wordsworth *solus* could have been dull, was it within human possibilities that these *geminii* should have been so? 'Was it possible?' I said; and, perhaps, my donkey, who looked like one that had been immoderately threatened, at last took courage; his eye brightened; and he intimated that he *did* remember something that Wordsworth had said—an 'observe,' as the Scotch call it.

'Ay, indeed; and what was it now? What did the great man say?'

'Why, sir. In fact, and to make a long story short, on coming near to Loudon, we breakfasted at Baldock—you know Baldock? It's in Hertfordshire. Well, now, sir, would you believe it, though we were quite in regular time, the breakfast was precisely good for nothing?'

'And Wordsworth?'

'He observed'—

'What did he observe?'

'That the buttered toast looked, for all the world, as if it had been soaked in hot water.'

Ye heavens! '*buttered toast!*' And was it *this* I waited for? Now, thought I, had Henry Mackenzie been breakfasting with Wordsworth, at Baldock, (and, strange enough! in years to come I *did* breakfast with Henry Mackenzie, for the solitary time I ever met him, and at Wordsworth's house, in Rydal,) he would have carried off one sole reminiscence from the meeting—namely, a confirmation of his creed, that we English are all dedicated, from our very cradle, to the luxuries of the palate, and peculiarly to this.* *Proh pudor!* Yet, in sad sincerity, Wordsworth's pencil-notices in books were quite as disappointing. In Roderick Random, for example, I found a note upon a certain luscious description, to the effect 'that such things should be left to the imagination of the reader—not expressed.' In another place, that it was 'improper;' and, in a third, 'that the principle laid down was doubtful;' or, as Sir Roger de Coverley observes, 'that much might be said on both sides.' All this, however, indicates nothing more than that different men require to be roused by different stimulants. Wordsworth, in his marginal notes, thought of nothing but delivering himself of a strong feeling, with which he wished to challenge the reader's sympathy. Coleridge imagined an audience before him; and, however doubtful that consummation might seem, I am satisfied that he never wrote a line for which he did not feel the momentary inspiration of sympathy and applause, under the confidence, that, sooner or later, all which he had committed to the chance margins of books would converge and assemble in some common reservoir of reception. Bread scattered upon the waters will be gathered after many days. This, perhaps, was the consolation that supported him; and the prospect that, for a time, his Arethusa of truth would flow under ground, did not, perhaps, disturb, but rather cheered and elevated the sublime old somnambulist.

* It is not known to the English, but it is a fact which I can vouch for, from my six or seven years' residence in Scotland, that the Scotch, one and all, believe it to be an inalienable characteristic of an Englishman to be fond of good eating. What indignation have I, and how many a time, had occasion to feel and utter on this subject! But of this at some other time. Meantime, the Man of Feeling had this creed in excess; and, in some paper, (of *The Mirror* or *The Lounger*,) he describes an English tourist in Scotland by saying—'I would not wish to be thought national; yet, in mere reverence for truth, I am bound to say, and to declare to all the world, (let who will be offended,) that the first inkeeper in Scotland, under whose roof we met with genuine buttered toast, was an Englishman.'

LINES,

Written at Wilton, on James River. the seat of the late Robert Randolph, Esq.

The stranger stood in that antique hall,
But his heart could not rejoice,
For it seemed that an echo sprang forth from the wall,
Of the gentlest human voice.

Then he heard a voice that was loud and strong,
Subdued to a deep drawn sigh,
And the gentle notes of a syren's song,
On the wings of the distance die.

Then he saw the groaning festal board
And he heard the cares of state;
And he saw the patriot buckling his sword—
And his war-horse stand at the gate.

And he heard the welcome of days gone by,
And time swiftly shot o'er his vision;
Ah! scornful and quick on his course he did fly,
To turn the bright dream to derision.

There was rust on the blade of the patriot's sword,
And the true heart, and strong arm were gone,
The wine cup was broke on the festal board,
And the deep carouse was done.

And the gentle one whose song has sped
To breathe Love's young command,
She sleeps not with her father's dead,
But dwells in a foreign land.

That antique mirror oft hath given
The form that beauty bears,
The charms that repose round a thing of Heaven
When a seraph of light appears.

The blush of love like the rosy ray,
That steal from the morning's face,
Or the light that flies from the wheels of day,
Have there both owned a place.

But the dream is o'er, now coldly falls,
His eye on the gloomy chart,
And he wanders through those antique halls,
With a melancholy heart.

Chronicles of the Valley of Virginia.

By PEN. INGLETON, Esq.

BACHELOR SMITH.

HIS RELIANCE ON THE PROTECTION OF THE ENGLISH LAW, AND HOW IT WAS REWARDED.

I.

BACHELOR SMITH ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS.

History displays itself most naturally in trifling things; and like a man desirous of appearing in a higher character than his wont, only dons the robes of ceremony and assumes a stately gait when—pointing to great wars and parliaments and treaties—it would deceive the world as to its real likeness. And that is the reason why I will to-day set down in these true chronicles, the adventures of Bachelor Smith, though that adventure has in it little to recommend it but its foundation in truth.

It was in November of the year of Grace 1758, that Bachelor Smith invited to his cabin, on the western bank of the river Cacaphon,* many of his friends from the surrounding country; rough and rude men, but of that strong race who laughed at peril.

Seated round a table far more elegant than was usual in that 'new country,' the host and his guests were discussing a profuse meal, and conversing pleasantly.

"My friends," said Smith, in a pause of the entertainment, and rising as he spoke, "to the health of his majesty George II.—also to the good health of his Excellency, Francis Fauquier."

"I won't drink it!" replied one of his guests.

"And why not?" asked the Bachelor, curling his mustache. "Why will you not drink to his majesty, Friend Holliday?"

"I don't drink to the worst enemy we border men have," replied the borderer.

"The worst enemy?"

"Come Bachelor! you're not a baby in arms; and it is not for me to tell you, who have fought well and true in the wars, anything about the times."

"What times?"

"Did you know how Washington was treated by Dinwiddie?" asked the hunter, briefly.

"Oh, an old tale! Well, that *was* hard."

"So you acknowledge he was badly treated?"

"Yes, I do."

* "On the west side of Capon river, in a small cabin." Kercheval, p. 114.

"You acknowledge the whole border country here is laid waste?"

"It is as you say; and that by the blood-thirstiest savages of the great woods. Now, who should have seen that it was defended by forts and stations?"

"His Excellency, it is true."

"Whose subjects are we?"

"His Majesty's—you are right."

"I am well answered," continued the hunter, "and I knew you were only joking, Bachelor. You were a brave Indian fighter once; and it is only now when the Indians are away for a little time, that you have taken up with these nice pictures, and pretty clothes—with having your moccasins worked with beads, and drinking that black slop coffee—not fit for a man to taste—out of china which only dulls your knife. Come, Come!—give all this up, and return to the woods!"

Thus spoke the borderer.

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II.

BACHELOR SMITH REPLIES.

These blunt words were received with laughter by the Bachelor. Then taking from the table a wooden noggin, carved over with figures and brilliantly polished:

"What is that you were saying just now, Holliday, about forts?" he asked.

"I said that we ought to have had them in the wars just past—not passed yet, either."

"Well, we did have them, my excellent friend!"

"Why did Washington complain then!"

"Come, you're too hard for me, by my faith! but I can prove that we were not treated so badly as you make out."

"Prove it."

"Do you see this noggin?"

"Yes, I do."

"Look at it well."

"You've been cutting it into pictures."

"So you see the pictures, do you? Now tell me what this carving here is for."

"It looks like a fight."

"And what is that there over the tree tops," continued Smith, pointing to the carving.

"Why, a fort."

"And what fort?"

"You are laughing at me, Bachelor. I know Fort Pleasant as well as I know any thing; and that big man there is Captain Wagner."

"You are right, and that is the battle of the Trough."

"Well, you mean that we are not so badly off with Fort Pleasant and Captain Wagner."

"It is a good fort, and he is a brave man."

"I hear he acted wrong in that very battle."

"Stuff—nonsense!—I was there—two years ago only. He could not cross the river."

"Well, well—you may have your Fort Pleasant and your Captains, as many as you please; but that don't make me easy. The Indians are about here still, and as long as the King and the Governor leave us without defence, our lives and property are nowhere. A health to such! No, never!"

III.

THE BACHELOR BRIEFLY EXPOUNDS THE THEORY OF ENGLISH LAW.

The sentiments of Holliday were those of the company at large, and they signified their approbation of them in thought and manner.

"Friends," said Smith, "you have heard that Indians are still in these parts—are they, or not?"

"Plenty of them."

"Civilized Indians or savage?"

"Child-killers," replied Holliday.

That brief word said volumes.

"Well," continued Smith, "I want you to answer my questions. Where do I live?"

"You are joking, Bachelor. There's the Cacaphon through the trees."

"Cacaphon river is right far to the West; but it is to the East of me; how say you?"

"Certainly it is."

"What do you see there through the windows to the West?"

"Mountains."

"What sort of game do you find there?"

"All sorts—bear, elk, panther—all kinds."

"No other?"

"We can find any sort to be found anywhere?"

"And is there none which finds you?"

"You mean Indians!"

"I do mean Indians; and the mountains there are full of them every Fall—you know it."

"I've fought them there!"

"Well, I'll go on asking my questions," continued the Bachelor. "Look around you—what do you see?"

"Some right pretty things."

"What sort of tables and chairs?"

"Tiptop; you can brag."

The Bachelor seemed much pleased at this compliment.

"And my shelves up there—you can't get china and painted crocks for nothing, can you?"

"They cost a power of skins."

"And where do you get them?"

"Not in Winchester—not this side of Belhaven, or Philadelphia, I reckon."

"Right—now look through my window. Do you see that nag?"

"Loudoun, aint it?"

"Loudoun—and his match aint in the country."

"Well, well, what are you coming to—speak out."

"One more word."

"Go on."

"Look at my cabin."

"Its nice enough for a woman."

"Look at me," said the Bachelor, with great gravity.

Holliday laughed.

"You look as spruce and fine as a low-country dandy. But you'd better stick to the old ways."

The Bachelor smiled.

"You see what I have now," he continued, "and you know how I used to live: Broken chairs, ricketty tables, windy house, and nothing to eat. Well, my friends, what is the cause of this change in my condition? Why has Jack Smith, with only two shirts, one torn pair of moccasins, and a broken down house with nothing in it, become Bachelor Jack Smith, living in about the easiest way of any man this side the Ridge—with plenty of hunting shirts, plenty of moccasins, and real china cups and saucers, when he wants it, even coffee, too? Why has the Bachelor changed so for the better?"

"Talk it out!—we'll listen."

"Because," said the Bachelor, solemnly, "I have for two years past, put my trust in the great English law! In that book," holding up an old tattered volume in black letter, "is laid down the glorious principle that the King of England makes all the laws of the land, and that protection to life and liberty and property, is given to all his subjects, high and low. Now," continued the Bachelor, with the air of a man who has overcome, by the vigor of his reasoning, all opposition, "I ask you, if I am not a subject of his Majesty, George II., and if so, whether my life, liberty and property, are not guarantied to me?"

The only answer to this, was a shout of laughter.

"What are you laughing at, friends—come tell me?"

"At your law-talk."

"What is funny about it?"

Holliday laughed heartily.

"I was laughing more at my thoughts than at you."

"Well, what were your thoughts?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was thinking that if a band of the Indian devils under Kill Buck or Crane, came along this way, they would burn your house here like a hay rick, and do your business for you, with a ball wrapped in some of this very law book."

The Bachelor shook his head as pitying the ignorance and incredulity of his interlocutor.

"Well, we shall see," he said, "meanwhile, I'll drink to his Majesty. Here goes! won't you join me?"

"Never!" exclaimed the border men, with one voice; "nor to any like him!"

IV.

TRESPASS VI ET ARMIS ON THE BACHELOR BY KING CRANE AND OTHERS.

We are told that in this mysterious world of ours, coming events cast their shadows before; and it was not very long after the discussion we have heard in the last chapter, touching the probability of an Indian inroad upon that unprotected frontier, that a band of the enemy, then hovering on the border, made a descent into the valley, and paid their respects to Bachelor Smith.

That worthy was surprised in bed, and severely bound before he could resist; though it is doubtful whether with his ideas of legality, such resistance would have seemed to him entirely proper. The Indians were accustomed to murder indiscriminately on the first attack, only when they were excited particularly to revenge upon the whites by some such affair as was, afterwards, the death of Cornstalk, or the Moravian Massacre. And in the chronicles of the time, it is observable that the captives were most often murdered because of their obstructing the march of the bands. On this occasion, no such existing cause existed, and after binding the bachelor, they proceeded to rifle his cabin, not even intending to fire it.

It is impossible to describe the agony with which Bachelor Smith saw his rich hunting shirts and beaver caps and embroidered moccasins appropriated. When King Crane*—that celebrated brave—put on his favorite pair of moccasins, stretching them to make them fit his enormous foot, he broke forth indignantly:

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Bachelor, "don't spoil my moccasins! I appeal to you King Crane as a gentleman—my moccasins! my moccasins! the work of pretty Sally Singleton!

* For an account of this Indian warrior, see Johnston's Narrative. Kercheval mentions him but once.

Spare them at least: take everything I have—my hunting shirts, my caps, my belts, and buckles—break all my china if you choose!" here one of the Indians carelessly pulled down a shelf and shattered every cup and saucer upon it. "Yes! yes! break all!" continued the Bachelor; "tear up my law book! break my beautiful noggins that have cost me so many hours of work and been so much admired by all who have seen them—take all! break all! but spare my favorite moccasins, King Crane! You know me King Crane—we have met before—you are civilized, not blood-thirsty—in many things a gentleman, even—"

Here King Crane succeeded in getting the moccasins on by splitting them down the sides.

"Villian!" cried the Bachelor, carried away by rage, "most uncivilized and blood-thirsty of all the Indians I know! Do what you now see fit—take and break anything, I care for nothing!"

King Crane who, listening with great indifference, had understood only parts of the speech addressed to him, here availed himself of the permission granted; and breaking one of the fine wooden noggins over the Bachelor's head, commanded him to cease speaking.

The Bachelor was compelled to obey.

V.

THE BACHELOR EXPOUNDS THE LAW TO KING CRANE—AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

After rifling the cabin and appropriating everything which struck their fancy, the Indians mounted Smith, whose hands were securely bound, behind King Crane, who rode his favorite horse Loudoun, and so took their departure rapidly towards the Potomac.

On their way, they plundered successively three other cabins, whose occupants were fortunately absent on hunting excursions, and the same evening—having lain hidden for many hours in the mountains, crossed the Potomac and penetrated into Maryland.* At sunset, they halted and prepared to take some rest.

After eating with great gusto of the provisions stolen from the cabins successively plundered, and amused themselves exceedingly strutting about in the garments procured in the same manner the Indians laid down with their feet to the fire, and betook themselves to rest. Two sat up wrapped in their blankets and watched, though with many nods.

* "They crossed the Cohongoruton, (Potomac,) and halted at a place called Grass Lick, on the Maryland side." Ker. p. 114.

Smith was placed in their midst, and a blanket having been thrown over him, King Crane and another of the Indians lay upon the sides; thus securely holding down the valiant Bachelor. He often related to his friends on his return, the manner in which King Crane (somewhat sleepy) received his remonstrances, and particularly his explanations of the English law of persons and property.

"You have manifestly committed trespass on my property King Crane; and more still, an assault has been made on my person," said the Bachelor, in a tone of dignified remonstrance.

King Crane grunted.

"And yet," continued the Bachelor, "I venture to say, you do not know what trespass *vi et armis* means. Come Crane, you understand some English, speak candidly and like a man of sense. Do you comprehend the distinction between trespass *vi et armis*, and trespass on the case?"

The Chief grunted again. The Bachelor construed the "Ough!" into "No."

"The difference is this," said the Bachelor, "and I will explain it in a few words: are you listening King Crane, or are you going to sleep?"

"Ough!" grunted the Indian.

"Ah! you are listening! very well: answer me first now, whether any one has explained to you the signification of the Hebrew words *vi et armis*?"

The huge frame of the Indian Chief rolled about sleepily, and from his capacious breast issued the eternal "Ough!" which, with the Indians, means anything and everything. The Bachelor construed it into a sign of attention on the part of his listener, and laying his hand permanently on the shoulder of the savage whose eyes were closed drowsily:

"The words *vi et armis*," said he "signifies *with evil intent*:" that is, to break, smash or otherwise injure crockery; to split noggins; to tear moccasins; and I will here say, King Crane, that your conduct in ruining my favorite pair was not what I expected from a man of your distinction though you are yet young! But to continue, are you listening?"

"Ough!"

"Speak plainly;" don't say 'ough' in that way forever."

"Ough, ough!"

"Well, as you please. I now come to the main subject, the English law; and I hope you will listen attentively, inasmuch as an opportunity of gaining information on the subject of one well versed in these matters does not occur every day: are you drowsy?"

"Ough! ough! ough!"

"Uncivilized animal!" muttered the Bach-

elor, "he cannot even express his ideas: but he is evidently listening."

Then aloud:

"The law of England proper"—continued the Bachelor, summoning all his reading to his aid; "and this, I hope, will show you the enormity of the action you have this day been guilty of—the law of England recognizes, first and foremost"—

"Sleep!" said King Crane, ramming a handful of the blanket into the Bachelor's mouth, and bending his brows into a terrific frown. This rude action so disgusted his captive, as he afterwards said, that the command was instantly obeyed.

VI.

MARTYRDOM.

In the impenetrable mountain forest, the Indians were wholly secure from an attack, and so they were quite at ease in the little glade they had chosen for their resting place.

They rose early, shaking their huge frames, and lazily stretching themselves after sleep. Then as was customary with them, they applied themselves with renewed activity to the bacon and liquors, stolen on the preceding day from the cabins of Bachelor Smith and others. The dish, however, which excited most interest and was looked forward to with the greatest pleasure, was a large fat turkey, now boiling in a huge pot, stolen like the fowl: with the water in which it boiled, they had mingled, with the Indian partiality for everything sweet, a quantity of brown sugar; and they seemed to watch the progress of cooking with the liveliest interest.

The Bachelor now unbound, paid no attention to such trifles, but suddenly he was horrified to find that the fire had been kindled with a portion of his beloved Law-book, thrown, when his cabin was rifled hastily, into the iron pot. He ran to the spot, and catching it up, remonstrated indignantly on this desecration:

"My favorite volume!" he said, "to be used for lighting a fire! King Crane, I protest against this usage, and will never forgive you!"

King Crane, supinely stretched by the fire, suffered a grim smile to corrugate his features.

"Book good to light fire," he said, in his broken English.

"And for nothing else, you would say. Why have you torn it in this way, when dry sticks and leaves were plentiful?"

The savages only laughed.

The Bachelor was consoled to find that only a page or two was destroyed besides the blank leaves. This somewhat restored his good hu-

mor, and perceiving that the Indians were for the moment in a very amiable state of mind, owing to their lively anticipation of boiled turkey for breakfast, he determined to endeavor for the last time, to soften them by the power of his legal reasoning.

"Very well," said the Bachelor, "not much harm is done my book; and I will now, with your permission, King Crane, resume the matter we were discussing last night when you were, and very naturally, too sleepy to clearly comprehend or attend to me."

King Crane looked indifferent, watching the gurgling pot.

"I was, when you went to sleep," continued the Bachelor, "discussing the first great principle of English law, namely: the protection of life which it affords.

"More sugar," said King Crane.

Disregarding this interruption, the Bachelor continued holding the volume open on his knees, and gesticulating permanently as he bent his eyes on the chief.

"The principle to which I have referred," said he, "lies at the foundation of all law: for you will easily understand, my friend, that laws are perfectly good for nothing if they do not, according to the principles of the *lex fori* and the *lex sitæ*—of which you know nothing—protect the subject at least in that right, of all rights the dearest and—"

Here King Crane much disgusted, raised his enormous foot and kicked the book from the Bachelor's hand. The Bachelor jumped up much enraged:

"Your conduct, King Crane!" he exclaimed, "is not the conduct of a respectable savage! You should be ashamed of it; and under no circumstances would Kill Buck, your friend, bad as he is, be guilty of so ungentlemanly an action! It is easy to see your knowledge of civilized life is small; and you may do what you see fit with me for saying that you are a perfect savage."

King Crane had been much wearied with the Bachelor's discussion; and now he seemed to feel renewed disgust at his abusive language. He therefore determined to increase the pleasure of boiled turkey, by a little sport: so ordering two of his men to tie the struggling Bachelor to a tree, so that his feet were raised from the ground, he commenced taking his revenge. This lay in holding under his naked feet, blazing leaves of the law volume. The Bachelor's philosophy and dignity were unequal to the trial. He jerked up one foot then the other, with most undignified haste; and each movement of this sort was hailed by the Indians with bursts of laughter.*

* For the truth of this picture of Indian character, see Johnston's Narrative throughout.

VII.

THE BACHELOR IS MORE THAN EVER CONFIRMED IN HIS FAVORITE THEORY.

The prisoner's tribulations, and the ordeal were not after all very severe. The savages were in an amiable mood, and did not design serious injury to their prisoner—only a little harmless sport.

When they had finished their breakfast, they betook themselves to preparing all things for continuing their journey. The Bachelor's fine and spirited horse, Loudoun—so named in compliment to Lord Loudoun, or to the fort of that name at Winchester—was to carry the numerous stolen articles, while the band marched on foot; and one of the Indians was ordered by King Crane to go and catch him.

Loudoun was grazing with his saddle off, but the bridle still on, a short distance from the encampment, and the Indian warily approached him with many endearing words and winning gestures. To these Loudoun replied by throwing up his heels imminently near to the face of the savage, and cantering off with a sonorous neigh.

The Indian saluted this manœuvre with a storm of curses in English—for long before they acquired that language, the red men became very proficient in its vocabulary of abusive epithets. Then slowly and warily approaching the animal he endeavored a second time to catch the bridle. It was a vain attempt, and he returned much out of humor.

King Crane, seeing his want of success, turned to the Bachelor.

"Pale face catchee devil horse!" he said gravely.

"Who, I?" said Smith. "That is unreasonable, Crane. My feet are in no condition to run on after your unwarrantable usage, and I can scarcely draw on my moccasins."

"Pale face better catch 'im."

"I will not."

King Crane caught up his rifle. The Bachelor's nerves were unpleasantly affected by the click of the trigger as the piece was cocked; and first securing his beloved law book in the bosom of his hunting shirt, he betook himself to the painful duty of pursuing Loudoun. But Loudoun knew his master's voice and showed none of the restiveness which he had before exhibited. He came whinnying up.

Suddenly a luminous idea flashed through the Bachelor's mind. The Indians were busy with their preparations; he was some hundred yards from the encampment; escape was possible! As quick as thought, he leaped upon Loudoun,

and digging both heels into his sides, set forward at full speed towards the Potomac.

The Indians saw the manœuvre too late : they uttered a terrific yell, and throwing down everything immediately started in pursuit;—at their head King Crane, armed with his long rifle, cleared the ground with wonderful quickness. Loudon was more than a match, however, for any human speed; the distance between the Bachelor and the Indians grew greater and greater, and arriving at the summit of a little hill, he turned in his saddle to shake his fist at his enemies.

At that moment a wreath of smoke rose above King Crane's head, a report was heard; and the Bachelor reeled in his seat.

"Ah!" he shouted, "I am struck, you think, King Crane—I am dead, you think! Rifle balls you would say, travel faster than horseflesh! Fool! that law you have laughed at and despised, has saved me at last—look!"

And taking from his breast the volume, he held it up towards the Indians. The ball from King Crane's rifle had buried itself in the thick leaves and the book had preserved its owner's life!

On the next day the Bachelor was mending his noggins, when Holliday entered his cabin.* He had heard of the attack.

"Well," he said, "Bachelor, what think you of the protection of English law now?"

"I think more than ever!"

"How so?"

"Look here!" said the bachelor, holding up his book in triumph.

* "They went to Smith's cabin and found him mending his bowls and trenchers, by sewing them up with wax ends."—*Kercheval*, p. 115.

TWENTY.

TO MY COUSIN FRED.

One year had gone, another come,
 Beguiled by many a sugar plum,
 Was I a baby fair;
 My cheek was dimpled like mama's,
 My eyes of hazel were papa's,
 So nurses did declare.
 My little limbs of fairy mould,
 My glossy, silken curls of gold,—
 My brow, my lips, my arms,
 These of each flatt'ring tongue the theme,
 Made my fond mother proudly deem
 Me—paragon of charms.

Of kinsmen, guests, retainers all,—
 Who gathered in our ancient hall,—
 I was the petted toy.
 Old Captain Blunt, my favorite was,
 Fac-simile of rough "old Pos,"
 Who wished I was a boy.
 Three—four—five passed,
 And still I chased
 The butterfly so wild,
 With footsteps fleet,
 And laughter meet,
 For lips of romping child.
 Six, seven and eight,
 Made all things straight,
 Or square, I should have said,
 Then lines were drawn,
 And copies torn,
 And I was sent to bed.
 Nine, ten, eleven,
 And still uneven
 Attention I had paid,
 To many a rule,
 Laid down in school,
 To make me sore afraid.
 But twelve had come,
 The ante-room
 To promised years of glee.
 New powers sprang forth,
 Of nervous growth,
 And wond'rous were to see.
 Thirteen, most charming of the train
 Of years, which cannot come again,
 And giddiest of the teens,
 Much planning brought,
 With wisdom fraught,
 For future ball-room scenes.
 Fourteen—fifteen,
 My hopes all green,
 Unblighted, unsubdued,
 I danced and sung,
 Guitars new strung,
 Was nothing of a prude.
 Could talk to four,
 Yes—twenty more,
 If they perchance should call,
 Of books and flowers,
 Elysian hours,
 And of a fancy ball.
 Sixteen—seventeen,
 And well I ween,—
 I thought myself a belle.
 My fortune fair,
 I tried with care,
 Each night with Kate and Nell.
 Eighteen swept by
 In poesy;—
 In moonlight passed nineteen.
 Proud Twenty came,—
 Exchanged my name
 For yours, dear coz, has been.

AUSTRIAN POLITICS.*

The total neglect of certain departments of historical study, is a singular defect in our systems of education in this country. While even in schools of the humblest pretensions, instruction in some of the more prominent facts of our own history is afforded and some elementary notions of the theory of the government may be formed, the young man, even in the more advanced period of his studies is abandoned, very much to his own inclination and guidance, as to the study of European history. Left to grope his way in the dark, without the benefit of judicious training, if he gains any knowledge of cotemporaneous political history abroad, he is most likely to adopt the views of extreme partisan writers as the basis of his creed in foreign politics. With a natural and American sympathy for what he supposes to be liberal in other systems, he is constantly liable to error from overlooking those circumstances which form the basis of the fitness of political systems for the practical ends of government, and to judge events abroad by a standard that must always prove fallacious—an American one.

The secret, however, of this general neglect of the study of foreign politics, is to be found, we think, in the fact, that such subjects awaken very little popular interest, for it is rarely that any thing connected with them arouses the great heart of the people in sympathy or anger. To most persons, revolutions and disturbances abroad present no other aspect than brave and heroic, but necessarily hopeless struggles. Those who strive in this unequal conflict, are often greeted with many expressions of hollow sympathy, but their final discomfiture, and the utter barrenness of any permanent benefit from their efforts, are in the minds of too many "foregone conclusions." We are all of us too apt to turn away from an account of some suppressed insurrection or some successful *coup d'état*, with the self-complacent reflection, that the European masses know nothing of true republicanism, and that we alone are capable of the enjoyment of political freedom. The great reason of this apparent indifference, is generally an ignorance of the character of the people, and the real merits of the struggle, which we undertake thus summarily to judge.

*AUSTRIA IN 1848-'49: *Being a History of the late Political Movements in Vienna, Milan, Venice and Prague; with details of the campaigns of Lombardy and Novara: a full account of the Revolution in Hungary: and Historical Sketches of the Austrian Government and the Provinces of the Empire.* By WILLIAM H. STILES, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the Court of Vienna. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Our sympathy with the oppressed in Europe is emotional rather than founded on rational conviction, and having no root, it soon withers away. Occasionally some enormous outrage, perpetrated by the absolutist powers in Europe, such as the extinction of the Kingdom of Poland, or the annihilation of the independence of Hungary, or some monstrous treachery, such as the withdrawal of a constitution wrung from a reluctant monarch in the hour of peril, when that hour is past, will startle the public mind into an indignant denunciation of such fearful wrongs. Still the excitement does not last long enough to produce any very thorough appreciation of the peculiarities of the case, or to lead to any careful study of the subject. Some crude observations in a newspaper, or some extracts from the possibly better informed, but still thoroughly partisan journals abroad, tend but little to the enlightenment of those who wish to trace these extraordinary events to their true sources. Inquiries of this kind to lead to any satisfactory result presuppose a familiarity with the historical progress of a people, their striking peculiarities, and above all, an ability to investigate authorities in their own language, which comparatively few among us, even of those whose tastes have led them to the pursuit of historical studies, possess.

It is well worthy of remark, as illustrating the general ignorance which prevails among us in reference to those portions of Europe, in behalf of whose cause we have recently made the loudest professions of sympathy, that in no one of the vast number of addresses which were made to Kossuth during his progress through the country, was any attempt made to vindicate the Hungarian cause upon the ground on which the Hungarians themselves have uniformly justified their resistance,—the forcible violation on the part of Austria, of a written constitution, which had been in vigor for nearly eight hundred years, and the preservation of which, in its integrity, had been many times solemnly guaranteed by that power. Of sympathy with Hungary as a fallen nation, and of hatred to Russia as the potential instrument of her downfall, there has been abundant expression; but of the nature of the relations between Austria and Hungary, and between Hungary and Croatia, which is so indispensable to a correct appreciation of the subject, and of the strictly legal and constitutional course pursued by the Hungarians in their contest with the imperial government, which appeals so deeply to the sympathies of those who recognise no true liberty save that guarded by law, we hear scarcely a word. No wonder that the excitement in favor of the Hungarians should have so soon subsided, if so little real knowledge of the true mer-

its of the question was accessible to the popular mind.

We hail then, with peculiar pleasure, the publication of a work, which, while it will add to the general store of our historical knowledge, promises to enlighten us on a subject, concerning which, there has been so much conflicting discussion—the general condition of the Austrian Empire, and the exact nature of its relations to the different provinces comprising it during the revolutionary crisis of 1848-'49. To those whose studies have led them to investigate the nature of the Austrian system, and to trace the progress of the events of the revolution with a view of determining in what respects that system was adapted for the purposes of rational government at the present day, and in what manner the revolution proposed to remodel it in order to insure the permanent establishment of freedom and good government for the millions under its sway, the task has been too often wearisome and unprofitable. Aside from the difficulty of determining *a priori*, even with a somewhat accurate knowledge of the history and characteristics of a people, what system of government presents the best chances of working well in practice, there has been in the way, at least of the American enquirer hitherto, an almost insurmountable difficulty in ascertaining the real facts of the case. Austria, perhaps, to a greater degree than any country in Europe, has been a *terra incognita*, to us. Her government was looked upon with that of Russia, as the great champion of the Absolutist cause in Europe, and the wonder excited by the news of a successful revolution in Vienna, was scarcely greater than the difficulty has since been, in determining from conflicting accounts, the character of the people, and the true meaning of the events of the revolution, and why, and how, that revolution appears to have produced so little permanent result. To decide why the new era, which dawned upon Austria so bright with political promise, soon became overcast, and has, after a brief duration and uncertain existence, sunk again into a hopeless night of despotism, is a problem as full of interest, as it has hitherto been difficult of solution. It increases very much the interest of the investigation of the subject, that our guide is an American, whose official position and moderate views may be considered as guaranties of the fairness of his statements, and the impartial spirit with which he appreciates events, of many of which, he was an eye witness.

Mr. Stiles is evidently impressed with the confusion of ideas, and want of correct elementary notions, concerning the history and general condition of the Austrian Empire. He appears to have conscientiously addressed himself to the

subject, by giving the reader an elaborate account in detail, of the events of the revolution, which is almost the only commentary needed upon its general scope and tendency. The two preliminary chapters, containing a very full historical sketch of each of the different provinces of the Empire, the mode by which they became constituent portions of it, the origin, character and history of the various races inhabiting the country, are full of valuable information, a knowledge of which is indispensable to a correct appreciation of the events of the revolutionary crisis. Mr. Stiles possessed some rare advantages for the preparation of such a work. *Chargé d'Affaires* of the United States in Vienna, from 1845 to 1849, he had an opportunity of calmly studying the character of the people, and watching the progress of events before the impending storm burst in all its fury upon the imperial house. It was, of course, an important part of his official duty, to keep his government informed of all the events of political interest, which transpired during his residence in Vienna. In addition, however, to the ordinary sources of information, which his official position required him to consult, he seems to have been busily engaged in collecting a large mass of material from other quarters, which has been of the highest value in illustrating the general subject. His book is evidently prepared in a pains-taking and impartial spirit, which commends it at once to the favorable consideration of those who have felt an interest in the subject, but who have despaired of arriving at the truth, not knowing how far they might place confidence in statements evidently thoroughly imbued with a partisan spirit. With unmistakeable American feeling, he does not attempt to disguise his sympathy with whatever was liberal and life-giving in the new era which the revolution inaugurated in Austria, nor does he conceal the expression of his regret at the mournful fate which so soon befel it; but we think it is impossible that any one can read the book, especially those chapters which relate to the Hungarian question, without feeling that the author was conscious of his responsibilities, and has preserved the calmness of a judge in the decision of a long contested and fiercely litigated cause. We look upon the work as a most creditable offspring of the diplomatic leisure of the Author, and a highly commendable effort on his part, to enlighten his country more on a subject where the voice of their representative must be necessarily potential.

The plan of the book we think simple and natural, and well adapted to keep clearly before the reader that general connexion of events in the various portions of the Empire, which is essential to a comprehensive idea of the revolution.

and its results. It is not easy, for instance, to understand the object and bearing of certain measures, adopted by the Hungarians, without clearly keeping in view the contemporaneous progress of events in Vienna and Lombardy; while many of the movements of Radetzky's army depended far more on the state of parties in the capital, and the progress of the Croatian insurrection, than upon the strategy of Charles Albert, or the success of his army. Such a view will be found, indeed, a clue, which will unravel much that seems obscure, and will explain many things which have given rise to serious controversy in a natural way.

It is not easy to acquire an understanding of the Austrian policy at any period of its history, or in any portion of the imperial dominions, without taking into consideration the various and apparently discordant materials of which the Empire is composed. There is no instance in history in which so heterogeneous a population has been ruled for so long a period by a common sovereign. The Empire of Austria, as at present constituted, is composed of three Kingdoms, one arch duchy, three duchies, four provinces, eight principalities, three bishoprics, besides eight smaller territorial jurisdictions, and is inhabited by seven races, differing in character, habits, language and religion. Nor is the difference in soil and climate, and in the advancement of the people in knowledge and civilization, less marked than that which exists in their political condition, and in their peculiarities of race. The polished, but luxurious and effete civilization of Lombardy has no more in common with the rude vigor of the military frontier settlements on the Banat, than the refinement of Paris with the restless energy of the Cossacks of the Don; and yet these distant provinces, differing, it would seem, in all that has hitherto produced different forms of government among mankind, have long acknowledged the sway of a common sovereign; and what is truly most extraordinary, it seems to have been the constant ambition of that sovereign to rule them all by a common system of centralization, the head of which is at Vienna, and the despotic energy of which is felt in the remotest provinces of the Empire. To rule a country composed of such discordant elements, so as to preserve even tolerable harmony, and to maintain the cohesion of its several parts, was a work of consummate difficulty. How it was done, and for so long a period done successfully, is an extremely curious subject for investigation, for the full understanding of which, we shall derive much assistance from Mr. Stiles' work. The exposition of the practical working of this Austrian system, by which something like unity of administration was preserved, is also full of in-

terest and instruction, as showing the extraordinary difficulties in the way of those who sought to remodel the government upon the basis of free institutions. To change such a system by a revolution in the sense of a liberal one, and yet preserve the integrity of the Empire, was a task far beyond the powers of the popular leaders whom the events of March, 1848, brought to the surface, and their efforts to bring it about resulted in practical absurdity, as the history of the times clearly indicates.

The different modes by which the various once independent portions of the Empire were brought under the imperial sway, form an exceedingly curious study. The acquisitions of the House of Austria by investiture, conquest, marriage, family compacts, and general territorial treaties, which terminated the great European wars in which she took so active a part, are among the most singular instances of the aggrandizement of the great powers, at the expense, and by the sacrifice of the weaker. In this department of his subject, Mr. Stiles has exhibited commendable industry and research. We scarcely know where to turn, to find a work in the English language, so full and accurate in its details, on these important but hitherto neglected and little understood subjects. The recent discussions on Panslavism, or the attempt to reconstitute the Slavic race on the basis of its nationality, has given a new interest to the early history of the nations of Eastern Europe, which renders the detailed account given by Mr. Stiles, extremely opportune. It is extremely interesting to remark how the absolutist and stationary system of the Empire, has been maintained by the adroit policy of the government in arraying the jealousies of the conflicting nationalities against each other, thus availing itself of the weakness resulting from want of union to carry out a system of common repression. A study of the history and character of these different nationalities shows but too clearly the wisdom of the government, in adopting such a system to effect their ends.

The importance of the position which Austria has long maintained in the European system, is well sketched by Mr. Stiles. After the Germanic imperial dignity became hereditary in the House of Habsburg, the influence and power of the Austrian Princes determined the action of the whole of Germany. In this way, the historical importance of the House of Austria becomes so blended with the events of the Empire, that it is not easy to separate them. The wars succeeding the reformation, however, were those in which the personal views of the Emperors were most decisive, and the results of which, have left the greatest influence upon her existing system. Long before her Princes exchanged the title of

Emperor of Germany for that of Emperor of Austria, she was one of the great powers, on whose policy in the general system of European politics, the peace of the whole continent, in a great measure, depended. Without a somewhat careful study of the position occupied by Austria for the last three centuries, we shall be at a loss to account for some of the more striking peculiarities of the civilization of Western Europe. It is difficult to say what would now have been the condition of the Catholic Church and the German Empire, had the House of Austria not waged war so fiercely and so obstinately against the Reformation. The changes produced by the general adoption of Protestantism, and the feebleness of the Germanic body, whose strength became completely undermined by the intestine wars which succeeded the Reformation, have exerted an influence upon all public transactions and private opinions since, which have remodelled the whole face of Europe, and the legitimate results of which, in the spirit of reform, and a spirit of nationality as opposed to centralization, are to this day potent, not in Austria only, but throughout Europe, for good or for evil.

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In many of the States of Germany, they caused their policy of repression to be carried out by the different governments, and for some time an appearance of outward tranquillity and general advancement in the natural comforts of the people flattered its authors with the hope of permanent success. But a deep-felt, wide-spread spirit of disaffection prevailed, which was not the less real, nor the less dangerous, because its expression was hushed until a fitting opportunity should arise to speak in a tone which must command respect.

The modes by which this system of absolute government was brought to bear upon every man's home and family and daily life, and thus became the source of practical grievances of perpetual irritation, are very clearly detailed, and certainly form one of the most interesting portions of the work. From them we can derive some idea of the much vaunted blessings of paternal government, and form some notions of the character of perfidy and meanness of that policy, which must be adopted, at the present day, in order to maintain for one hour the existence of so unnatural and cruel a system of despotism as that which prevails in Austria. He refers to some of the means by which the government was able to carry this system in Austria into practical operation, and classes them under distinct heads—viz: the Bureaucratic system, the Monopolies in trade, the Patronage of the Church, Education, the Censorship of the Press, Espionage, Examination of Letters, Habitual Confession, and the Standing Army. By these different media, the poison of despotism is distilled throughout the body politic, and the common end of general corruption and the preservation of the instincts and desires of mere animal life is attained. Some of the details are very curious. Take, for instance, the account of the manner in which the censorship of the press is employed:

"In Vienna, twelve censors are established, to some of whom every book published within the empire, whether original or reprinted; every article which appears in the newspapers, even to an advertisement, must be submitted. * * * It is not permitted to elucidate the actually established political system, the dreaded discovery of whose weakness is carefully guarded against by purging the language of common usage from all such dangerous words and expressions, as 'popular rights,' 'popular opinion,' 'public spirit,' and 'nationality.' Their corrections are sometimes exceedingly ludicrous, as appears from the following example of a work treating of conflicts quite unconnected with the Austrian empire, where the expression, 'heroic champions,'

was cut down to 'brave soldiers,' and 'a band of youthful heroes who flocked around the glorious standard of their country,' became 'a considerable number of young men, who voluntarily enlisted themselves for the public service.'"

Another illustration of the "paternal care" with which the government shields its subjects from even the suspicion of danger, is found in the extraordinary means adopted to prevent the Post Office from becoming the vehicle of treason.

"The Post," says Mr. Stiles, "under the reign of Joseph II. was connected with the police of the city, and with the most secret Cabinet of the Emperor, and its operations were brought to great perfection under his Prime Minister Kaunitz. The letters were opened, and the seals imitated with a skill which defied detection. The copies of all such correspondence, whose importance warranted the labor necessary in transcribing them, were by order of the Emperor Francis laid upon his table each day at seven o'clock, by which hour he had returned from morning mass, and the perusal of these documents, together with the reports of the secret police upon the subject of the foreign ambassadors and ministers, their indulgences, expenses, connections, and transactions in the city, which were also presented at the same hour, constituted, it is said, by far the most agreeable portion of his matinal exercises." * * * "The correspondence between Russia and Prussia in regard to Poland in 1772, coming to light in this manner, led to the establishment of separate government mails and private couriers, and to this day no foreign ambassador or minister in Vienna thinks for a moment of committing his dispatches to an Austrian post, but private couriers take charge of and convey their entire correspondence."

We hear much said in praise of the general diffusion of education in Austria, that it is gratuitous, and compulsory; and it has amazed many persons that in such circumstances the doctrines of "passive obedience" should have been so generally acquiesced in. But it would appear that the system there pursued is in keeping with the policy of the government in other respects, and that so far from stirring the public mind to active exercise in the investigation of the great questions of truth, interest and duty, it is actually but another instrument in the hands of despotic power to enslave and corrupt the minds of its subjects. Truly may it be said, that the torch of truth has been struck from the hands of those best qualified to hold it, in a country most in need of its life-giving influence. The spirit which guides the policy of the government in this respect, is faithfully given by Mr. Stiles.

"The Emperor Francis," says he, "at the Congress of Laybach, in an address to the professors of a public seminary, enjoined them to be careful not to teach their pupils too much;

he did not want learned or scientific men, but obedient subjects; the leading principles of education to consist in guarding the mind against the danger of entertaining political errors, instead of encouraging its full development by the free exercise of the faculties, and well-regulated self-dependence. The various scholastic institutions are so regulated as to teach the several classes what is necessary for their respective callings, and at the same time to inculcate the precepts of religion and the duties of morality. In fact, throughout all the institutions of the Austrian empire, the system of studies prescribed by the State is in perfect keeping with its principles of government, acting always on the defensive, and jealous lest any thing should intrude itself opposed to the prerogatives of the civil authority, the laws of the country, or the rights of the sovereign."

It was by a generation educated under such a system, and in such principles, be it remembered, that an attempt was made in the heat of a popular revolution, to reduce to practical operation the theory of self-government in such a country as Austria. In such considerations as these alone, can we not find sufficient ground for their ignominious failure.

We willingly turn now to a view of the general condition of the empire, which exhibits the development of its internal policy in a much more favorable light. It cannot be denied, that the principle of total avoidance of the excitement of political discussion, once firmly established and fully recognized, Austria has, since the peace of 1815, not been backward in the development of the material resources of the country. She may have moved slowly in the march of improvement, and the proverbial German caution, has, in her fear of innovation, amounted often to timidity, still she has steadily encouraged the adoption of those measures which would conduce to the material comfort and well being of her people. There may have been as much of policy as of humanity in this system, yet we think no one who has travelled in her extensive territories, and examined her public institutions of beneficence, can deny that the epithet of "well-ordered Austria" has been justly applied to her. According to Mr. Stiles, she has, in common with the other despotic powers, "constructed roads and canals, encouraged agriculture and manufactures, and reformed the laws of trade, abolished local and subordinate oppressions, endowed seminaries of learning, inculcated a reverence for religion, and patronized academies of arts, and all this good she has not hesitated to perform at the instigation of that more enlightened, but more determined hostility to popular rights, by which she has ever been professedly actuated, and with a view merely to these two plain consequences. In the first place, that by increasing

the wealth and population of her subjects she might be enabled to draw from them larger taxes and supplies, and to recruit greater armies to uphold her tyrannical pretensions; and in the second place, that by keeping the body of the people, in other respects, in a comfortable condition, she might have a better opportunity of reconciling them to the privations of political rights, and not be annoyed by the discontents which arise from distress, and be forced to combat at the same time those which arise from injustice."

Such is an outline of some of the features of that system of government, which was in practical operation in the Austrian empire at the commencement of the year 1848. The people were treated like children. The government did every thing for them, and suffered them to take no part worth speaking of in the direction of national affairs. There was neither liberty of speech, nor liberty of action, nor freedom of the press. Those institutions which teach the people how to raise themselves, and which make it possible for them to raise themselves, by perseverance and temporary self-denial, were unknown; the spirit of independent and self-sustaining action, which are their only true support, being carefully smothered in its faintest aspirings. The wonder is, that when they were cast upon their own unrestrained indulgence, not that riots and bloodshed took place, but rather that the whole of the empire was not convulsed by a horrible civil war, which would have raised every man's hand against his neighbor, and which would have been marked by atrocities, compared with which the tale of the horrors of the first French Revolution would seem but a pastoral idyll. It can hardly then be surprising, that a population reared in such a state of tutelage, should become gradually material in all their views, corrupt and sensual in their desires, and without faith or trust in their political opinions. As a natural result, while they preserved the forms, they heeded not the restraints of religion, and reciprocated the distrust of the government by cherishing secretly a spirit of disloyalty to their sovereign, and a disposition to murmur, as far as prudence would permit, when the practical grievances of the system bore with peculiar severity upon them. Such was the state of things, when the news of the overthrow of Louis Philippe, which had been always looked forward to as the toxin of revolution throughout Europe, burst upon the astounded senses of governors and governed—for the oppressor, like the knell of doom; for the oppressed, as the joyful shout bailing the birth of freedom. In the hereditary provinces, it was expected that the apparent general contentment of the people, and their supposed loyalty to the Imperial House would have checked in the out-

set any manifestation of revolutionary excess. It was soon very clear, however, that notwithstanding the precautions of the government, and the supposed apathy of its pleasure-loving people, Vienna would soon become enveloped in that blaze of enthusiasm for popular institutions, which at that time burned so fiercely in all the capitals of the continent. Nothing, indeed, can show more clearly the inherent weakness of despotism, and how absurd it is to expect that so unnatural a system should have any solid foundations in the interests and feelings of the people, than the unanimity with which after the first outbreak, the demands for "freedom of the press," "a national guard," "trial by jury," and a "constitution," as panaceas for the popular ills, were made. On the 13th March, 1848, the movement commenced in Vienna, by petitions for a popular representation of some real influence. The combined weakness and imprudence with which these demands were met by the authorities, emboldened the mal-contented and brought about a collision between the military and the people. After the first rude shock, we have a repetition of those scenes so characteristic of the disturbances in 1848 all over the continent—of concessions made and constitutions granted, of professions of loyalty to the sovereign, of general amnesty, of wild enthusiasm, of rejoicings and illuminations in honor of the commencement of so bright an era. When we consider the intoxication of those days, can we wonder that even sober-minded people, within the pale of its influence, should have believed that a political millenium was dawning? How melancholy the contrast now between the brightness of that day and the hopeless night which shrouds the same political horizon!

The excitement of the struggle over, the great difficulty was to organize the victory, rather than to achieve it. It cannot be denied, that to the complete ignorance of those to whom the popular tumult gave the direction of affairs, both of the mode of engrafting new ideas on the ancient system, so that it might derive vigor from the infusion of a new principle, rather than perish from the sudden rudeness of the shock, as well as to their utter want of familiarity with the details of the administration of the government, is in a great measure owing that increasing tendency to absolute anarchy which marked the progress of the revolution, and which, perhaps, more than any other one cause produced a reaction against the liberal party. Metternich once gone, the secret police system abolished, and new men and new measures introduced, it was found that the government machine could not be made to perform its ordinary and accustomed functions. Those who were at the head of affairs, by their

weak and vacillating policy, directed wholly by popular clamor, and utterly deficient in that rude energy which a revolutionary crisis demands, embarrassed rather than aided its action.

Mr. Stiles' account of the events of the revolution in Vienna, is not less remarkable for the picturesque interest of its details, than full of instruction in pointing out step by step the gradual descent to the most frightful of all despotisms, a state of complete anarchy, to which the adoption of such a policy inevitably leads. These details of events merit a careful study; they carry their own moral with them, and the important lessons they teach are too obvious to need an enlarged commentary. Aside from all other considerations, a view of the state of affairs in Vienna, from March to October 1848, clearly shows that to have achieved success at such a crisis, when insurrection was rampant at Milan and Venice, when Bohemia and Hungary were demanding constitutions, by which it was supposed their independence was to be assured, while an armed mob ruled in the capital, and every man's grievances were to be redressed, would have required a combination of the rarest qualities of statesmanship, but that in the hands of the pigmies, whom the popular breath had blown to the surface, after the revolution, the task was hopeless.

Nothing could have been more imposing than the comparative calmness and freedom from excess, which characterized the early days of the revolution. But when the work of re-organization was to be effected, then began the struggle between the wild dreams of the German political philosophy, and the bureaucratic spirit of the ancient system. Emissaries soon reached Vienna from all parts of Europe, and held up before the excited imagination of the populace the promise of material joys, by the infusion of socialistic theories into the new government. Political clubs were formed, "United Germany" became the watch-word of the day, and an active correspondence was kept up between the leaders in Vienna and the republican orators of the Germanic Diet at Frankfort. The German national flag supplanted the Austrian in the imperial capital, and the appellation of "*Schwarzgebb*," or Austrian, became a hy-word of reproach. The press, loosed from its long thraldom, signalized its new freedom by becoming the vehicle of inflammatory appeals and denunciations, rather than the instrument of moderating the violence of the popular passions. The students of the University, whose prominence in all the events of the revolution, was one of the most curious things in it, began to cultivate a cordial intimacy with the "*proletaria*," lower class of the laboring population, whom the dis-

orders consequent upon the state of the city, had of course thrown out of work, and thus acquired control of a most potent instrument in the work of disorganization. This poison soon produced its effect, in their compelling the government to employ workmen, at the expense of the State, in the execution of the most needless and absurd projects. The excitement among all classes was fearful, the ordinary routine of business was entirely suspended, and among the more timid, even at this early period, fears of some dreadful catastrophe prevailed.

On the 25th of April, the Emperor published the promised constitution, which contained the usual provisions for the maintenance of the representative system, and guarantees for personal liberty, and the security of private property. It was principally remarkable, however, from the grant which it contained of separate legislatures to the respective provinces of the Empire, thus insuring to these provinces a *quasi* independence.

Notwithstanding the expressions of joy and gratitude with which the announcement of the constitution was received, the tranquillity of the city was not preserved for any length of time. On the 4th of May, an armed mob broke into the official residence of the Prime-Minister, Count Ficquelmout, and insisted upon the immediate resignation of that officer, without ever deigning to inform him in what way he had offended the majesty of the people. For the details of this most extraordinary proceeding, we refer the reader to the 129th page of Mr. Stiles' first volume. On the 14th another mob marched against the imperial palace, and with a threatening aspect of violence, presented a petition to the Emperor, as king, that in the proposed new parliament, there should be one chamber instead of two. Although the palace was guarded by a large body of troops, and every preparation had been made for a vigorous use of their power, such was the terror which the mob inspired in the Sovereign and his weak-minded advisers, that the demands of the petition were at once granted. Such repeated violence at last shocked so severely the nerves of the poor Emperor, that on the 16th, abandoning his capital, he fled with his court to Innspruck, in the Tyrol. After the withdrawal of the Emperor, disorder ran riot in the devoted city. The ministry made a feeble attempt to dissolve the Academical Legion, composed of students, under whose leadership the existing state of anarchy and confusion had been brought about, and had actually arrayed a large military force to execute their order, but soon yielded, as usual, to the threats of the mob, and withdrew the troops, burning with shame and indignation, from the city. The terrible scourge of mob rule, the most unreasonable and exacting

of all species of tyranny, was felt by every man, even in the most private relations of life. The state of Vienna, at this time, is thus vividly portrayed by Mr. Stiles—

“No one could now walk the streets of Vienna without the fear of injury. Every where appeared placards of menace and violence. It was quite usual for creditors to penetrate the houses of their debtors, insulting them, when unwilling or unable to respond to their unreasonable demands. Any one who disapproved of such disorders was visited with summary vengeance; and if one desired to gratify his long cherished hate, it was only necessary to hint to the mob, that the unhappy victim had expressed a sentiment, or performed an act, favorable to order and good government. There was no personal security, for any well-attired individual was liable to insult while quietly promenading the streets. In this exigency the police acknowledged its inefficiency; the national guard shrugged their shoulders, and the ministry, terror stricken, sought refuge either in flight or obscurity upon the first symptoms of danger.”

If such was the state of the capital, we may well conclude with Mr. Stiles, that “the time had arrived when the temporary connexion between the friends of free government and the enemies of all government had to be dissolved, if the results of the Revolution were ever to assume the shape of regular institutions and established laws, and when a reaction must take place, not in favor of the old and extinct order of things, but in favor of real freedom, and against anarchy.”

Many looked for relief from the assembling of the Diet, but the composition of this body, both from its utter incapacity for parliamentary duty, and from the unenlightened character of the deputies, sixty of whom could neither speak nor understand German, forbade any hope from that quarter. The majority soon proved as factious and as entirely given over to the arts of demagoguery, as the leaders of the mob themselves. With such elements of failure, can it be wondered at that the revolution in Austria was so barren of any good practical result? Day by day the progress to complete anarchy was rapid and fearful; mob-law ruled supreme, and it became evident that a crisis which had long been foreseen was fast approaching. On the 26th of September, the departure of some regiments, which the ministry had dispatched to Hungary to aid Jellachich in his operations in that country, was opposed by the mob. This brought on a fearful collision between the troops and the people, in which the latter accomplished their purpose. Excited by their triumph, they rushed to the War office in order to wreak their vengeance on Count Latour, the minister of war.

Meeting with no resistance from the panic-stricken soldiers, who mounted guard at the ministry, they seized the unfortunate Latour, brutally murdered him, and treated his lifeless body with every species of indignity and insult. Furious from this task of blood, they attacked the arsenal and made a desperate effort to possess themselves of the arms which it contained. In the midst of this reign of terror, the Emperor again abandoned his capital, and called upon all those who loved Austria to rally around him, and aid him in inflicting a merited chastisement upon the rebellious city. The energy of despair seemed now to direct the Imperial councils, and Prince Windischgrätz, with an army of one hundred thousand men, was sent to bombard the city into submission. Of the exciting scenes of this bombardment, Mr. Stiles was an eye-witness; and there is no portion of his work of such absorbing interest, as his truthful description of its horrors. We know nothing in history more striking and dramatic in its effect, than this fearful, final act of the short tragedy of the revolution, or more mournful and impressive, than the lesson which it teaches of the terrible energy of that instinct of self preservation, which society puts forth when its existence is threatened by popular excesses.

We turn with very great interest to Mr. Stiles' views on the Hungarian question, and it is easy to perceive that in this particular department of his historical sketch, he has been zealous in making good use of the advantages for gaining reliable information on the subject, which his position afforded. He appears to have avoided the common error of discussions on this subject, that of going to extremes. He seeks to judge the Hungarians by the standard of their own constitution, and not by that of the liberalism of Western Europe. Thus he does not think it necessary, in order to justify or explain his sympathy with them in their struggle, to prove that they were republicans; on the contrary he does not hesitate to condemn the exclusiveness of their system and their many political sins, but he contends that as against Austria they had certain constitutional rights as an independent kingdom, fully recognized and guaranteed by that power, many times in successive ages against an encroachment on which resistance was not only justifiable, but entirely legal. In other words, that they were defending unquestionable rights from assault, rather than seeking for any new concessions or privileges. The Hungarian constitution, he looks upon, notwithstanding the system of aristocratic rule and Magyar predominance which it sanctioned in former times, as containing the germs of a free representative government, whose forms had been in familiar prac-

tical operation in the nation for centuries, and which needed but the modifications which were introduced in 1848 to enable it to develop freely and in perfect harmony the interests and welfare of all classes and of all nationalities. This view of the subject will disentangle its discussion from the many perplexities in which it has heretofore been involved, and will cause it to be judged by the true standard. That constitution is now in the dust, struck down by the ruthless hand of Russia and Austria; still, as a monument, which for eight hundred years gave shelter and protection to a great people, who, when it was assailed, freely offered their best blood for its preservation, it is well-deserving the respectful consideration of the student of history, and will well repay the lingering of an hour among its venerable ruins.

The great difficulty with many persons, in understanding the position of Hungary, arises from considering her a province of Austria, whereas she has never been a province of the empire; and her whole history since her connexion with the house of Habsburg, is a series of attempts on the part of Austria to reduce her to that position, and of obstinate resistance on the part of the Hungarian Diets in maintaining the independence of their country. The plain language of the compacts between the parties, their public acts, the demands of the Diet on the one hand, and the concessions of the king on the other, during the whole period since the accession of the first Habsburg to the throne, establish as clearly the independence of Hungary as against Austria, as it would be possible to show historically the independence and absolute sovereignty, *de jure*, of any power in Europe. Hungary, it should be remembered, came under the sway of an Austrian prince not by conquest—not even by hereditary succession, but as the result of the free election of her Diet, who in virtue of their powers as the representatives of the country, chose as a king, a prince, who happened at the same time to be invested with the sovereignty of the Arch Duchy of Austria and the kingdom of Bohemia, each of them as entirely independent of the other as Hungary was of both. The Diet, after the disastrous battle of Mohacs, where King Louis, with all the flower of the Hungarian chivalry, fell fighting against the Turks, chose as sovereign of this elective monarchy, (1526,) Ferdinand, Arch Duke of Austria, who was recommended to their choice because he had married the sister of their late monarch, and because they might hope from so powerful a prince, speedy succor against the Turks, who at that time had over-run the country. Before his coronation, he signed an Act by which he abjured all title to the throne, save that which he could claim from

the choice of the Diet, and on that occasion he took the oath always administered before and since to those crowned kings of Hungary, to govern according to the customs of the country, and guaranteed the preservation and enforcement of all the laws which had been settled by the Diet. He recognized the independence of the country so fully, as even to adopt the Golden Bull of Andreas II., which permitted any noble, who conceived that the king was violating the laws, which he had sworn to maintain, to resist his authority without incurring the penalties of treason.

Notwithstanding their coronation oath, the Austrian princes showed little disposition to be faithful to their engagements, or to govern in accordance with the principles of a body which shackled so much their tendencies to absolute rule as the Hungarian Diet. Hence arose a series of disputes between the Diet and their kings. Emperors of Germany, in regard to their respective pretensions to authority in the country, which continued at short intervals from the period of the accession of the House of Habsburg down to the recent revolution—disputes which invariably terminated in renewed acknowledgments on the part of Austria of the independence of Hungary and the constitutional rights of the Hungarians. The complaints of the Diet, of the violation of their privileges and jurisdiction, were unceasing. In 1608, under Matthias II., an attempt was made to reduce the number of towns sending deputies to the Diet, which produced a violent protestation, but with no result. Leopold I., (1653,) it would seem, had a design of entirely subverting the Hungarian constitution, and dispensing with the Diet, to reduce the government to the simplicity of despotism. Still he could not silence the indignant voice of the Diet, who complained that the high office of Palatine had become degraded in its dignity and power, that the military and civil employments were bestowed on foreigners, that is, Austrians, and the Protestants were persecuted on account of their religion. Better, far better, said they, would we have been under the rule of the Turks. The king answered this protest by a bloody persecution, which has rendered the name of Leopold I. infamous for cruelty, not only in Hungary, but throughout Europe. In 1687, the Diet established the succession to the throne as hereditary in the House of Habsburg, in the male line. But this resolution, even after the terrible ordeal of the bloody "Court of Eperies," was only extracted from it by promises that the Diet should be convened at regular intervals, that the king would hereafter govern according to the laws, and that a council, *excelsam concilium locum-tenentiale Hungaricum*, whose duty it should be to

see to the execution of the laws adopted by the Diet, should be established in Hungary. The spirit and determination of the people, and their attachment to their ancient constitution and Diet, could not be broken. The establishment of the Pragmatic sanction by the Diet, (1723,) by which the crown of Hungary was made hereditary in the female as well as the male line of the House of Habsburg, was not accorded by that body without the embodiment in the decree, by which it was adopted, of the most emphatic declaration of the independence of the country, and a solemn guarantee on the part of the sovereign to maintain it, *in omnibus tam diplomaticis, quam aliis quibus, vis juribus, libertatibus, privilegiis, immunitatibus, consuetudinibus, prærogativis et legibus hactenus concessis et conditis, ac in præ-senti Diæta, et in futurum etiam diætali-ter con-dendis.*

To a theoretical reformer, like Joseph II., whose grand notion of the perfection of government was that of an ideal unity, the system which prevailed in Hungary, peculiarly suited to the national habits and predilections of the people, and differing wholly from the administration of his hereditary States, could not be otherwise than distasteful. Hence, regarding the Diet as a stumbling block to his projects of reform, he determined to administer the government of the country without it. He was never crowned King of Hungary, and during his reign of ten years never convoked the Diet. At his death, the indignation of the Diet, called together to acknowledge his successor as their king, could not be contained. They at first refused to acknowledge him, considering him the successor of a perjured king, declared that Joseph II. had never reigned in Hungary, and voted all his acts illegal, null and void. It was not until the Diet had been convoked a second time, and they had had in the mean time some experience of the sincerity of Leopold II., and his liberal and indulgent policy, that they were willing to acknowledge him. But they were not brought to this resolution without the most emphatic declaration of the nature of the relations between Austria and Hungary, which the history of the country during the connexion, full as it was of examples of solemn guarantees of her independence, and of protestations against its violation had yet produced. This declaration forms the famous articles of Leopold II., (1790,) which are full of meaning when we remember that they were adopted as a protest against the recent acts of a sovereign who had outraged their rights, and as a plain statement of the conditions on which alone the new king was recognized as the sovereign of the country. By article 10th of that decree, it is declared that Hungary is free and independent

in her latter system of legislation and government, that she is not subject to any other people or any other State, but that she shall have her own separate existence and her own constitution, and shall consequently be governed by kings crowned according to her national laws and customs. After this formal acknowledgment of the constitutional independence of Hungary, as late as the year 1790, how futile it is for the advocates of the recent Austrian policy to appeal to the Pragmatic sanction, as establishing the perpetual fusion of the two sovereignties. The whole history of the connexion shows very conclusively how real a thing the Hungarians have always regarded their constitution, and how tenaciously they have clung to it at all times, resisting every attempt at its subversion. Nor does it show less clearly that Austria has always perfectly understood her rightful relations towards Hungary, and that in the most solemn manner, and on many repeated occasions, as well before as since the establishment of the Pragmatic sanction, she has recognized the constitutional independence of Hungary in the same sense in which the Hungarians claimed it. Hungary has always had, *de jure*, a national and separate existence of her own, in no other way connected with Austria than from her being under the sway of a common sovereign, a relation more nearly resembling that which formerly existed between England and Hanover, than any other to which we can point in history. Well would it have been for the true interests of both countries, had not the policy of Austria towards her been that of a harsh step-mother, and if, in her horror of all constitutional government, she had not steadily pursued her design to reduce Hungary under the yoke of that same centralizing despotism, which has paralyzed the energy of the other portions of the empire. The only period in her history since her connexion with Austria, in which her people were contented and happy, was during the reign of Maria Theresa, who respected the constitution and the laws, and for whose honor the grateful hearts of this heroic and loyal people were ready to pour out their life-blood.

Wearied at last by the ill success of their attempts to govern the country by force, the Imperial government, in more recent times, resorted to an expedient to carry out their policy in Hungary more suited to the genius of the age, which was worthy of the adroit sagacity of him who has been called the Nestor of European diplomacy. When intimidation had been tried in vain, they now tried corruption; and an Austrian party, supported by imperial court favor, was organized in the Diet and the kingdom. Many of the magnates whom the seductions of

the court induced to reside in Vienna, and who, naturally conservative, feared the liberal tendencies which began to manifest themselves in the Diet, lost much of their national feeling, and became the ready advocates of Austrian policy, while the imperial patronage, judiciously dispensed in the country by means of the Hungarian chancery in Vienna, gave the Austrian party many adherents in the lower chamber of the Diet. Still, the national and opposition party was strong from the activity and intelligence of its members, and from its policy in advocating measures in the Diet to bring about, by gradual and constitutional means, those changes which, while they were suited to the intelligence and civilization of the age, would tend to the development of the material resources of the country. There was at that time no radical or republican party; the reformers looked forward to no separation from the empire; but designed, by constitutional means only, and through the legal action of the Diet, to accomplish those organic changes which their situation required. In regard to the perfectly loyal conduct of all parties at that time, and their entire want of affiliation or sympathy with the red republicanism which disfigured all the revolutions on the continent after February, 1848, all authorities agree, and indeed the course of the Hungarians after the outbreak in Vienna is conclusive evidence of it.

The Diet was in session at Presburg, where it had met in November, 1847, when the revolution in Vienna, of March, 1848, broke out. This Diet, which has been styled a relic of feudal barbarism, and the most aristocratic assembly in the universe, had been engaged ever since the commencement of its sessions in discussing those great and radical changes which public opinion in Hungary, (needing not the example and encouragement of a successful popular *emancipation* in Paris, to stimulate it to the most generous and self-sacrificing acts for the good of the country,) demanded. Before the revolution of February, be it remembered, that convulsion which, by shaking the thrones on the continent to the centre, made their possessors yield to popular demands under a pressure of necessity, which took away both the merit and the grace of the concession, the Hungarian Diet had in the exercise of their constitutional functions accomplished a bloodless revolution. She alone, of all the nations of the continent, preserved the calm attitude of a free yet loyal State in the midst of the storm. The great principles of the equal distribution of the public burdens among all the citizens, of civil equality, of the abolition of the *Roboth*, or feudal right of service, and the recognition and representation of the various nationalities composing the country were decreed by the Diet, and

only awaited the sanction of the sovereign to have the full vigor of law.

Such was the condition of Hungary at the period of the outbreak in Vienna, when the Emperor was forced to guarantee a constitutional government to his hereditary States. In the wretchedly feeble condition in which Austria then was, with anarchy in the capital, a successful insurrection in Milan, a threatened separation of Bohemia, and re-constitution of its territory, and that of Galicia, on the basis of the Slavonian nationality, without a single statesman competent to direct the ship of State in the midst of the storm, Hungary, had she nourished those projects of absolute independence of Austria, which have since been attributed to her, at that time could have readily seized the opportunity of carrying them into execution.

The constitution granted to Hungary in March 1848, can rightfully be considered only in the nature of a declaratory act. It established in principle no innovations which the crisis in which the government then was, was made a pretext for extorting. It was a solemn acknowledgment of the reality of those constitutional rights for which the Hungarians had been contending for centuries, and which, although as we have seen repeatedly recognised by Austria, were not suffered to be developed and in full vigor. The responsibility of the Ministry to the Diet, and the conferring upon the Palatine the powers of the Sovereign, which were the principal changes in form which were effected, were regarded by the nation as guarantees only of the reality and sincerity of the determination on the part of Austria, to govern Hungary henceforward in accordance with a constitutional system. All parties were satisfied with the concessions, and the desire to preserve her connexion with Austria, was sincere and unanimous. There were many considerations quite independent of any attachment to the imperial dynasty which led those who ardently desired the development of the resources and nationality of Hungary, to retain the connexion with Austria. Under the protection of the imperial sceptre, it was thought she would be safe from the ambition of Russia, as well as preserved from those internal dissensions which the jealousies of the conflicting nationalities of the various races inhabiting the country, might produce. Hence, we find, in most striking contrast with the Radicals of Vienna, that no fresh demands for further concessions, tending to weaken the ties which connected them with the Empire, were made by the Hungarians, although such was the feebleness of the Imperial Government, as we have shown, at that time, that had such demands been made, concessions, even to absolute independence, must have been granted.

The Diet proceeded in its ordinary functions, with perfect regularity and calmness, under the new system, and enacted with entire unanimity, a mass of laws calculated to carry it into practical operation.

There was, however, a party at the Austrian court, who looked upon the development of the constitutional system in Hungary with alarm, and who had always regarded the new constitution with disfavor as interfering with that system of centralization, which they regarded as the only means of preserving the cohesion of the different parties of the Empire. In the hour of peril, these ideas were silenced by popular tumult; but no sooner did the fortune of war appear to favor the Imperial arms in Italy, and the battle of Castagna had delivered the country from the imminent danger of losing Lombardy, than every means which treachery and perfidy could devise, were brought into exercise to produce a re-action, and if possible, to recall the concessions which had been made, not only in Hungary, but throughout the Empire. The duplicity and treachery which were employed to bring about this re-action in Hungary, are scarcely paralleled, even in the annals of Austrian court intrigue. In casting about for a pretext for organizing this re-action with the true instinct of Austrian policy, they determined to embarrass the Hungarian Ministry, by fomenting the jealousies which existed among the different races inhabiting the country. At that time, a favorite theory of political agitators, was a re-constitution of the nations of Europe, on the basis of their respective nationalities making the original race, the test by which mankind were to be distributed in different States. Although this idea has always appeared to us as a wild and impracticable theory, there were many who looked to its realization as the true end of political reforms, after the revolution in February. From various causes, such sentiments prevailed very extensively among the Slavonian races inhabiting Hungary, and the party at the Imperial Court, who saw with regret the development of the constitutional system in that country, encouraged the Slavonians inhabiting Croatia, Dalmatia and Illyria, to revolt, upon the pretext that their nationality, that is, the rights to which they considered themselves entitled as a distinct race, was in danger from the Magyar predominance in the Hungarian Diet. The Diet, in order to manifest its earnest desire to conciliate, with a liberality and self-denial, which, in this country, it is somewhat difficult to appreciate, without calling to mind the antipathies which exist here between the whites and the negroes, had invited the Croats to make known their grievances, had very largely increased their representation in the Diet,

and permitted the use of the Croatian language, where the Magyar had before been employed. Croatia, Illyria and Dalmatia, it should be remembered, were integral parts of Hungary. had been annexed to its crown for more than eight hundred years, and bore legally, very much the same relation to the central power, as one of the large counties. in the interior of Pennsylvania, inhabited by a German population, who have made use of their own language, ever since their settlement, now, after more than fifty years, bears to the state government. Legally, therefore, and strictly, the Croats had no rights of nationality, as distinct from the Hungarian nation, and therefore, Austria, in supporting them, was not only encouraging sedition and rebellion, but actually put herself, in her zeal to produce a re-action, at the head of a revolutionary movement. Baron Jellacic, who was identified with this question of Slavonian nationality, and who was, at the time, a simple Colonel, was made Ban of Croatia, with the secret encouragement of the Court as subsequent events clearly show, but with the disapprobation of the Emperor and his Ministers *publicly* expressed. Jellacic commenced his career by refusing obedience to the Hungarian Ministry, and declaring treasonable any attempt to enforce its acts in Croatia. This double game, by which Jellacic persisted in opposition to the mandate of the Emperor, and his final disavowal and deposition in arraying part of the nation against the other, confounded the Ministry, and led them to suspect the secret treachery of the court. On the meeting of the Diet in July, the Palatine assured that body of the unalterable determination of the Emperor, to uphold its ancient authority in Croatia; and by an imperial manifesto, assured the Croats, that they had been deluded by hopes that their cause would receive countenance from him in opposition to the acts of the Hungarian Ministry, and that Jellacic, having disobeyed his orders and usurped powers not conferred upon him was ignominiously deprived of his authority. Notwithstanding this public disavowal of Jellacic, and the urgent efforts on the part of the Hungarian Ministry to bring about an interview with him as the representative of the Slavonian nationality, in order that their alleged causes of discontent might be examined and removed, efforts, as our author tells us six times repeated, the Ban persisted in his disobedience. The Diet, with a patient forbearance, which was unwilling to impute any want of sincerity to the declaration of the Emperor, even when the duplicity of the policy of the Court was becoming obvious, consumed the time in remonstrances against the illegality of his proceedings. It was now evident that there was a settled design to withdraw the

constitution of 1848, and that Jellacic, the instrument employed in effecting it, was an Imperial General, restoring the old system of despotic centralization, and not the champion of the Slavonian nationality against the oppression and intolerance of the Magyars. All attempt at concealment was thrown aside, as the period arrived for the execution of this perfidious scheme to overthrow the independence of Hungary. Her army was serving in Italy, the country was defenceless by disciplined soldiers, and it was thought that this was a most favorable opportunity to reduce her to easy submission. On the 9th September, Jellacic was reinstated in his dignities, and made Commander-in-Chief in Hungary, and crossing the river Drave, the boundary between Hungary and Croatia, marched towards Pesth with an invading army of Croats. He calculated upon an easy victory, and upon soon dictating terms in Pesth, to the Diet. The successful resistance which was made to his invasion, show both the unanimity of the population against this wicked and unprovoked assault, and the heroic spirit which always animates a free people in defence of their native soil.

Notwithstanding the consummation of this foul intrigue, the Hungarians did not swerve from their legal and constitutional course in their relations to the Empire. Notwithstanding all they had suffered, no proposition for a separation was made. Nothing but a sincere conviction of the solid advantages derivable from a constitutional union with the Empire, could have prevented them, in the summer of 1848, from crossing the frontier, and by a vigorous advance on Vienna, extorting from the deplorable weakness of Austria, at that time, the concession of their absolute independence. It was not until the faintest shadow of a hope of reconciliation had been dissipated by the announcement of the Constitution granted by the Emperor to his subjects in March, 1849, in which the national existence of Hungary was wholly blotted out, that they reluctantly proclaimed their independence, and appealed to arms against their perfidious Sovereign, as they had before assumed them to chastise the rebellion and invasion of a portion of their misguided fellow-countrymen. Looking back to the history of events, we cannot but regard this tardiness of resistance to the most clearly illegal oppression as the fatal error of the Hungarians: but in the view which we have been taking of the nature of the struggle, it serves to show the perfectly loyal character of the people, and the moderation of their demands, defensible on every ground of constitutional and legal principle.

We find in this calm but determined resistance to oppression, not merely because it was severely felt, but because it was a violation of law, in this

enlightened love of constitutional freedom, in this contest for principle, which scorned to beg as privileges, what was theirs by every principle of legal right, much of that deep-seated conviction of the righteousness of their cause, which distinguished the pure patriotism of our own revolutionary struggle. Hence, there was no short-lived enthusiasm, no frothy declamation, no revolutionary excesses, but a sober, manly sentiment of patriotic duty.

We cannot, of course, follow Mr. Stiles through the details, civil and military, of the struggle. There is a continuity in his narrative, which is essential to a correct understanding of it, and the force and vividness of which would be much marred by extracts. The details of the struggle are clear and perspicuous, a merit which he has not attained without a good deal of laborious research and careful collation of conflicting accounts. The book, we must confess, has one great defect which is particularly felt in reading the account of the campaigns in Hungary, and that is the absence of a good map of reference. In reading of military movements in a country whose geography is so little familiar to us, such an aid is indispensable to a correct understanding of the text.

In consulting the immediate causes of the final catastrophe, although there can be little doubt of the extraordinary resources of the country, and of the heroic bravery of the people, there can be as little of the want of proper discipline in the army, and of the jealousies existing among the Generals. The fatal question of nationality proved an apple of discord in the army as in the country, and to Gorgey's jealousy of the Polish Generals, Dembinaki and Bem, his unwillingness to serve under the command of the first, and his hesitation in coöperating with the other victorious in Transylvania, can be traced the root of many of the dissensions which introduced, first, despondency and discouragement, and finally treason, into the army.

If we wish fully to appreciate the sincerity of the zeal, and the rational convictions which guided the struggles of the Hungarians, we may contrast their course with the efforts made by the inhabitants of Lombardy, to secure their independence. The grand dream of Italian regeneration has long been the political unity of the Peninsula. Differing in all else each party joined in the cry '*Italia farà da se.*' From being at first, a mere speculation of the philosopher in his closet, this idea at the commencement of the year 1848, had so far acted on public opinion as to mould entirely its political expression, and it had moreover the support of the most powerful instruments for good or for evil in Italy, the Church and the Sword, in the persons of

Pope Pius IX., and of the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert. It was for the avowed purpose of effecting this unity and the consequent independence of Italy, that a crusade was entered upon with the open assistance of all the Italian governments in the month of March 1848, having for its object the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. In violation of the clearest stipulations of territorial treaties, the personal ambition or love of popularity of some of the sovereigns, and the impossibility of restraining the impetuous enthusiasm of their own subjects, with others, had enlisted the King of Naples, the Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia, in a common cause with the Lombards in ridding Italy of those whom were denominated in affectation of the old Roman phrase, 'Barbarians.' The inherent weakness of this combination soon exhibited itself. Not to speak of the jealousies of the allied powers and their lukewarmness, which rendered their aid very ineffective in the general result, Lombardy herself, while the Austrians still held possession of a large portion of the soil, was distracted by factions, each one resolutely bent on carrying out its own favorite theory for the re-constitution of the country, in a way which foreboded no good to the cause of the nationality and independence of Italy. One party looked upon the intervention of Sardinia, and the annexation of Lombardy to that country, as the surest safeguard of their independence. Another, among whom were many of those enthusiasts who had wandered as exiles through Europe for years, or who had expiated their affiliation with the *Carbonari*, by years of imprisonment in Austrian dungeons, at whose head was a name identified with the cause of Italy—that of Mazzini—openly denounced the intervention of Charles Albert, and would enrol themselves as volunteers for the war, only on the promise of the definitive establishment of a republic. The aristocracy, with that traditional policy, which has always led them never to identify themselves with the people, but to side either with Pope or Emperor, as most likely to lead to their own advancement, were disposed to favor the Sardinian intervention, while the youth of the Universities, and all those who had the reputation of liberal ideas, composing all the enthusiasm and much of the numerical strength of the insurrection, embarrassed the vigorous prosecution of the war, by their avowed distrust of Charles Albert. Thus were the seeds of dissension sown, in the want of a proper coöperation between those whose policy it should have been to have buried their differences until, by a united effort, they had expelled the common enemy. The heroic efforts of the people in driving the Austrians from Milan, and the vigorous mau-

ner in which this first blow was followed up by the Sardinian army, until Radetzky was obliged to take refuge under the walls of Vienna, prove conclusively the force of Italy when united and in earnest. It was not until the definitive annexation of Lombardy and Piedmont, and the long delay of Charles Albert before Vienna, (hesitating whether to attack that stronghold until the reinforcements, daily arriving at the Austrian headquarters, rendered such an attempt impracticable,) had completely destroyed, with many, the great object of the war, that Radetzky was enabled, by turning the left wing of the Sardinian army, after a succession of most brilliant victories at Rivoli, Somma Campagna, Custozza and Villa-Franca, to return in triumph to Milan.

With this campaign vanished the dream of Italian independence, for although Charles Albert, urged on by mortified pride, and the revolutionary tendencies in his own States, made another desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes at Novara, that battle is principally remarkable in history, as marking the spot where lie entombed until the dawn of a brighter day, those hopes of the glory of regenerated Italy, which had been the source of so much high-wrought enthusiasm and deeds of heroic daring.

C. J. S.

SUNSET ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

A full cool wind across the Chesapeake,
Rattles the leaf I write on: how the West
Where the red god is going to his rest
Is failing! Ah these words!—so dim and weak!
—A rosy smoke hangs like a veil above
The far faint headlands: golden argosies
Float through the mist and as the purple dies
They surge away!—To say I only love
This beauteous splendor of deep-rolling waves
Capped with white foam, this delicate witchery
Of mist and cloud and the far glimmering sea,
Would be but faintly to express what laves
My spirit in such dreamy happiness: all thought
Fades in the tracing: these dim lines are nought!

L.

On the Chesapeake, July 28, 1852.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

June 30th, 1845.—Camp in Oregon.—In three days we have come some thirty-seven miles through these lofty barren solitudes, with no very remarkable features differing from those already described. Too barren to attract many buffalo, we find in the pretty little green valleys of the Sweet Water, where we occasionally touch it, fresh buffalo grass, on which our horses are sensibly recruiting. The stream rises daily, after noon, about six inches—from melting snow—and falls as much at night, when we generally have a black frost. Every day, showers of rain or snow fall on the mountains, the former far down the great slopes.

Willow bushes still abound in the little bends of the Sweet Water; but we have not seen above half a dozen trees since we left the Platte. There are a few antelopes, which are very tame; and heathcocks: several have been killed weighing five pounds.

We make it 281 miles from Fort Laramie, and 850 from Fort Leavenworth: the country from Laramie here, I would describe in general terms, as a sandy and very hilly desert: difficult for loaded wagons, and inadequate to the support of the teams.

At noon to-day, we left the Sweet Water and came over the South Pass: the ascent is gentle and quite smooth, over a slight bend in the prairie; to the West the descent is rather more rapid, two or three miles to a spring branch, which runs into Green River, a fork of the Colorado. We are in camp on the edge of a narrow trembling bog, which scarcely bears a horse; but he must venture for food.

There is a lofty bluff rising from the camp, whose level top extends to the actual pass, and slightly commands it: from it, the view West is extensive, and over a decidedly champaign country; it resembles the figuration of drifted snow: more to the North, the white topped mountains can be seen for at least a hundred miles: they make near us a turn eastward; and there is the spring of the Sweet Water, which thus rises at the West of some of the highest peaks: to one standing on the spot, its undecided course seems much inclined toward the Pacific.

A kilddeer and sparrow are the only living creatures which we have seen in this mountain edge of Oregon.

To-morrow we march to return; thus disking, two days in succession, both of the Atlantic

and Pacific waters. We have now the 5000 emigrants to meet; and worse, their 5000 cattle, which, we fear, have left little for our horses.

Night—on the lofty bluff overlooking the South Pass.

How solemn is the night! Silence and solitude—eldest born of Time—reign unquestioned.

Calmly sleeps the moonlight on the gray earth, which no green thing proclaims, is not a wreck.—a monument of life extinct. The winds sleep too; their wings are motionless,—there is no whisper in the air: shadow has taken to her embrace the unhappy wanderers that sleep below. Those mountain pyramids of gleaming snow point mutely to the stars, which radiant in solemn motion, alone speak of Life and Hope! Oh, Life! Thou unsought mystery, that springs from nothingness, to grasp at Eternity! Eternity! Awful shadow! incomprehensible Dread! On whose black threshold, the spirit shrinks shuddering—'till Hope comes,—like the star in the East.

A continent is spread beneath me: a new world in ocean-midst: the great ocean, at whose ever heaving surge—typing infinity—man trembled and forsook many thousand years: but at the appointed hour, Fate led him by the hand; he came—and truly found all new: the perennial life and death of changeless vegetation; and the new red race. For 300 years he has labored to subdue the untamed rigor of the primeval curse.

And now, he who of old would scale Heaven with a tower, climbs here with his burden of discontent, vainly seeking rest in timeworn deserts. Yes! now he would scale these venerable heights which storm and rain have furrowed—fructifying other lands: the continent's hoary head, the mark for battling thunders, since Lightning brooded over the great deep!

How oft, O Moon! has your snow-shining spire marked its shadows on this lofty dial? How long since erupted from ocean, they were cast upon the face of the waters? And how long since the plains arose,—in whose warm and gaseous slime grew monster forests,—now whelmed and burnt to coals.

Speak! thou pale and silent witness; tell of Earth's throes.—when a continent had birth: tell when the Storm-power chose these solemn mountain-towers, piercing the sky-mists for his throne? and his sublime laboratory of river-feeding rain; his fire-created and blasted, but icy throne!

Tell when Nature's poor red child came, and with dawning mental light, obscured by superstition, first trembled at the feet of these granite monuments of the new creation!

Calm, and beautiful, and serene! thou floatest on unanswering, with thy bright companions,—

the starry hosts which sang together before the face of God, 'ere Earth-time began: but twin-born with earth, chained thou art to her,—though—like hope—thou soarest with the stars! And sweet companion, goest thou? Must Earth's chill horizon hide thy heavenly face? must the icy barriers of destiny now break—mayhap forever—the strong spell which bound us? Must my solitude, whence I worshipped thee afar, be so darkened?

Nay, inconstant! how smilingly thou wilt shed thy light on happier ones!

And lo! She kisses the icy mountain; and now the farewell ray comes, calm—careless—cold.

And strong Darkness reigns! How awful her presence, here on the Storm-throne!

Child of Clay! Descend to the humble valley, and seek with thy kind, sleep and forgetfulness.

July 1st.—Not reluctantly we turned, this morning, our backs upon Oregon; land of promise and fable. "Homeward bound!" "Lives there a wretch"—never so much a vagabond, whose tongue was taught to lisp that honest noble Saxon word—Home—whose heart it stirs not with an emotion, which distance increases, and time cannot chill.

But to retrace one's steps is dull: dull to the wilderness wanderer, to whom the face of nature is all in all; who seeks, by change and novelty, to charm away the sense of mere routine, fatigue and privation.

The very trustworthy Mr. Fitz Patrick, our guide, has been much in Oregon; and he asserts that the country we have passed through, and consider uninhabitable, is less forbidding than it: some narrow river grounds excepted. It seems the rule, that in very barren lands, the exceptions—very striking of course—should really make great amends: how far they lend imagination to general descriptions, depends upon veracity, judgment and interest. The truth will out some day. It is certainly very difficult to return from Oregon: and the tales that are told may be like the blarney of the curtailed fox. It is said they remove thence to California: which would prove not much; for movers they will be to the end of the chapter.

We have collected numerous pets; beasts and birds; horned frogs, or lizards; plants and minerals; heathcocks—one weighing seven pounds—and hares have been skinned and stuffed: unfortunately, we have no arsenical soap; and since we left our surgeon and his stores,—not even corrosive sublimate: there is but one shot gun—an unlucky one!—and the shot is expended; and

we have had little opportunity: the expedition is military, and most rapid; and though less so for a few days past, uncertainty has prevented the gratification of the great desire of some of us to ascend a snow peak.

We came but thirteen miles; and in approaching our pleasant camp ground on the river, surprised some buffalo, and slew four or five; poor beasts! they are now between two fires.

This upper Sweet Water needs not, I think, the grim hills for a foil, to be pronounced charming: with what gentle music does its swift waters—now o'er glittering sands, now amid rocks—break the dreary silence around! In what graceful curves does it sweep round,—here a garden spot of currants and gooseberries; strawberries and clover; there, a little densely shaded thicket of willows. Heaven knows what Naiads may nestle there! in rarely disturbed enjoyment of beauty; but other airy—at least not imaginary—occupants there are who rejoice in blood! Moschetos of marvellous size! But fortunate we are in blanket-endearing mornings and evenings, which silence their war-notes and chill their wings.

July 2nd.—We have marched twenty-two miles to-day, over the hills of sand and gravel and rock, and sleep once more in that sweet valley which had so extraordinary attraction, that we made two camps in its three miles. A West wind, fresh from the snows, was cool; but the dust of many horses' feet, which it bore with it, was a serious annoyance. I caught, at a little stream in the hills where we made a short stop, two half-grown beathcocks: this was too good fortune to be thrown away; so we set to work immediately, and constructed of willow twigs, a very respectable cage: I shall try hard to get them home.

The Sweet Water enters this valley through a deep, narrow pass of several miles; the scenery very fine: but the "groves of cotton wood and beech," of which we read, are but a sprinkling of birches and cottonwoods; the river is there inaccessible; but we vary from our old track, and now and then come upon something new, and pretty too; and some wild horses this morning, were the first we have seen.

Our valley is still brighter than before; the mountain showers have visited it: what could resist its attractions!

July 3d.—Almost with reluctance, we turned our backs this morning upon the smiling meadows, the plums and willows which surrounded the camp; and although our faces were homeward, we were rather dolefully absorbed—as usual with present littleness—I mean with the twenty-five miles of dreary, hot hills before us—when suddenly we met our friends, the emigrants

—the foremost company, they were well and thriving, as the foremost generally are—but had "slept out"—of water; having travelled thirteen hours without reaching it.

I saw a poor woman weeping. The sight of our return! the home! the friends behind! the wilderness before!

We have received a favorable account of our party left with poor horses and beef cattle, which are but eight miles below us this evening. We have been solely dependant upon game since we left them.

July 4th, 1845.—The *parole* is Independence—countersign, Liberty. Glorious words, and a glorious day! It was glorious in the "Continental Congress" to declare the colonies independent, and sign their names to it: more glorious than some of the after conduct of the constituent States. There was a great deal of baseness, of intrigue, of money-seeking; a great deal of faltering in the revolutionary war: and the more glorious was it to those who withstood all; and particularly in the South, where they were fewer and had to resist the Tories and the slaves, added to British power. But to Connecticut, of all the States, is due the fame of preserving from the beginning, her chartered democracy; the others surrendered theirs, and became subject to the will of the base Stewarts.

Our independence achieved was due—first, to Washington—be his name and memory freshly embalmed, ever on this glorious day! Secondly, to the infatuation and imbecility of British generals; and thirdly, to French aid. Let those who ignorantly think that we would have succeeded without the assistance of the hereditary fool and despot—our friend Louis—turn to Spark's Washington for convincing evidence to the contrary, as well as the Great Man's decided opinion.

Independence, Liberty, Equality,—brave words! Most nations now enjoy the first—not in a commercial or social sense. Paraguay, barbarous and insignificant, under the late dictator, and Japan alone, are above or below those conditions of civilization. Other nations,—as England,—possess the first and second; but her liberty trenched upon, not by the monarch, but by the aristocracy, who make and administer the laws. France enjoys the first and third: and this blessing of Equality in as high a degree perhaps as our boasted republic; when a love for the distinction of titles is remarkable among all nations. And the Turks, too, have equality;—they are all equally slaves. The Russians are totally deprived of liberty and equality. (Why do not the fanatics of England make an abolition crusade against the white slavery there existing. Their interests do not prompt it;—we must address her fear.)

In China alone is there a systematic attempt to practice the ideal perfection of an aristocracy of virtue and intelligence. Portugal and Spain too are remarkable for their imperfect enjoyment of independence, while liberty and equality of course are wanting.

But the Oregonians, and these emigrants thither,—pure democrats all, and independent as wood-sawyers—are pre-eminent for equality and love of liberty. Last night they asked the Colonel to fire a “big gun” this morning. He readily assented; they were delighted, and their spokesman exclaimed, “Do, and I will treat you all!” The Colonel replied, he drank nothing but Sweet Water, (not even *eau sucré*.)

Accordingly it was fired! and awoke echoes from the granite mountains that never had startled before the chamois themselves; and the shell exploding amid the far-off answers of rock to rock, produced a glorious confusion of sounds—more rare, if not more windy than all the orations of the day combined, and the inebriate, but hearty shouts of excited multitudes.

Then we marched, and as usual on this day, found it exceedingly hot: the sunshine every where reflected by rock and white sand, might have barbecued an ox,—or at least killed a horse, if exposed long enough.

We found our party in the same place; their horses a little, and the beeves not at all improved: but two buffaloes had been killed, and two big-horns: one of the former, “the largest that ever was seen,” received twenty-one shots: they have cured its scalp for me; no cushion is deeper or denser; it would make a fine winter saddle cover, were it not too cumbrous. We came eight more miles by meridian; when, finding grass, the heat drove us to encamp.

Speaking of governments, Oregon is now, perhaps, the only pure democracy existing in Christendom, (I have heard nothing of late of San Marino,) and is practically independent:—may she so continue! The fear is they cannot do so without us, (as well as we without them.) Let us only proclaim in their behalf—“Hands off gentlemen!” in our biggest capitals of diplomacy; and, if needs be, fire the big guns too;—but in Heaven’s name let us fight on Christian ground; Oregon would be worse than Florida, and our contest with those Swamp Parthians, the Seminoles. The only—*quasi*—colony we have is Liberia; and that is nearer than Oregon—in time. The Oregon railroad is, and will remain for half a century, a notable humbug: that over the isthmus of Panama, or the Nicaragua canal, is the great hope, or work of our generation.

I have now visited the regal province of Canada;—the domain of democratic Oregon, (three

feet deep in the boggy “bowels of the land;”) also the problematical regions of Texas, (to whose revolutionary war my military “countenance” was willingly lent.) I have visited, too, Mexico, (horrid compound despotism of priest and soldier.) I hope Texas will revisit her “province” of New Mexico and give us an opening; for I long to have a hand in relieving the Mexican millions of the galling yoke of her grinding oppressors; a crusade worthy the banners of Liberty! (But the poor, ignorant devils, could they understand and keep freedom? Liberty, like manhood, requires education to be worthily worn.)

I have also visited the courts of very many “sovereign nations”—of Indians; (where human nature is nearly as sophisticated as at other courts.) Thus I am quite an *American* traveller, and might one day give the public the cream of my adventures; but as a titled and private foreigner is the exclusive pet of us republicans,—so America is a subject that can in no way excite, interest or tickle us, but through foreign malevolence and ignorance, or the delightful praise of cockney condescension. If the book be European, and larded with sonorous titles,—treat of antiquities, (venerable in guide books,)—of the stereotyped romance of ruins, converted by a prurient imagination from dens of robbers to seats of chivalry, and abodes of beauty,—then, all success to it!

How stale, flat and *unprofitable* in comparison, the primitive grandeur of our native land;—the sternest frowns and sweetest smiles of virgin nature;—our beautiful prairies,—and sublime as ocean, on which the sun rises and sets in solitary glory;—our own glaciers and avalanches, cata-racts and volcanoes—unknown, unnamed! And our independent red men, (*gentlemen*, that never work!) our Indian chieftains, who rise to power and influence solely by mind and daring;—democrats, but not the less distinguished by knightly bravery in numberless combats. They have genealogies too, *beyond all record*. (older than William the Conqueror;—how often *was* England conquered?) Truly our never conquered Indians offer noble subjects; it is a rare mine of romance, not wholly unworked. And the proud, dignified and eloquent Indian—even surpassing the old knights in the romantic vigils and peual vows of *religion*—seldom falls so far short of romance as his white brother, the tame subject of civilization. But, alas! he *does* lack a vital element—devotion to women! But nature seems at fault in so generally refusing them beauty; and gives him a poor excuse, which white millions have not, for the same beastly conduct.

All this shakes not our morbid mental dependence—our foreign-fashion loving public taste,

And then the infernal trash—much of it from the stews of Paris and London—utterly undersells us, to the almost total suppression of native labour; and to the robbery of the best foreign authors, whose works would command a copyright.

So much for the fourth of July,—and a dry one!

July 5th. We have paid to-day for our short ride yesterday, 28 miles, mostly over sand ground to impalpable powder by the innumerable emigrants, whom we are meeting.

About four miles from the camp, we took a lingering, farewell look—at 80 miles—at the glittering snow peaks.

I more particularly examined, this afternoon, the remarkable geology of the vicinity of Devil's Gate. The granite masses erupted for forty miles above, from the very bed of the river—but throwing it always to the south of the principal chain—here turn to approach the forest-covered ridge which bounds the valley on that side; but in thus leaving the river, they had stopped its course, but for the chasm, or "gate," in some parts not more than forty feet wide. The road leads over a very narrow gap, a hundred feet high, commanded by the lofty granite;—on one side a chaotic pile of boulders, ten and twenty feet in dimension, through which is a great vertical vein of trap-rock.

Thus liberated, the river enters a vast sunburnt plain; and as if to take a last farewell of the romantic ridge, runs five or six miles to the foot of the solitary Independence rock, thrown out like a grim sentinel upon the Desert's boundary; then, as if warned of the salt and lava desolation beyond, turns again, and hastens to join the Platte, to aid in the evident struggle before it, with all the rocky powers of chaos and volcano.

Having thus, as from impulse, surrendered name and identity—the excited contest over, they emerge from the secret and sublime mountain passes, in dreary unity upon the boundless flatness of barren plains,—though some fleeting enjoyment of flowery savannahs succeeds—before both are lost in Missouri's dark and turbid flood.

Farewell to thee, then, sweet daughter of Mountain! Thou smile upon our mother's melancholy face! Go,—with thy bright and blithe innocence,—like many another victim;—go purring merrily when you may, ignorantly happy, to the chequered course of thy destiny. Thus do the silent Fates prepare for our warped life-threads their sombre woof!

The baggage to-morrow takes the road which we came, through the desert; and we are to explore our way to the most accessible point of the Platte, and thence follow it through the wild, ro-

mantic Buttes. We hope to find grass,—almost hopeless on the wagon route.

My poor heath-cocks are dead! They had begun to eat a little, and every care was taken with them; but they were untameable;—they seemed to pine for their native freedom, and to die broken-hearted.

I have got an ancient "bighorn," or chamois skull, with the horns, weighing eighteen pounds; but they are said to be quite small.

The emigrants are unexpectedly thriving. I saw, however, one poor woman, who had within a few days lost her husband, now driving a waggon. But it was somehow understood, that she was particularly desirous of an immediate successor to said husband and driver deceased;—or, for a conveyance back with us;—perhaps both boons would have been accepted.

I am told that by the time our rear passes their companies, toward what they will ever consider their homes, the women generally are seen to weep. Heaven help them!

July 6th. We took a course over a desert plain, and soon after found ourselves ascending a gentle slope; and so we continued for twelve or thirteen miles,—reaching insensibly a great elevation; and then—unexpectedly as suddenly, arrived at a precipice.

Then all press forward to the brink absorbed, or uttering exclamations of astonishment or delight. The nerves are filled with the sublimity of depth and space;—sight, without a barrier, seems to lead us over a just discovered world. Recovered a little from our giddy surprise, the first object beyond the void of a thousand feet, which compels attention, is a rose-red wall of mountain height, to which a profusion of cedars gives a softening shade of beauty: then we begin to observe a circular amphitheatre, twelve miles over, where Nature in pleasant mood, seems to have scattered lavishly as carelessly, objects of beauty and grandeur; mountain and rock are coloured as a flower-bed;—evergreens have been showered over them. Silvery gleams attract our sight—there is water—it is the river! In the midst of its secret, fierce course, a sweet glen has tempted it to a gentle pause on its soft bosom.

It is then a river valley! Truly, close to our right, through an unsuspected chasm of wondrous depth, the happy Platte, having been somewhere secretly united to Sweet Water, has come to meet us, as witnesses to its triumph, or shares in the excitement of a pleasure tour.

Lowly, but bright and joyous in its life of motion and cumulative power, it advances, courting first all sweet and quiet recesses—yet daring all opposition to its wilful course. How we watch it now! Yonder, it sweeps in curves of beauty;—but suddenly lost, we gaze conjecturing

where it may next appear; unexpectedly it has paid a smiling visit to a grim mound, that stands modestly far aside; satisfied it comes forth to new discoveries;—a determined barrier seems opposed; but carelessly yet, it sports in some little meadows which can scarce be seen. Then it advances more seriously to a green hill, which seems bent in homage—but no! Nothing less than the loftiest mountain of proud rock, must give it passage! and though a narrow—a sublime chasm, it fiercely rushes forth to new labyrinths beyond. That is the Hot spring gap; was earthquake then called to its aid?

I was charmed,—and lingered;—what time I know not. The guide had sought some possible, winding, or zig-zag descent. The Colonel was at my side. I had heard him exclaim, “Poor Mac. ought to have seen this!” When he called me to action, we dismounted and led our horses to follow the guide. I cannot tell how we got down;—there was a rocky chasm of a dry stream, or waterfall,—a ledge of rock now gave us a giddy path—the roots and branches of cedars now lent us support;—there were momentarily dangers, surprises—new beauties.

I was thinking why nature had hid away since creation, as if in a secret storehouse, such treasures for sight and soul. We were discoverers: it is certain that white men had not been here. But then, her favoured, untamed children! Ages back, their leading spirits had drunk in here the inspiration of noble thoughts for eloquent expression, or high resolve!

When fairly down,—near the river bank,—I looked back and saw for a while a moving picture of men in long file, leading horses down the bright coloured face of the precipice: Beautiful! Now dapple greys are passing in front of blood-red wall, and blacks are relieved by white, or light grey rock;—parts of the long procession would disappear,—or, be dimly seen amid shrubbery; or would suddenly emerge from the concealment of some nook of clustered evergreens.

We had struck the river too high up;—and had soon to ascend again; and it was at forty-five degrees that we scrambled up one ridge of loose round stones, from the size for street-paving, to two feet in diameter;—then for miles along the face of a precipice, by the narrow paths of buffalo. Soon after—forced to cross the river, nearly swimming, we came suddenly to a high steep mountain, sundered to the base, forming a chasm where the torrent forced to break desperately on shapeless rocks, gives to the sublime walls the echoes of its torment.

Unwillingly we turn away, to seek a circuitous outlet, guided by buffalo paths over a lower mountain of confused and many shaped peaks.

At the highest part two monstrous buffaloes suddenly met us in the way; the gaunt keepers of the pass paused in astonishment; and seemed to stare the question, “What did we there?” or, “Where are we safe?” thought they—if buffaloes think. But they were spared! Our pleased excitement as explorers brooked no interruption, or needed no addition. There we trod our path on beautiful feathery crystals of gypsum in red clay; and white and gray varieties resembling lava. Safely over, we again had to cross the river; it was very deep and muddy: for the sublimity of our passage through these fastnesses, where white man has, rarely, if ever trod, was heightened by black clouds, thunder and rain.

Then we were in another circular opening, or valley, fifteen miles wide, quite surrounded by mountains—the chosen abode of desolation and grim silence!

At the eleventh hour of our toils,—generally leading the horses,—we stopped for the night in a little open space by the river, where we rescued some dry grass from a gang of hungry buffaloes; one of which maintained his ground until slain. We have had to-day, five alternations of cloudy coolness and rain and oppressive heat.

I was joined, after our frugal supper of dried meat, at the watch-fire of the bivouac, by my friend Frank, who came, I suppose, to while a dull hour; but to give him his due, he brought up some coffee, and we made in tin cups refreshing and strong sleep-dispelling draughts.

“Heaven knows,” he said, “why guards should watch in this valley of desolation, with world-forbidding battlements; we might sleep a month, safe from aught save grizzly bears.”

We discussed our day’s adventures;—disappointed of grass for the poor horses; but delighted with unexpected beauty and magnificence of scenery. We had evidently struck the Platte too high; much above where our only known preceding party had passed.

A busy time, he thought, for journalists; and wondered how I mustered industry or energy to write after great fatigues.

It was a pleasure, I told him:—often it occupied me while the difficult preparations of supper went on; or passed the dull hours of a night-watch; and of bright mornings I sometimes wrote when others slept, perhaps, the hour or two when horses were tended, breakfast got, or baggage packed. But new and beautiful scenery, though never tiring to the eye, I began to think dull to describe, or duller to be read—the pen lacking so much, even the feeble pencil’s power.

F. “Ah, it is very true! Tell me to-night some story of men—not matter: a military one I suppose it must be.”

C. “Men!—they are my aversion. It is an

unpleasant animal:—the female, however—

F. "Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me."

C. I love Nature best;—nature in her virgin wildness. But I have been reminded somehow of a very pleasant day's service in the South West; of scenes, or scenery, in which men took a part; and being in action, were a suitable and picturesque addition."

F. "It may do then: let us abstract ourselves from this sad gloom, and cheat the leaden hours."

C. "It was three years ago;—an episode, or more accurately a sequel to the Florida War. We were in camp near Fort Gibson; an express came in the night with information that 300 Seminoles, lately landed south of the Arkansas, had become rebellious, and crossed to the forbidden side. At reveille, while a thunderstorm was bursting, the squadrons received orders to march at eight o'clock. Eight miles down, we ascended with difficulty the Menard Mountain, where it abuts on the Arkansas; then after a few miles of fine open forest, we found ourselves passing through large prairies fringed and beautifully interlocked with oak groves. There was little sign of man; the rich Cherokee had been careless; in twenty-two miles we saw but one dwelling, and an unfinished house, which promised far to excel in comfort those of the western whites. We encamped at dusk on the river bank, under the leafy domes of a majestic forest.

"Early next morning, the leader of the Seminoles, who were near, was induced to appear in camp. The colonel, by interpreter, asked him what he had to say for himself. The proud chief wore a sash, which we believed had belonged to some officer slain in the unfortunate Florida war; and in it was thrust a great dirk, which he freely fingered; he had not been asked to sit. He answered, 'In Florida we were promised to be sent to Fort Gibson. This promise is broken: we are now forbidden. We shall go. Our friends Alligator and Coacooche, and their bands, are on this side. We shall meet them here in council. In Florida we were treated with more friendship and consideration. I am accustomed to sit, when I have business to transact.'

"The colonel replied—'If you received this promise, it was unauthorized. You shall *not* go! This day you shall recross the Arkansas, and set out for your lands on the Canadian.'

"The chief at last had met his more than match. He endeavored then to temporize; he was astonished, but with skill felt his ground, to be assured if boldness and cunning could foil him now. And so it seemed;—he promised to obey,

and was dismissed;—the colonel taking measures to be informed of any unnecessary delay.

"Soon after noon, the trumpets called 'to horse!' The squadrons were speedily arrayed; the Indians had refused or failed to obey.

"The colonel said to us, in his cold way. 'If we come to blows, put your sabres well in: but on no account strike woman or child:' then we marched. My squadron led. Two miles down on the skirt of the Indian camp, a lad, who was mounted, attempted to pass out; the colonel himself seized his rein, and gave him in charge to two dragoons: but such was his indomitable obstinacy and boldness, that he persisted in efforts to elude this arrest, utterly regardless of the sabres flashing about his head! Until, seeing that but few men remained in the camp, the colonel, rather than that the boy should be sacrificed, commanded his release. We found on the Illinois river, at its mouth, the chief, and about a dozen men and their families. Nothing but their weakness saved them. Their tents were torn down,—they were seized and forced to an Arkansas ferry, close by.

"It soon appeared that the Indians had taken possession of the flat, and had been crossing the Illinois river. An armed party was sent over in a canoe, loaded the boat with their baggage, returned, and took the chief and party over the Arkansas.

"Very near sundown, it was ascertained that the band were nearly all beyond the Illinois river—a hundred yards wide, and booming full; and I received rather a singular order to cross it with my squadron;—with discretionary powers beyond.

"If I had stopped to reason on it, I should soon have pronounced the order impracticable; for the full banks of the river were vertical; there was only a small canoe; the sun was setting: However, it was to be done; I had faith, and—perhaps the Col. too; and so—in half an hour I was over with above half my horses and three-fourths of my men."

F. "Come now, no romance; you must tell how that was done."

C. "A mounted Cherokee made his appearance at that moment: how it happened, I did not stop to enquire: I learned from him that a mile or two above—through the dark forest—there was a trail and a ford, in low water. I sent a division of the squadron under an energetic officer—who took him as guide—to cross there, if he could risk it. I immediately sent a party to the Arkansas to find and bring round the flat-boat; and meanwhile, crossed over a dozen men in the canoe; just as it was upset on its third trip—losing some arms, and very nearly some lives—the flat was brought: I rode into

it, followed by as many horses as could find room; filled up the interstices with dismounted men; pushed over, and landed safely.

"I found that a Cherokee lived in the vicinity, and he told me that the woods were full of Indians. There was little daylight left; but ordering him to guide me, I advanced with my few horses, and the dismounted platoon following: for a time we only picked up a straggler or two, and found scattered baggage. Then I met my mounted division; they had swam the Illinois—loaded with arms and equipments—in military array!

"Soon after the guide pointed out a little bushy prairie, where, he said, a large number of Seminoles were concealed: it was nearly dark: I threw out my mounted division as skirmishers, and soon after signaled the "charge, as foragers:" when the "rally" was sounded, they with difficulty found their way back to the foot reserves, and not an Indian had been flushed!

"Then, of course, we marched back to the river bank; and lay down in our cloaks, supperless. But this is all introduction; I have tired you before the day is begun!"

F. "No, it is not very late; I was rather amused at your account of those spoiled Seminoles.

"Your bivouac was marvellously like this present one! But go on; and—if you do not stop at a dream or two—you will doubtless soon come to the cream of the story."

C. "Amigo mio.—My dreams are—not what they were! Well, the night passed quickly enough, 'though I was disturbed by the coming in of women and children; and right early I got over my other horses and men, and—a breakfast.

"I sallied forth then, ripe for adventures. I "scoured," as was right, the three miles of open forest. We have to borrow this word from the scullery, while the French say, euphonesely, *éclairer*—and emerged upon prairies, when I soon reached a lofty hill-top.

"O! how beautiful and fresh was all before me! It was a surprise; not a trace of man blurred the expanded view, where free Nature had tried her genial hand. It was the year's prime; sparkling under the early sun, were meadows and murmuring streamlets; glades, where sported the antlered herds; grassy slopes swelling to smooth hillocks: old oaks here expanded in solitary magnificence; there disposed, like garlands, on the gentle hills; and again, gathered in imposing groves. Strangely beautiful in the midst were two hill-cones, rising, like a triumphal gate, from forest bases. Far extended hill and dale and plain, until lost in the blue slopes of a mountain range; and about its airy outline clustered the rosy morning clouds.

A free and exultant feeling of power—a joyous

buoyancy of spirits—a rising romance was then fast swelling my heart, and sending the blood in happy currents, when I saw my advanced guard galloping over the plain below, and received by the escort of fifteen captured Indians, a report that their main body was in a wood which was pointed out; it was at the foot, and on the side of a bluff, which sent an arm—like that of an L—to be merged in the eminence on which I stood; the wood was on the outer slope, and extended round the angle, out of view.

Ah! then, I was transformed to a General, with my four admirably instructed, powerful platoons for regiments, and my trumpet signals for field and staff!

I immediately sent another platoon, swiftly to search the woods of the near slope—approaching always the advance guard—whilst I hastened round the hilltops, to head the Seminoles, and gain a commanding and central point of observation. Excitement and rapid motion only increased my enjoyment of the rare scenery of that secluded district where, every moment, new combinations of beauty enchanted the eye. It was thus that my only half warlike operations and slender means, were magnificent to a charming effect.

My detachments were then lost to view—engaged in the forest below: passing slowly round the brink of the precipitous bluff, I faced the more distant and longer side,—and, having waited a proper time, led my men in extended order, abruptly down the descent; how steep it would prove we could not see, so dense was the undergrowth; blindly we forced our way; the horses maddened by tangled vine and brier, leaping uncontrollably downward.

The wood had been abandoned, and a fresh trail led into the prairie beyond; the advance guard had taken it rapidly, and the support had more slowly followed. Soon I saw the first gallop along elevated ground, to disappear in the forest toward the Arkansas, and thither I directed the latter by trumpet signal. When I reached the wood, I found they had charged through a camp, whence every soul fled to a near swamp: while they were entangled there, I ascertained that these fugitives were Seminoles of an earlier migration; and soon drew out my skirmishers—not without some captures.

Our spirits were all up; and returning to the prairie, I made other combinations—mauaged by signals—armed its hills and groves; we over-run many miles of country, and made numerous prisoners, giving but one sabre wound. But—

———"I will not tire
With long recital of the rest."

It was dark again when we returned to the Illinois. Frank! he was sound asleep!

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

(Not found in Pickett's History.)

MY FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE BAR.

HIGGINBOTHAM }
 vs. } Slander.
 SWINK. }

Did you ever, reader, get a merciless barrister of the old school after you when you were on your first legs—in the callow tenderness of your virgin epidermis? I hope not. I wish I could say the same for myself; but I cannot: and with the faint hope of inspiring some small pity in the breasts of the seniors, I now, one of them myself, give in my lively experience of what befell me on my first appearance on the forensic boards.

I must premise by observing that, some twenty years ago—more or less—shortly after I obtained license to practice law in the town of H——, State of Alabama, an unfortunate client called at my office to retain my services in a celebrated suit for slander. The case stands on record, *Stephen O. Higginbotham vs. Caleb Swink*. The aforesaid Caleb, “greatly envying the happy state and condition of said Stephen,” who, “until the grievances,” &c., “never had been suspected of the crime of hog stealing,” &c., said, “in the hearing and presence of one Samuel Eads and other good and worthy citizens,” of and concerning the plaintiff “you,” (the said Stephen meaning,) “are a noted hog thief, and stole more hogs than all the waggons in M—— could haul off in a week on a turnpike road.” The way I came to be employed was this: Higginbotham had retained Frank Glendye, a great brick in ‘damage cases,’ to bring the suit, and G. had prepared the papers, and got the case on the pleadings, ready for trial. But, while the case was getting ready, Frank was suddenly taken dangerously drunk, a disease to which his constitution was subject. The case had been continued for several terms, and had been set for a particular day of the term then going on, to be disposed of finally and positively when called. It was hoped that the lawyer would recover his *health* in time to prosecute the case; but he had continued the drunken fit with the suit. The morning of the trial came on; and, on going to see his counsel, the client found him utterly prostrate; not a hope remained of his being able to get to the courthouse. He was in collapse; a perfect cholera case. Passing down the street, almost in despair, as my good or evil genius would have it, Higginbotham met Sam Hicks, a tailor, whom I had honored with my patronage

(as his books shewed) for many years; and, as one good turn deserves another—a suit for a suit—he, on hearing the predicament H. was in, boldly suggested my name to supply the place of the fallen Glendye; adding certain assurances and encomiums which did infinite credit to his friendship and his imagination.

I gathered from my calumniated client as well as I could, the facts of the case, and got a young friend to look me up the law of slander, to be ready when it should be put through, if it ever *did* get to the jury.

The defendant was represented by old Cæsar Kasm, a famous man in those days; and well might he be. This venerable limb of the law had long practised at the M—— bar, and been the terror of this generation. He was an old-time lawyer, the race of which fortunately is now extinct, or else the survivors “lag superfluous on the stage.” He was about sixty-five years old at the time I am writing of; was of stout build, and something less than six feet in height. He dressed in the old-fashioned fair-top boots and shorts; ruffled-shirts; buff vest, and hair, a grizzly grey, roached up flat and stiff in front, and hanging down in a queue behind, tied with an eel-skin and pomatumed. He was close shaven and powdered every morning; and, except a few scattering grains of snuff which fell occasionally between his nose and an old-fashioned gold snuff box, a speck of dirt was never seen on or about his carefully preserved person. The taking out of his deliciously perfumed handkerchief, scattered incense around like the shaking of a lilac bush in full flower. His face was round, and a sickly florid interspersed with purple spots, overspread it, as if the natural dye of the old cogniac were maintaining an unequal contest with the decay of the vital energies. His bearing was decidedly soldierly, as it had a right to be, he having served as a Captain some eight years before he took to the bar, as being the more pugnacious profession. His features, especially the mouth, turned down at the corners like a bull-dog’s or a crescent, and a nose perked up with unutterable scorn and self conceit, and eyes of a sensual, bluish grey, that seemed to be all light and no heat, were never pleasing to the opposing side. In his way, old Kasm was a very polite man. Whenever he chose, which was when it was his interest, to be polite, and when his blood was cool and he was not trying a law case, he would have made Chesterfield and Beau Brummel ashamed of themselves. He knew all the gymnastics of manners, and all forms and ceremonies of deportment; but there was no more soul or kindness in the manual he went through, than in an iceberg. His politeness, however seemingly deferential, had a frost-bitten air, as if it had lain out over-night and

got the *rheumatics* before it came in; and really, one felt less at ease under his frozen smiles, than under any body else's frowns.

He was the proudest man I ever saw: he would have made the Warwicks and the Nevilles, not to say the Plantagenets or Mr. Dombey, feel very limber and meek if introduced into their company; and selfish to that extent, that, if by giving up the nutmeg on his noon glass of toddy, he could have christianised the Burmese empire, millennium never would come for him.

How far back he traced his lineage, I do not remember, but he had the best blood of both worlds in his veins; sired high up on the paternal side by some Prince or Duke, and dammed on the mother's by one or two Pocahontases. Of course, from this, he was a Virginian, and the only one I ever knew that did not quote those Eleusinian mysteries, the Resolutions of 1798-9. He did not. He was a Federalist, and denounced Jefferson as a low-flung demagogue, and Madison as his tool. He bragged largely on Virginia, though—he was not eccentric on this point—but it was the Virginia of Washington, the Lees, Henry, &c., of which he boasted. The old dame may take it as a compliment that he bragged of her at all.

The old Captain had a few negroes, which, with a declining practice, furnished him a support. His credit in consequence of his not having paid any thing in the shape of a debt for something less than a quarter of a century, was rather limited. The property was covered up by a deed or other instrument, drawn up by Kasm himself, with such infernal artifice and diabolical skill, that all the lawyers in the county were not able to decide, by a legal construction of its various clauses, who the negroes belonged to, or whether they belonged to any body at all.

He was an inveterate opponent of new laws, new books; new men. He would have revolutionized the government if he could, should a law have been passed, curing defects in Indictments.

Yet he was a friend of strong government and strong laws: he might approve of a law making it death for a man to blow his nose in the street, but would be for rebelling if it allowed the indictment to dispense with stating in which hand he held it.

This eminent barrister was brought up at a time when zeal for a client was one of the chief virtues of a lawyer—the client standing in the place of truth, justice and decency, and monopolizing the respect due to all. He, therefore, went into all causes with equal zeal and confidence, and took all points that could be raised with the same earnestness, and belabored them with the same

force. He personated the client just as a great actor identifies himself with the character he represents on the stage.

The faculty he chiefly employed was a talent for vituperation which would have gained him distinction on any theatre, from the village partizan press, down to the House of Representatives itself. He had cultivated vituperation as a science, which was like putting guano on the Mississippi bottoms, the natural fertility of his mind for satirical productions was so great. He was as much fitted by temper as by talent for this sort of rhetoric, especially when kept from his dinner or toddy by the trial of a case—then an alligator whose digestion had been disturbed by the horns of a billy-goat taken for lunch, was no mean type of old Sar Kasm, (as the wags of the bar called him, by nickname, formed by joining the last syllable of his christian, or rather, heathen name, to his patronymic.) After a case began to grow interesting, the old fellow would get fully stirred up. He grew as quarrelsome as a little bull terrier. He snapped at witnesses, kept up a constant snarl at the counsel, and growled, at intervals, at the Judge, whom, whoever he was, he considered as *ex officio*, his natural enemy, and so regarded every thing got from him as so much wrung from an unwilling witness.

But his great *forte* was in cross-examining a witness. His countenance was the very expression of sneering incredulity. Such a look of cold, unsympathising, scornful penetration as gleamed from his eyes of ice and face of brass, is not often seen on the human face divine. Scarcely any eye could meet unshrinkingly that basilisk gaze: it needed no translation: the language was plain: "now you are swearing to a lie, and I'll catch you in it in a minute;" and then the look of surprise which greeted each new fact stated, as if to say, "I expected some lying, but really this exceeds all my expectations." The meek politeness with which he would address a witness, was anything but encouraging; and the officious kindness with which he volunteered to remind him of a real or fictitious embarrassment, by asking him to take his time and not to suffer himself to be confused, as far as possible from being a relief; while the air of triumph that lit up his face the while, was too provoking for a saint to endure.

Many a witness broke down under his examination, that would have stood the fire of a masked battery unmoved, and many another, voluble and animated enough in the opening narrative, "slunk his pitch mightily," when old Kasm put him through on the cross-examination.

His last look at them as they left the box, was an advertisement to come back, "and they would hear something to their advantage;" and if they

came, they heard it, if humility is worth buying at such a price.

How it was, that in such a fighting country, old Kasm continued at this dangerous business, can only be understood by those who know the entire readiness—nay, eagerness of the old gentleman, to do reason to all serious enquirers:—and one or two results which happened some years before the time I am writing of, to say nothing of some traditions in the army, convinced the public, that his practice was as sharp at the small sword as at the cut and thrust of professional digladiation.

Indeed, it was such an evident satisfaction to the old fellow to meet these emergencies, which to him were merely lively episodes breaking the monotony of the profession, that his enemies, out of spite, resolutely refused to gratify him, or answer the sneering challenge stereotyped on his countenance, "Now if you can do any better, suppose you help yourself?" So, by common consent, he was elected free libeller of the bar. But it was very dangerous to repeat after him.

When he argued a case, you would suppose he had bursted his gall-bag—such, not vials but demijohns, of vituperation as he poured out with a fluency only interrupted by a pause to gather, like a tree-frog, the venom sweltering under his tongue into a concentrated essence. He could look more sarcasm than any body else could express; and in his scornful gaze, virtue herself looked like something sneaking and contemptible. He could not arouse the nobler passions or emotions; but he could throw a wet blanket over them. It took Frank Glendye and half a pint of good French brandy, to warm the Courthouse after old Kasm was done speaking: but *they* could do it.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent a well-to-do farmer. On getting to the courthouse, I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My case—I can well speak in the singular—was set the first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of old books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practised it away then—was not quite easy. I could'n't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men,

where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended on it; and I reflected that the same thing has to happen in every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and excogitate a speech: they flitted through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think, nor quit thinking. I would lose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck: then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead break-down; and then I would commence again with "gentlemen of the jury," &c., and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham vs. Swink: Slander. Mr. Glendye for pl'tff.; Mr. Kasm for def't. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer of course came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the court that he was sorry his brother was too much, (stroking his chin and looking down and pausing,) indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, &c.: the court said it should be. I then spoke up, (though my voice seemed to me very low down and very hard to get up,) that I had just been spoken to in the cause: I believed we were ready, if the cause must be then tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the court of its peremptory order; referred to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened: he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case had to go on. Several members of the bar had their hats in hand, ready to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out; a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witnesses called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification and not guilty. I got along pretty well, I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt any thing—though he quibbled, misconstrued and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading.

and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant: but the judge who was a very clever sort of a man, and who did not like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witness in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges: that the Methodist church, of which he was a class-leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled: that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraction, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken; that the defendant refused this proffer and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendant had declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his (defendant's) own price; and that defendant was rich, and often repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and finally *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak: it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter house, and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks, and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damages at \$10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of the excitement had worn off. The tremor left, only gave me that sort of feeling which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good out of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion for a *splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town and those of the country, then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the courthouse to hear the speeches; and I could not miss such an opportunity for display.

Looking over the jury I found them a plain,

matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know a fact or two about them, which I found out afterwards.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy began to get the better of my judgment. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and, at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as *quotations* as Richard Swiveller. Shakspeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," &c. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart-broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecutions of his enemy: and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicanery and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of that feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying upon even the youth and inexperience of an unpractised advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sign of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down when I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were blood-shot and flamed out fire and fury. His queue stuck out behind, and shook itself stiffly like a buffalo bull's tail when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me bearding him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fe*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again after an hour's recess.

By this time the public interest, and especially

that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order,—the shuffling of feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within, that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theatre.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly—tremulous. By a strong effort he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he *could* affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured “it was the torrent’s smoothness ere it dash below.” I thought he would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, or rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man; for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet, “I am,” he continued, “of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of *his* birth, and then I was in full practice in this courthouse. I confess, though, gentlemen, I *am* old enough to remember the period when a youth’s first appearance at the bar was not signalized by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw pop-injay, towards the experienced members of the profession he disgraced. And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right: I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here* by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows: and that, this young gentleman shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced on me; and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the ac-

count of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

“Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odor of his client’s slaughter-house.

“Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer: and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him. Had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, than even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on the shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business of *saving other people’s bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakspeare said—(the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakspeare, too, while yet his reputation survives *his* barbarous mouth-ing of the poet’s words)—he knew an attorney ‘who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly blown.’ I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it: for I should like, that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine*.

“I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man’s effort, except his argument, which is the smallest part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so common-place by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*videlicet*, that matter which being more ridiculous than we ever heard before, carries internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman resorted to his own ideas. He is like a catbird—the only intolerable discord she makes being

her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar,' probably, approaches nearest to it—not only in the humor—but in the voracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so wo-begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school, (probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy,) had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his picture of the woe, the wasting grief of his disconsolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character *because it was not*. Gentlemen, look at him! Why, he weighs twelve stone *now*! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter-pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a shadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last Fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakespeare again. 'He never told his'—woe—but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like Patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder.' (Here Higginbotham left in disgust.)

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doct. Johnson said, 'who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, I don't wonder that nothing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vapid; words and nothing else. If any part of his rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a small cascade, making a great deal of noise to

make a great deal of froth; tumbling; roaring; foaming: the shallower it ran all the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasising the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage players ranting out sustian in a barn theatre mimicing—'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' (I don't deny it.) 'Tis something, (query?) 'nothing,' (exactly.) 'Tis mine; 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him.' (not in the least.) 'but makes me poor indeed;' (just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the incumbrance, is another matter.)

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him or him of it, if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney General at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose that he was an old Continental lawyer, grown grey in the service. H-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! His PRACTICE!! But I don't wonder he can't see the absurdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes?

"He talked, too, of *outside* influences; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of demagogueism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross-legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or a *prospect of payment for an old one*, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. (Here Hicks left.) However, if this case is to be decided by the populace *here*, the gentleman will allow *me* the benefit of a writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinhert's Distillery.

"But, I suppose he meant to frighten *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by his eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you

gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out West, who, concluding a case, said, 'Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that cotting, as the Sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother. Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the Sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sifting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooled him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. Hig never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witnesses' hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omissions, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons, to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main *subject*—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight forever his reputation and that of his family—that you would bend down the spirit of his manly son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine; not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the column of the village newspaper, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools. I must beg to read it; not for the instruction of the gentleman, he has already seen it; but for the entertainment of the Jury. It is addressed to R*** B***, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror, when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read off in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's Album. Rose had been worrying me for some time, to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a

few lines and copied them in the precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something very clever, (she never had more than a thimbleful of brains in her doll-baby head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got her brother, Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either, not only published them, but, in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendations of his own, referring to "the gifted author," as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an older one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry, as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with great glee. They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once* or twice; and to cover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the Sheriff five dollars for not keeping silence in court. Even the old Clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear, had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry couldn't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *put down* his pen: afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forget what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about my "bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called "the venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know nor want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of venomous worms. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his eventful history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii, erupi, evasi*. The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

The next information I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards telling me that the jury (on which I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four anti-masons) had given in a verdict for defendant: that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, *by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment of his cause*; and that he got a new trial, (as well he should have done.)

I learned through Hicks, some twelve months later, that the case had been tried; that Frank Glendye had made one of his greatest and most eloquent speeches; that Glendye had joined the Temperance Society, and was now one of the soberest and most attentive men to business at the bar, and was at the head of it in practice; that Higginbotham had recovered a verdict of \$2000, and had put Swink in for \$500 costs, besides.

Hick's letter gave me, too, the *melancholy* intelligence of old Kasm's death. He had died in an apoplectic fit, in the courthouse, while abusing an old preacher who had testified against him in a *crim. con.* case. He enclosed the proceedings of a bar meeting, in which "the melancholy dispensation which called our beloved brother hence while in the active discharge of his duties," was much deplored; but, with a pious resignation, which was greatly to be admired, "they submitted to the will," &c., and, with a confidence old Kasm himself, if alive, might have envied, "*trusted* he had gone to a better and brighter world," &c., &c., which carried the doctrine of Universalism as far as it could well go. They concluded by resolving that the bar would wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. I don't know what the rest did, I didn't. Though not mentioned in his will, he had left me something to remember him by. Bright be the bloom and sweet the fragrance of the thistles on his grave!

Reader! I eschewed *genius* from that day. I took to accounts; did up every specie of paper that came into my office with a tape string; had pigeon holes for all the bits of paper about me; walked down the street as if I were just going to bank and it wanted only five minutes to three

o'clock; got me a green bag and stuffed it full of old newspapers, carefully folded and labelled; read law, to fit imaginary cases, with great industry; dunned one of the wealthiest men in the city for fifty cents; sold out a widow for a twenty dollar debt, and bought in her things myself, publicly, (and gave them back to her secretly, afterwards;) associated only with skinflints, brokers and married men, and discussed investments and stocks; soon got into business; looked wise and shook my head when I was consulted, and passed for a "powerful good judge of law;" confirmed the opinion by reading in court, all the books and papers I could lay my hands on, and clearing out the courthouse by hum-drum details, common place and statistics, whenever I made a speech at the bar—and thus, by this course of things, am able to write from my *sugar plantation*, this memorable history of the fall of *genius* and the rise of solemn humbug!

J. C. R.

THEBES.

From the "Curse of Sin," an Unpublished Poem.

BY J. CLEMENT.

See Thebes, so spacious, in her palmy days,
She spans the broad green valley of the Nile;
On either side, far up the mountains, blaze
Her golden porticoes, beneath the smile
Of morning; and, behold! a glorious pile,
Her hundred pillared palace, towering, stand.
With harps and cymbals see her priests, meanwhile,
Benighted souls! at Error's blind command,
Their gods from Carnac bear through temples tall and grand.

But God on image-worship darkly frowns,
And lets his thunderbolts of vengeance fall:
"Wo, wo to Thebes, her riches and her crowns!
Sands of the desert! rise and bury all!"
'Tis thus methinks I hear Jehovah call,
And sands three thousand years have driven o'er
Gigantic propylons, in ruin's pall,
And broken obelisks, which stood before
Her hundred glittering gates, which swing alas, no more!

Cambyzes led the Persian legions on,
And Plunder garnered to its full content;
The wrath of Ptolemy came down anon,
When all the temples of her gods were rent,
And dome and catacomb, in ruins blent,
Licking the dust, in swinish meanness dozed.
Lorn, starving Arabs now, on pillage bent,
From mud-huts crawl where priests their labor closed,
And dogs usurp the tombs where royalty reposed.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Scenes and Incidents in the Old Dominion.

NO. 2.

BY E. KENNEDY.

Non-Jurors in America a Century ago.

It was upon the morning of a bright, joyous day in June,—the year one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five, that a more than usual stir was manifested at the old St. — church, lying sweetly embosomed in the primeval shade of a cluster of reverend oaks, which grew upon the bank of — river in Eastern Virginia.

'Tis a good while ago — the year *anno Domini*, 1725.—verily a century and somewhat over, as we reckon it by the simple process of arithmetic: but even at that early day the "King's Colony of Virginia" was prosperous and promising. But even still further back into the dim distance of time does the record of the ancient Dominion extend. True, we cannot trace her annals so far as to the time of the "Conqueror," neither was the contest of the White and Red Roses permitted to disturb the silence of these then unbroken forests; but she dates her earliest attempted settlement in the Elizabethan age—(Virginia was named after the *Virgin* Queen!)—and it was very early in the reign of James I., her successor, that a well-appointed colony was actually planted at Jamestown on the James river,—these names being all significant of times and of circumstances. From 1607, when the famous Capt. John Smith, together with a goodly company besides, landed and established a government, until near the close of the reign of the first George, when our sketch opens, there had intervened more than a century of vicissitudes for poor Virginia. Indian fights, and massacres, and civil wars had been neither few nor bloodless, and many "traitors" had paid the penalty of their rashness upon the gallows. Charles II. said of Sir William Berkeley, who had been Governor of Virginia, off and on for full thirty years, "the old fool has hanged more men in that naked country, than I have done for the murder of my father!" At the opening of the last century the colony had increased to one hundred thousand, including slaves; these last forming an aggregate of one-fourth part of the population. Perhaps, in some respects, the days of "the good Queen Anne," and those of the first Hanoverian monarchs, were the palmiest days of the Old Dominion. Her territory was circumscribed, it is true; but prosperity seemed to mark the progress of things in her midst. Now-a-days, when her map calls for a monstrous slice

of land and rivers, including mountains and sea-shore, with towns and villages spreading themselves even upon the borders of the far distant Ohio, we can hardly conceive of any extraordinary prosperity as attending the settlements clustering about the rivers and the coast of the Chesapeake bay and the Atlantic. But yet it was so. Prosperity in trade seemed to crown the efforts of the self-denying, industrious emigrants. Tobacco was the grand staple of export, and all the smokers and snuffers of the old world—chewing had not yet come into vogue—looked with feelings of tenderness toward the distant shores of "Young America," whence the supply of the luxury was to be derived. In old times Virginia was a land of "necks." Men naturally settled upon the rivers in order to possess themselves of good *bottom* lands for farming purposes, and also to be near to a convenience for market. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, when he built his big boat, and could neither get it to the water, nor bring the water to it, the honest cavaliers of Virginia, in the early day we speak of, were cautious to have their tobacco hogsheads packed up directly upon the shore of the river, whence some lazy vessel could transport them to England within two or at most three months from the time of setting sail. Of these "necks," there were four. The first settled was between the James and York rivers. Another neck was south of the former of these memorable streams. A third was between the York and the Rappahannock, and still another and a fourth lay stretching itself broadly from the last named of these veins and arteries of the "Colony," even to the far northern waters of the rolling Pawtowameck, which was the Indian name for that same stream on the shores of which the "father of his country" was both born and died; and upon the northern bank whereof the present majestic capitol of this nation rears its ample dome. So much for the "necks" of Virginia—a name which seems to be lost in these our days. And now, as it is about the church that our sketch leads us to speak at this present,—that is, if we ever reach it, one word as to its weal: All the world knows, or may know if they will consult the truth-telling pages of history, that lamentable as men's deficiencies are in spiritualities in these our own days, there existed a deficiency still more lamentable in the day and time of our great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers. "The traveller, in his journeyings through the colony," we quote the language of an esteemed historian, "might see on every hand the neat spire of a substantial church lifting its head amid the foliage of the forest in which it was placed: his eye rested on the cultivated grounds which surrounded the comfortable habitations of

the clergy: and he might, from these tokens, have hastily concluded that he was in the bosom of a deeply pious population, but such was not the case. The 'form of sound words' which embodied devotion was there, and the beautifully chaste and simple ritual of the church, to which the colonists belonged, was scrupulously held to, but in the use of that form, it is to be feared, too many rested. There was a deficiency of spirituality in the religion of that day."

Such, we say, having been premised,—and most tediously, as we fear,—the subject matter of Bishops, and the effort to obtain them, opens more understandingly before the eye of the writer, as well, perchance, as the reader of "Scenes and Incidents in the Old Dominion:" and more particularly as to that same bright June Sabbath morning,—for it was the Sabbath as referred to upon the day and date aforesaid.

Carriage after carriage,—or perhaps we should rather say, after the nomenclature of the times, "Chariot" after "chariot" rolled up with their out-riders and servants in livery, and a goodly display of the pomp and circumstance of "Old Virginia." There was also, as we may suppose, all that aristocratic rattle of the "steps" of these vehicles, such as even in our own degenerate ears is sometimes heard, whilst depositing the gaily attired burthens upon the church green. A contemporary writer speaking of the customs among "gentle folk," even as late as the latter years of the reign of George II., designates the "periwig" as their distinguishing badge:—much more so, therefore, was this outward, and to our notions, absurd and inconvenient garniture, the indispensable "top-dressing" of those living thirty years previously. Here then, was to be seen a stately old gentleman in a full bottomed wig of Queen Anne's time, with his coat of ample skirts descending to the calves, his flowery waistcoat with flaps far below his middle, and his knee-breeches, and shoe buckles and three-cornered hat;—and there, in all the grandeur of Virginia in these same palmy days we speak of, stood a matron in hooped petticoat, and with a head-dress that soared as loftily even, perchance, as the tone and temper of the very fair one herself, whose natural proportions, both perpendicularly and as to circumference, were so unnaturally increased.

There were groups of these;—and scattered about beneath the pleasant shade of those wide-spreading—not beech, but oak—trees, were to be seen divers of an humbler order in society—men with hair cropped close, *a la roundhead*, in buckskin breeches, and clogs, and linsey-woolsey jerkins:—and tidy looking women, too, as nice as new pins, in their homely caps and high-heeled shoes, and doubtless feeling "mighty fine" in their "petticoats and short gowns."

It was, as before observed, an assemblage of unusual interest and importance. Ordinarily the solemnities of the day brought no exhibition of feeling upon the countenance; and, sad to say, men's hearts were unmoved and unmolested in those far-off times when the work of grace, if done at all, was, according to their theory, only effected through the medium of the baptismal water, or the partaken eucharist. If there could be any such thing as religion that was not religion, we can suppose a climax of the kind to have been reached in the days of the first of these Georges. The excesses of the Cromwellian period had been succeeded by an awful departure from even the common decencies of Christian behaviour: and the dissolute court of Charles II. gave tone to a practical ungodliness in every part of "his majesty's dominions." At the period here referred to there had been some small change for the better. The commoner "decencies" of Christian decorum were beginning to be observed. Men attended church, and they "read prayers," or at least they held the prayer book in their hands when the "parson" read them, and they learned to pronounce "Amen" quite audibly, and to become considerably *au fait* in the responsive service, but—not wishing, however, to indulge in scandal at the expense of our hooped petticoated ancestry—in all respects as to experimental piety the deficiency was lamentable indeed. Of course we speak in generalities, not doubting that there were truly pious and excellent people in that, as in all other ages of the Christian Church. They thought that it was the part of a "good subject" to reverence "king and law;" and as the church was ordained by law, men exhibited their loyalty to the king by an outward and open observance of Church ordinances.

In addition to this low state of religious discipline, some other topics of a more strictly political character came to be mixed up with men's notions of faith, and it fell in with the grand object of the present assemblage of the gentry and yeomanry of the "Northern neck" at the old St. — church, as before stated, to give countenance or to express disapprobation of said measures accordingly.

"Dost think he'll come?" enquired Martin Hathcomb of his neighbor Higbee.

"Yea, in truth, I think he will," was the reply of the honest rustic, "he was to have reached the Hall yestre'en, so the Dame was tellin' of me."

"In full canonicals, neebour Higbee, is it your opinion? Ah, me," sighed the old man, "it's a lang while sin' I hae seen a Bishop in his lawn sleeves, and wi' his holy hands upon their heads a blessin' of the young folk, which kneel around the chancel rail on confirmation days. It would

be a welcome sound to my old ears once more : 'Defend, O Lord, this thy sarvent wi' thy heavenly grace'—dunna ye think so, John ?"

"Aye, its lang sin' we've both heard the like, as ye say," coolly answered the more thoughtful Higbee : "they've a plenty of Bishops in the old country, and I'm sure they might graciously grant us a leegeetimate one instead of this Jacobite usurper that's coming to St. — parish to-day. Ah, neebor Hathcomb, I'm fearful of the consequences of this transaction ! If only our present Governor, Hugh Drysdale, was but the man that Alexander Spotswood was, I'm a thinkin' this 'Bishop Talbot,' as the *non-juring* gentry are pleased to call him, would not have had leave so much as to enter the borders of his Majesty's Colony of Virginia, canonicals or no canonicals,—at least such is my opinion, which may be isn't worth a great deal."

"Hoot awa' man," said the other, lowering his voice a little, and casting a glance around to observe whether he might be overheard in giving utterance to "treason," "is not a Bishop a Bishop whether he swears allegiance to one king or to anither ? I've had serious doubts myself, man, whether this Hanoverian they've got upon the throne now, is a just, and true, and lawful successor of the honored line of Stuart kings"—

"But ye'er no papist, Martin, are ye ?" enquired his companion.

"Ye may well say that, neebor Higbee," rejoined the unsettled Scotchman, "ye may well say that, indeed, for there's never a drop of the blood of Mistress Babylon in any of the veins of the Hathcombs. Humble folk they be, I'm free to confess, but they abhor papistry. Some, indeed, think a man can hae no doubts in his noddle without being a papist, sure. I wish o' my heart the Bishop would be comin' along—I long for a sight of his reverence."

"I doubt na ye'll see nathing but a man when he does come," said Higbee, "and an unco weak one too, if all accounts one hears about him be true. But see, neebor, yonder comes his honor's chariot, and your Bishop of doubtful pretences, as I hold it, is with him."

And sure enough, as the blunt spoken rustic had said, there came rolling upon the church green the princely "chariot" of one of the neighboring esquires,—a man notoriously tainted with Jacobitism, and there descended from it a tall, commanding looking individual, a clergyman from his apparel, as was evident, and to appearance, about forty years of age. A few of the neighbouring "gentle-folk" pressed forward for the distinguished honor of an introduction to "Bishop Talbot," as he was pompously entitled by the "'Squire :'" and it seemed to be the earnest wish of the patron to render these saluta-

tions as general as possible. But the majority of the parishioners present stood aloof, and did not seem to be anxious to come forward to press the hand of the new "Bishop." There were besides expressive glances cast from eye to eye, as if all was not right and proper. In fact, there were more people than John Higbee, assembled beneath these reverend oaks, who seemed to have distrustful doubts in their minds as to the propriety of committing themselves in a point of so much interest and manifest importance.

Poor Martin Hathcomb belonged to a different cast of society, and however he might have been rejoiced in heart to have his own hard hand squeezed by the hand of "his reverence," such an honor was denied to him as a matter of course. The *yeomanry* of Virginia, a century ago and more, were a class distinct and separate, and they made no approaches towards "amalgamation :'" but since the Revolutionary war, and since every man's vote has come to count one, the "hard-handed peasantry" are lifted up in the scale of importance, ostensibly at least, and "liberty, fraternity, equality," reign.

* * * * *

That the Rev. John Talbot was essaying to practise a very dangerous experiment upon the credulity of these sturdy churchmen, there can be no manner of doubt;—no more doubt, indeed, than that such occurrences as is here recorded actually took place. From the day and date of the first settlement made in Virginia, up to the year 1725, the English church had given over these colouists to utter and entire neglect. The Church of England was established by law, it is true, but a regularly appointed Episcopal head was never vouchsafed to "his majesty's subjects" here in America. The hands of a Bishop in Confirmation were never placed upon the heads of our ancestors in "lang syne :'" and from 1607 until 1725,—yea, even further onwards—down to the close of the Revolutionary struggle, even to the year 1790, there never was a Bishop's foot upon the soil of our State, nor his hands upon the head of any native born Virginian. This was a fact that was sufficiently deplored by every sincere hearted churchman, but it seemed to be an evil for which there was no remedy. In vain had private applications again and again been made ; in vain had many of the Archbishops of Canterbury moved in the matter, and endeavored to send abroad the blessings of the Episcopate ; in vain had the monarchs of England expressed their wishes upon the subject and their readiness to co-operate ;—it *never was done* ; and the fact stands out in the history of the times as equally strange and unaccountable.

Now this same John Talbot, who was an excellent and worthy man in his way, unfortunately,

and in an evil hour, conceived the idea of a remedy for this long standing blemish upon the Church. He was a missionary sent out by the Venerable Propagation Society, and had labored for some years with entire fidelity and trustworthiness in the Colony of New Jersey. He was one of those clergymen who had long seen and long lamented the consequences attending an Episcopal Church without the presence of an Episcopal head; and having despaired at last of ever seeing a duly consecrated Bishop upon these American shores, he came to the most imprudent and unwarrantable conclusion, that he himself would be personally instrumental in the introduction of an *unduly* consecrated line.

Did ever man, in his senses, indulge so preposterous an idea before!

We have alluded to certain political tendencies in operation at that early day and time. The student of English history is well aware that when James II. fled, an exile from the throne of his ancestors, and took refuge under the wing of *le grand monarque* of France, a great number of conscientious people refused to abandon him and his cause. The parliament of England, which established the succession in William and Mary, decreed that every man should swear allegiance to them. But this many were unwilling to do, seeing that they had already sworn allegiance to one monarch, James II., who, as they averred, was unjustly driven from his throne. These were the *non-jurors*,—they refused to swear: and thence a party sprung up in England, called by this name, or “Jacobites,” from the name of the monarch to whom they adhered. This party increased and continued even after the death of James II., steadfastly refusing to acknowledge Queen Anne, and after her, the first George, but pinning their political faith to the sleeve of the “Pretender,” as James’ son was popularly called.

Even here in Virginia there were to be found “Jacobites,” although their number was few:—it was the grand political schism of the day, and as the subject was agitated, men’s minds became calisted, as they always do, and they espoused the one side or the other as fancy dictated, and as mortal man is ever so prone to follow and obey.

Now it entered into the head of John Talbot, we say, to cast himself into the meshes of this political net and so achieve a momentary greatness for himself. But perhaps we do the poor man injustice: he may have been a conscientious *non-juror*, and he may have been equally conscientious in his desires for the welfare and prosperity of the Church. He may have been all this, and still unjustifiable, even on the score of common prudence, in the rash step that he took.

What therefore did John Talbot do, but quietly embark for Old England in a vessel sailing from some one of the Atlantic sea-ports, and whilst in England obtain consecration, by hook or by crook, from the *non-juring* Bishops there? We say, by hook or by crook, meaning that he was self-nominated, self-appointed, and self-delegated for the work. After his consecration as “Bishop,” and remaining in England for a year or so, he returned to America, and commenced the “laying on of hands.”

At the early day and time here alluded to Episcopacy had but a faint hold upon the more northern of these American colonies. New England was the home of the Puritans: Pennsylvania was settled and first populated by Quakers: the Hollanders of New York were of the Reformed Church, and in Maryland and Virginia alone was there as yet a strong foothold of Episcopalians. It is to the Missionaries of the “Venerable Society” that the Church of England owed the origin of Episcopacy, as a distinctive branch of the Christian fold, within the bounds of those colonies lying to the north and east of what we call Mason’s and Dixon’s line. When John Talbot re-visited America, in the equivocal capacity just referred to, he found but little sympathy among the missionaries. He was received in the churches of some few where he assumed the Episcopal robes, and exercised the authority and office of a Bishop, confirming some, and perhaps ordaining others to the work of the ministry. There are not many individual facts left upon record as to the particular cases of such a use and abuse of ill-gotten prerogative. That he so, of his own accord, went over to England, and that he so came back again to America, is abundantly attested by contemporary authorities, but how it was, whether through laxity of the government, or through carelessness of the consequences, that he was permitted to continue for a year or two, and perhaps longer, in the discharge of these Episcopal functions, none now can tell. It was most natural, however, that he should turn his attention southward to those colonies where the Episcopal Church, being the *established* religion, was most prevalent amongst the people, and where it is very probable the greatest number of *non-jurors* were to be found. That Mr. Talbot had officiated thus in Maryland there is sufficient testimony to prove, and, for the purpose of our present sketch, we will suppose him to have pass unmolested through that colony; nor should this be considered a matter of surprise, seeing that “papiests” abounded there more numerous than in any other part of the English settlements in America, and that it is also a fair presumption that the *non-juring* influence were likely there to prevail: but in the

Ancient Dominion there was but a small hold for a political heresy so rank as this was esteemed to be.

"Loyalty to king," was, as has already been remarked, the chief of human virtues among a people proud of their hereditary fealty, and but indifferently instructed in the obligations of a virtue of a higher sort. And, in truth, to our mind, there is something touching and romantic in the disinterested devotion of the cavaliers of Virginia to the throne. True, *nous avons changé tout cela*, we have experienced a change upon the spirit of our political dreams, and we now rather repudiate "king-craft" in the abstract, being democrats and republicans in these days, but all this does not hinder that we should admire the blunt, straight-forward honesty of our law-abiding ancestry. And for what purpose did they "reverence the king,"—was it for the royal virtue necessarily flowing as by divine right from beneath the crown, or was it not rather that the occupant of the throne was the embodiment of law and order, and that in him the majesty of the law was personified? The latter we must believe; and therefore it is that we admire and honor these men,—these our grave and dignified ancestors, who wore periwigs on their heads, reaching broadly and widely over their shoulders, who held their personal dignity very closely associated with the quality of their shoe-buckles and their knee-buckles, who never wore a coat which was not made by a London tailor, and who never had on a pair of pantaloons in their lives.

Mr. Talbot had exercised his assumed office and authority in various places up to the present auspicious hour—inauspicious, however, it proved for him. The sin, in its political aspects, of being a *non-juror* did not consist in refusing allegiance *in foro conscientie*, as the lawyers term it, but in making a deal of fuss about it. Great Britain has, for many centuries, graciously granted to her subjects the right of private judgment when inwardly indulged, which is a very considerable boon when taken properly—more appreciated, however, in the days of the Tudors than it is now. No man could be arraigned before a public tribunal, and put into hindrance in regard to

"the common air,
And common use of his own limbs,"

for refusing in his own heart, and in the depths thereof, to acknowledge George the First of the line of Hanover, as the lawful and legitimate sovereign of England, but the difficulty lay in this: The Church had laid down a formula of faith for men to subscribe when they met together upon the Sabbath day, a form of faith

political as well as religious,—he must needs pray for the king, and for the sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles of said monarch, inclusively. It was this the *non-jurors* could not conscientiously or consistently do,—it was what they would not do—it was what they pertinaciously refused to do. But the sin did not even lie here;—they might have been silent, they might have said No! in their hearts whilst they held the book in their hands, or they might have sat still with their closed books lying in their laps before them, and so have "saved their bacon;"—but the sin—a gross and shameful sin it was in the eyes of all good cavaliers—lay in the fact of openly, and with "malice aforethought," praying prayers for the "Pretender," and this was "treason" outright. For this, when suspicion of the same was lodged upon him, a man was liable to "attainder," and for such a praying of prayers he was held to be in jeopardy as to life and limb.

The scenes and the circumstances, as well as the times, have all undergone so entire and radical a change since the days of the American Revolution, that the reader needs to be reminded of all these things, in order to be fully alive to the critical position in which this newly arrived "Episcopus" was placed; and how that the solemnities of religion and the rigid acts of Parliament, the ordinances of God and the ordinances of men, were joined together, and were made to present an undivided front.

With us the case is widely different, as we well know. It would appear constrained enough in a Christian congregation in these, our days, to witness a parade of justice, and perhaps the presence of the "king's officers," to overawe a worshipping assembly, and to straighten its "flow of soul," by such a palpable presentation of the "square and compass" of legal enactment, requiring this to be done and said, and this other to be left unsaid and undone. But it was so in those days, and men were held responsible, legally responsible, for their acts and deeds when within church walls; and their devotions and the nature, if not the degree of them, were noted down; and so a human accountability, as well as a divine, was pressed upon men's minds and consciences. Some forty years later than the events we are here supposing to have taken place, this subject of ecclesiastical dominion upon the reason and judgment, as well as over the consciences of men, became a prominent topic in the Colony of Virginia, and it helped, as some think, to bring on the great political crisis of the day—a crisis which separated us forever from the rule and sway of Great Britain. The cause of the "people," versus the "parsons," as rendered memorable by the eloquence of Patrick

Henry, in the Hanover Court House, as early as 1763, was a contention of prerogative even then, and the result, as bound up in that issue, was, whether an unspiritual priesthood should "lord it" over the heritage of God's creatures; whether the strong arm of law should be brought in to sustain an ecclesiastical dominion, allied to, and conjoined with the secular power! Thirteen years later still, the whole fabric, cumbersome and really useless as it was, went by the board: and from 1776, when the church establishment of Virginia tumbled into ruins, until the year 1785, when a re-organization of Episcopacy took place, there was a condition of anarchy and of confusion exceedingly confounded.

Not so, however, in the year 1725, when the reins of ecclesiastical discipline were held tightly as to politics, and loosely as to the true worship of God. The coming of Mr. Talbot into Virginia, had not been unnoticed or disregarded, as our honest yeomen had supposed. Gov. Drysdale, although less rigorous in the discipline he exercised than others of his "illustrious predecessors," was by no means so slack in his hold upon the reins of justice, as to permit absolute "treason" to stalk abroad within the bounds of loyal Virginia. He had heard of Mr. Talbot's pretensions—indeed, he had been apprised of the same by the watchful authorities of the "fatherland," and a writ of *premunire* had actually been forwarded for the protection of the king's cause against all such sinners in church discipline, and against "one John Talbot" most especially. But all this was a profound secret to the friends of Mr. Talbot, and they went on helping him officiously forward, with as much confidence and self security, as if the "ungodly Jacobites" had possessed all power and authority within their own grasp. There was one remarkable circumstance which should have been held significant, had Mr. Talbot and his friends been disposed to take wisdom into the account: the "parson" in charge of the parish was *not* upon the ground. A sudden indisposition was alleged to be the cause of such absence, but the knowing ones were shrewd enough to attribute it to other and more far-seeing motives. "Parson" Hanway was a prudent man and a close observer, and was not likely to allow fancies of any kind to get the better of his judgment. Some considered him as disaffected to the reigning family; but if so, it was deeply concealed within his own breast: and, as to politics, he took care that his "left hand should never know what his right hand" was disposed to exercise itself withal. He prayed for king George with most decided emphasis, and his clerk responded with a nasal "amen," so long and so loud, that none bearing could doubt that both master and

man were the very embodiment of loyalty and good-citizenship. "No, no," said the politic Mr. Hanway, "let others, and those who will—let them embroil themselves in difficulties, as for myself, I shall keep out of them. I'll have no *writs of king's council* to dispossess me of this goodly glebe, and to drive me and mine from the comfortable 'parish living.'"

The morning was wearing away, and the warm June sun had already mounted aloft above the tree-tops. Mr. John Talbot, or "Bishop" Talbot, whichever we choose to call him, attended by his officious friend and patron, moved towards the vestry door, and at the signal, the congregation ascended those old stone steps, and passed beneath the elaborate carving of the substantial door-way, and trod the flags of those well-laid aisles, and seated themselves within the ample square enclosures, called pews. The church was filled: for expectation was upon tip-toe, and many were there who evidently had come to see only what was to be seen, and to hear what they might hear.

How grandly solemn these old churches are! Infinitely more so, according to our fancy, than the gingerbread structures of the present twenty-four hours duration. It may be from the charm of "old antiquity"—the dust of hoary centuries, that falls upon the heart as something so solemnly grand and mysterious! One wanders amid relics of the "olden time," with a degree of superstitious awe about him; he thinks of the past, and of the fleeting forms of human kind that "coming like shadows and so departing," have trodden these aisles, and have filled these seats, and have listened to the voice of heavenly instruction from yonder desk, and he asks, where are they all, and how do they appear, and "with what body do they come?" and the echo sends forth no reply:

"The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words."

* * * * *

The chancel door opened, and the tall attenuated form of the "Bishop" appeared; and Martin Hathcomb had his old eyes "gladdened," as he expressed it, by the longed-for sight of lawn sleeves once again. It was in the full and flowing robe of a dignitary of that high order, that Mr. John Talbot now stood before the Churchmen of the ancient Dominion. The duty of the day appeared to be the "reading of prayers," preaching and confirmation; and as there was no welcome attendance of parish priest to aid in these services, "Bishop" Talbot was fain to proceed in the performance of them all without assistance. Never within the walls of St.—— church, until

this same Sabbath forenoon, in the month of June as aforesaid, in the year one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five, our most gracious sovereign, lord king George the First being the ruler of land and sea, and the acknowledged Britannic head of "these American Colonies"—never had it been so before, that prayers were openly and treasonably read, within the hearing of all and sundry who might sit there present, for the "arch rebel James," Pretender to the British throne! The step was a most daring and imprudent one, and involved political results of such seriousness, that none but a rash man would care to encounter them,—the present functionary, however, was that same rash and unthinking man, and he took the step, "uncaring consequences." As the deep and well tuned voice of the "Bishop" arose from the sacred desk in those time-honored services of the church, the eager ears of the congregation were intent to listen whether he would dare to pronounce the forbidden formula; and a positive thrill of offended loyalty passed through the assembly as the words of supplication for "James," instead of "George," were read, together with an additional expression of hope, that he would soon be restored to the throne of his ancestors! Every one felt it to be a grievous fault, even to sit still and listen to the spoken language of bare-faced "treason," and the Jacobites themselves, of whom there were not a few present, gave an inaudible Amen, responsive to so disloyal a petition. A sermon was then preached, and the rite of confirmation was afterwards administered.

It was indeed, the very first time in the Colony of Virginia, and that too, in the one hundred years' existence of the church, within the bounds of the same, that the "laying on of hands" was exercised. That same unmotherly feeling which had prompted the authorities "at home" to prohibit, under severe penalties, even so much as the manufacture of a horse-shoe nail by the colonists, was influential in debarring them from the benefits of an Episcopal head, as already stated. Strange harshness it was; and judging of mankind according to the rules we now estimate them, such a procedure seems unaccountable! "Bishop" Talbot—and we wish in our heart he had been a *bona fide* and duly constituted head and father to the infant church, instead of being liable to the imputation of all such as "climb up by some other way" into the sheep-fold—"Bishop" Talbot was the first to pronounce the words of Episcopal authority within the bounds of "his majesty's" colony of Virginia; and he, too, was the last, for a period of full seventy years further, until Bishop Madison, in our times, succeeded by popular right to the exercise of the functions of the office. The last

time! Yes, it was the first occasion, and it was also the last, that the words of Episcopal confirmation were heard in the bounds of Virginia, under the old regime, as when George was king.

But the services were ended, and the few who had gathered around the chancel for this holy rite, had scarcely retired to their seats, before a voice less melodious than that of the reverend gentleman, was heard. It, too, was the voice of authority; but not the mild, and gentle, and persuasive tone in which ecclesiastics of these latter times exercise their rights withal; it was the harsher notes of civil authority, that now rose upon the ears of the congregation who had risen up to separate for the day. Far back among the heretofore silent but not unobservant spectators, was a deputed officer of the "king's majesty," sent thither by the Governor of the Colony. A stern, forbidding look had he, and with an air of offended dignity, he now arose, and in a stentorian tone, commanded the congregation, "in the king's name," to be seated. Nor was he disobeyed, but each individual, saint and sinner, loyalist and Jacobite, yeoman and gentleman, each and every one shrunk back into his seat, as though the word of command had fallen from other than earthly lips: then drawing from his pocket a formidable looking instrument of writing, sealed with the king's seal, he proceeded to read the same within the hearing of the astonished as well as affrighted parishioners. The document was one which men might not, in any sense, lightly regard or affect to disdain. It was a writ of the king's council, and was directed against "one John Talbot," who "feloniously and with malice aforethought had, upon this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five, within the bounds of the said Colony of Virginia, presumed to decline and refuse, before a public congregation, met together for the worship of God, to read the prayer for the king's majesty, as in such cases made and provided: and more than all, and worse than all, had with violent words in his mouth and wickedness in his heart, made open declaration of treason against the majesty of the reigning monarch of Britain; and thus presuming and thus daring, had, in violence of the statute of parliament, offered public prayer for James, the Catholic, so called 'the Third,' and son of James the Second, late sovereign of Britain, who, together with his heirs male, were, by act of parliament, in the year 1688, absolved from all connection with the crown, and were declared to be aliens thereto. And for such reading of prayers for the 'Pretender,' in place of supplicating the majesty of heaven for the rightful and legal occupant of the British throne, the said John Talbot is hereby declared chargeable with the crime of

TREASON, and should accordingly, in strictness of justice, be adjudged worthy of condign punishment."

Whilst the reading of the writ of the king's council was going on, the individual most nearly interested with the issue of the transaction, had quietly thrown himself into a chair without leaving the chancel, and he sat listening to the array of weighty charges as made against his own person, and aiming at his own life, should the officers of the law be "extreme to mark what had been done amiss," upon this eventful day.

The eyes of all, as may be supposed, were turned upon the "Bishop," as the hoarse tones of the unfeeling official thundered forth the words of *civil anathema*. He sat unmoved and almost motionless. He spoke not a word, nor by sign gave he any outward evidence that he was the guilty individual named in that same paper which had been read in their hearing. An ominous silence ensued. The man had not yet finished the reading of the "writ," nor were any measures instituted for the apprehension of the reverend offender; and the people were too much astonished to take any step in the affair whatever. They sat gazing upon the august parties,—the majesty of the king, on the one hand, as represented in the stern officer of the law, and the dignity of the church, as shewn forth by the reverend gentleman in Episcopal robes, who sat there in the chancel, upon the other.

Besides, the offence was a palpable one, and it had been committed in the presence of many witnesses. There could be no possibility of evading the penalty of the law, if the law in its severity should be enforced. Should mercy interpose? It was the unhappy man's only hope. The silence was becoming painful to all, when the voice of the "man in authority" was again heard, as he read from the paper before him.

"But the king's council, ever jealous for the majesty of the law, have also such an estimation of the dignity of the church, as will not vainly and wantonly permit her officers to be degraded or cast down. And, although the offence of the said John Talbot has been a grievous one, and such as should otherwise merit nothing but justice unmingled with mercy; yet, in consideration of his former services as a self-denying minister and missionary of the church, as well as out of regard for the clerical office and its sacred character, together with other and extenuating circumstances, such as the mental imbecility which these assumptions and pretensions on the part of the said John Talbot, would seem to indicate, therefore, his majesty's council, with the assent and agreement of the Governor of this Colony, have hereby adjudged and determined,

that no violence be done to John Talbot for the offence so committed, but that he be mercifully forgiven for the same. And it is also further ordered and decreed, that liberty be allowed the said evil-doer to depart and shake off the dust from his shoes beyond the borders of this Colony; and not only is permission hereby so given, granted and allowed, but an express command is made to that effect; for if, within the space of one week from this date, he, the said Talbot, otherwise called Bishop Talbot, be found lingering within these borders, he shall be deemed and held an outlaw, for whom there shall be exercised no further mercy."

The bluff officer of justice paused in his work of passing sentence upon a "Bishop," and the people breathed more freely when they came to learn that the sacredness of the church was not to be visited with unhallowed hands, and that the reverend wrong-doer might have permission to depart as he came.

But he had not yet done with the doomed and devoted John Talbot, who having been forgiven for one offence, must now be punished for another; and he forthwith proceeded to pronounce a further sentence, namely, a sentence of deposition in the name of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts," against the said Talbot, a "Missionary in the employment of the same." For the offence of rashly taking upon himself the name and office of Bishop, the Society was justly offended, and felt greatly indignant, and without any ado, had dismissed this missionary from their service. Owing to the secrecy with which the Episcopal functions had hitherto been exercised by him, the Society had not been officially informed of their Missionary's flights of fancy; and were therefore blind as to his misdeeds; but now retribution had come at last; and with a stricken heart did the misguided man learn of his degradation: it was a fall like Lucifer's, from which he could never rise again.

No further word was said or spoken, but the assembly was allowed to disperse: and men mutely, and as if conscious of having been accessory to some ugly work, separated and departed for their homes. Our poor "Bishop," shorn of his office, and of his ill-gotten dignity, put off his Episcopal robes to resume them no more. He, too, obedient to the stern sentence of the law, departed and made haste to remove out of harm's way. Disappointed and disgraced, he had nothing left but to go to his home in the colony of New Jersey, and there in quietness to submit to the consequences of his deed of indiscretion. John Talbot died at Burlington, N. J., in the year 1728, and was buried in the parish churchyard of St. Mary's, in that city.

AN APPEAL FOR MOUNT VERNON.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Go stand within the minster pile,
Where England's glorious dead are laid;
Go wander through each solemn aisle,
Dim with its deep, historic shade:—
Gaze on the time-defying roof,—
On sculptur'd arch, and tomb, and wall,
And find imperishable proof
Of that most reverent love, in all,
Which crowns with art's immortal grace,
Her heroes' hallowed resting place.

Tread where the stormy heart whose throb
Once shook a continent—hath found,
In peace no battle-shock can rob,—
Brave sepulture on Gallic ground:
With lingering step and moisten'd eye,
Through Santa Croce's cloisters stray,
And learn how grateful Italy
Enshrines *her* proud ones past away;—
Rearing memorials above,
Unfading as her fadeless love.

Turn then with pious, pilgrim air,
And seek Potomac's lapsing tide;—
Stand with a throbbing bosom where
Our patriot-hero lived, and died:
Thread the neglected paths where falls
The echo of his footsteps still,—
Look upward to the sacred walls,
Which time, unhindered, mars at will,
And in the wreck that years have strewed,
Behold—a nation's gratitude!

With cheek which shame has crimsoned deep,
Turn from the humbling sight away,
And see if holier feelings keep
Kind watch above his honored clay:
No clustering columns' bound should shade
The spot whereon his ashes lie,—
No arching roof bend o'er his head,
Save the blue stretch of silent sky:
In Nature's minster, vast and free,
'Tis meet his burial-place should be!

Nay, shrink not—though a thrill of pain
Jars rudely each subduing thought:
Recall your questioning gaze again,—
This is—the hallowed shrine you sought!
Choke down the throb,—dash from your eyes
The indignant tear;—see how a brave,
Free, generous people testifies
Its homage at—its father's grave:
There—on the unburied coffin—shame
Perhaps may let you—read his name!

Haste from the desecrated spot
Where tender memories all are dumb
With profanation,—where no thought
Awe-laden, or serene, can come;
Seek out the quiet slope he chose,
Withdrawn amid the sylvan gloom,
For his last, dreamless sleep's repose,—
And there, beside the rifled tomb,
Muse proudly, reverently of him,
'Till with sweet tears, your eyes are dim.

'Tis *not* enough that in our heart,
We keep his memory fresh and fair,—
And rear with love's untiring art,
A cenotaph's memorial there;—
'Tis *not* enough that with his name,
Comes every loftier impulse blent,—
Or that a nation's pride and fame,
Should be his only monument;
Pleading humanity demands
A simpler tribute at our hands.

It bids us rescue from the rust
Of slow decay, the halls he tread,
It bids us lay his precious dust
Once more beneath the chosen sod:
That so when stranger-pilgrims come,
No longer we shall blush to say,—
"This was our Patriot-father's home,—
Here, his great spirit passed away;
And where yon sheltering branches wave
In guardian beauty—lies his grave."

Notices of New Works.

PIERRE: OR THE AMBIGUITIES. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

We know not what evil genius delights in attending the literary movements of all those who have achieved great success in the publication of their first book: but that some such companion all young and successful authors have, is placed beyond dispute by the almost invariable inferiority of their subsequent writings. With strong intellects, there is little danger that the influence of this unhappy minister will be lasting, but with far the greater number it continues until their reputation is wholly gone, or as the phrase runs,—*they have written themselves out*. Mr. Melville would really seem to be one of this class. Few books ever rose so rapidly and deservedly into popular favor as *Typee*. It came from the press at a time when the public taste wearied and sickened of didactic novels and journals of travel through fields explored many hundred times before. It presented us with fresh and delightful incidents from beyond the seas, over which was thrown an atmosphere soft and glowing as that hung above the youthful lovers in the enchanting story of *St. Pierre*. In a word, it was a novelty, and a novelty in literature, when it offends not against rule, is always to be commended. But from the time that *Typee* came from Mr. Melville's portfolio, he seems to have been writing under an unlucky star. The meandering nonsense of *Mardi* was but ill atoned for even by the capital sea-pieces of *Redburn* and *White Jacket*; *Moby Dick* proved a very tiresome yarn indeed, and as for the *Ambiguities*, we are compelled to say that it seems to us the most aptly titled volume we have met with for years.

The purpose of the *Ambiguities*, (if it have any, for none is either avowed or hinted,) we should take to be the illustration of this fact—that it is quite possible for a young and fiery soul, acting strictly from a sense of duty, and being therefore in the right, to erect itself in direct hostility to all the universally-received rules of moral and social order. At all events, such is the course of *Pierre* the hero of the story, from the opening chapter, without one

moment's deviation, down to the "bloody work" of the final catastrophe. And our sympathies are sought to be enlisted with Pierre for the reason that throughout all his follies and crimes, *his sense of duty* struggles with and overcomes every law of religion and morality. It is a battle of the virtues, we are led to think, and the supreme virtue prevails.

To show how curiously Mr. Melville proceeds in his purpose, (supposing him to have one,) it will be necessary for us to give some hurried sketch of the story. Pierre, then, the hero, is the sole male representative of the family of Glendinning, a sprig of American Aristocracy, the idol of his proud and accomplished mother and the plighted lover of Lucy Tartan, who is every thing that she should be, either in or out of a story-book. The course of true love runs without a ripple for these pleasant young people, until one day there appears an obstacle in the person of a fair unknown, with eyes of jet and tress of raven hue, who demonstrates to the entire conviction of Pierre that she is his sister—the illegitimate offspring of the paternal Glendinning. To Pierre then, here was a dreadful disclosure—a bar sinister upon the family escutcheon—an indisputable and living reproach upon the memory of a sainted father. Pierre was therefore perplexed. How to reconcile the obligation which rested upon him to protect his father's fame with the equally binding obligation to love his newly found sister, was indeed a puzzle, and one which he proceeded to solve in a very extraordinary manner. Pierre affects to marry the dark-eyed one, the sister, by name Isabel; by which agreeable device he accomplishes three things—

1st. He drives his mother to the horrors of lunacy, in a paroxysm of which she dies.

2nd. He brings upon himself and sister penury and anguish, while endeavoring to live by literary labor; and

3rd. He involves in wholesale assassination by pistols, poison and other diabolical means, the rest of the characters, making as much work for the Coroner as the fifth act of Romeo and Juliet, or the terrific melodrama of the Forty Thieves.

This latter state of things is thus brought about. Pierre having been driven off by his relatives, sets up a small establishment of his own. Lucy Tartan, recovering from the earliest burst of grief into which she had been thrown by Pierre's pretended marriage, and still, most unaccountably, clinging to the belief that Pierre is not wholly unfaithful, determines to live in his presence at all hazards. But her brother, and a new suitor to her hand, a cousin of Pierre, attempt to wrest her by violence from Pierre's household. Frustrated in this, they write to Pierre, calling him some rather hard names, such as liar and seducer, whereupon Pierre,—in no very good humor from having received a communication from his publishers, declining to purchase his last novel,—arms himself, seeks his cousin, and kills him several times with two pistols. But Pierre is "no sooner out than taken by the watch" and escorted to jail. Here he is visited by Isabel and Lucy, and the latter discovering that Isabel is the sister and not the mistress of Pierre, there ensues a fainting scene, after which these amiable ladies, for no adequate motive that we can see, proceed to drink each other's healths in prussic acid, though not exactly with the air of Socrates pouring off his hemlock for immortality. Here fitly ends the volume, for surely in its 'shocking department' we have "supped full of horrors," and yet the tragic effect of its perusal does *not* end here, for Lucy's fate, and supposed infamy 'leave to the imagination of the reader' any desired quantity of despair among the surviving relatives.

Such is the outline of the Ambiguities, hurriedly given. The observant reader will see at once the absurdity of the principle upon which it has been constructed. Pierre dis-

covers a sister whose very existence is evidence of a father's sin. To treat that sister with kindness and to cover over the father's shame, is without doubt a most laudable thing. But to accomplish it, Pierre is led to do things infinitely worse than it would be to neglect it. He not only acts like a fool in severing the most sacred ties and making the dearest sacrifices to purchase what he might have obtained at a much lighter expense, but he justifies his conduct by a sense of duty, false in the extreme. He wishes to uphold the just and true, and to do this he commences by stating a lie—his marriage with Isabel. It is in the cause of affection and consanguinity that he is content to suffer, and for this cause, he breaks off the closest and holiest bond that exists on earth, the bond of filial love, thus causing the mother that bore him to die a maniac. For every duty he performs, he is compelled to commit a dozen outrages on the moral sense, and these are committed without hesitancy or compunction. The truth is, Mr. Melville's theory is wrong. It should be the object of fiction to delineate life and character either as it is around us, or as it ought to be. Now, Pierre never did exist, and it is very certain that he never ought to exist. Consequently, in the production of Pierre, Mr. Melville has deviated from the legitimate line of the novelist. But badly as we think of the book as a work of art, we think infinitely worse of it as to its moral tendency. We have not space left us to enter upon this view of the volume, and we must therefore leave it with the remark that if one does not desire to look at virtue and religion with the eye of Mephistopheles, or, at least, through a haze of *ambiguous* meaning, in which they may readily be taken for their opposites, he had better leave "Pierre or the Ambiguities" unbought on the shelves of the bookseller.

We have received the volume from A. Morris.

A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY. By the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 200 Broadway. 1852.

An acceptable reprint of an English work of very rare and delicate beauty. The pictures of country life which the author places before us, are as shifting as the phases of the great banks of evening cloud that August piles up against the southern sky. Here we have a bright landscape, there a gem of antique poetry, again a fragment of literary criticism followed by a historical reminiscence—all tastefully combined to produce a most pleasing effect. The author is evidently a reading man and a thinking man, and we think we may add to this, that he is a 'man of feeling.' The "Journal of Summer Time in the Country" is the latest issue of the "Popular Library."

It is for sale by A. Morris.

THE MEN OF THE TIME, or *Sketches of Living Notables*. Redfield. Clinton Hall. New York. 1852.

We have not the remotest idea who the author of this volume may be, but we highly approve the design of it, and think it very well executed. The facts, as far as we have been able to examine them, are correctly stated, and a vast deal of useful information is given of men concerning whom every body at times desires to know something. The one glaring fault of such books gotten up at the north, stands out prominently, however, in this—that a very insignificant figure is made in it by Southern men. Such 'Notables,' for instance, as W. C. Rives, Minister to France, Prof. W. B. Rogers, Dr. Bachman, James H.

Thornwell, D. D., all of the first rank in their several departments and of European reputation, are omitted to make room for P. T. Barnum and other Yankee characters of like distinction. Every little New England author finds his place, too, while scarcely one is allowed to come in from the Southern States. With this exception, the book is a good one.

Randolph has it for sale.

UP COUNTRY LETTERS. Edited by Professor B——, National Observatory. 12mo., pp. 331. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We take it for granted the "Professor B——" of this volume is a pseudonym, for we never heard of such a person, and we very much doubt if the officials of the National Observatory can ever find the time to indulge in the *dolce far niente* so gracefully described by the writer. In any event Professor B—— need not be ashamed to affix his real or his full name to *Up Country Letters*. The style is indeed often careless and sometimes incorrect, and there does seem, here and there, to be an imitation of Willis's *A L'Abri*; but there is so much of healthful philosophy in the writer's lucubrations, such a tone of cheery music keeping company with his thoughts, and so sunny and beautiful a serenity imparted to the scenes described, that we are content to overlook the errors of the author in enjoying the companionship of the genial valetudinarian. We commend "Up Country Letters" to the reader with great satisfaction.

A. Morris has it for sale.

NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard, applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ. By Joseph Bonomi, F. R. S. L. London. Office of the London Illustrated Library. 227 Strand.

This beautiful volume is the first of a series which it is proposed to publish under the general name of the "London Illustrated Library." The leading feature of the *projet* is the more copious and satisfactory embellishment of works, excellent in themselves, by wood engravings in the highest style of English art. That there will be a great demand for this series no one can doubt, when the exceeding cheapness of the volumes is taken into consideration. They are to be sold at six shillings each.

The present treatise is an interesting and labored collation of the facts ascertained by the recent inquirers at Nineveh, as connected with the Scriptural record. The illustrations are very numerous and the typography is exquisite. We have received the volume from Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co., of New York, the American agents, through J. W. Randolph of this city.

LOTUS-EATING: A Summer Book. By George William Curtis. Author of 'Nile Notes.' New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Barring the affectation of the title, this book is worthy of all praise. Between the exquisite descriptions of our pleasant Howadji and the beautiful illustrations of Ken-sett, it is almost like taking a Northern trip to read the book through. We could wish such a poet and artist to visit the Southern section of the United States, out of which excursion we think quite as fascinating a volume

might be made, and yet such seems to be the neglect of home works on the part of the Southern people that we very much question whether it would sell. The Howadji, we predict, will meet with generous encouragement everywhere for "Lotus Eating," and well does he merit it.

For sale by A. Morris.

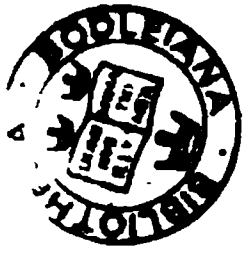
THE CLIFFORD FAMILY; or, A Tale of the Old Dominion. By One of her Daughters. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

A novel of the old school, with chapters of prescribed length, each prefixed by a scrap of recondite poetry—a plot moving on steadily to its *denouement*, unaccompanied by any extravagant incidents—and a full and complete 'poetic justice' at the close. We are altogether ignorant of the author, and know not in which direction around us to look for that gifted daughter of Virginia, but we have no hesitation in saying, that few of either sex in the commonwealth write in a more pleasing and flowing style. The form of the story is somewhat antiquated and cumbersome to suit the taste of the day, and the "Clifford Family" may not, on that account, have as many readers as it deserves, both for its natural and animated representations and the high moral it conveys. A more attractive and commendable novel has rarely been published.

It may be obtained of A. Morris.

Our thanks are due to the authors respectively for several excellent addresses recently published. "*Virginia, Her Past and her Future*," is the title of one of these, pronounced February 22d, 1852, before the Phenix Society of William and Mary College, by Oliver P. Baldwin, Esq. It abounds in manly sentiments eloquently expressed. "*The Reformation the source of American Liberty*," is the theme of another, delivered June 9th, 1852, at Hampden Sydney College, by the Rev. T. V. Moore, of this City. We have so often had occasion to lend our humble testimony to the genius and learning of Mr. Moore, that we need only say of his present effort, that it is in all respects worthy of the man. "*The Law of Work*" and "*The Choice of Professions*," are topics exceedingly well treated by T. Bibb Bradley, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., one of our contributors, in two Lectures, each of which was given to more than one audience by special request. Mr. Bradley wields a practised pen, and brings to the consideration of the subject he discusses, a rare mine of varied and profound learning.

From William Gowans of New York, we have received a package of his recent publications, among which are several works of established excellence. *The Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge, is one of these. As the revelation of a most remarkable existence, this journal of the poet-philosopher is very curious and interesting. *The Maxims of Rochefoucauld*, every body knows to be a remarkable book, as showing with what cold and cynical distrust a man of intellect can look upon his fellow beings. A steel engraving prefixed to this volume, presents us with the features of the satirical Duke. *Elements of Thought* and *The Physical Theory of Another Life*, from the pen of Isaac Taylor, are works of a very different character, and have long been read with interest, by students of mental and moral philosophy. All these volumes are beautifully printed, and are for sale by J. W. Randolph.



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NO. 10.

MILDRED.

FROM "MY COUSINS."

Fair as the moonbeam, but oh! as cold,
With her eyes of blue and her curls of gold.
A cheek of roses, a lip whose smile
Could e'en from a cynic his sneer beguile;
Such Mildred was, and yet heartless she,
In the zenith of all her witchery.

Rife with mirth was her silvery tone,
It seemed the echo of music's own—
Graceful her form, as the queenlike swan,
As she glides o'er the wave in her plumage wan;
But less reckless and fickle the waves than she,
In her hey-day of wealth and of vanity.

A stranger came,—and so proud a mien
Rarely in Lindore's halls was seen—
His voice was gentle—never loud—
Its very softness awed the crowd.
He knew not the tongue of flattery,
He breathed no sigh, and bent no knee—

Which Mildred her bosom of ice within,
Would have given the half of her lands to win.
But—he departed as he came,
They knew not either his home or name,
Yet his eye was the star of her destiny,
And never again was her spirit free.

HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The most interesting object to the stranger visiting Richmond, is the majestic figure of George Washington in marble, which stands in the central hall of the Capitol, midway between the entrances to the Senate and House of Delegates. There has been and now is but one opinion as to the merit of this statue. Those who were contemporaries of the illustrious original, have testified to its accuracy as a likeness, and all who look upon it for the first time, feel impressed with a larger and juster conception of the imposing person of the Father of his Country.

Monsieur N. Houdon, the author of this Statue, was a French sculptor of great celebrity, whose works began to attract the attention of European *connoisseurs* about the close of our Revolutionary War. His sitting statues of Voltaire and his Diana gained for him a wide reputation, which was afterwards worthily sustained by many fine efforts of the chisel. Among these may be mentioned as most excellent, the statue

of Cicero, which represents the orator as denouncing to the assembly the traitor Cataline. Houdon also made numerous busts of distinguished persons, among whom were Rousseau, Marshal Ney, the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. Houdon's most remarkable faculty as a sculptor lay in the exact imitation of whatever he undertook to represent, apart from the general effect of the statue as a work of art. Every point of the subject was faithfully reproduced, down to the minutest particular. This faculty was wonderfully exhibited by M. Houdon, in two models of the human frame, executed for the use of the French Academy, wherein the muscles were shown without the covering of the skin; and the delicate and beautiful chiselling of the sword knots, the epaulettes, the cane and the fasces in the statue of Washington, abundantly evidence the exceeding cunning of the sculptor's right hand. In recognition of M. Houdon's genius, he was made a Member of the Institute and of the Legion of Honor.

The Virginia Legislature, desirous of paying some suitable honor to Washington, in the lifetime of that illustrious man, by a resolution of June 24th 1784, requested the Executive to take measures for procuring a statue "of the finest marble and best workmanship." Mr. Jefferson was then in Paris, and to him was entrusted the selection of an artist. He chose Houdon, and accordingly in July 1785, Houdon came to this country to take his model from life. He was accompanied by Dr. Franklin and remained with that great philosopher in Philadelphia, until it could be ascertained at what time his presence would be agreeable to the family at Mount Vernon. A letter of Washington to M. Houdon, contained in the collection of Mr. Sparks, under date of the 26th September, 1785, sets forth the gratification that M. Houdon's visit will afford the writer, and gives a graceful proof of that sweet and unaffected modesty which was the crowning grace of his character, by the expression of the wish that "the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary in Europe." M. Houdon remained at Mount Vernon long enough to take a perfect model of Washington, with which he returned home. Three years afterwards the statue was received in Virginia.

From Mr. Jefferson's correspondence we learn that M. Houdon, in visiting America, had in view

a more important object than the fulfilment of his contract with Virginia: he wished to be employed by Congress to make an equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected at the seat of government. The *Biographie des Contemporains* states that an order for such a work was actually given by Congress. Whether this is so or not, and if so, why the work was never accomplish-

ed, we have not been able to learn. It is to be regretted, at all events, that so magnificent and invaluable a piece of sculpture as would have been an equestrian statue by Houdon, was lost to the world.

On the pedestal of the statue in the Capitol of Virginia, is the following beautiful inscription from the pen of James Madison:

The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this Statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

who uniting to the endowments of the *Hero* the virtues of the *Patriot*, and exerting both in establishing the Liberties of his Country, has rendered his name dear to his Fellow Citizens and given the world an immortal example of true *Glory*. Done in the year of
CHRIST

One thousand seven hundred and eighty eight and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.

The lithographic print of this statue which we now give to our subscribers, was engraved from a daguerreotype by Messrs. W. A. Pratt & Co., of this city. The very bad light in which the statue is seen, as it now stands in the Capitol, was not at all favorable to obtaining a perfect picture of it, and while our artist has succeeded in representing the striking attitude of repose and the lofty bearing which distinguish the figure, he has not brought out, as we could wish, the lineaments of that noblest countenance of all time. Still, we feel assured that the engraving will be in the highest degree acceptable to those for whom it is designed.

It has long been to us a matter of much concern, that this gem of art should be allowed to remain in a building which is liable, at any time, to be destroyed by fire. More than two years ago, before the design for the State Monument had been chosen, we mentioned this fact in our editorial columns, and suggested to the Commissioners the propriety of providing an appropriate pedestal for it in the new structure, where it might not only be seen to advantage, but placed beyond the reach of harm. No attention was paid to our suggestion, and the statue yet stands where it may be laid in ruins. For, should the Capitol burn, by no human possibility could it be removed. The State of North Carolina lost Canova's Washington by the burning of the State House at Raleigh, and a fine statue of Alexander Hamilton was destroyed in the Merchant's Ex-

change during the great fire at New York in 1836:—could we hope to be more fortunate? When we consider that the world contains no other faithful effigy of Washington, and that therefore the loss of this one would be utterly irreparable, the failure of our Legislature to erect an indestructible temple for its reception, is altogether unpardonable. An attempt was made last winter, we believe, by the worthy Superintendent of Public Edifices and a few other gentlemen, to get a bill through the Legislature making an appropriation for erecting a suitable shrine in some part of the Capitol grounds wherein it might be placed, but the sapient Senate of Virginia laid the whole matter on the table! There is not even a plaster cast of the statue within the limits of the Commonwealth, and although six copies in plaster were ordered by the General Assembly to be presented to several of our literary institutions, the first step has not yet been taken for procuring them. Certain citizens of Boston, lovers of art, did cause a cast to be made of it, some years since, by Legislative consent, and that cast now adorns the magnificent Athenæum of the metropolis of New England, but it is, by no means, an exact copy of the original. We do hope that our wise law-makers, at their approaching session, will repair their folly of the last winter by voting a sufficient sum of money to build a handsome and worthy shrine for Houdon's statue, where it may stand to keep alive a veneration of Washington in the breasts of our children's children unto the latest generation.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF HEINRICH BRUNNER.

About five and twenty years ago, I was returning one night from the opera, hurrying along the Rua d'Ouvidor towards the palace stairs, to escape a shower of rain, which had just commenced. The street was dimly lighted, the pavement rough and plentifully supplied with small pools; besides the rain, there were streams pouring from tubes projecting from the eaves of the houses. I could find shelter nowhere. I heard some one near, who, from the rapidity of his pace, seemed to be in as much haste as myself. Full of the stories about robberies and assassinations which were happening almost nightly in the streets, I felt rather disposed to redouble my steps; and this disposition was increased by the sounds of a sabre clattering over the stones; but I soon found that the feet of my pursuer moved as rapidly as my own. Determined, perhaps by fear, to discover at once whether there was any cause for apprehension, I slackened my speed near a lamp, and in a few minutes, I was overtaken by a gentleman in an Austrian military uniform. I was a good deal relieved to find that I should neither have to run, nor fight, nor get my brains blown out on the dark, wet pavement.

"Friend," said the officer in French, "you are unprotected from the rain; a share of my umbrella is at your service, as far as our way lies together." As he ceased speaking, he offered his arm with so much kindness of manner, that I did not hesitate to accept it; and without waiting for further introduction, which, as an American, or as an Englishman, I ought to have done, we fell into conversation, and in a little while, I almost forgot that my companion was unknown to me.

When we arrived at the landing-slip, the boat had not yet arrived from the ship; the rain still poured in torrents, so that I was glad to accept my new acquaintance's invitation to shelter myself in his quarters, till it should abate.

He conducted me to a house near the palace. We stepped into the hall or vestibule, which was dirty, and lighted by a tallow candle stuck against the wall by its own adhesive property. Yet, unpromising as the whole aspect was, I was gratified to escape from the streets, which were now inches deep in water. A rain in the tropic regions falls as if it would drown the whole earth.

A broad flight of stone stairs, with an iron bal-

ustrade, led from the basement to the upper part of the house. On the bottom step a stout slave was watching; that is, he was snoring over his *marinha*, an African instrument, that had dropped from his hands; its music had probably lulled him asleep. I followed my host up stairs and into a small room, which presented few conveniences or comforts. An odd fashioned table stood in the centre, and upon it a lamp, which seemed to be one of Necessity's inventions, composed of a saucer of black-looking oil, which fed the smoky blaze that drooped over its edge. As if to dispel the gloom which this melancholy light shed over the apartment, a bottle and glasses were placed beside it. A mattress stretched upon the tile floor, and three or four decrepid chairs, completed the furniture. From nails driven into the plaster, were suspended against the discoloured wall, a cloak, coats, spurs, a saddle, bridle, holsters, and a sword, which were evidently some of the professional implements of mine host.

As soon as the wick was properly adjusted, and began to burn more cheerfully, my friend took my cap, placed me a chair near the table, and seated himself on the opposite side of it. The cobweb was brushed from the bottle, and he filled for each of us, a glass of generous Vinho d'Oporto, and drank to my *bonne santé*.

My host was a man of about thirty winters, and stood full six feet high. A first glance remarked nothing but the soldier in his military air, elevated front and moustached upper lip; but a second look discovered a high, broad, polished forehead, shaded by dark clustering hair, arranged in a large ringlet in the centre. He possessed a flashing blue eye, jetty brows slightly arched, a mouth of fearless and generous expression; his chin, the finishing and key-stone feature of the face, was full and slightly dimpled. Though his complexion acknowledged the influence of a tropic sun in its tint, I know some young ladies who would think him "a marvelously proper man." His tones were persuasive, and his urbanity was such as quickly finds its way to the heart, and facilitates acquaintance. Good looks and good manners, are positively influential in advancing a man's fortune in the world; under some circumstances, they are almost as valuable as ability and intelligence.

"To a man of the world," said he, setting down his glass, "it will not be necessary to apologize for the condition of my quarters; I have been too short a time in town to be ready for, or even to expect visitors."

"I never look for apologies; where hospitality is so kindly and unreservedly extended as it is now, a man would be ungrateful to expect them. A soldier's ever-changing life during war,

does not permit him to think of pleasure, or preparing a permanent establishment for the reception of friends."

"*C'est vrai*; nevertheless," he continued, "every man, be his circumstances what they may, owes to society and himself, provision for the reception of friends. I have been here only two days; I move in two more, and from the entire absence of sociability among the Brazilians of this place, I did not anticipate a visit."

"I am told there is very little social intercourse even among themselves?"

"There is, in fact, none, unless it be with persons of the same family; but the families here are generally extensive, for cousins of the remotest consanguinity, are always reckoned amongst the kindred. The existing war and party politics might excuse any other people. Society here, is shackled by the stiff mannerism that characterized the Portuguese a hundred years back; though fond of amusement they dislike expense, and no matter how many entertainments they may accept from foreign residents, they seldom ever think of repaying such civilities."

"Then a residence in Rio offers few attractions to foreigners?"

"For a man of social propensities, it is an exile. Europeans are retained here only by interest. Though I am somewhat in favor and expect preferment, that consideration alone would not induce me to remain an hour. I came here with her Imperial Highness, the Empress; and from necessity, together with some little loyalty to her house, I continue in her service."

After a pause, he continued:

"There are circumstances in which we are sometimes placed at an early age, beyond our control, that determine the course of future life, and cast a shade over the feelings and hopes, which, even the sunshine of prosperity cannot dispel."

"Perhaps that may be due to want of conduct in ourselves, rather than to the circumstances of which we complain. The habit of controlling our own passions, and of perceiving what is favorable to us when in difficulty, is calculated to alleviate, and finally to obliterate those sorrows which spring from disappointment."

He answered in a deep sigh; began to beat the Devil's tattoo, and looked up to the ceiling interrogatively, for something to say. It was evident from his tone and expression of countenance, he had unintentionally touched a chord of sad remembrance. To relieve him of my presence, I suggested that my boat must be at the stairs; yet, I confess curiosity bade me linger in my movement to depart.

To cover his embarrassment, he filled the glasses, saying, "Come, drink your wine; you

have a long pull to your ship." He set down his empty glass and opened a window on the veranda. He seemed to contemplate the weather during a few moments, and said, as he resumed his seat, "The rain does not abate; if you will not bivouac for the night, at least remain till it is over. Your boat must have gone; it will be a pleasure to share my quarters with you, and to endeavor to help off the time. You have perceived that I have touched a train of not very pleasing recollections, and I will gratify a curiosity which I suspect in you, by relating the outlines of a little history. It will be like confessing to an unknown priest, for it is not probable we shall meet again after to-night."

I expressed my thanks for his frank confidence, and hoped that this meeting might be the beginning of more intimate relations than commonly exist between a veiled penitent and an unknown confessor, and as a step towards better acquaintance I handed him my card. He gave me his own in return, observing, "now we are introduced without making any one responsible for the consequences." My host proved to be an Austrian, named Heinrich Brunner. He hesitated for a moment, ran his fingers through his hair, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then related, as well as I can recollect it, the following story:

"I was educated at Vienna; my studies were directed, (in accordance with my own inclination which my parents supposed indicated my peculiar genius,) with a view to a military career. It is not necessary for my present purpose, to dwell upon my scholastic pursuits, or to consider the correctness of my choice of a profession. After the conclusion of my pupilage, I returned to Felsperg, my native village, where I remained many months unemployed. Ardent in my disposition and passionately devoted to the society of ladies, my whole delight was to converse with them. One attracted my undivided admiration. She was known as the Rose of Felsperg, and was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was not too tall, nor were her years too few. Her hair was black and worn in an Italian style. Thoughts seemed to be always on her lips, waiting for words to usher them into the world. Her eyes were sparkling, vivid, roguish, yet timid in expression. She danced with infinite grace, and sang with exquisite skill, and seemed to feel the sentiment of her music. She spoke English without much accent, and her German rivalled Italian in sweetness; she seldom spoke the Austrian dialect, which is considered rough and uncouth even by ourselves. She had been educated at Vienna, and had mingled in society there long enough to acquire all the social accomplishments of that metropolis. Such is an imperfect sketch of Katerina, the Rose of Felsperg, a small

village counting less than three hundred families in all.

"Though my feelings acknowledged the influence of this lady, my reason did not entirely forsake me. In my school-boy visions and vagaries, I had frequently traced an ambitious path, which vanity led me to suppose I would follow, even in opposition to destiny. Devotion to one woman had never entered into my scheme of life, unless it might be 'to amuse me for an idle hour, or to please my senses;' but no dishonorable thought ever invaded my imagination—the winning of a heart, for the sole object of seeing it won, was not part of my amusement. I never thought for a moment that my attentions could inspire love in any woman, and it was my settled belief, that I was ever unsuccessful in pleasing the sex. My personal appearance I always rated low, and I considered my qualities very different from those calculated to charm a lady. Entertaining such notions, I never indulged in *tête-à-tête* conversations, nor did I, as I supposed, ever expose my true feelings when in the society of Katerina. My preference for her society, scarcely known, or rather not admitted to myself, was not unobserved by others. When I railed at the sex, it was supposed I was in jest or practising to hide my real sentiments. At last, an intimate friend accused me seditiously of being in love, and from him, I learned that the eyes of her relatives were turned upon me. I at once resolved to break off the intimacy, but in such a manner as to conceal, if possible, the reason for my conduct.

"I visited, in the most social manner, the house of her only sister, the wife of a professional gentleman, for whom I entertained the strongest feelings of respect and friendship. We hunted, dined, drank, played and smoked together, so that much of our time was spent in each other's company. He was decidedly deficient in personal appearance; and was more addicted to conviviality and the pleasures of the field, than was agreeable to the lady, who was young, accomplished, and very beautiful. They had one son. In my reflective moments, which were few, I used to think if I ever should marry, I should select a wife, in all respects, like Frederica.

"Business often occupied her husband during the morning, and I was as often thrown alone into her society, and for my entertainment, she sang, or played, or read aloud. Katerina frequently made visits of a week at her sister's house, and then she joined in to help off the morning hours. When Geismar returned home, we rode on horseback or visited our friends; but after dinner, the ladies were put aside for wine, or for some gymnastic exercise.

"Thus several months had passed, when I

was called to Vienna to receive a commission in the army, but I was informed that my services would not be immediately required. One morning, about two weeks previous to my departure from Felsperg, I expressed myself warmly to Frederica against military men encumbering themselves with wives. 'What then,' she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, 'is to become of Katerina?'

"I was truly amazed. My visits to Katerina had then become rare, and my conduct for more than two months, was, I thought, sufficient to remove any suspicion, that might have previously existed, of a design on my part to seek her as a wife. I therefore affected not to understand there was any connection between my opinions and her sister's matrimonial prospects.

"'Then, am I to learn, indeed,' she asked in astonishment, 'that your attentions to my sister were prompted by politeness?'

"I replied that my attentions to Katerina were paid without any view to marriage, and I did not believe they would fairly bear any such construction. On the contrary, our intercourse was purely platonic, of an every-day sort, on my part, at least, both in word and action, whatever might have been my mental reservations on the subject. I believed Katerina regarded me as a commonplace acquaintance, fond of expressing bizarre notions; indeed, she once told me my eccentricities were infinitely amusing. I frequently said to her, as I have said to others, my wedding-day was included in some one of the very many years to come. She would laugh, and say that she was confident I would be married before her. I remarked further, there was no woman I admired more, or for whom I entertained more respect; but, independently of other objections, I did not believe myself to be altogether agreeable to Katerina. As a military man, as one who had set his heart upon travel, as one whose means were far too limited to maintain the matrimonial state in the rank I held in society as a single man; as one who, in selecting a companion for life, preferred that his bride should not be richer than himself, I had again and again expressed my resolution never to marry while I pursued my present profession. I viewed a wife rather as a clog, an obstacle in the way of advancing in great enterprizes, whether of virtue or of mischief. Yet, were all such objections removed, I confessed Katerina would be my choice, provided I were convinced of her sincere attachment.

"'Then,' she sobbed, 'I fear my poor sister's heart will be broken.'

"I was gratified; my heart thrilled. I asked, 'have I, indeed, gained the esteem of so admirable a woman?'

"'Esteem is a cold term. She loves you; her

frequent presence here is attributable solely to the circumstance that she always meets you. She watches for you at the window; she is familiar with the tones of your voice, and the sound of your footstep, her whole happiness seems to be associated with your presence. If a day pass without seeing you, she seems miserable; suggests that you may be ill, or wonders what can keep you away. Inclement weather is not a reason, in her estimation, for your absence; she declares you are heedless of cold and storms. I have ever thought you too generous to trifle with the heart's affections; and I confess I have been foolish enough to encourage her hope that you were sincerely attached to her. Every member of the family has anticipated the match with pleasure. Geismar and I have long regarded you as our future brother; yet we have all been most sadly mistaken.'

"My plans vanished. New scenes flitted before me. I fancied myself already bound to the fair Katerina. I expressed my abhorrence at the idea of trifling with the affections of a woman; but I did not feel myself chargeable with such a base act, nor did I perceive that I should be held responsible because a lady had bestowed her heart before it was asked. Prudence forbade me, under the circumstances, from marrying at the moment; yet, I could not determine at once what I would do, and it was agreed that our conversation should remain unknown to all persons without exception, until we should meet again.

"I hurried home and shut myself up. I endeavored to investigate the condition in which I stood. At first, I accused myself of imprudence in conducting myself in a manner to win a heart I did not wish to wear; but I acquitted myself on the plea that I had not courted, or flattered, or complimented Katerina. She must not make me the victim of her folly; nothing but vanity, thought I, would induce a woman to yield her affections to a man, before he had clearly manifested love for her. At that moment I resolved I would not marry her. She had no right to know that I was acquainted with her sentiments; indeed, I was not bound to believe Frederica's account of them. If she deceived herself, I was not answerable for the deception: admitting, thought I, that I know, she does love me, this knowledge does not bind me to sacrifice myself to her fancy. She may love me as much as she pleases, but she can not tell me of it until I give her an opportunity. I felt safe; it is the man's exclusive privilege to ask; but the right to refuse is the woman's still higher prerogative. Yet why may not a woman feel love first? The passion is involuntary; it is unjust to chide a poor girl for transgressing a conventional rule in a matter of involuntary feeling. Katerina has not

hinted to me in any manner, the state of her heart. I have no right to know it; Frederica has conjectured merely; she did not assert that Katerina told her. Then a question forced itself upon my attention. If Frederica were absolutely certain that her statement was true, has she not over-stepped the limits of delicacy, of right and of respect to both, by her communication? Or, has she, regardless of these considerations, attempted to practise on my feelings, to secure a husband for her sister! I felt ashamed of the suspicion which I soon placed to the account of my own vanity. I argued that if she were merely playing to obtain a husband, she would seek a man whose worldly means were more ample than those of one who ventured to be shot at for a monthly stipend. Besides, I recollected a common impression prevailed, that Katerina would some day inherit a sufficient estate. In short, upon the anvil of fancy, imagination forged a pruning hook out of my sword: I looked through a short vista of future years, and saw myself at the end, in quiet possession of my *chateau en Espagne*, with wife and children and all, strange to say, without cares or difficulties of any kind. What is fame to me?

"What shall I do to be forever known,
To make the age to come my own—"

"Shall I squander the most vigorous of my years in efforts to make people say agreeable things of me when I cannot hear? Should I earn a monument and epitaph, they will not be paid until after I cannot see the one or read the other. What, thought I, if I should become a veteran at last, covered with scars and glory, and receive the world's applause; even then, it will be useless; I cannot be happy left all alone in my heart, singing my own praises to myself. The laurels of a soldier can be kept green in his eyes, only as long as he knows there are smiles—and if need be, tears—of affection enough to preserve them fresh.

"In the evening, self-satisfied and buoyant, I walked towards the dwelling of the Rose of Felsperg. She resided with her father, who at that time, was a retired attorney of considerable reputation and some fortune. The mother of Katerina had died in giving her birth. The step-mother possessed an amiable disposition, and was thoroughly educated; she was regulated in her conduct by a high sense of duty, rather than by any kind of affection. She had the entire confidence of her step-daughters, who seemed to regard her as their true mother.

"By the time I had reached the door, the cool air of a winter evening had calmed my thoughts in a measure, and instead of entering the house I passed on, determined to revolve the matter

once again before committing myself for life. I continued my promenade; and had I not stopped to gaze upon the moon, I should not have gone back—"

"The Devil's in the moon for mischief," said I, interrupting the narration, and lighting a cigar; "but I beg you to proceed."

"Yes, sir; the moon played the Devil with me. All my afternoon visions returned, and I retraced my steps.

"Katerina appeared more beautiful than ever. As I entered she pushed aside her harp, and the last line of her song fell upon my ears:

"Non, non je n'aimerai jamais."

But I thought her looks and tone were inconsistent with the words.

"In a very short time, we were *tête à tête*. I was delighted; ambition and reason were melted in the furnace of passion. I could restrain myself no longer, and—I said what came uppermost. She burst into tears, and sobbed faintly—'Do not jest with me—I never loved any but you—nor can I—.' She recovered herself in a moment. She looked up; and there was so much affection and goodness in the look, as she falteringly said—'I have parents—you have mother and father,' that I shall not soon forget it; I believe my capacity of bliss was in that moment filled.

"Late that night, the father—a man of few words—entered the room. I informed him of what had occurred. For a while, he remained silent; but his countenance was free from any shade of displeasure, and yet it was cold and unconcerned, as if he were examining the merits of a cause for which he would receive no fee. My anxiety was at last relieved; he said slowly—'If Katerina is satisfied, I cannot at present see any objection.' After another pause, he demanded by, what means I proposed to maintain a wife, and whether I had become aware of the fact, that, however angelic and *spirituelle* young spinsters are, married ladies have a very great many human necessities which can be relieved only by human means. I replied that I was a soldier, and beyond a soldier's pay, I had no resources.

"Small, sir! small; very: matrimony is a romance, if founded on fact—do you understand; but if you travel into it on dreamy conjectures, touching the ethereal nature of love and ladies, it is a sterner reality than was ever brought to light in a British chancery suit. It is well that Katerina's mother provided four thousand golden ducats as a marriage dower for each of her daughters; my affection for my child will not end because she becomes a wife.'

"I returned home full of joy. Before break-

fast the next morning, my aged mother, whom may God bless and cherish, cordially approved of my choice. My father did not object. He had been a sailor in his youth. 'Marry, my boy,' said he, 'to be sure. A pretty woman under your lee, looking to you for protection, will keep you from running risks by carrying your light sails in the dark. She will be to you as an azimuth, always showing your variation, and thereby guiding you through life; but you must keep her like a long boat, always snug within her chocks!'"

When he spoke of his parents, my narrator seemed much affected, and paused to trim the light.

"You got happily through your courtship," said I, "in spite of your reason and ambition."

"You shall hear. The same day I visited Frederica; on whom I now looked as upon a sister. She received me joyfully; her eyes sparkled, and she seemed to participate in my feelings:

'Se voir aimé, c'est la le vrai bonheur.'

"Two weeks were passed in a dreamy elysium. A thousand plans of happiness were drawn and rejected. Katerina drew pictures of a retired country life, and seemed to long for some spot, like the famed lake of Geneva, where to place her cottage, and pass a life of love and charity; while I was to be the John Speisshammer of the neighborhood, and act over the deeds of that worthy burgomaster.

"The engagement was known to all Felsperg; every body said, heaven had designed us one for the other. At last the day of my departure came. I set out, followed by blessings, and charges of Katerina to write often.

"From every post on my route, I briefly informed my friends of my progress. From Vienna, my letters were records of my enthusiastic love mingled with tender reproaches that I was either forgotten or neglected. Two days after my arrival, I received a letter from Katerina; but it was cold and studied, and weighed heavily on my heart. I at once charged her in reply, with a change of sentiment, and released her from an engagement, because it seemed to me irksome to her, and because it might have been entered into unreflectingly. But I implored her to relieve my anxiety by stating faithfully the condition of her heart. A response came, and never did paper breathe more sweetness and affection. She dreaded to think she might never heal the wound inflicted by her first letter. She feared that excess of feeling would make her unhappy. She longed for nothing except my return; and, to prevent future misunderstanding, she prayed that we might never be separated again. But besides

this one, I did not receive another letter until my return home, which was at the expiration of five weeks.

"While hastily despatching dinner on the very day of my arrival, that I might hasten to Katerina, I received a third letter. She knew not, she said, how I might bear what she was about to communicate. She regretted that it was her misfortune, during my absence to change her sentiments. She had met another whom she regarded as my superior in every particular, and to him she had transferred her dearest affections. Yet she esteemed me and hoped that the circumstance of not having known her own mind would not deprive her of my friendship. She felt herself a perjured woman, but was sure that her present resolutions were the result of dispassionate reflection! She said her first letter, dated only two days after my departure, was written with her present impressions; and her second was written because she felt that my affections deserved such a return, and my letter such a reply, and concluded by invoking heaven's blessing upon me.

"Without discovering to my family that this precious epistle contained anything of an unpleasant nature, I ended my meal, but with much less impatience and much less gusto than I had begun it.

"I hastened to Geismar's. In a short time Frederica entered the drawing-room alone, bearing in her hand a pretty casket. Her eyes filled with tears as they met mine, and I inquired what had happened to cause her to weep. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'who could have dreamed of such conduct in Katerina?' I still affected ignorance and composure and asked, 'What has she done?' She brushed away her tears, and demanded with effort, 'Have you, or have you not received a letter from Katerina to-day?'

"I replied affirmatively; but until that moment I had doubted it was truly from Katerina. I said it was a bitter disappointment, and perhaps might exert an unhappy influence on my future life.

"I now learned that soon after I had gone to Vienna, Katerina attended a ball given in honor of the birth-day of our Princess. She met there an officer who, though a soldier of admitted courage was a noted libertine. He was considered a very handsome man among ladies, and his manners were graceful, and his voice and language were most persuasive. He seemed to possess a power which is attributed to certain animals of fascinating the objects of their prey, and when his admiration rested upon a lady, it boded ill. She became enamoured of this man and seized every opportunity to throw herself in his way; and, upon a very slight invitation, spent several days at his father's house, situated in a romantic

spot about two leagues from Felsperg. His sister was a woman whose disposition was similar to his own, and was generally regarded as a coquette of many years' experience. A passing acquaintance, but of long standing with Katerina, was, at the birth-night ball, suddenly ripened into intimacy. This lady readily enlisted under her brother's banner, and practised every female art and blandishment to assist the Captain in gaining the heart of Katerina, for whom she believed he really entertained some honest affection; and she thought, if a marriage could be effected, it would be the means of reclaiming the only person whom she truly loved. She believed with him, that 'all is fair in love and war.' With a view to increasing an intimacy already begun, a sleighing party was got up, and a dance was given at the Captain's; for they were aware that Katerina's disposition had not been strongly towards them, a circumstance which served to stimulate pursuit. In a short time Katerina was brought to listen complacently to his suit, in spite of many and various representations made to her of the impropriety of being in the society of such a man. At that period no one supposed his attentions were agreeable to her; and she was once asked by Frederica whether she did not perceive an indelicacy in forming an intimate acquaintance with any man during my absence, and particularly with one of doubtful reputation. She was angered by the question, and claimed to be still her own mistress, and to associate with whom she pleased.

"Katerina visited Frederica that morning for the first time during three weeks, and had left for me two parcels; one contained the letters I had written, and the other several gifts I had made at different times. The package of letters, without breaking the seal, I put at once into the fire; the presents thus cast back upon my hands I retained. I gave Frederica the three communications, all I had ever received, and gave her my permission to read them. She wept, and declared it grieved her to see me bear such a disappointment without a tear. I told her it was not an occasion of sorrow; that I should be congratulated that heaven had delivered me from the misery which must have followed a union with a faithless woman.

"I assured Frederica, however, that the conduct of Katerina could not affect the esteem I entertained for her and Geismar, or influence my intercourse with society generally, and much less interrupt my visits to a house where I had always experienced affectionate consideration. I expressed a hope that my prospects in life were not blighted by unkind treatment of one of the many ladies who honored me with regard.

"The following day I called on the father of

Katerina, but met her stepmother. Our conversation was general, though on her part constrained, for she was piqued to know the state of my feelings, yet she refrained from asking any question till I was about to take leave. She then observed, 'I suppose you will *now*, (emphasising the monosyllable,) be quite anxious to join your regiment.'

"I replied, not more so now than I ever had been, and I begged her not to imagine I was to be driven from friends and family by a woman whose conduct had rendered her indifferent to me.

"When I met her father, he pressed my hand warmly and his eyes filled with tears. 'How can I express my grief and disappointment?' said he. 'Perhaps you think I might have prevented it; but I acted upon a resolution, long since formed, never to encourage or oppose any matrimonial arrangement of my children, unless it were clearly disgraceful. You are not the first man who has been jilted. This will not trouble you long; it is not much worse than losing on a favorite horse, or choosing a wrong sauce at dinner. I once came nearer wedlock than you have done. I furnished a house and went to bring home my wife; but she very coolly told me she had just changed her mind. I felt then I presume, very much as you do now, very much surprised and a little indignant; but in two years I was married, and then I wondered how I could have thought of the jilt at any time. Keep your feelings out of sight, and you will soon get them out of mind.'

"You may imagine the effect of such a sermon. It certainly did not soothe my pent-up irritation; but I was too proud not to smile, to keep the feeling out of sight.

"I could not avoid meeting Katerina in society. But I refrained from all manifestation of resentment, and deported myself towards her as I did to all ladies with whom I had merely an acquaintance. She contrived to communicate to me through a friend that she expected a reply to her last letter; and for this reason I wrote a note stating that Madam Geismar was in possession of the letters she had addressed to me, and in reply to her declaration that she felt like one who was perjured. I said, that as far as it rested with me she was acquitted of so serious a charge, but its truth could be determined only by her own conscience. Her change of sentiment I set down to her innate nature, and being a woman, she should not hold herself seriously responsible for insincerity. As to friendship, she would learn it is not to be obtained at the low price of asking it, and concluded my really savage note by wishing her proposed marriage might be as satisfactory to herself and friends as it was perfectly indifferent to me.

"The day after she received this letter, I entered the boudoir of her sister rather abruptly, and had advanced to where Madam Geismar stood, looking over some drawings, before I observed that Katerina and one of her fair cousins was also in the apartment. I bowed to the ladies, and hastening forward extended my hand to Katerina, and expressed a hope she had been well since we met last. She received my hand, grew pale, but did not speak. I turned and addressed her sister gaily. The effect was to send Katerina half swooning from the room; and I learned afterwards, and I fear with satisfaction, that she was obliged to keep on a bed for several hours. She complained that my deportment fell like ice upon her heart. But it soon melted before the fire of her new love. At the end of four weeks she married and I felt relieved. My revenge died upon the altar before which she became the bride of an unworthy rival. The story does not end here; but you are fatigued?"

"No, no," said I, "go on; but before we proceed, let us try that Port again. You know,

'Every drop we sprinkle,
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle!'"

"True, true," he rejoined; "but it is not the wise way to get rid of sorrows:—*Allons; qui n'a pas des vices, n'a pas des jouissances.*"

Having emptied our glasses and trimmed the lamp, Brunner continued.

"I visited Geismar's very constantly, and I met there so much sympathy that I almost wished my departure were more distant. I regarded Frederica in the light of a sister; and opened to her and her husband for whom I entertained great esteem, all my plans and prospects. At length I was called to join the regiment, and learned I was to accompany Leopoldina, now the Empress, to Brazil.

"When I communicated this news to Frederica, she seemed to be shocked. I was much affected by such a manifestation of attachment, and expressed myself gratified—but I said, 'I shall soon be forgotten perhaps, and be no more thought of than the rose you admired this morning in the vase; it will wither and die, and its place will be supplied by another, destined to enjoy all the esteem and admiration of its predecessor.'

"No no, Heinrich! You are mistaken; indeed you are. You think my feelings have their origin in congeniality, in the mutual exchange of kindness; that I have taught myself to see you as a brother—but alas, it is not so. We shall never meet again—Hear me to the end: then despise me if you will. While I encouraged an alliance with my sister, I was guilty of loving, and looked forward to your marriage with horror.

Still. I thought I might extend kind attentions to her husband and thus soothe a consuming fire which might then burn forever in secret. I was and I am still aware of the guilt of the thought. But my affections are not subject alone to my will. I make this disclosure at this moment, because I cannot bear that you should leave us without knowing that, though one heart has played you false, there is still another whose every pulse is yours, which beats only for you, yet will never yield to any act in conflict with my marriage vow. I pledged more than was in my power. Love is not voluntary; it cannot be forced. Had I never seen you, or heard you speak, I should have been content; but now I am wretched. Yet, dear Heinrich, I have an excuse. When young I loved, as I love now, a man who was the very counterpart of yourself. Through the influence of my parents, who were prejudiced against him solely because he was poor, he was sent abroad and never returned. Through persuasion I married Geismar. He loves me as much as he can love any thing, but he is cold and incapable of ardent affection such as I require. I have lived happy for a time; but now I have a grief I cannot communicate. While a sunny smile is wreathed on my countenance, my breast is torn with sorrow and anguish.'

"Her tears fell fast; and her utterance was embarrassed. I endeavored to console her; promised to be her friend, her brother, every thing I could be honorably, and urged that my absence would enable her to regain control of her feelings. She labored under great excitement; but she at length recovered somewhat from her agitation and said, 'you are right, Heinrich; this passion must be crushed. I am sensible of it; pardon my weakness; recollect I have trusted my very existence to your honorable keeping.' At this moment, Geismar himself was heard approaching; she composed herself to a surprising extent, and I took an affectionate leave of both, and the next day left Felsperg. I soon embarked at Leghorn for this country, and have now been here more than nine years.

"Soon after my departure Geismar died; and his widow, in less than two years married again. Such has been my experience with women; and that experience has filled my heart with melancholy suspicions, which no effort of mine has been able to dispel. Before I knew those women, I believed that beauty was naturally the shrine of truth and purity; I did not fancy that kind looks and sweet tones could ever mean to deceive. When I found myself cajoled and cheated in my judgment of Katerina, I did not regard her as the type of her sex, but as a monstrous exception. I still believed Frederica was sincere, and when I discovered she was false and

inconstant in her attachment to Geismar, I pitied her condition, and was silly enough to fancy that to me her affection was pure and unalterable. But when I knew that in less than three years after her solemn confession of love for me, she pledged herself to be true to a third, my capacity to confide in women perished, and I became a miserable, sceptical misanthrope in all that relates to the sex. I am unhappy because I am affectionate; I seek affection and demand it ardently, but dare not believe that it exists in woman."

As he concluded, Brunner arose and paced the room for a few moments; and then, as if to conceal his emotion, he sang gaily,

Ce n'est plus Næris que j'aime,
Et Næris s'en fait un jeu.
De ces ardeurs infideles
Ce qui reste, c'est qu' enfin,
Depuis, à l'amour des belles
J'ai mêlé le goût du vin.

I was very much interested in the simple, and really very common-place incidents of Brunner's narrative. He appeared to me to be a generous, over-sensitive soul, full of truth and honor, and until his eyes were opened by rude experience, believed all the world to be as simple in heart and mind as himself. He had nursed his sorrows too long in the solitude of his own bosom, where they assumed exaggerated shapes; and he needed freely to expose them to the eye of a friend to reduce them to mere nothings.

I remarked, "your acquaintance with ladies has indeed been unfortunate, but, my dear sir, you should not forever think there is 'not a Leah left thy recompense to be.' If you persist to judge of all women by the specimens you have known best, you can find no pleasure in female society. Suspicion must remove it from you as a source of happiness. You will excuse me for saying you are wrong. Your opinions are formed without sufficient experience, without sufficient data, and your sentiments naturally flow from indulgence in this disappointment. Though Katerina and Frederica proved not to be what you estimated them to be, I assure you there are females without number who possess all the virtues even poets attribute to them, and who are as pure and true as it is possible for humanity to be. It is not just to suspect all, because in your narrow experience you have found two who are not immaculate. You do not reject a fruit because you have found some of its kind unsound; nor all roses, because you were stung by a bee concealed in the first flower you plucked; nor all men, because some are known to be dishonest, nor all women because some have proved to be unworthy.

"Possibly you have confided too implicitly on your own discernment, in your own ability to perceive all the merits and demerits united in a woman. A closer observer than yourself might have detected the natural inconstancy and frivolity which characterized your Felsperg beauties, and recognised in them exceptions, rather models of female excellence. Some allowance must be made too for the influence of education on the natural mental frailties. To marry advantageously, is the grand object of female education and blandishment; and with this object it sometimes terminates, leaving out of the programme all the requisites of living happily after a husband has been acquired. Marriage, it has been said and perhaps truly, is the grand climax of a woman's life in civilized communities, towards which all her natural impulses, secret aspirations and ambition tend—and there her ambition often ends. We should not take it amiss, therefore, if she should select a profligate, a butterfly of fortune, and break her pledge with a simply virtuous, high-toned gentleman. With man on the contrary, marriage is a mere episode in existence, which may engross him for a few months, seldom for years, when he finds, only too often, that the lady ceases to be an attractive companion, and he feels at liberty to leave her, time after time, in pursuit of business or amusement. And this too, when he imagined that his honey-moon should never wane, and that her society alone would compensate him for the whole world. Man should be too proud, to be the play-thing, the mere ruin of an unsuccessful love, almost ephemeral in its nature and duration, the gratification of which might have rendered him happy only for a brief period.

'Bisogna uniformarsi al destino.'

He must accommodate himself to circumstances when he cannot control them, and not reject happiness altogether, because he was unable to grasp it at the first attempt, or in the manner he may have desired. Life without woman would be to man a blank as great as if immortality were beyond his comprehension. And take my word for it—

'The charm of life that's lost in love,
Is never found in fame.'

"The very effort to forget serves as a memento, a rallying point for the memory. It is absolutely necessary to happiness that the heart should have somebody, or something upon which to pour out and receive its affections. It will not flourish alone, and its tendencies must not be restrained, but encouraged to expand and embrace all that can awaken its pure sympathies."

It was late when we closed the conversation; our parting glass drained a second bottle of *Vinho d'Oporto*. The rain had ceased, and the clouds had disappeared. Brunner accompanied me to the palace-stairs, where I shook him again by the hand, stepped into one of the boats of the country, and was soon gliding over the phosphorescing waters of the bay under brighter stars than twinkle in the north. I reclined in the stern of the boat and was lost in reflections on the story I had just heard, when a sentinel's shout of "Boat ahoy" brought to mind the realities of my present position.

On subsequent visits, in after years, I met Brunner, and learned from him that my remarks had opened to him a new train of thought, which resulted in his quitting the Brazilian army, soon after the death of the Empress, which occurred in December 1826, and in establishing himself as a merchant. He married, and had no cause to regret it. During my present visit, I learned that he had retired to his native country with an income amply sufficient for all his desires. I may add, I have no doubt that all the incidents of the narrative are absolutely true, and in the hands of a professed *litterateur*, they would be sufficient, simple and common-place as they are, to form a modern romance.

HYMN.

The following beautiful Hymn, from the pen of the late Francis S. Key, has been sent to us for publication, by a distinguished gentleman of Virginia, who has other unpublished poetical gems of the same author, which he has been kind enough to place at our disposal. Our readers shall have them in due time.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

Oh! where can the soul find relief from its foes?
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge, no sorrow, or sin can assail?
No! No! There's no home—
There's no home on earth—the soul has no home!

Shall it leave the low earth and soar to the sky?
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss, will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glories of Heaven?
Yes! Yes! There's a home—
There's a home in high Heaven—the soul has a home!

Oh! holy and sweet, its rest shall be there,
Free forever from sin and sorrow and care,
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies!
Home—home—home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

A Line of Steamers from Virginia to Europe.

The following correspondence commends itself to the attention of every man who has at heart the commercial independence of the South. Too long have we delayed action in a matter of such importance, and it now becomes us to consider well the means by which the desired end may be accomplished. That sooner or later the city of Norfolk must become a vast commercial *entrepot*, second to none in America, no one who will cast his eye upon the map and trace the lines of railway converging towards it as the nearest point upon the seaboard, and at the same time weigh well the advantages of its climate, the security of its ample harbour and its proximity to the open ocean, can doubt for an instant. But we may hasten the day of its prosperity by our own exertions, and the first step in the movement cannot be taken too soon.

[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.

RICHMOND, 10th Sept., 1852.

D. H. London, Esq.

Sir: Mons. de Maupertuis and myself have read with care the petition that in 1851 you addressed to the General Assembly of Virginia, and the several documents which accompany it: we have also read the report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States on the Commerce and Navigation of the Union.

We have given the more attention to this subject, as important interests at present attach us to the State of Virginia, and as we have made the necessary declarations to enable us to become her citizens; it is therefore in this double relation, that we now beg to submit to you some considerations to which the perusal of the documents has given rise.

We have seen with surprise the wonderful increase of the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, their immense resources, and the glorious future of prosperity in store for them.

We have extracted from the voluminous report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the proportion that each State contributes to this amount of prosperity, and we found with sorrow, that Virginia, our new country, was left far behind by other States of much less importance.

We have taken the figures; arguments which cannot be controverted.

The General Exportation from the United States in 1850, was \$151,898,720.

The General Importation, \$178,138,318.

Out of these amounts what portion does Virginia claim? We hesitate to write it, for already we feel our Virginian hearts beat with vexation! Virginia in 1850 exported only \$3,415,446 or about 1-45th of the whole; and she imported

no more than \$426,599, or about 1-350th of the whole!

To what must be attributed this much-to-be-regretted falling off? Why is it, that while all around Virginia is progressively improving, she alone, from year to year, decreases in commercial prosperity?

In 1769 Virginia imported \$4,085,472: at the present time, 80 years afterwards, she imports only 1-8th that amount.

In 1821 Virginia imported \$1,078,490: in 1850 not one-half that amount.

In extent, the State of Virginia holds the first rank among her sisters; in population the fourth. Her agricultural produce is foremost for tobacco, flax and hemp; third for Indian corn, and fourth for wheat.

I do not allude to her vast forests or mineral riches;—we have traversed the western part of the State during the last three months, and there can be no doubt that she holds the first rank for these blessings of Providence, which are yet of no utility to her.

Notwithstanding her population and her territorial importance, Virginia remains the eighth State for her exportations, and the twelfth for her importations!

Let us, for a moment, compare her with New York, the giant of the United States, and modest South Carolina, the latter her immediate neighbor.

New York has a population of a little more than double that of Virginia; she exports fourteen, and imports two hundred times as much! Her tonnage is 942,649, and 3,163 vessels are entered in her ports, carrying 1,145,321 tons; while she alone exports 1-3rd, and imports nearly 2-3ds as much as all the other ports of the Union.

South Carolina, in extent one of the smallest States, with a free population of 1-3rd that of Virginia, exports four, and imports four-and-a-half times more. Her exportation amounts to \$11,447,800; her importation to \$1,933,785. 178 vessels are entered in her ports, carrying 96,619 tons; while at Richmond there are 8 vessels! at Norfolk 74!! carrying 16,092 tons.

You will pardon our having so minutely detailed the commercial relations of these three States; we have extracted them from the reports with which you have furnished us, and of whose accuracy you are well acquainted. Our object has been solely to state distinctly the backwardness of Virginia, in order to find means to restore her to her legitimate rank among the other States of the Union.

Your feelings of patriotism must have been much wounded in perusing these documents, and we know how strong must be your desire to have them much altered in future.

We ask ourselves this question:—To what must be attributed the falling off of the Commerce of Virginia?

We must remember always that it is only in this respect that she is below her sisters in the great confederacy.

First in point of political influence, it is she who has given to the Union the largest number of those Presidents who have contributed so much to the glory and power of the American people.

The national independence was cradled in her bosom, and she may ever boast of having given birth to the immortal Washington, so justly named the Father of his Country.

But does it suffice that her name should be glorious in history alone?

May not her political influence itself be the cause of her commercial inferiority?

Do not her citizens, more occupied in public affairs than their personal interests, employ in political debate, the energy and activity which might be devoted to their domestic affairs? They toil for the general good and neglect their own. This philanthropy, highly honorable it is true, is prejudicial to themselves; they forget that if the interests of the Union must be defended by all the States, still, each should also think of her own preservation.

These reflections, which have been awakened solely by our sympathy for the State of Virginia, induce us to endeavor to discover a remedy for this sad state of affairs; it is not sufficient to be aware of a disease, we must seek means to cure it.

The immense superiority of New York may be attributed to her railroads, and her relations with the continent of Europe, principally with France and England, 9 10ths of her importations coming from those countries: it must be therefore by the same means that Virginia must regain her former position.

To intersect in all important directions the State with railroads;—To enter into commercial relations with Europe;—To create for herself a Marine of her own;—these should be the objects towards which all her efforts should be directed, and the results would be certain fortune and power.

The tide of emigration, now so rapidly flowing into New York, would, in such a case, find an outlet in the vast territory of Virginia, fresh openings for industry would be made, and she would enter upon a new Era of Greatness and Prosperity.

Every facility of communication exists between the ports of America and England, but between France and America the means are very insufficient.

The Report of the Treasury states that the merchandize imported from France at a duty of from 5 to 40 per cent., amounted to \$2,148,415, and that imported from England, at the same duties, amounted to \$1,852,069. Great portions of this merchandize is consumed in Virginia, and it at once points out the necessity, as well as advantage, of augmenting her relations with France: nor is a favorable opportunity for this wanting.

No less than three rival companies were commenced at Havre-de-Grace to establish a regular line of Steamers to New York; and the capital, and all things necessary obtained. One of these obtained the preference, and the other two remain still in a state of organization with large means of credit;—why not establish a line direct to Norfolk and Richmond? Although from the official returns we know that Virginia has at present but little exterior commerce, still she does not consume an unimportant amount, which she obtains through the medium of New York.

A line of steamers direct between Havre and Richmond would therefore be certain to succeed. Europe would send her merchandize and her emigrants, and in exchange, Virginia would find a ready market for her tobacco, her linens, and the thousand other articles of produce that a new outlet would cause to spring up.

Germany, that at present concentrates her emigrants at Bremen and Liverpool, and furnishes no inconsiderable proportion of the number flocking to this country, would choose this route in preference to any other, not only from the geographical situation of Havre, but also, on account of the numberless advantages Virginia offers to the emigrants, which are not to be found in New York.

The Post Office relations between the United States and Europe as at present established, from New York and Boston, considerably favor the Northern, to the detriment of the Southern States: but from the central situation of Virginia, there can be but little doubt that the Federal Government would, as guardian of the interests of all, encourage this undertaking on this account, if on no other.

Is there no possibility of forming in Virginia a Company, in conjunction with one in Havre? Six steamers of 800 horse power would be enough for this line; three built at Havre under French superintendence, and three in Virginia under American direction. Of these, four should perform the regular trips, while one remained at each place to be ready in case of accidents.

These steamers might certainly be completed at a cost of \$250,000 each, and might serve in war in case of need. The appliances of every kind to be met with at Norfolk would much fa-

cilitate this scheme, which, if carried out, must not only be a powerful resource for the country, but would change its very aspect.

The South would see with enthusiasm this new era, that would free her from the despotism of the North: The Federal Government, in its impartiality, would grant a subsidy, which already it has deemed it a duty to grant to New York, and this would not be at any cost, for the increase of commerce which this scheme would cause, must very soon make up the outlay, which would thus be productive of immense prosperity. The amount of this subsidy cannot precisely be named, but \$25,000 each voyage would be the least amount.

We submit to you these observations in a somewhat crude and superficial manner; time has been wanting to make a deeper study of this question in all its bearings; but you, Sir, who have begun it—who have simplified the voluminous reports that we have perused with so much interest;—you must achieve this great work and bring it to a successful issue, and we feel that in your hands it cannot fail. We should be too happy, if, with our limited means we could in any way contribute to the desired end, and be assured that at all times we shall be ready, whatever may be the fate of this project, to aid in any thing that may be useful to France, the country of our birth, or to Virginia, that of our adoption.

Signed— E. LACOUTURE,
A. DE MAUPERTUIS.

—
RICHMOND, Sep. 20th, 1852.

Gentlemen:—Your esteemed and very interesting letter of the 10th inst. is before me, and after reflecting on your views upon a line of Steamers from the ports of Virginia to Havre, touching at the port of Southampton, England, I beg to submit these farther considerations:

The consumption of goods of foreign growth and manufacture (other than those produced or made in the United States of America) in the State of Virginia, is Ten Millions of Dollars; of this—as you will see by the official statements in the “Commerce and Navigation of the United States for 1850”—not more than one half of one million is *imported directly*; the whole of nine and a half millions of dollars reaches us through other ports. Our exports, you will see by the same authority, *direct*, is \$3,415,446: say three and a half millions of dollars; but through other ports it is greatly augmented, inasmuch as a very large part of the productions of Virginia is sent, in the first instance, to New York or New Orleans, and is then sent to such foreign market as may be thought most advantageous. By the most reliable estimates, the consumption of Virginia annually of productions which come from foreign countries, and the States of the American Union together, amounts to Thirty Millions of Dollars.

I have stated these facts, not to explain why this state of affairs does exist, but merely to give to you the true

basis for your estimates. Now, the question to which I shall address myself is simply, would a line of steamers, running regularly from Havre by Southampton to Norfolk—our chief seaport town in Virginia—remedy the evil and restore our foreign direct trade? I think it would be the chief and most plausible remedy: but another question of equal magnitude to you is, whether, in the natural course of events, sufficient of freights and passengers could be had to sustain such an undertaking? To find out this, it is necessary, first to enquire into the expenses of such vessels, and the probable amount of money which would be received from the freights and passengers, if the vessels were now at work, and what probable increase might be anticipated. If the contractors for Maryland and Virginia tobacco could be induced to enter into a contract with this line of steamers, for the transportation of the tobacco for the French government to Havre, it would be an item worthy of note. This, with the mail pay of (\$25,000) Twenty-five Thousand Dollars per trip, and the receipts from the transportation of emigrants, would be exclusive of the freight upon merchandize, and the receipts which would accrue from passengers who would take this direction in preference to any other. After the line was established, the latter items of passengers and freights would be greatly augmented. I have not hesitated to express to you the opinion that as the trade of the State is now done, the steamers would not sustain themselves without large mail pay from the General Government. With mail pay something like that now given to the Collins' steamers, it would be a judicious undertaking to organize this line from Havre, for the reason that within a few years, there will terminate at Norfolk a complete line of railroads to the Ohio river on the northwest, and to the Mississippi river at Memphis; these two roads when completed, will traverse the *very* richest country, for the same extent, in the world. My opportunity for speaking correctly as to the natural wealth of the various countries of the world, justifies me in saying that the country through which the line of railroads now being constructed through Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi passes, has no superior anywhere. These roads, it is estimated, will be completed in the next five years; then this line of steamers will not only sustain itself, but will pay well. As to the cost of the steamers and the running of such vessels, you are better advised than I am.

A political consideration of some moment, will here be of value: since the foundation of the Federal Government, its whole capacities has been applied to build up the commerce of the northern cities: I think that tendency is changing, and that we may safely estimate a change in the deportment of the Federal Government; whether it will ever be just to Virginia, remains to be seen.

Upon the question which you propound, whether a sufficient subscription can be had in Virginia, to place on the line three steamers, I beg to hand you herewith the copy of a letter from Judge John Y. Mason, formerly Secretary of the Navy for the United States during Mr. Polk's administration, and now the President of the James River and Kanawha Canal Company. You will see by the letter of Judge Mason, that a bill has passed one branch of the Legislature of Virginia, incorporating a Company, to which the State of Virginia is to be a subscriber of three-fifths of the capital stock, and it is expected this bill will pass the other branch in November or December next. By our laws, foreigners are permitted to subscribe as natives, in any joint stock company. The means to organize this company, I hear, will not be wanting. May it not be as well to arrange the charter so as that the steamers from Havre can be permitted to enter into this company with the same advantages as those going to Antwerp? The Commonwealth of Virginia being a share-holder, will

be a guarantee to all the contributors, that justice and fairness will be awarded to all the parties interested. Besides this, the Federal Government will find itself obliged to respect the application for mail services, and award to the line such terms as might not be so easily obtained by private individuals.

The standing of Judge Mason, you can learn certainly, by calling on Mr. Rives, our Minister at Paris, who will confirm many if not all of the views and opinions which are advanced in Judge Mason's letter. The natural advantages of Virginia are amongst the very first of all the States of the world. The wealth of her population individually, is greater by actual statistics, than that of any population in any of the States in the American Confederation, notwithstanding the absence of foreign commerce. The intelligence and worth of her citizens, is best asserted by the historical facts connected with the rise and progress of the country amongst us. There is a more sacred regard for principles, a higher morality, and a juster appreciation of the duties of man, than can be duly appreciated by a short stay amongst us: in short, to any one who would wish to seek a home in the western world, I cannot hesitate to say, that no place has so many features to interest a foreigner who desires to render his own existence honorable and respectable, as Virginia; her climate is nearly the same with that of France; her soil is not unlike it in many respects; but your citizens may never expect to find in a new country, the same fascinations that exist in Paris: nor can your people find the same vices or the same necessities; for, with hospitality and friendship our citizens are not indifferent to duty to others, and the sacred obligations which are every where due to God.

I forbear any expressions of interest in the establishment of a line of steamers from Norfolk with the Continental ports of Europe and England. For years I have desired it, and now that it seems so near completion, I can only express my satisfaction at the near approach of a favorite anticipation.

With consideration and esteem, I have the honor to be most respectfully, your ob't servant,

D. H. LONDON.

Messrs. E. LACOUTURES
and
A. DE MAUPERTUIS. }

RICHMOND, Sept. 18th, 1852.

D. H. London, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have read with much interest the communication of Messrs. Lacouture and Maupertuis, of the 10th inst., which you have done me the honor to submit to my perusal. The facts extracted from the official papers of the Federal Government, exhibit the unfavorable state of the Foreign Trade of Virginia, and the necessity of a remedy has been so impressed on my mind, that I have anxiously directed my attention to the subject for some years. I have observed with great satisfaction, your active exertions in the attainment of the same object. The richness and abundance of the agricultural and mineral productions of Virginia are not over estimated by your correspondents; but the capacity of the State in these productions is not yet developed, and can-

not be until the difficulties of transportation from the interior of the State to the sea-board have been removed by works of improvement. The Canals and Railroads executed and projected and in process of construction, will produce this great result: but these works cannot be profitable unless they are freed from all unnecessary restraints in the shape of charges. The competition with the canals and railroads of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, cannot be successfully maintained unless the freight passing over our lines of improvement can be placed at the point of departure for the foreign market, burdened only with the charges of transportation from the interior. The coasting trade constitutes an enormous charge against our trade in such articles; for, while the books of the Treasury of the United States exhibit the foreign or export trade of Virginia as of the value of \$3,415,446, there can be no doubt that the value of the staples of foreign trade actually produced in Virginia at least quadruple that sum: these are sent coastwise, and seek foreign markets from other ports, principally from New York. Our canals and railroads principally tend westward, and are designed to furnish means of transportation for the rich productions of the inland States, contiguous to the western border of Virginia; and to the freight from this source, we must look for the compensating returns from the large investments made in works of improvement. The amount of trade to be brought from the northwestern and western States, which do not touch the ocean, in articles for Foreign Commerce, and the return of articles from abroad for the consumption of the inhabitants of these States, will be enormously large. The James River and Kanawha Canal alone, has been constructed with a capacity to carry three millions of tons annually, and the railroads crossing the State from East to West, will have a large capacity. The ability of these improvements to compete with similar works of other States for this rich commerce, depends on the unfettered and direct transmission of the staples of foreign trade to their foreign market, and the return, equally free, of the foreign goods taken in exchange. The means of this direct interchange with foreign markets, constitute a necessary part of the system of Internal Improvement of Virginia. With an investment on the part of the State and her citizens of nearly fifty millions of dollars when the works shall be completed, there can be no doubt that her Legislature and her enlightened citizens will regard the duty as indispensable, to provide means to relieve the Export and Import trade from the burthens under which both now languish. The effects of such measures cannot be satisfactorily stated in this communication. It will increase the busi-

ness and profits of our canals and railroads; it will promote the interests of the farming, mining, and producing classes, by increase of profit from reduction of charges; it will benefit those engaged in commerce, by giving to them the profits now monopolized by northern Exporters and Importers; it will relieve our currency by giving to our citizens and banks the benefit of Foreign Exchange, and by enabling them to pay for importations with the money received from the consumer for purchases made in our towns; it will promote the navigating interest of Virginia and benefit the mechanic arts, by establishing ship-building within the State, and open new and profitable employments for our people in building and navigating ships, as well steamers as sail vessels: in short, it will increase the wealth of the State and of every class of industry. As I mentioned to you, I have taken a deep interest in the assistance by the State in such an enterprise; and at the last session of the Legislature, a bill passed the Senate, and I think will pass the House of Delegates, giving to Mr. Thompson and his associates, a charter, with a contribution, on the part of the State, of means to establish a line of steamers between Norfolk and Antwerp. I can do nothing to embarrass that measure; and while I am thus situated, I can only express my appreciation of the advantages of a direct intercourse from the same port with France, and that I think an association may be formed to promote that object. The prospect of a contract for mail pay from Congress, is affected by the claims of Baltimore for a line of steamers from that point to some port on the continent of Europe; but the chances would, in my judgment, be improved by the State having an interest in the line.

The profit of the importation of immigrants, the increase of population of the State, and the settlement and cultivation of lands in Virginia now uncultivated, are advantages of vast magnitude in favor of the project. No State in the Union presents greater advantages to respectable emigrants, as a place of profitable settlement than Virginia. The Alleghany Mountains crossing the State from North to South, have heretofore formed a barrier difficult of passage, and have retarded settlements on their western slope; but they will be levelled by our improvements, and the minerals, especially of iron and coal, with which the country abounds, can be mined and brought to market. Its salubrious climate and fine lands for farming and grazing, with convenient means of access to market for surplus products, will present so many advantages that the country now thinly inhabited, must soon become crowded with a healthful, prosperous and happy population.

As the terminus on this side, Norfolk possesses

great advantages. It has a fine and secure harbor of easy access to the sea, with bold water and in a mild climate. It is connected with Baltimore, Washington and Alexandria, by the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River; with Richmond, Petersburg and Lynchburg, by the James River; and with North Carolina, by the Dismal Swamp Canal, and the Seaboard Railroad. It is in contemplation and measures to that end, are now before Congress, to establish a line of large and swift Steamers between San Francisco and China—there can be no doubt that the possessions of the United States on the Pacific, will be connected with the Atlantic States by railroad; and the geography and topography of the intervening country, affords strong reason to believe that this great connecting road will cross the Mississippi at Memphis, in Tennessee, from which point there are now constructed or in process of construction, connected lines of railroad to Norfolk: if these anticipations should be realized, the rich commerce of China may, in the course of a few years, find its place of warehousing on its transit from the East to Europe, at Norfolk. With a direct steam communication to the Pacific border of California, and a line of steamers thence to China, and a similar line from Norfolk to the Continent of Europe, an adventure could leave London, Havre or Antwerp, for China, and the return be realized in four months; while the voyage around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope to the same point and back, would take from nine to twelve months. The advantage of such a saving of time, can readily be estimated by mercantile men. It must be controlling and give direction to an immense and most valuable trade; and the experience of the past will justify the anticipation that a very few years may realize results which, to some may seem now to be scarcely less than the dreams of a visionary.

These results, so full of public and individual advantage, are to be promoted by the establishment of a direct communication with our great customer, the continent of Europe; and I regard such a measure as will secure that object, of the highest importance and with the deepest interest.

I am, very truly and respectfully,

your ob't serv't and friend,

J. Y. MASON.

The Truth and the Love of it.

Magna est veritas et praevalabit.

What is the truth, seems to be the grand interrogatory of the universe—truth physical—truth scientific—truth political, moral, and religious. And, for more than six thousand years, the whole world has been in travail with the answer to this momentous question. God hath spoken from Sinai; Prophets have touched their hallowed lips with fire; Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Seneca have lived and delved for the truth; the Son of God has left his home in the skies to proclaim to man the truths of morality and religion, and point out to him his true destiny here and hereafter; martyrs have died at the stake to attest the truth; oceans of ink and hecatombs of paper have been expended in its demonstration; and, yet, when a single finite mind undertakes to give a mere definition to the term, it finds itself utterly lost and bewildered. In a survey of its realm, we feel like the ant in the "Evenings at Home," who set out to view the world, to whose infinite littleness of ken, small things were made great, and who could only take in at a glance an infinitesimal of the field which he had to explore.

Richardson's Dictionary altogether refuses the task of definition. "Truth," says a distinguished Encyclopædia, "is the opposite of falsehood;" and "falsehood," says a second Dictionary, "is the opposite of truth." And yet, after all, can a horse be better described to him who has seen one, than by saying, "it is a horse?" However signally we may fail, our object in this essay, will be to demonstrate that there is such a thing as truth; that there is an idea of which this term is the representative; that, though men of sane minds have differed "toto coelo," as to what constitutes the truth on any one point; though advocates of every theory find their followers, thus seemingly indicating that the truth is what men choose to make it, yet there is a truth, *a seorsum*, a reality—Protean in form—differently refracted by the different mental media through which it passes, but, for all that, one though composite, and emanating from the Deity as the light, to which we have indirectly compared it, from the sun.

We will endeavor to suggest some of the distinctive features of the two main divisions of truth; to state their relative value to man, and their relative appreciation by the Creator. We will throw out a few hints as to the proper mode and spirit of its cultivation, and mention some of the considerations which urge us to an increased love and a more diligent pursuit of it.

In the beginning, we deem it expedient to as-

sume—and we accordingly shall assume—as proven, the existence of the Deity. We do this, because no discussion can be commenced with the mind in a state of *néant* or annihilation. "Ex nihilo nil fit," is as true of minds as of matter. Even those who go furthest towards the prime origin of things, still assume some data, and reason forward from them. We choose to take our stand on the postulate stated above; because it has been sufficiently proved by others, and because to return always to first principles, would retard our progress. It would be recurring to the axioms in order to demonstrate every proposition.

We shall leave out of view in this discussion, the ordinary acceptation of truth as signifying fidelity, conformity between words and facts, i. e., the opposite of lying, and restrict ourselves to the objective meaning of the term. Premising this much, we would define Truth to be the development of the mind of God in all his works. Our definition would then include all the multitudinous and ramified relations of form, magnitude, color, chemical composition—in fine, every thing that goes to make up the domain of Physical Science, or rather the domain of the objects of Physical Science. It would also include the thousand metaphysical relations and capacities that exist in the mind of man himself, and which are as certainly the creations of Divinity, as the mountain that looms upon our view, the fire that burns us, or anything that is obvious to our outward senses. It would include, too, all those relations of man to man, and of all to God, the knowledge of which is moral, political and religious science. Our definition, then, though rather vague, seems to embrace all objective truth as well as the subjective mind, which acts upon it; and we shall accept it not as the best, but as the best and most comprehensive that strikes our mind.

This definition, if admitted, would go far to prove at once the existence of that objective truth—that *res*, which exists by the fiat of Jehovah, "without variableness or shadow" of change, or changing uniformly and in obedience to fixed laws which rob change of its reproach. Truth, we say, is the development of the Divine mind. Now can we imagine such a being as God to act without developing his mind? Can we believe that he, infinite as he is, in power, benevolence, and foresight, would create a system of things without design of his running through it all, without his image and superscription every where stamped upon it? Are we not, then, justified, (starting as we do,) in believing, from "a priori" reasoning in the existence of this objective truth? But "a priori" inference is not sufficient unless confirmed and justified by reasons "a posteriori."

Now, so far as we discover any thing, we do find this supposition of design, of regular system borne out by the phenomena of created things. Abstract Mathematics demonstrates that a figure of a certain form is capable, at the same time, of sustaining the greatest pressure and containing the greatest solidity. Observation shows, at length, that the unconscious bee, an engineer taught of God, has, from the time when it first sucked the sweets of Eden, built its cell in exact accordance with this pattern. Here was of an intention on the part of God—a part of his mental development—*itself*, a truth—the knowledge of it, a fragment of science. The general contraction of material substances under the influence of cold, and their expansion under the action of heat with the reversal of those laws. (just when such reversal is needed,) in the formation of ice, is another of the thousand examples that might be culled from every field of human knowledge—all exhibiting uniformity of law, or change instigated by a benevolent and intelligent mind. It is true that there are apparent irregularities and discrepancies, but the increase of our knowledge both in breadth and profundity, has shown that many of these, once the strong-holds of the sceptics, who would make chaos and chance of every thing, have been reconciled to fix principles, and made to bear still further testimony to the doctrine of an eternal truth. But enough on this point. It is not here that the sceptic erects his strongest redoubt or makes his most desperate resistance. Few deny the existence of truth in the sense which we attribute to it in our definition, as the development in creation (and creation taken in its broadest significance, and not restricted to mere material existences) of an all-pervading mind and will. Even those who assert that everything is the result of chance, acknowledge this; for chance is but a term substituted for their own ignorance, meaning that a certain effect has proceeded from an unknown cause, and not that it had no cause at all. Now it is impossible to conceive of a set of prime causes put in motion without intelligence, design and power. And this intelligence, design and power, or that in which they cohere, is what we denominate God—whose expression is truth. So that even such as these, grant all we are disposed to ask. Their Chance is God. The Romans did not err in deifying “Fortuna” or the “Goddess of Chance.” They mistook in placing the bandage on *her* eyes: it is over those of her worshippers.

The most dangerous class of sceptics are those who acknowledge all that we have endeavored to express, but deny the adequacy of the human mind to the investigation of this divine development: who, looking at the numberless sources of

human error, and the conflicts of human creeds, regard attainment as impossible, and rush into that recklessness which in ancient times was the root that fed the baneful tree of Epicureanism, and which developes itself, in modern days, in carelessness of knowledge—in a disbelief in all political systems on the part of some, involving a want of patriotism—a hopelessness of ascertaining orthodox religion on the part of others, producing a failure of duty towards God.

Let us examine some of the grounds on which such a sceptic would found his suicidal belief, this belief that nothing must be believed. He will cite you instances in which the senses, believed by many to be the original inlets of all our ideas, are at variance with each other and with our reason, as in delirium tremens, and other cases of ocular illusion, and hence he concludes they are not to be relied on. If a sense has erred once, why may it not err again; and, if again, why not every time; and if every time, is not our whole sensuous existence an illusion. With such an one we would employ the Socratic mode of argumentation. If your senses are not to be relied upon, how comes it that you have at any time a consciousness that they have deceived you? If there be no real coin, how comes it that you or any other man can detect the counterfeit? You acknowledge the general accuracy of the senses in the very terms in which you couch your denial of them; for it is by a want of conformity on the part of any sense with the evidence of its fellows, or with its own ordinary action, that you infer it to be in error. Thus, in the case of ocular illusions, they are always found to vanish when tested by the parallel evidence of the other senses or of reason,—or, if they remain they lose all credence in the mind which entertains them, and that from the fact that it rationally accords its faith to the majority of testimony. Again, we frequently find that a single sense is capable of correcting itself by being allowed to act in many different ways, or, as it were, from many different origins. Thus, we see in the distance, a circle suspended in the air. The eye at first gives us no evidence that it is anything but a circle. Viewing it, however, on every side, the unaided vision assures us that it is a sphere. Again, the evidence of our senses are found to be in accordance with the general system of things and with our ideas otherwise derived. Thus we may have business with a friend who resides on the side of the river opposite to us. Guided by the land-marks made known to us by our vision, we descend to the bank, and see in the stream a boat; we seize the oars, and they do not elude our grasp and contradict our eyes. We row ourselves across and ascend the green lawn to the mansion of our friend. We see his smile of

welcome, and feel his hearty grasp. We transact with him the business which memory and reason had represented as awaiting us. Here are a large number of sensations, emotions, and ratiocinations entering into one compound mental action, and yet each chiming with and dovetailing into all the rest. Can any be false? This consistency, too, we observe as not only holding in the sensations of a single day, but of all lifetime. Morn after morn the same glowing orb of day rises in the East, the same mountain clad in verdure greets our view, the same familiar faces meet us at our early meal. All is consistent and harmonious. Since then, our senses in the main support each other; since each sense is found to be generally consistent with itself; since they are generally sustained by reason; since we observe their conformity with some broad and general *arrangement*, we conclude that the subjective states produced by them are in correspondence to their objective correlatives; and do, as far as they go, perceive the truth such as the Almighty designed it to be. The last objection of the sceptic, and one which it is scarcely necessary to notice, might then be this. May it not be that although God has given uniformity of evidence to the senses, although he has made it inevitable for us to believe their testimony, yet he has (as it was certainly in his power to do,) so constructed us as not to see things as he sees them, and that our truth is not his truth, or, in other words, is "falsehood." Now, does it not seem highly improbable, from all known analogies, that a being infinite in power, knowledge and *benevolence*, should, in a mere freak, make a living machine, which should act in dissonance to his own mind? We cannot believe that our Heavenly Father would set the hearts of his children so as to make it necessary for them to believe a lie.

But the sceptic may grant all this—may bid us trust to our senses and our senses only, and close our minds to all other forms of consciousness. He may urge us to walk upon the earth and enjoy its pleasant sounds and sights and odors; to be the unthinking brute that feeds upon God's bounty, and looks not up to the source from which it comes—and that, forsooth, because it is impossible to get any clear revelation of his mind and will. He instances theory after theory exploded—theories which challenged and obtained the belief of a large number of earth's denizens. He cites the long list of the Heathen Philosophies—the many systems of the Physical Universe, each in turn giving way to others. He quotes the conflicting opinions of intelligent and honest men on subjects where there are two antipodean alternatives, and where the mind of one must be in error. And if so, who shall deter-

mine where the error lies, since both minds are allowed to be equally strong and equally fair? By an extension of this argument, he would sap the foundations of our confidence in reason, as a means of eliminating truth. Here too, we would adopt the Socratic answer. We would ask the sceptic: how he came to entertain these ideas of true and untrue, (about which he reasons, and to a consciousness of which he, as other men, must plead guilty,) unless there is something about him which is capable of detecting these attributes of things. And if he can determine the truth in one particular, then no amount of error on other subjects can invalidate that truth. Here is a rock on which he may stand secure, though clouds and darkness reign around—a peak (if I may be allowed the figure) of that submerged world over which human passion and human interest, human pride and human weakness, roll their concealing waves; but which, nevertheless, is there, to be revealed to the patient diver after its treasures. Do we not find that while men disagree about many things, there are many facts and theories, so common as hardly to attract our notice, which receive universal assent, and with regard to which, the sceptic's argument drawn from the conflict of human opinion, falls to the ground. Do we not find too, that these ideas are uncontradicted by our notions on other subjects; that they work out uniform results, and exhibit that same correspondence "*inter se*," which we supposed in the beginning to be characteristic of the development of the divine mind, thus arguing that these ideas, convictions, or whatever they may be called, are the counterpart in the mind of man of the oft repeated development in the mind of his Maker. Thus who can doubt that the theory of the planetary system, built up from man's reason and observation, accounting for a wide range of phenomena; for "the moon that in full-orbed splendor rolls through the dark blue depths," and the tiny crescent that shows its pale horns in the West; for the changing seasons, seed-time and harvest, winter and summer—who can doubt that this theory is the reflex (as far as it goes) of the idea of that planetary system as it appears to God and to the cohorts of angels who surround his throne? Who can doubt that what is truth to us in this matter, is truth to him; or is, by our definition, *the truth*. The same remarks might be extended to our knowledge of truths, moral and religious, from which such conscious blessings flow, that we cannot doubt that they, too, are part of that same infinite and benign system, and that God is pleased to allow our perceptions of them to be correct. It is true, that on many of these points, the human mind has continued for centuries involved in error, but we are encouraged to hope for increased success in our

investigations, from the fact that the source of error in many of these cases, is capable of detection. Often it has been insufficiency of data; and, yet, even in error from this cause, we observe a conformity of the result to the data, and a regular evolution from premise to conclusion, which we term justness of reasoning, and the acknowledgment of which is itself a tribute to the truth-attaining power of our minds. Often, too, (particularly in questions of a moral nature,) although the intellect and conscience may be competent judges, they may have a portion of the data or evidence suppressed and kept back by prejudices and bigotries, which are the results of early impressions or later interests. A knowledge of the nature and influence of these draw-backs, tends to disarm them of their power, and encourages us to hope for ultimate success. Again, we find that our assurance of truth varies between the limits, zero and infinity, and that, as we begin to approach the bounds of the infinite, our views become more hazy and indistinct, and we differ more from each other; because, like the two knights who quarrelled about the shield, though each may see a portion of the truth, we do not all see the same portion. Thus we find that, while the elementary propositions of geometry are assented to by all, as we proceed on towards the abstrusities of the calculi, our powers begin to fail us, and the learned disagree. Thus the fact that there are different degrees of certainty, the certainty decreasing as the truth approaches the infinite, exhibits growth, progress, and is another reason why we should hope that he "who bindeth the sweet influences of the Pleiades and looseth the bands of Orion, is revealing deep things out of darkness, and making himself more manifest unto men." Infinity is only a relative term. We have all been conscious in our own lives, of the recession of the line which divided our finite from its infinite, the certain from the uncertain. Now, when progress has been going on, we are justified in believing that it will continue to go on, and thus we derive fresh testimony to the onward march of mind in its search after truth.

We come now to the consideration of the different kinds of truth, and although the subject admits of a variety of divisions and subdivisions, it is sufficient for our purposes to note only two of these. We would divide truths into *moral* and *intellectual*, according as they address themselves to the purely intellectual powers or involve a moral feeling. Not that both attributes do not frequently co-exist, but because in order to define, we must regard classes where their divergence is greatest, and not where they intersect. The main difference between the two divisions of our subject, we think to be this. An

intellectual truth is one which receives its assent from the strictly intellectual powers, judgment, reason, &c., and which, when perceived and acknowledged, does not involve the idea of a duty to be fulfilled, or a sin to be avoided. Thus the perception of the intellectual truth that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, brings with it no moral approbation or disapprobation. To know it or not to know it, makes us no better and no worse.

A moral truth on the contrary, (although in arriving at it we may have performed a process purely intellectual,) does involve the sense of duty, and requires action. It is worthy of notice, that those truths of this sort which are necessary to ensure right action, under ordinary circumstances, are comparatively of easy attainment—such as the necessity of telling the truth in its popular sense, of refraining from injury to the property of others, &c., while those which address themselves to but few, or on which we seldom have to act, require a longer ratiocination in order to realize them. Thus it is that God strews man's food and fuel on the surface of the earth, while gold, (and poison too,) lie buried in its depths.

Under the head of moral truth, may be classed the truths of religion, at least all that part of them, conformity to which, when perceived, becomes a duty, and which, as they do require moral action, are most intimately connected with man's elevation or depression in the scale of virtue, and with his temporal and eternal happiness.

It follows, as a matter of course, that if we were restricted to the pursuit of a single branch of truth, we would accord the palm to that which casts its shadow farthest into the eternal world. Besides moral emotions form the greatest source of happiness even here. "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven, and all things else shall be added therewith." God himself has indicated a preference for this portion of his mental domain. In all that he spoke to the world of old through his prophets, in all the revelations which he commissioned his son to make to man, he demonstrates no physical, no mathematical truth—no science. The sun is still allowed to roll around the earth. Even the innocent superstitions of men are left untouched, in order to dwell upon those truths which begin here, but, like Jacob's ladder, terminate in the skies.

God leaves the problem of human science to be solved by man's own ingenuity. He gives him the intellect to reason and believe, and sends to furnish him with data. He places him in the grand laboratory of nature that he may become a chemist—amid its vast collection of forms, its

magnificent heights and distances, that he may make *himself* a mathematician. But he did not permit him to look *only* "through *Nature* up to *Nature's God*," for man by nature knew not God. How darkly we had wandered, had he left us to discover our *moral* relations, by decyphering the hieroglyphics of nature—by reading the earth's autobiography in the ribbed rocks, or in the wonderful strata which encrust her! Thanks be to him! he did not so. He has descended to earth and talked with man as one communing with his friend. Angels and holy inspired men have uttered his oracles and delivered his messages to our race, and (glorious condescension!) he has sealed the final testimony of his truth with the blood of his own incarnate self.

Since, then, there is an objective truth, the subjective knowledge of which, and adaptation to which, makes truth in man—since we are capable of making attainments in it—attainments eternally progressive, what are the considerations that urge us to its pursuit? 1st. The investigation of intellectual truth is desirable as it exercises the instrument with which it is prosecuted, the immortal mind. 2nd. As it preserves from coarse and sensual indulgences, whose fruits are bitterness—and again, as the knowledge thus arrived at, contributes to the physical comfort and prosperity of our race. Look at the flying car, the lightning-tongued telegraph, the steamer that cleaves the deep—at the numberless blessings born from the union of art and science, and then ask if such truth be worth the toil that purchases it. And if this be valuable, of how much more value is that to which God has affixed the seal of his own special approbation—is that which, neglected, entails the curse of sin, but which, if obeyed, rewards with the approval of our own conscience and the smile of Heaven. If mere science exalts and expands the mind, while in its tenement of clay, and is therefore precious to us, who shall estimate that spiritual truth which shall loose our wings—to explore all the wondrous works of God; which shall place us where, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, knowledge shall rush upon us, far surpassing the ken of the profoundest of Earth's Philosophers: where our vision—microscope and telescope at once—shall see molecule embracing with molecule and descry the remotest nebula, embryo world, that floats near the Universe's shining wall, and when looking into Jehovah's face we shall behold that unutterable love and benevolence which is at once the beginning and the ending of all truth. And how shall we gird ourselves for this mighty work of exploration? By diligent toil and perseverance. In the case of intellectual truth by close observation and induction, rather than by preconceiv-

ed theories. Since truth is the development of the mind of God—let us not distort it by erecting before our mind's eye some creation of our own. Let the Almighty speak, and let us listen.

In morals and religion the first step should be taken by the intellect. Reason should lead us to the foot of the mount, and then Reason and Faith should ascend hand in hand to the summit. We should weigh in the nicest balances the evidence, external and internal, that the Bible is the authentic production of the Deity and contains his moral will, and, that fact once established, we are ushered at once into the presence of the great Teacher whose words are the words of eternal life.

In both classes of truth the man of sober and upright life and conversation, possesses a great advantage. The law of his mind triumphs over the law of his members. "His soul is not clothed by the body's contagion." No unhallowed lusts, no strong passions bribe his moral judgments, to give a false decision that conscience may be quieted. "Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" "He who hath clean hands and a pure heart." "He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness."

And this truth which we have been considering, comes not altogether to bring peace upon earth. Its votaries have their duties as well as their privileges. The truth they have learned in secret, that they must proclaim upon the house-tops. Even mere intellectual truth has had its martyrs in Galileo and others, while those who to moral and religious truth have borne witness by the sacrifice of all they held dear—even to life itself, can scarcely be enumerated. But he who permits not a sparrow to die unheeded, has not permitted them to suffer in vain. Where a martyr falls, as from the dragon's teeth of old, ten thousand armed men—aye, ten thousand flaming angels arise to vindicate the truths he had sown in his blood.

With us in America, the "*vultus instantis tyranni*" has long passed away, but the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*" in religion, in morals, in politics, has succeeded to its place. We may yet be called upon to assert the truth, and perchance to suffer for it. Manfully we should prepare for the contest. What fools are we, if, for the fear of what man can do, we deny or pervert the truth, and thus give the lie to the great Being whose utterance it is!

Let, then, all, who feel aught of Divinity stirring within them, seek the truth in all places of her dominion,—in the gentle heart of woman, in the majesty of man, in the Christian's closet, in the felon's cell, from prattling infancy, at the feet of age, from the earth beneath them and the stars above—but most of all, let them seek it on

that page which is clearer than the scroll of nature—where alone it is unmingled with error,—let them seek it on the page of God's own word.

VIOLANTE.

SKETCHED FROM "MY NOVEL" BY BULWER.

Alack! for Violante—

We've sought for her in vain,
Beneath the lime-tree's pleasant shade,
In every walk and lane :
The proud old house is desolate,
Its inmates sad to see—
That bright Italian maiden,
Alas! where can she be?

The beauteous Violante,
Alone, was latest seen,
Just where the marble fountain
Tossed up its sunset sheen—
But when the darkness gathered fast
The lofty halls along,
She came no more to gladden them
With love and grace and song:

The cruel Violante!
Her father's face is pale,
And ever-faithful Giacomo
Can only 'weep and wail,'
Now, Holy Mother guard us!
It were a grievous wo,
The darling child should blindly trust
The father's deadliest foe.

The hapless Violante!
Could *she* avoid the snare,
Which wily, wicked hands had set
For innocence so rare?
Alas for gentle girlishness!
When first it shall begin
To hear, but too confidingly,
The charmed voice of sin.

The saint-like Violante
Yet walks from harm secure,
The demon Count can work no ill
Unto a thing so pure:
For all her soft humanities,
Which kept us in control,
Are but celestial messengers
That wait upon her soul.

The queenly Violante
Shall come to us again,
With troops of gallant gentlemen,
And nobles in her train;
And we will twine a bridal wreath
And deck the festal hall,
For she shall wed in honor there
The noblest of them all!

Σ.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.

EDITED BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

It has been now nearly three years since this book was first re-published in this country; nevertheless, we have been so much gratified by its perusal, that we feel constrained, even at this late day, to say something about it.

We are greatly obliged to Mr. Milnes for the modest service he has rendered the memory of John Keats. The affectionate zeal he has manifested in gathering up the scattered memorials and relics of that ill-starred Poet, and the unobtrusive manner in which he has laid them before us, entitle him to the highest praise. He does not pretend to have performed the duty of a biographer, as the title page shows; and we are glad in this instance, that he has been so free from the ordinary ambition of book-makers. His preface gives us to understand that "his business has been almost entirely limited to the collection and arrangement of the materials:" he has left "the memorials of Keats to tell their own tale."

The latter half of this volume comprises the "Poetical Remains"—hitherto unpublished. For these, Mr. Milnes is indebted to Mr. Charles Brown, in whose family the poet was an inmate for several years, and who ever proved himself a kind and devoted benefactor. This gentleman had carefully collected the literary relics of his lamented friend, and was about giving them to the world, when his plans were changed, and he suddenly determined to transfer himself and his fortunes to the nascent colony of New Zealand. Before leaving England, he confided his collection of Keats' writings, together with a biographical notice, to the care of Mr. Milnes.

Although these poetical remains bear the undoubted impress of the author's genius, and may be read with delight by every lover of true poetry, we do not think they can add anything to his fame. That splendid fragment "Hyperion," so touchingly emblematic of the Poet's life—so mournfully significant in its mighty incompleteness, must ever be considered the noblest monument of his poetic power. We shall say, therefore, very little about the poetry of this volume. The time for a criticism upon the *poetry* of Keats has gone by. His fame is secure. He drank the bright elixir and has become immortal. Like his own Apollo, upheld by Mnemosyne, he endured the transfiguring pangs, and "died into life." No earthly hand can quench his light: he dwells amid the stars.

But what had chiefly delighted us in examining the result of Mr. Milnes' labors, is the an-

ple indication the book affords of the real life and character of a man long misapprehended, and of whose true personality we have hitherto had but a vague and false conception. However we had admired Keats the *Poet*; we had never entertained exalted ideas of Keats the *man*. His *inspiration* we had never doubted, and we were inclined to regard the beautiful "Elegy" of Shelley, and the generous praise of Leigh Hunt, as tributes to his genius, rather than to his worth. The information concerning him, derived from other sources, was anything but favorable. The impression left upon us by the sneering notices of his contemporaries—by Byron's sarcastic letters and contemptuous epigram—by Gifford's caustic reviews, and even by the obscurity of the Poet's life as well as by his inglorious death—was a mingled feeling of pity and contempt. If happy in the indulgence of that faculty, which it is said can bring "spirits from the vasty deep," we at any time conjured up this Poet's shade, we beheld in our mind's eye the sickly phantom of *John Keats*—a mawkish apothecary's boy—destitute of all manliness and dignity. Adopting the common notion of his death, we were ready to believe with Lord Byron, that "he who would die of an article in a Review, would have died of something else equally trivial." Such a portrait, possesses not even the merit of a caricature; for a caricature is a resemblance, although a distorted and an exaggerated one. Every page of this book demonstrates the injustice of such a representation. We have here an opportunity of undeceiving ourselves; and we are not required to make up our judgment from the special pleading of a partial biographer, but from the undeniable documentary evidence of the Poet's inmost life. His private letters, written without the remotest suspicion that they would ever be made public, admit us, at once, to his most secret thoughts. The affectionate and confiding nature of the writer, make them doubly reliable; they are the unreserved outpourings of his feelings; confessions whispered to the sacred ear of friendship. They read to us like pages torn fresh from the red-leaved volume of the heart, and they contain a rich heart-history. As specimens of epistolary writing, they possess the highest merit. Eminently original, lively and natural, they are, by turns, grave, gay, or melancholy; ever ranging with the writer's lively fancy and susceptible nature. We regret that our limits forbid our giving a few extracts; we hope, however, the reader will feel sufficient interest in this work to peruse it and judge for himself. Let us now trace briefly the outlines of the Poet's life: He was born in Moorfields, London, Oct. 29th, 1795. His father, who was the proprietor of a large livery-stable, was killed by a fall from his horse before John

had completed his tenth year. Keats had two brothers, George, older than himself, Tom, younger, and a sister, the youngest of the three. At an early age, the brothers were sent to Mr. Clarke's School, at Enfield. At school, the biographer tells us: "John was always fighting; he chose his favorites among his school-fellows, from those that fought the most readily and pertinaciously, nor were the brothers loth to exercise their mettle even on one another. This disposition, however, in all of them, seems to have been combined with much tenderness, and in John, with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in the greatest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears, were equally frequent with him; and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval." His skill in all manly exercises, made him extremely popular, and his extraordinary animation and ambition, impressed them all with a conviction of his future greatness: "but rather," writes one of his school-fellows, "in a military or some such active sphere, than in the peaceful arena of literature."

Many years after this period, we find him displaying his pugilistic prowess and his generous impulses, to the admiration of a crowd of lookers on, in a provincial town, by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he saw mal-treating a little boy.

In 1810 he left school, and his mother having died the same year, he was apprenticed by his guardian, for five years, to a surgeon, at Edmonton. This place not being remote from Enfield, he was enabled to keep up his connection with the family of Mr. Clarke, his old schoolmaster. Of the son of this gentleman, the biographer thus speaks: "In Charles Cowden Clarke, Keats found a friend capable of sympathising with all his highest tastes and finest sentiments; and in this genial atmosphere, his powers gradually expanded. He was always borrowing books, which he devoured rather than read. From his friend Clarke, Keats borrowed Spencer's "Fairy Queen;" and the effect it produced upon him, is said to have been "electrical:" "It was the great impulse of his poetical life. And the stream of his inspiration remained long colored by the rich soil over which it first had flowed." When his apprenticeship terminated, Keats went to London for the purpose of walking the hospitals. There he was introduced to a circle of distinguished literary characters, and became intimate with Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Shelley, and many others of note. Soon after entering on the practical part of his business, he determined to abandon a profession which became every day more repulsive, and accordingly he left London, and for the sake of his health, as well as to give

himself up to undistracted study, he retired into the country. The letters written during his absence, are exceedingly interesting, particularly those addressed to his friend, Mr. Reynolds. About this time, he commenced "Endymion." The small volume containing his earlier poems, which he had put forth a short time before, had met with little encouragement. This, however, did not affect him; he only felt stimulated to higher exertions. Endymion at length appeared. The Reviewers attacked it fiercely. How he bore this second failure, his letters show. He thus writes to his publisher:

"You are very good in sending me the letters from the "Chronicle, &c. * * * I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to feel a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison, beyond what 'Blackwood' or the 'Quarterly' could inflict: and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. * * * * *

The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. In 'Endymion,' I leaped headlong into the seas, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for *I would sooner fail* than not be among the greatest."

We fully agree with the biographer, that the noble candor and simplicity of this answer is sufficient to place the question in its true light, and to silence forever the exclamations either of honest wrath or contemptuous passion.

While the critics were busy discussing the merits of 'Endymion,' its author was tending with anxious solicitude, the bedside of his brother Tom, who was languishing in the last stage of that fatal malady to which the Poet himself was destined so soon to fall a victim. Keats mourned the loss of his brother most bitterly. Indeed, nothing can be more engaging than the fraternal fondness, the deep and lasting tenderness he ever manifested towards his brothers and his youthful sister. He writes to his friend Bailey: "My love for my brothers, from the early loss of our friends, and even from earlier misfortunes, has grown into an affection passing the love of woman."

After the death of his brother, Keats took up his abode with his friend, Mr. Brown: here he wrote 'Hyperion,' and several of his minor poems. The pressure of his pecuniary circumstances, and the insidious approaches of disease began now to weigh upon his spirits and embitter his life. While devising schemes of relief and struggling against poverty and pain, he was suddenly prostrated by a violent outbreak of his disease. There was no alternative but to remove to a milder climate. With gloomy forebodings, he set out with his friend Severn for Italy. They repaired to Rome, where, after a painful illness, Keats died. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, amid the ruins of the eternal City, and on his grave-stone was placed, at his request, this inscription: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

We have thus lightly touched upon the more important incidents in the life of Keats. How far he reminds us of the Johnny Keats scoffed at and derided by scribblers, we leave the reader to judge. There is no one, we venture to say, that will not feel willing to endorse the sentiment of his brother George, expressed in a letter to one of the Poet's surviving friends: "John was the very soul of courage and manliness, and as much like the *Holy Ghost as Johnny Keats*."

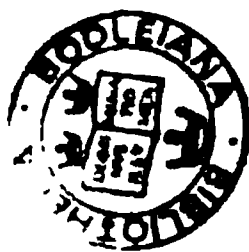
There is a beautiful simile of human life, which we find in one of his letters to Mr. Reynolds; we will extract it for the sake of its intrinsic beauty, if for nothing else:

"I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me: the first we step into we call the Infant, or Thoughtless Chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten into it, but we are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us. We no sooner get into the second chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere. We see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there forever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of, is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man, of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heart-break, pain, sickness and oppressions; whereby this Chamber of Maiden-thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open; but all dark; all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance

of good and evil; we are in a mist; we are in that state; we feel the Burden of the Mystery."

Poor Keats! he was not permitted to irradiate those dark passages with the light of genius; a darker passage had to be undergone, even that which leads through the valley of shadows, and whence there is no return. But—

"He has out soar'd the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in rain:
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."



THOMAS HOOD.

The writer, whose name appears at the head of this article, enjoyed during his life, a popularity as great in extent, as it was peculiar in kind. His first distinction was attained as an humorist, and almost all his productions were ushered into the world in the pages of periodicals. Hence, the rapid spread of his reputation, from the moment that he acquired his earliest celebrity. Newspapers and Magazines multiply and circulate in the nineteenth century, beyond the wildest conjecture that any man would have hazarded an hundred years ago. The habits of locomotion in the human race have increased also, to a degree no less surprising. Emigration and travelling, tours of business and pleasure, journeys for every purpose and for no purpose, have become merely ordinary incidents in the life of a large portion of mankind. With this multiplication of readers, came, naturally, a great and growing demand for reading, suited to the wants of the time. Stage coaches, steamers and railway cars are ill adapted for serious study or sober thought. Professor Porson or Doctor Parr might indeed carry, if they pleased, a pocket full of Greek dramatists, wherewith to confound some unlucky passenger, guilty of a casual misquotation. But such prodigies of learning are rare. For the multitude, something light and entertaining is required—something to be read without an effort—to be laid aside or resumed without the painful labor of recovering a train of thought—to be repeated to and enjoyed with a cheerful neighbor of tolerable parts and education.

Now, of all literary laborers, Thomas Hood was the laborer for this field. The age called for him, and he came. It was "the Hour and the

Man." Full of playfulness that never tired, overflowing with a perennial stream of puns, possessed of an inventive instinct which shaped the driest and dullest subject into a figure of fun—his quainthumor and his sparkling wit illumined every aspect of society and manners, like summer lightning amid the evening clouds. Flashing out for an instant in one quarter, he disappeared only to show himself in another, the "*Two Faces under a Hood*," beaming every where with an expression of drollery, always varying, and yet always the same. Through all his changes, some features were constant. You could not but see the boyish merriment which laughed at its own work, and the kindly sympathy which restrained and governed his love of the grotesque. He tickled with such consummate skill, that his finger never touched a morbid place in the human anatomy. A fat old woman, in an agony of alarm, rocks in a little boat upon a chopping sea, with the pathetic suggestion to the reader, that "*She is far from the Land*:" but you feel assured all the while that she is not to be drowned. Another ponderous dame is startled from her easy chair by the horrified nurse-maid, who snatches up the "*Spoiled Child*" and presents it *edgeways*. Nevertheless, we have an abiding confidence that the little innocent endured no such "mental sufferance." A luckless sailor is lashed to a palm tree by a boa constrictor, while an eagle plays at "last tag" with his pig tail, and a grim tiger watches the sport from a jungle hard by. It is justly described as "*an embarrassed situation*;" but who doubts that

"The sweet little cherub which sits up aloft,
Will watch o'er the fate of poor Jack?"

If we turn from the pictorial illustrations to the letter press, the numberless "whims and oddities" that crowd upon us in prose and poetry, attest the fertility and variety of his comic resources. There are "*The Pugsley Papers*—the letters on the Great Conflagration of the Parliament House—the Earthquake Correspondence of 1842—*The Demon Ship*—*The Lost Heir*—*Miss Kilmansegg*—*The Tale of a Trumpet*—and scores of others—essays, narratives and epistles—which evidence a genius no less prolific in his own peculiar vein, than that of the great novelist in the loftier department of historical romance. Nor must we forget that with Hood this was original. He has been followed by Thackeray, and a horde of imitators, far less worthy than Thackeray. From *Punch*, down to the compilers of Comic Almanacks, a whole army of copyists have taken Hood for their exemplar, and worked with greater or less success upon his patterns. Many of them do not scruple at plagiarism: and numbers of his good jokes have become so hack-

neyed, that they are daily repeated, like proverbs from Shakspeare, without the least recollection of the source from whence they came.

There are other lights, moreover, in which our author deserves to be remembered. Sometimes he comes before us with memories of childhood, simple, natural and touching. He steals away from the weary, week-day toils and cares of the present and the actual—from bodily sickness and mental anxiety—to the happy and joyous past, to the breezy freshness of the morn of life, to those bright scenes of flowers and sunshine, in which we see ourselves as if in some long forgotten state of existence. Take, for example, the following stanzas, from his "Retrospective Review":

"Oh! when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye
To cast a look behind!

"A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing:
But now these past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

* * * * *

"Oh! for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again:
I'd 'kiss the rod,' and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane.

"The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!"

And these others, which are so beautiful, that our readers will thank us for giving them entire:

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day:
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

"I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth day,—
The tree is living yet!

"I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy."

We are strongly tempted to dwell upon other poems of Mr. Hood, in which he displays feelings of a graver and deeper character. "The Elm Tree," appealing to superstitious fancy, stirs us into a strange and mysterious sympathy with inanimate, or at least unconscious, nature. "The Haunted House," presents a picture not inferior to that which Tennyson has developed out of the "Moated Grange," which was the residence of the dejected Mariana. And the "Dream of Eugene Aram," laying bare to view the black and dreary chambers of a ruined human heart, reveals to us with terrible truth and power, the fear, the anguish, and the hopeless despair, that wait upon the lonely hours of guilt, unknown and unsuspected. There are other productions, too, in which the woes of suffering humanity have found a voice, crying aloud for relief—relief from degradation and poverty and famine; from evils, of which the causes are so rooted in the constitution of society, that it is easier to weep for their existence, than to contrive how they may be eradicated. Nevertheless, it is most true that the sympathy of the statesman must be aroused, before his mind can be stimulated to study the disease of the body-politic, and to seek its cure. Hood and his fellow-laborers have done much in awakening the public of Great Britain to the duty and necessity of solving these sad problems: the time may be nearer than is suspected, when the older States of our Union will have the same task to perform. The "Song of the Shirt," and the "Bridge of Sighs"—alas! are they not already echoed from the workshops and the garrets of our great cities? Do they not shadow forth the want, the toil, the temptation and the ruin, from which so many weak and helpless women have already sought refuge in the grave?

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled!
Any where, any where,
Out of the world!"

But we must make haste to reach that poem, which is the main object of this article; because, while it is less known (as we believe) than most of his other works, it is by far the most imaginative and brilliant of them all. It brings out our favorite in the character of a worthy follower—a modest and loving, and therefore the more worthy, follower—of Shakspeare, in one of his triumphal progresses through the realms of fancy. Its very title—"The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies"—is an acknowledgment of homage to the author of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a herald of the rich tribute that one of his true lieges is about to pour out at his feet. When we publish our edition of Shakspeare—and we shall do so as soon as we are convinced that the literary world is prepared to appreciate our critical merits—most assuredly we shall insert the poem as a fit companion to the play. A companion—not an equal: the offering of an humble and faithful friend, who reverences Shakspeare, and would fain utter what he feels: not of a supple slave, betraying selfishness and servility, even in his parrot-taught flattery—but of an honest heart, which judges and approves before it loves, and only then gives assurance of a life-long attachment—

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

The poet's design, to use his own words, is "to celebrate, by an allegory, that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy Mythology by his *Midsummer Night's Dream*." The allegory itself is a noble one; but we were so carried away at the first reading, by the vivid description and exquisite feeling of the poem, that we forgot all but its literal sense, and never thought of the metaphorical. Let us take a look at the spot to which the story—for it is *a story*, a right Fairy Tale,—first leads us—

"It was a shady and sequestered scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels evergreen,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were founting springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid conies cropping the green blades.

"And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barred;—and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom;
Whilst others with fresh hues rowed forth to win
My changeable regard,—for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

"And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists, without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical; and all were tame,
And peckled at my hand where'er I came."

Is not this the place of all places, to look for the "good people in;" and is it not the most natural thing in the world, that the poet, rambling there in a soft, dewy, moonlight, Autumnal eve, should find himself in the presence of "Queen Titania," with her pretty crew—

"All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears"—

and should hear her giving orders for the evening's sport?

"'Ah me!' she cries, 'was ever moonlight seen,
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene
My lieges all!'—Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet roses' cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a frayed bird in the gray owl's beak.

"And lo! upon my fixed delighted ken
Appeared the loyal Fays. Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that opened then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers, when the rustics pass;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropped like shed blossoms, silent, to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

"Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain,
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud,—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,
And still bedewed it with a various stain:
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar."

A goodly company, truly, and one that promises much delight. But alas! for the poor little elves, their Queen is oppressed with sad forebodings of some impending evil, which ever and anon bring the tears to her eyes, in spite of all their merriment. By and by they become infected with her melancholy, and give o'er their amusements, clustering about her, while she unfolds the secret cause of her unhappiness. She reminds them that their lives are "loosed upon the fickle faith of men"—that they exist only upon condition of being remembered and cherished by the human race; and that although they have been thus far preserved by the friendly aid

of poesy, she feels misgivings that their extinction is at hand. This apprehension it is, which has haunted her waking and her sleeping hours all day, gathering confirmation from many evil omens that she observed: till at last, while she is bribing a raven with acorns to hush his dreary croaking, she is appalled by the sight of

—“The horrid shape that ever raised my awe,
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,
With wicked might, grieved the primeval ball,
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

“Gaunt was he as a wolf of Lauguedoc,
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
So from his barren poll one hoary lock
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown
Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves;
And for his coronal he wore some brown
And bristled ears gathered from Ceres’ sheaves,
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

“And lo! upon a mast reared far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismayed,
I crept into an acorn cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by:
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

“And ever as he sighed, his foggy breath
Blurred out the landscape like a flight of smoke:
Thence know I this was either dreary Death,
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke!
Ah! wretched me!”—

Titania’s narrative is suddenly cut short by the entrance of the dreadful apparition. The fairies, panic stricken, huddle together, incapable of flight. The queen alone, as becomes her station, has the courage to address him; which she does, entreating for mercy to her harmless followers, in strains so moving, that they must needs have prevailed with any foe, except stern and unsparing Time. But what mercy can be expected of the tyrant, who hath always delighted to devour his own children? He makes no answer to her prayers except a scornful and malignant sneer, and proceeds to whet his terrible scythe, as for instant execution. At this, Titania, descending from her throne, casts herself at the feet of the destroyer, and renews with plentiful weeping, her appeal to his pity and forbearance. She beseeches him to seek a prouder spoil, in razing the palaces and cities of ambitious kings and conquerors—to pass by her feeble subjects, whose brief and uncertain lease of life must soon run out, and whose daily employment it was, meanwhile, to dispense, unseen, the sweet charities of nature. She beckons her attendants to enforce her petition, by some account of their re-

spective tasks. One after another, the little elves come forward trembling, and repeat the labors of love which they have performed. It is a long list of benefits conferred upon the sons of men, for which it is to be feared too little gratitude is returned, either to the fanciful agents employed, or to the Divine Author of all-good. Some regulate the melody of field and grove, teaching music to the lark at heaven’s gate, and the nightingale upon her twilight thorn: some “tend upon buds’ birth and blossoming,” and dress the earth in verdure and flowers: some wait upon young lovers, and surround them in their hours of courtship, with all happy sights and sounds—or watch by the cradle of sleeping infancy, and beguile the mother’s heart of its care, as they

—“Touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile”—

others—“small foresters and gay”—have charge of the merry greenwood, training vines and bending branches for the shelter of nature’s tenants, shaping vast halls and shady galleries of living architecture, and grafting the “dried oaks” with mistletoe, for the cheer of the coming Christmas. Then there are those who teach all creatures their appointed instincts, working beside them in shapes like their own, and causing men to marvel at the intelligence of ants and bees and silk-worms—and there are the spring-keepers, that hold the keys of nature’s fountains, and cause their cool streams to flow, refreshing the parched earth, and reviving the languid dwellers by land and by water. But most touching of all are the stories of human suffering succoured and relieved: of the gloomy wretch, intent on suicide, who is diverted from his fell purpose by the gambols of the fairies, disguised as fish, until he falls in with a gentle brother of the angle, whose “sweet wisdom gathered from the brooks” converts his heart from its despair: of the helpless babe, exposed in the fields by its cruel mother, and saved from death by an honest rustic, who was led to the spot by an unusual chirping of fairy grass-hoppers—

“A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring;
And too soon banished from a mother’s petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world’s fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care;
Alas! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

“His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay halfway open like a rose-lipped shell:
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass and some against his hand,

Or haply wandered to the dimpled well,
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly planned,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

"Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin-bluespheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild:
Just touched with thought, and yet not over-wise,
They showed the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then with shrilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
While providential Heaven our care espies,

"And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
Who wondering at our loud unusual note,
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot:
And how he prospered, let proud London quote,
How wise, how rich, and how renowned he got,
And chief of all her citizens, I wot."

This is the well-known story of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, which

"Still bears, in token of his grateful breast
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest."

We would gladly introduce other quotations from the exquisite speeches, in which the little pleaders recount their adventures. But *Time* forbids; as inexorable now as then—when he scoffed with increasing bitterness at every word, and grew more and more savage at each new petition.

The cause is suddenly brought to an issue by the mischievous antics of Puck. This famous wight, maugre the danger in which he stood, with all his tribe, had not ceased to play the harlequin, making a jest of old Saturn himself, and mocking at the grief and dismay of his own comrades—

"Turning their solemn looks to half a smile,
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide."

But at last, as will happen sooner or later to the most cunning of those who think to laugh at *Time* and elude his grasp, the joker is caught, (as one might clutch a fly.) in the very act of plucking the old tyrant by the ear and sticking straws in his long forelock. Puck, in his extremity, begs as piteously as the others: but, having no useful business to boast of, nor any kind deeds to rehearse, he is obliged to own himself

an idle practical joker—full of harmless pranks—a lover and promoter of fun—mirthful himself, and the cause of mirth in others. This confession seems to fill up the measure of old Saturn's wrath and impatience—

—————"Shaking his crooked blade
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally frayed!
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash—
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash—
'Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing!
Whom naught can frighten, sadden, or abash,—
To hope my solemn countenance to wring
To idiot smiles!—but I will prune thy wing!

"Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings; but I plucked it down,
And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
'Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew;
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!'"

So saying, the hoary giant lays hold of his scythe with both hands, and makes ready to sweep off in one swarth, like a cluster of field flowers, the group of trembling creatures at his feet. But, in the very crisis of their fate, they are reprieved—the impending stroke is arrested—and the fearful scythe drops harmless to the ground.

"For just at need, a timely apparition
Steps in between to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares *Time*'s irresistible affront,
Whose strokes have scarred even the Gods of old;
Whereas this seemed a mortal, at mere hunt
For conies, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold,

"Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance,—

"'Oh! these be Fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sun-beams in diurnal sloth;
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth—
The gnat with shrilly trump in their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loath,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

"'These be the pretty genii of the flowers,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew,—
Midsommer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,

The darling puppets of romance's view;
 Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
 Famous for patronage of lovers true,
 No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
 So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them."

It is with unspeakable reluctance, that we turn away from the rich, luxuriant, glowing language of our author, to stitch together, in our slipshod style, the fragments thus torn out of the poem for the embellishment of our narrative. It would delight us, as it has done more than once, to read it from end to end with some chosen associate, who "has wit for such worship." But at present, we must curtail the indulgence of our poetical affections; or we should repeat every one of the one hundred and twenty-six stanzas—for we believe not one can be omitted, without losing some harmony that the ear will not voluntarily forego. So proceed we, like the Prologue* before Duke Theseus, to announce the coming action of the Lion.

Saturn, recovering from the surprise into which he had been thrown by the sudden interference of the stranger, again essays to execute his fell design, but is again foiled by the protector of the fairies, who turns his blow aside—and now Titania, with all her train, forsaking the spot where they had in vain implored the mercy of the destroyer, hastens to take refuge with her noble defender, appeals to his generosity and valor, and promises him many a fairy guerdon for his services—

"Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
 And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
 Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
 And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,
 I know the signs of an immortal man—
 Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
 Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
 And shine untarnished by the fogs of Fate,
 Time's famous rival till the final date!

"O shield us then from this usurping Time,
 And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;
 And teach thee tunes to wed unto thy rhyme,
 And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
 Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
 Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen,
 And for thy love to us in our extremes,
 Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
 Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!"

How SHAKESPEARE responded to this appeal, is matter of joy and pride, not to those alone who share in the birth-right of his mother-tongue, but to the lovers of genius and taste all the world over. Thus, on the spot, he rebukes the truculent and threatening spectre—

* Perhaps the reader may trace a further resemblance—
 "He hath rid his Prologue like a rough colt—he knows no stop."

"Though haggard Sin, go forth and scoop
 Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew,
 Or make th' Autumnal flowers turn pale and droop,
 Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop
 Under fat sheaves—or blast the piny grove;
 But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,
 Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,
 But based on Nature's loveliness and love.

"For these are kindly ministers of nature,
 To sooth all covert hurts, and dumb distress;
 Pretty they be, and very small of stature—
 For mercy still consorts with littleness,
 Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
 And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;
 So do these charitable dwarfs redress
 The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
 To whom great malice and great might belong.

"Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
 Will I regard them in my honoring rhyme,
 With love for love, and homages to beauty,
 And magic thoughts gathered in night's coolclime,
 And studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
 Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells:
 So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime,
 Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
 Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

So bearded and defied, TIME turns upon his opponent with accumulated wrath, resolved to annihilate the only mortal that dared withstand his power: but against that charmed life, his strength is impotent, his malice harmless.

"Look how a poisoned man turns livid black,
 Drugged with a cup of deadly hellebore,
 That sets his horrid features all at rack—
 So seemed these words into the ear to pour
 Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar
 Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,
 Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,
 And bade the clustered sinews all engage,
 As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

"Whereas the blade flashed on the dinted ground,
 Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar
 On that immortal shade, or death-like wound;
 But Time was long benumbed, and stood ajar,
 And then with baffled rage took flight afar,
 To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,
 Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,
 Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,
 Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb."

And now succeeds a pageant of joy, and gratitude, and love. Titania commands her subjects to do honor to their preserver, and vies with the humblest of them in grateful homage and affection. She enjoins upon them to be ever on the watch, that they may minister to his pleasure, and reveal to him the sweet secrets of nature, which it is his delight to study. Finally, she waves her wand thrice about his head, and crowns him with a radiant glory,

"To show the thoughts there harbored were divine,
And on immortal contemplations fed:
Goodly it was to see that glory shine
Around a brow so lofty and benign!"

So did SHAKESPEARE rescue from oblivion the airy shapes of Fairy Land, and make them sharers in his own deathless inheritance of fame. So have they been maintained in their ancient franchises of turf and twig, of flowers and moonlight, of mossy banks and crystal waters. So do they continue the rightful tenants of forest, field and meadow, when the garish light of day is withdrawn, and the soft, shadowy hours of night bring back the glorious reign of old Romance.

But their charter, as of old, limits their tenure to the witching hours of darkness. Their lease ends at cock-crow. Even the presence of Shakespeare could not avail to stretch the privilege beyond the break of day—

——"Now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

"And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise
From plashy mead and undiscovered stream,
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavowed,
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.
Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd,
Like flocking linnets, vanished in a cloud."

COUNTRY NOTES.

WRITTEN UNDER LEAF AND CLOUD-SHADOW.

SUNSHINE.

—Above, the deep blue sky of August, with its wealth of snowy clouds:—all around the rustling emerald woods:—at my feet the cool grass, green and tender, rolling out its rich carpet, embroidered with fairest flowers! Above, around, through all (as I sit here in the shade writing with a luxuriously idle pen) breaks the everlasting sunshine!

With sunshine, how can one feel other than blest—most happy! I suspect Lamartine scribbled that beautiful historical romance of his in the shadow of some joyless day instead of on the sea-shore, lit with the sunlight,—with the fair purple sky and rosy islands of the Inland Sea before him;—or the end would never have been so sad. Sunshine is but another word for joy, heart-lightness, merriment of spirit! Whatever sort of sunshine it may be: whether in chilly

winter when it pours its white splendor on the snow, or in spring when it laughs above the flowers; or as now in beautiful August when it plays at hide and seek with the far stretching fields, and lies asleep upon the rolling woodlands, and blesses all it shines on!

Many persons prefer a rainy day:—"a nice drizzly, uncomfortable, delightful morning, when you may look out and see the sky dreary and the grass drenched—and sitting snugly with a book or work before you, while away the time." I willingly grant that this is a most philosophical way of spending a rainy morning:—but to say that any indoor enjoyment of the sort, compares with that of idle, happy wandering in the far sunlight is heresy! This fair sunlight is now around, above, within me;—refining every happy thought; laughing gaily in the face of gloom; whispering through every leaf above my head, its cheering words;—the happy, merry sunshine!

Flowers are not flowers without it—trees not trees; but waving, gloomy spectres, murmuring their complaints of the chill, sunless world. Let the sunshine come again, from behind the envious clouds, and "mark what splendor follows." The flowers look up and smile, the merry leaves are dancing for very joy and brim with delicate laughter—the distance smiles, the green grass sparkles with its rain-jewels, bright and many-colored; and all nature once again "in good spirits" murmurs her happiness and peace—as now she does—around.

"God's blessing on the sunshine!"

CLOUDS.

And then the clouds! Those beauteous harbingers of cooling rain are yonder on the blue;—floating in lazy magnificence and with a dreamy, thoughtful air, such as they always *will* assume in August! They are thoughtful—for do they not think ever of the beauteous world they roll above, when the soft winds come onward to them: dreamy too are they, since so many emerald fields have been swept by them, so many mountain brows overshadowed but to make the returning sunlight more gay! They must, perforce, dream of that glorious *past*, of its lifeful beauty, and its quiet eyes still bent upon them. They never look upon the present—that is, what is here beneath them now:—the fruitful fields, and dancing streamlets, melted into haze afar, are only in their thoughts, and dreaming of them all, the clouds are well content!

The morning, noon, and evening are not the same in Cloudland. The dawn comes in with light, red, circling, rosy snow flakes: the noon is one great mass of lazy, wind-carved alabaster:

and when the great sun goes down, dragging another day into the gulf of years, the azure sky spreads out its scroll for that high poetry written on it by the long red lines of evening, sun-flushed, melting in the purple twilight. They make you think—these clouds! And those are mostly happy thoughts:—they are so beautiful, piled up and rolling over, changing every moment in the veering wind, and dazzling sunlight!

Polonius was not, after all, so wholly the courtier in his answer to the Prince. They are “very like a whale”—then like a camel! But not alone do they change as you gaze. Often in gazing on these beautiful embroideries of heaven’s azure, have I felt that gloom was folly, and so come back to trust in heaven—and feel that life was bright and hopeful.

THE WINDS.

SILENCE is one of the awful things of this earth: well has Mr. Poe in his unintelligible “*Siöpe*” represented that cheerful landscape there drawn, as “cursed with the curse of silence.” Just fancy a mighty world of forest lying under the blue heavens, with no stir in them; never any rustling of leaves, nor any sway of boughs! Think of no whispering grass and sighing reeds, no lapping water, no murmurous sound of flowers nodding up and down in happy airs!

This is what earth would resemble had no winds been born among the old mountains, and come down with their deathless thirst for travel, to the lowlands!

Winter and summer, winds are musical and sweet. I like to hear them applying at the key-hole for admittance in the winter time, when logs are roaring and all hearts are warm:—I love their low, sad sighing for the perished glories of the golden year, when waning autumn goes into the trackless woods with both hands full of many colored leaves, treading—poor fellow!—on a mat of “pine-tags” which soon shall crisp beneath his tread no more! The day is always waked, in our Virginia, with the stir of winds; and day must have a murmur in the leaves to go to rest by; and clouds at noon would sleep forever on the azure vault, but for their merry breath. It is the winds which chase those orient days we love toward their western death; which close their eyes with rosy curtains;—which deck them out with sun and shadow in the emerald fields, when the cloud armies come up and at their command, step forward; sometimes like an army charge the horizon.

Not without reason, have the poets told us so much of the winds:—especially Shakspeare, that bright lover of tender April, whose winds

scatter so many showers upon the grass, for the pleasure of drying them up. But the prettiest verses I have seen for many a day, are found in “*Queechy*,” written by “Fleda” professedly—certainly by one with the vision and the faculty divine. The first verse has a fine beauty which few can mould. I hope “Hugh” will find this much of criticism to her taste!

Not without reason have the winds delighted so many poets from Chaucer to Tennyson—to say nothing of our American masters in the joyous science:—and here I have you at my mercy, for on my mind, or rather from my memory, come flocking numberless “quotations,” in proof of my position. I have no intention of wearying you or—myself, this golden day. That oncoming murmur yonder in the pines—it is here while I write!—is more than any poet’s cunning music.

“QUEECHY.”

—Having scribbled of the winds, clouds and sunshine, I know nothing better to go on with than a book which is made up of those very things;—wherein, as in nature, the sunshine comforts you for the darkest clouds and the chilliest winds.

I have just been reading “*Queechy*,” by the authoress of that beautiful tale “*The Wide, Wide World*,” which so many children (and grown people too, for that matter,) have been laughing and crying over, through a score of editions. “*Queechy*” I like even better than the first work—since “Fleda” has (in some inexplicable way, without having) more character than “*Ellen*.” The book is also more artistic than its elder sister; “*Carleton*” is more entertaining than “*Mr. John*,” and those interminable conversations leading to nothing which swell the “*Wide, Wide World*” beyond all bounds, are not so frequent or so inconclusive here. Still there is entirely too much of this vague and inartistic “talk”—as all readers agree;—and I can perceive some repetitions which strike me as very strange in a writer of such uncommon powers,—both of invention and description. This, I believe, is all I have to say of “bad” about “*Queechy*.” True, I have not finished it; but I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Warner, or whatever lady may be the authoress, has produced a work which will be read with interest and advantage “any time these hundred years” to come. I can scarcely recall to mind at this moment any delineation of a similar character, at all comparable to “Fleda;” such remarkable and uncommon power has this authoress in reading the child mind. “Fleda” will be as much of a fa-

vorite, I suspect, as "Ellen" was before her. What do I say! Much more, inasmuch as she is more carefully and powerfully delineated. I am quite sure that more than one (or a thousand) young (and old) bachelors sigh for a flesh and blood reality of their favorite:—that favorite who is so unreachable, far off in Queechy land, which since little "Fleda" lived there has been known as Fairy land!

And now if you feel disposed to laugh at my criticism, you may do so. I can afford to be laughed at, with the trees murmuring above me, and the beautiful clouds rolling across the sky, with the cicada singing summer in the flowery grass, and—should I wish something more, or rather less—there on the rustic seat, the "In Memoriam," a magazine, and "Queechy!"

—
BY THE BROOKSIDE.

One of the most graceful things about Tennyson, is his acquaintance with, and love for, all description of flowers. As witness (from memory) his "the little speedwell's darling blue"—"the faint, sweet cuckoo flower"—"the fox glove cluster dappled bells"—"heavily hangs the tiger lily"—"laburnums dropping wells of fire"—and his sunflower, which "rays round with flame its disk of seed:" all such perfect descriptions. All poets who love nature—how superfluous the clause of exception!—love thus to study flowers, those stars fallen on our cold earth. But I am thankful that other than poets may enjoy them;—all; the rich exotics of the green-house, the full radiant beauty of the garden queens, and the little meadow flowers which sun themselves on every bank, and on the margin of every purling stream.

Many days have I spent "by the brookside," and they have not been the least happy of my life. True, it was not to look for little meadow flowers that I bent my steps toward the meadow, through which the brook chases the shadow of the floating clouds: I sought those rich, soft, grassy banks with fishing rod on my shoulder, intent on bringing home a full willow stick. But when the sun had become too warm, or I had become weary, what more delightful than to lie upon that deep, cool grass, under the old white armed sycamore leaning over the stream and shadowing the clear, cold water, from the sunshine—and there please myself with sun and wind and cloud, while merrily singing birds and tender-hued flowers, completed the witchery of the scene and time.

Much more than

— "in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid,"

was everything bright and beautiful, and instinct with a joyous and dreamy splendor! The very little ladyslipper I held in my hand—with its dappled lining, and its small heel, and the delicate tendril curling above the toe, like the velvet shoes of olden time—spoke to me of the fair life we have to live, if we will only choose it, and fill it with simple things and pleasures, not drain fiery draughts that burn the heart and make the brain delirious. The brookside is a pleasant place for thought; the waves seem so merry and rejoicing; the water-flowers, flags, hollyhocks and others, bow their heads so pensively, dipping their chalice blooms in the clear stream, then rising up; the pebbles shine so brightly; the soft breeze is so cool.

With a book there you may while away such a long summer day as this, so pleasantly; but my own thoughts then, for me, more than any book, or more than any company!

—
"THE GOLDEN LEGEND."

It is a fine artistic work, which, after all, no one but Longfellow could have written; and on the whole, not overrated. Blackwood, you know, says it is quite equal to the "Faust"—of which I cannot judge, having only read that much praised performance in a translation:—still if you consider the great renown of Goeth's drama, this is more than favorable.

There is much poetry here which delights at once the mind and ear; and what is more, goes to the heart. Elsie is one of those pure creations with which poets, from time to time, "enrich the blood of the world," that blood so liable to become diseased in the low atmosphere of daily shift and toil. Of Prince Henry, not much good can be said:—rich as he is represented, it was horrible to make him even *seem* to accept the young girl's sacrifice, and his declaration at last, that it "was all in fun"—not the Prince's words—is rather doubtfully made out. The hero of the book is the celebrated minstrel of the old time, Walter of the Vogelweid, and Mr. Longfellow has, in a few pages, hit off his character in a masterly manner:—not less clearly does he rise to the outward eye—

"A beautiful but bearded face
That now is in the Holy Land."

Having eloped with the lady Irmingard, (a very reprehensible thing in the bard, be it said,) and having sustained a "headlong fall," in the encounter with her father, he repents, and bends his steps in knightly harness, to Palestine, and on his way meets Henry. But here I am telling you

what you know as well as myself. I meant to say, that his meeting with the Prince, is, in my opinion, one of the finest passages in the "Legend."

The rest of the characters are very good. Lucifer is natural and artistic, (acting in a very ungentlemanly, but perfectly polite way.) and the "Golden Legend" cannot but add to Mr. Longfellow's reputation.

A MOCKING BIRD.

How that Mocking Bird filled the wood! crying like a cat-bird;—sending forth the clear gradually dying cloud note of the kildoe, the chirping of the robin, the monotonous song of that crested idler, the pewit, all manner of rich notes and joyful warblings! I left him in the middle of his concert, filled with song, and sailing on to sleep.

Strange that there is a bird which utters distinctly and naturally, such dissimilar sounds. It is far more difficult, surely, than for a man to acquire a language, and yet the mockingbird does it so carelessly! I have long had my suspicions of him, however, and I think now, that he is but a bungler after all. Some old greyheaded savans may be perfect in pronunciation, but many would be hooted at by the birds they imitate. Still, I do not complain of the Virginia mocking bird. He is a good fellow, and delights me; but he ought to practise more!

THE MUSIC OF THE HARVESTERS.

Not long ago, I stood just at sunset on the summit of a pretty knoll, and looking eastward, saw the harvesters cutting into the tall, brown-headed, rippling wheat. I heard the merry whistle of the whirling scythes; I heard their songs; they were so sweet! And why are these harvest melodies so soft-sounding and so grateful to the heart? Simply because they discourse of the long-buried past; and, like some magical spell, arouse from its sleep all the beauteous and gay splendor of those hours.

As the clear, measured sound floated to my ear, I heard also again, the vanished music of happy childhood—that elysian time which cannot last for any of us. I do not know what the song was—whether some slow, sad, negro melody, or loud sounding hymn, such as the forests ring with at camp-meetings; but I know what the murmuring and dying sound brought to me again, living, splendid, instinct with a thoughtful but perfect joy. Fairyland never with its silver-twisted, trumpet-flower-like bugles, rolled such a merrymournful music, to the friendly stars! The

Past is either a dreadful or a blissful word, and as there is far more of the blissful in my memory. (Thank heaven for the gloom that wraps the rest.) I love to have the old days back again:—back with their very tints, and atmosphere, and sounds and odors—now no more the same. Thus I love to hear a young girl's low, merry song, floating from the window of a country house, half broken by the cicada, the swallow's twitter, or the rustling leaves: I love to hear the joyous ripple of the piano, bringing back with some old music, times when that merry music stamped the hours and took possession of them—in the heart—forevermore! I love a ringing horn—yes, even the stage horn, now alas! no more a sound of real life, only memory; the thousand murmurs of a country evening; the far cry of wild geese from the clouds; the tinkling bells of cattle; every sound which brings again a glimpse of the far glimmering plains of youth. And that is why, standing on this round knoll beneath the merrily rustling cherry-trees, and listening to the murmurous song, I heard my boyhood speak to me, and felt again the old breath on my brow!

The sun died away across the old swaying woods; the rattling hone upon the scythe; the measured sweep, the mellow music; all, were gone away! The day was done, and the long twilight came; twilight which mixes the crimson of the darkened West, the yellow moonlight in the azure East, and the red glimmering starlight overhead, into one magic light.

And so I went home merrily, with pleasant thoughts and talk—such pleasant thoughts I wish to all!

SEPTEMBER.

September has at last routed and driven from the field, our beautiful August—beautiful, though the flowers and fruits which clustered above her imperial brow, were wet with constant raindrops; and with her have departed many of those resplendent clouds which threw their shadow on field and stream, where, by the idler who now addresses you, the foregoing notes were jotted down. The clouds are gone for the most part; but not the sunshine, or the foliage, or the merry wind! The sunshine is rather softer through that mellow haze which droops along the river, and swims above the far horizon; and the winds are fresher; and the foliage is even more beautiful than before: for does not the far away glimmering Autumn hint of his approach? He is coming, mounted like the emperors of old, upon a magnificently caparisoned steed, and before him fly the elfin breezes blowing horns, and merrily his bridle reins are jingling, and his many-

colored garments flash ever and anon upon the sight! flash even with a brighter radiance, as coming on in pomp and pride, he strikes the languid summer with his glittering lance, and coming forth at last triumphant, flutters his banner of yellow and fawn and crimson, over the golden woods!

But that is in October, and this is but the first of September.

Roaming through the woods yesterday, I gathered a nosegay of wild flowers, and many of them were very beautiful. They were old friends, and known many long years before their names. Towering above the lesser flowers, was the Golden Rod, which Bryant has placed as the index of Autumn, in his melancholy but beautiful verses: the Golden Rod, that tall, palm-like plant that clusters such a wealth of yellow buds upon its slender stalk. Then there was the wild Primrose, fragrant and saffron pale; its chalice gemmed with dew: the Marygold which somehow wandered thither from the garden: the Lady's Slipper, swaying on its crimson stalk: the thousand yellow and flaunting, or white and modest blooms that star the glades and flash upon the sight with every glance of sunlight. Weeds! you say—these last. Well, yes, they are; but such weeds as charm the eye, refresh the spirit, and tell us that no hand of chance could shape their wondrous beauty!

So much for Autumn flowers; though Autumn is far from being here!

THACKERAY.

What a terrible satirist is Thackeray! with what merciless sarcasm is his cool jest winged, and how deep his insight into the weaknesses and contemptibilities of poor humanity!

I have been reading "Vanity Fair" again; and, thanks to a very careless first reading, have gone through every word of the bulky volume. It is a more powerful work than "Pendennis," that diffuse and sketchy novel which dragged its slow length along through so many numbers, and gained for its hero so much praise and abuse. The old Major, in that work, it is true, would redeem any volume from oblivion, and many of the characters are drawn with great force; the foppish young Pen, the insipid waxwork actress, and especially Blanche, the charming, *spirituelle*, unique Miss Blanche; but "Vanity Fair" is a work of far more strength. As a satirist, Thackeray ranks with the very first writers in that department of letters which the English Language boasts. Juvenal wields no more coolly-cruel scalpel, nor with smiling, careless face, cuts deeper into the foibles of those who have moved his ter-

rible ire. No doubt his long connection with that bitterly radical organ, "Punch," has given Thackeray the knack of the thing; but he seems to have the most genuine and extreme hatred for every species of titled weakness or depravity. The foibles of everyday people might escape him, but the Lord Steynes, and Pitt Crawleys, never escape. In the "Kickleburys on the Rhine," the author's satire on titled insipidity and servility in the lower classes, is positively savage; and from this, as from all Thackeray's works, one takes up the impression that English society is rotten to the core. Juvenal appeared only when the times were ripe to lash the monstrous iniquity and contemptibility of profane, old, crumbling Rome. Is the British Empire ripe for such a satirist also?

GUNS AND BIRD-BAGS.

The mornings have become cool, and a few blazing twigs in the fire-place, are not unpleasant. The noon is warm, and the great sun pours undiminished heat through the somewhat hazy air; but in the evening fall heavy dews, and the nights are deliciously cool, and the early dawn pours such delight into the veins, refreshed by sleep, that one might almost wish that such should be the weather always, and the whole round year be one September!

For some time, forlorn sportsmen have gone out with hanging guns, listless, and dull, to slay a few unhappy doves, or cow-birds, or bats—that pleasantly flavored butter-ball, so acceptable at breakfast: or they have strolled into the woods to hunt squirrels with languid movement and lazy glances around them; or filled with thoughts, inimical to every flying thing, have taken up the long disused gun—then despairingly laid it down. This is all changed now, and every true sportsman is now furbishing up his shooting accoutrements, and making ready for partridges and turkeys. They say it is a waste of time, unworthy of men of thought, except as a recreation after thought. But this is a fallacy. Hunting has been a respectable thing since the days of Nimrod, and it is well known, that to shoot grouse is an indispensable portion of the English statesman's education. That is surely enough.

"PHYSIOLOGY" OF THE NEGRO CHILD.

He is small for his age, but cherishes the hope that after a while he will be a man and live on terms of intimacy with Mas' Buck—now seven years old; he being but five. He tyrannizes over Mas' Buck, who is fond of him: he

thinks that young gentleman his natural playmate and protector. His name is John, corrupted into Jack: he does not believe John to be his name.

He makes his appearance (around the rose bush which is much taller than himself) when the carriage drives to the door; and when it rolls away, he suddenly jerks his thumb from his mouth and mounts (after much running) behind. He is ambitious of opening gates without climbing up for that purpose on the fence. Having been dislodged from his favorite position, behind the carriage by a "cut behind," he stands in the road, gazing upon the receding vehicle and contemplatively sucking his thumb.

His favorite amusement is to join Mas' Buck on the lawn at sunset, and doubling his fist, run at his young master, calling to him bombastically to "come on!" and hit him as high up as possible, viz: upon the knee. If Mas' Buck throws him down and "mashes" him, he says in a tone of surprise and indignant remonstrance, "Mas' Buck, stop! you hut me." His chief duty is to drive, with a long switch, the cows toward the milk-maid, in the field near the stable, in accomplishing which, he is often completely lost to sight among the high weeds, from which his shrill African laughter is heard. Having performed this, he again challenges Mas' Buck to "come on!" or thoughtfully sucks his thumb.

He goes bathing with his young master, but declines entering the water, alleging that he is wearing "galluses"—one only. He remains upon the bank sucking three fingers. He debates the question as to whether the pantaloons he wears (not handsome or new) were formerly Mas' Buck's. He shows a disposition to throw Mas' Buck down and so end the argument, by catching that young gentleman by the knees. He believes his mother to be the greatest of women—next to her he admires himself—next Mas' Buck and the rest. He is in politics no free soiler, and in religion no bigot. He hopes only to live and die "in clover."

PHILOSOPHY OF PIPES.

Much might be written on this subject; and no one will deny that it is full of interest. We shall yet have our classic on the subject—we who are as a nation such enormous smokers.

Pipes may be divided into two great classes:

I. Good Pipes.

II. Bad Pipes.

And this classification has the advantage of being perspicuous and simple. Some have further added:

III. Handsome Pipes.

IV. Ugly Pipes.

But this is discountenanced by the best authorities. In truth, a good pipe can never be ugly, and under no circumstances can a bad pipe be handsome. The shape and name of this useful article, has varied in different ages and nations; and has only arrived at perfection in Virginia. The following is a true classification in point of merit:

I. Corn-cob Pipe, (Virginian.)

II. Clay Pipe, (from Powhatan.)

III. Meerschaum, (German.)

IV. Narghilé, (Persian.)

V. Hookah, (Hindoo.)

VI. Calumet, (N. A. Indian.)

VII. Chibouque, (Turkish.)

VIII. "Yard of Clay," (English.)

IX. Common Chalk Pipe, (Cosmopolite.)

X. Stone (Indian) Pipe.

It will be seen that the "corn-cob" pipe is here placed first; and this is no more than just. For sweetness, lightness and endurance, it surpasses all. It remains for one of our poets to write us an epic on Pipes, since Milton has not done so; and as Mr. Tennyson is the most inveterate smoker of the age, this is, perhaps, the subject of his new poem just announced.

SUNSET.

A vast crimson drapery rolled across hill and plain—beautiful orange clouds drooping down from the deep blue sky upon the far horizon—a deeper glow of crimson as the round red disk sinks slowly—then a rosy effulgence in the beautiful West—and the long twilight—this is my sunset.

I have often thought that this sunset hour should be given up to memories—to casting the thoughts into the roseate past, or the untried future—for fathoming in a word the mysterious connection between the Has Been and the Yet To Be. Many persons bend over their books, whether counting house, or other, striving to catch the last struggling beams of the sun—careless of the beautiful West. Others scarcely pause in some idle conversation to gaze upon the hackneyed spectacle. I do not envy such. For the whole day I would not give the one soft hour of evening before sunset.

And with this my orange sunset cresting the fair clouds with burning gold, I shut my portfolio. I have another memory.

P. I.

September 6th, 1852.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

Could I but all the glorious sounds combine
That sometimes fill the chambers of my soul,
Songs of this earth and melodies divine,
In one majestic whole—

A brave composer I might be confest,
And round the world my humble name might ring,
With richest honours and ascriptions drest,
For what I then should sing.

All jocund, jubilant, rejoiceful airs—
The elfin mirth of fair Titania's train—
The laugh of L'Allegro, dispelling cares,
Should sweetly swell the strain.

The tinkling bells of cattle homeward bent,
Wafted o'er fragrant meadows, should unite
With childhood's loud, capricious merriment,
In many-toned delight.

The lull of falling waters, and the store
Of feathered music, from the Asian trees,
Should meet and mingle with the distant roar
Of everlasting seas.

The silvery voice of woman, such as oft
In mystic dream-land round about us swims,
Should join with tones descending full and soft
From saintly choral hymns.

The clang of trumpets, ere the combat cease,
War's proudest note, to sweet accord should come
With that dear anthem of abundant Peace—
The labourer's Harvest-Home.

• • • • •

Alas! *I never shall* these sounds combine,
This new "Creation" is not yet for me,
These richest honours I can but resign;
Another's may they be!

Still shall I praise the Giver of all Good,
That, in my waking and my nightly dreams,
Upon my raptured sense this glorious flood
Of wondrous music streams.

J. R. T.

Southern Agricultural Congress.

The great interest which we feel in every movement connected with Southern progress induces us to transfer to the pages of the Messenger, the following able Circular of the "Southern Central Agricultural Society." We cannot doubt that the Agricultural Congress proposed in this Circular will be called at an early day, and that such measures will be adopted at the Macon Convention, as will ensure the fullest representation in that Congress of every portion of the Slaveholding States. The clear and manly style of the Circular does credit to the author, and expresses with great felicity, the patriotic emotions of his heart.—[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.

The Southern Central Agricultural Society of Georgia, taking into consideration the great advantages which may reasonably be

expected to flow from periodical meetings of persons representing the planting interests of the slave-holding States, invite the cultivators of the soil, in every section and district of the same, to send delegates to Macon on the 20th day of October next, for the purpose of adopting measures preliminary to the assembling of an Agricultural Congress of the slave-holding States, at such time and place as may be deemed most acceptable to the States to be represented in it.

The reasons which have prompted this appeal to our fellow-laborers engaged in the fulfilment of the sublime command of God to man, which involves at once his obedience and his happiness, may readily present themselves to those we address. We will therefore mainly speak of some of the purposes and objects which it is expected would claim the attention of the proposed Congress, and which we deem of sufficient moment to enlist the patriotism, intelligence and talents of those to whom we appeal. Our proposition embraces a representative association of those engaged in a common pursuit, for the purpose of advancing that pursuit, and harmonizing a great interest which supplies five-eighths of the exports of the United States—to give to that interest a community of feeling, sentiment and thought—and to impart to it a weight, dignity and stability commensurate with its importance to the State, to the United States, and to the world.

Probably nothing is more characteristic of the age in which we live, than the prevalence of voluntary associations in all the ramifications of society. Everywhere we see organized, and apparently actively alive, associations for religious, moral, literary, professional, scientific and charitable purposes. If the want of intercommunion among those engaged in a common pursuit be in proportion to their separation by space from each other, certainly few classes of society may be said to stand more in need of associations than the cultivators of the soil in the slave-holding States. If the amount of industry, skill and science involved in the advancement of agricultural knowledge be considered, strong inducements for voluntary associations are presented to us. And if we are

mindful of the calumnies which some of our political brethren of the North have been so long propagating against us, both at home and abroad, we are sternly admonished to come together to strengthen our defences and fortify our assailable points; to establish amongst ourselves a public opinion just to ourselves, and strong enough to harmonize all our social elements, and save us from the evils of an ignorance of the beneficent workings of our system, in which alone consists our danger.

If, returning good for evil, we are prompted to increase and multiply our staple productions for the use of our enemies, to whom they are as necessary as they have been fertilizing; or if, following their example, we look alone to their fructifying influences upon ourselves; or, if, taking a wider view, we behold the commerce of the world in no inconsiderable degree, dependent upon the products of our slave labor; on which reposes, to no small extent, the peaceful character of our age; and through which civilization is extended, and Christianity propagated—we are impelled, by numerous and exalted considerations, to organize such associations among ourselves as will best enable us to meet the requirements of our position, and fulfil the destiny which is in store for us.

In the peculiarities of our staple productions, their necessity to the demands of commerce and to the progress of civilization, and in the isolation to which a Pharisaical world would subject us on account of the peculiar character of the labor by which we produce these indispensable staples—we find the strongest arguments to unite us in maintaining and vindicating that labor against the aspersions of those who condemn it from malice or ignorance, and consume its products from interest.

If reliance may be placed on the history of the past, agriculture has no royal road to success. Man has now, as in early times, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. There is certainly no pursuit which invokes the aid of more of the sciences, and renders tributary more of the departments of knowledge acquired by the toilsome investigations of Nature. Whilst progress in the acquisi-

tion of that knowledge has been steady, and of late years with a constantly accelerated step, it will not be denied that much is yet unsettled, and perhaps much more to be explored. Agriculture has not been unmindful of that progress. If she has been sometimes distrustful of the applicability of recent discoveries to her purposes, she has, at others, accepted the proffered aid with a precipitancy not justified by the result. It is through the agency of agricultural associations over a broad surface, supplying the means, intelligence, and skill, that we are to derive a knowledge enabling us to discriminate between the true and the false in the teachings of science. Wherever such associations have acquired the confidence of the public by the character and elements of their organization, agriculture has advanced, and the earth has yielded a greater increase. It is for such an organization that we now appeal to the cultivators of the soil in the slave-holding States.

The chief objects of such an association, it is presumed, would be:

To improve our own agriculture, yielding peculiar productions, through the agency of a normal labor, requiring a distinct economy, and dependent on a climate of its own.

To develop the resources, and unite and combine the energies of the slave-holding States, so as to increase their wealth, power and dignity, as members of this confederacy.

To establish and fortify a public opinion within our borders in antagonism to that without, in relation to ourselves and our institutions—the emanation of our own intelligence, power and energies—a national sentiment—a great truth, established by the experience of the past, founded on a sound morality, a broad humanity, and that Christianity, which especially inculcates a sincere humility, and a boundless charity.

To enforce the growing sentiment that those who are to come after us and inherit our institutions, and the dangers which threaten them, shall be reared at home, and educated in a full knowledge of their rights, duties and responsibilities—and to establish

fully in the public mind the two-fold value of a higher and a higher standard of education, which will impose such application on the part of the pupils, and demand such qualifications on that of the teachers, as will establish industrious habits in the former, and enable the latter to instil and confirm in them a taste in after life for what has been learned in youth—thus supplying the two most efficient agencies to prompt to a career of usefulness and honor—industry and cultivated and refined tastes—and making our seats of learning effulgent centres of piety, science, literature and refinement—illuminating and harmonizing all interests, and blending all classes—the pride and glory of the country.

To enlist and foster those scientific pursuits which reveal to us the elements and character of our soils—instruct us in the presence of those magazines of fertilizers which Nature has with so bountiful and considerate a hand provided for the uses of the undustrious and enterprising—and search out the histories and habits of the insect tribes which destroy (it is believed) annually a fifth of our crops, and supply us with a knowledge of them which may enable us to guard against their future ravages.

To promote the mechanic arts directly and indirectly auxiliary to agriculture—and by a generous confidence and liberal patronage, raise those engaged in them to a social position, always the just reward of intelligence, industry and good conduct.

To direct, as far as may be done, public sentiment against the barriers which have been artfully raised to cut off our commercial intercourse with distant countries, save through such outlets as are supplied by Northern marts, exacting tribute upon what we produce and consume.

To exert an influence in establishing a system of common school instruction which will make Christians as well as scholars of our children—which, in arming the rising generation with the instruments of knowledge, will instruct them also in their proper uses—impressing upon them, from first to last, that (especially under our form of government) private worth constitutes the aggregate

of public good—and that no one can disregard his duties to those around him without positive injury to himself.

To cultivate the aptitudes of the Negro race for civilization, and consequently Christianity—so that, by the time that slavery shall have fulfilled its beneficent mission in these States, a system may be authorized by the social condition of that race here, to relieve it from its present servitude without sinking it to the condition, moral, mental and physical, into which the free negroes of the Northern States and West Indies have been hopelessly precipitated, by imposing upon them the duties and penalties of civilization before they have cast off the features of their African barbarism.

These constitute the main purposes for which we appeal to the individual and aggregate interests of the slave-holding States to meet us in an Agricultural Congress. In that, let us assemble, and confer and consult, as in a great family re-union—having a common object, and actuated by a common patriotism.

It is believed that such an association as is here recommended to our brethren of the slave-holding States, with local societies, with like objects, would achieve the most valuable victories over our stubborn soil, and the still more stubborn ignorance of our opponents beyond the pale of our institutions. It may be that this latter expectation will not be realized, and that they who have heretofore closed their eyes to all the testimony which we have freely and earnestly offered to them, will still keep their minds also closed against all future efforts which may be made to vindicate ourselves against the grossest misrepresentations of us and our institutions, with which the public opinion, at home and abroad, has been supplied in the greatest profusion.

Should this apprehension be unfortunately realized, the conclusion will be forced upon us, that there have been other purposes to serve, in the deliberate and calculating policy pursued, of endeavoring to render us the heathen people of modern times, in the belief of all christendom, than merely to rebuke an imputed error, or correct

a vicious morality which is ascribed to us—and we shall be confirmed in the belief, already taking some root, that the monopoly of our trade is at least an element in their calculation of the results which are to flow to them by impressing upon the public mind of christendom, that slavery has not merely enervated our bodies, but has also made us an infidel people, regardless of our duties, faithless to our engagements, and perfidious to our friends.

The application of slave labor to the cultivation of the earth, gives to that agriculture a distinctive character. It imparts to the proprietors special privileges and enlarged duties, and imposes upon them diversified cares and peculiar responsibilities; and whilst it sets them apart from the rest of the world, it enjoins the strongest motives for combination of purpose and concert of action.

If the institution of slavery is to be maintained—if it is to have with us, as elsewhere, in past times, its old age, and to descend in due course of nature to an honorable grave—the reward of a useful and well-spent life—it must rely on its own powers and energy to maintain its rights, establish its security, and vindicate its dignity. It is not by legislation, nor by statemanship, that slavery is to be sustained. It can repose in security only on its own merits to those who have inherited it, and will abandon it, as all before them have done, whenever, in the progress of population, its evils shall outweigh its benefits—and on its power to those who, having for their own purposes raised one standard of morality for themselves and another for us, without the sanction of the Bible to either, denounce us for coercing our slaves to labor by the same means that they constrain the obedience of their apprentices and children, and coolly say to their free laborers, “work or starve,” with the ability and the will to enforce the alternative.

Whoever doubts the sure mercies of slavery to the negro race, may satisfy an honest pursuit after truth, by looking at the condition of the race in Africa, whence our negroes have been derived, and comparing our slaves with the free negroes of the

Northern States and of the West Indies.

The broad surface of the earth does not supply such another country of the same extent, with so much that is desirable and so little to object to—so much of good and so little of evil. Such is the home with which a merciful Providence has blessed us; and He has from an African race supplied a labor which has called these resources into action, as alone could have been done, and certainly much to our advantage, and much more to the improvement of that race. Here, slavery is civilizing the savage, and doing more to christianize the African than has been done by all the missions to Africa, since the days of the Apostles. As no savage can understand, and consequently appreciate and adopt christianity, so has the self-sacrificing missionary, with all his devotion to the great cause, habitually reaped a return very disproportioned to his labors in that field. With the negro race, slavery has been, by far, the most successful missionary. It has made the black man in America, in a few centuries, what thousands of years had failed to accomplish for him at home—and it may be safely declared that the most certain and effective mode of forcing him back to his former condition and making him more a savage than ever, is to throw off the wholesome restraints which our slavery has imposed upon him, before he has become fitted for a higher sphere. The mental and physical condition of the African slave has been improved within the recollection of many now living, and with that improvement has been a corresponding amendment in his management and treatment—the one the direct and certain consequence of the other—and this will and must continue. And it may be safely affirmed, that whenever the African, in the instructive and wholesome pupilage to which he is subjected by his slavery, shall, in the course of many generations, reach a point of civilization rendering that pupilage useless to him, he will cease to be a slave, as naturally and certainly as the training of a child merges gradually his minority into manhood, and for a like reason. As all the fruits do not ripen on the tree at the same time, no more will all our negroes become fitted at

once for release from slavery. But as they do become qualified, they will be liberated, as many already have been. In many slaveholding communities we see negroes who have become free, because, having acquired the essentials of civilization, by an irresistible law which man cannot, if he would defeat, they are raised from slavery to freedom, without detriment to the master or man. Such has been the operation of slavery generally, throughout christendom; for there has been a time in which slavery existed in each European country, and history scarce reveals when it terminated in any of them—so natural was its death—expiring of old age—dying out by insensible degrees. This is the death to which slavery is doomed in the United States. This is the only termination which it can reach, consistent either with our own rights or with our duties to the African race transplanted here, whose reasonable labor has enriched the land, and whose subjection will have prepared it for civilization, and consequently christianity. In speaking of the natural termination of slavery, we connect it necessarily with that civilization, the child and foster parent of christianity, which has superseded the barbarisms and idolatries of paganism—the civilization of modern times. Other and inferior civilizations which have worn themselves out, did not and could not exercise so beneficent an influence, for want of the elements of our lasting and progressive civilization. Inasmuch as our civilization is founded upon christianity, its essentials will be as durable as that faith, however it may become modified and improved in its progress. Christianity is the first faith which has inculcated, as a first duty, love to our neighbors; and the civilization which has grown up under its illuminating power, is the only one that the world ever knew, which has been established upon a broad humanity. It is that humanity which gives to it a vitality to lift all the races of men up to a higher and a higher condition, and to prepare them in transition for their new duties in their recent relations.

To the Slaveholding States, a bountiful Providence has supplied every element of power and greatness. We have climates and

soils which advantageously furnish the cereals and the grasses—hemp and flax. The best tobacco climate lies within the Northern line of our dominion—and cotton, sugar and rice find the most suitable temperatures and soils further South. Many of the tropical fruits grow well on our Southern borders. Our country is abundantly watered by the noblest rivers. Bays, inlets and harbors, indent our coasts. Our mountain ranges, with their rich table lands, abound in coal, metals and marbles. We have the best climates for every season of the year; and now the enterprise of our State governments and numerous private corporations are carrying the Rail-Road with accelerated progress in all directions, uniting our East with our West, combining our North with our South; all these afford capacity, facility and dispatch to reward the cultivators of the soil, on whose labors repose the prosperity—the very lifeblood of every other pursuit. These, all these invoke us to consult together, to devise and concert measures best calculated to elevate us and aggrandize our power, and to combine our energies and vindicate ourselves, our institutions and our country—and make it what God has decreed it shall be—great, powerful, and beneficent to the purposes of civilization and christianity, and consequently to the great cause of humanity. Should we, heedless of the bounties of Providence to us, and unmindful of our high responsibilities, with coward hearts shrink from the stern duties which they impose, and prove ourselves unworthy of so eminent a destiny, may not He, who has made nothing in vain, inquire of us—Why cumber ye the Earth?

WM. C. DANIELL, Ch'm'n Ex. Com.

S. C. A. Society.

J. V. JONES, Sec'y.

AN OLD POINT EPIGRAM.

"Why is it," one evening said Henry to Jane,
As they walked on the ramparts together,
"That you never can here a good prospect obtain,
No matter how pleasant the weather?—
The reason I'll state, 'tis as plain as my hand,
If you're puzzled to give a reply—
'Tis because, my dear charmer, wherever you stand
You have always a *meat* in your eye." X. Y. Z.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

No. XI.

*Christian heroism as an element of Poetry—
Characteristics of vulgar heroism considered—
The qualities which constitute the Christian
hero—The "code of honor" and the character
of the Duellist analyzed—Contrast presented in
the higher virtues of Christian heroism.*

Poetry not only embalms the emotions and sentiments of the soul, and consecrates the beautiful and sublime scenery of nature; but it also celebrates the noble deeds and heroic achievements that transpire in human history. This last department presents a wide field before the genius of the poet. In considering the beneficial influence of Christianity, we are next to inquire what materials of this class it supplies to poetry, or what is its legitimate influence in producing the heroic in character and conduct?

If we adopted, as a definition of heroism, the vulgar conception ordinarily attached to the term, of course there would be no propriety in discussing the question. If this be the only true heroism, then it must be frankly admitted, that Christianity has nothing to do with its production. What is the heroism most readily recognized by the mass of mankind? the heroism, which has been crowned with wreaths of triumph, and hailed by acclamations of applause—whose praise has been sung by enraptured poets, and whose exploits have been emblazoned on the page of history? Is it not a heroism which consists mainly in one quality, viz: *physical courage*, which is displayed only in one pursuit, viz: *war*; and which acknowledges but one law for its guidance, viz: *public opinion*? A heroism, which, if carried to its legitimate results, would place the highest elevation of humanity in the act of mutual destruction, and would realize its crowning achievement in universal extermination?

But no intelligent or virtuous mind in the present age, will consider this the noblest form of heroism. Although the transforming spirit of Christian love has not so far prevailed as to realize the prophetic vision of its final triumph: when "the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook, and nations shall learn war no more;" yet, under its widening sway, attended by the increasing light of science and the growing arts and refinements of civilization; the lustre of mere military heroism is fast fading away. "War," said one of the greatest heroes of this class that the world has ever known, "war is the science of barbarians." In its naked realities, it can never form a captivating picture to engross the homage of

genius, or excite the admiration of mankind. Disguise, concealment, or false coloring of some kind, must be employed, in presenting an image of war, which fails to shock our sensibilities; or, in portraying the character of the mere warrior in any other form than that which is painful and abhorrent to the soul. The name of such a hero may be (as it too often is in reality) "linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes." His reckless daring may lead on a train of ignoble passions—the foul brood of a selfish and bloody ambition. But by the flattering art of the poet who celebrates his praise, his one virtue is arrayed in such dazzling splendor, that his thousand crimes are eclipsed. We gaze on the exploits of his courage, and see not the corruption of his vices. And he who may be but a man, with the passions of a brute, rises before our imagination an idol endowed with every conceivable excellence. A similar delusion is practised in those glowing representations of war, which so often fascinate the readers of romantic literature. The war may be unjust in its origin and terrible in its results; but sympathising, perhaps by accident, with one of the contending parties, we lose sight of all the revolting horrors of the scene, and behold only "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." We see only the imposing array and the brilliant colors, the rapid evolution and the impetuous assault. We hear only the martial music, the thundering artillery, and the thrilling shout of triumph. But the dark and hideous after-scene is omitted. We see not the maimed and mangled bodies of the dead. We hear not the groans and shrieks and blasphemies of the dying. The eye looks not over that dark Aceldema, so lately alive with all the splendid pomp and sublime tumult of contending armies, now covered with the carcasses, and drenched in the gore of slaughtered thousands; and as the tidings of victory are sounded in joyful acclamations abroad, the ear hears not that awful undertone of lamentation and wailing, which arises from broken hearts and bereaved families all over the land which has been desolated by the scourge of so terrible a calamity. A time-serving literature, which employs its alluring arts to emblazon the splendore of war and disguise its terrors, which follows with fulsome adulations the train of the military hero, and sheds a false but fascinating glory over his career, is mainly responsible for the prevalence of those perverted tastes and false sentiments in the present day, which extend so prompt a patronage to this barbarous policy. The public mind, however, is gradually recovering from this perversion. And there are indications of the approach of that bright era—that truly heroic age—when the rational soul and its triumph shall be regarded as the highest honor of humanity.

and when mental power conjoined with moral excellence, shall be recognized as the essence of true heroism. But, in the present disordered moral condition of mankind, amid the turbulent elements which still mingle in the general ferments of society, defensive war will, perhaps, for a long period, continue to be a dark necessity among the nations of the earth. And when such a necessity is forced upon any people, he who, animated by pure and patriotic motives, proves himself, by the exploits of his military prowess, to be "his country's stay in the day and hour of danger," is worthy of the grateful homage of a generous people. Christianity itself crowns the triumphs of such a hero, having already furnished the principles which formed his character, and supplied the motives which sustained his career. But while Christianity supplies the virtues which alone constitute the glory of such a hero, and thus furnishes the elements of all true greatness in war, when alone war is truly great, because it is just; yet, in addition to all this, Christianity produces a new and nobler heroism peculiar to itself. That heroism was exhibited in its perfection by Him, who on earth, "was despised and rejected of men." And those who take his character as the object of their faith, and the model for their imitation, approach, by degrees, the highest standard of human greatness. We are aware of the prejudices which beset this subject. But we believe it may be demonstrated to the satisfaction of all who are capable of reasoning, however uncongenial it may be to the tastes, and however offensive to the prejudices of those who are destitute of piety—that Christianity secures and produces the highest elevation of character. If a man be great from qualities possessed by himself, and not merely from the opinions entertained of him by others—great in the permanent structure of his own character, and not in the fluctuating impressions of it cherished by the ignorant multitude—if the qualities of the mind hold a higher rank than those of the body—if intellectual and moral elements constitute nobler ingredients in human greatness than those that are merely physical—if heroism is to be estimated according to the dignity of its powers, the elevation of its motives and the grandeur of its results, and not according to its mere external circumstances, the magnificence of its parade, the popularity of its career, and the noise of its triumphs—then, with these terms and conditions of true heroism conceded, we may confidently assert the claims of Christianity to an unqualified preëminence. For whatever the prejudices and passions arrayed against it, however unimposing its attitude and quiet its sphere, however unpretending may be its march, and unapplauded may be its triumphs; yet, enthroned in the inner chambers of the soul, it presides over the intellectual and moral energies of man, and supplying the loftiest motives, conducts to the noblest results.

Let us examine some of the qualities which Christianity supplies to human character; and, if these be admitted as essential to our estimate of heroism, we shall find that wherever the name or pretence may be assumed, here at least, the reality exists.

1. A certain sense of superiority—a conscious elevation of nature, is conceived to be an ingredient of heroism. Without this, man is supposed to be unequal to the fulfilment of a glorious destiny. Christianity secures a lofty consciousness of the dignity of our nature, even while it enjoins humility as one of its primary virtues. But humility is not a mere crouching instinct; it is a rational sentiment, based upon self knowledge. Humility indeed, springs from the lofty consciousness of the native dignity of the soul, contrasted with our actual attainments. Pride arises from low, meagre, contracted conceptions of our present sphere, and our ultimate destiny. Everything truly great in man is, at the same time, humble. Wisdom is humble, because in proportion to its elevation, it perceives more clearly the wide distance that intervenes between the narrow confines of its knowledge, and the boundless range of its capacity. Genius is humble, because in proportion to its delicate taste and prophetic intuition, it becomes more keenly alive to the contrast between the reality of its execution and the ideality of its vision—between the measure of its attainment and the standard of its aspiration. In a far higher sense, Religion also is humble, because in proportion as the soul, awakened by its power, becomes conscious of its wonderful capacities, its exalted relations, and its immortal destiny, it perceives the deviations of its past career, and the distance of its present attitude from that exalted sphere, which it was originally formed to occupy, and towards which at length it now ardently aspires. There is no want of self respect; there is no defect of conscious dignity; there is no particle of depressing meanness, in christian humility. It is not a disparagement of our nature; but a disavowal of our merit. It is because the soul is awakened to realize its native dignity, its high relationship, and its glorious destiny, that it sinks in self-condemnation under the consciousness of having bartered away so priceless a birth-right. It is because it aspires to regain an eminence so exalted, that it bows in humble prayer for grace to sustain its ascending career. Christian humility presupposes an elevated consciousness and a quickened aspiration. It does not indicate the character of one, who, struck by a sense of inferiority before his fellow-

mortals, droops in passive despondency, and shrinks away in silence to hide the shame of his comparative insignificance. But it marks the new career of him, who awakened from the apathy of nature to a just discernment of his moral attitude before God, regardless of the opinions and the habits of men, consecrates his immortal energies in the pursuit of a prize infinite in value and eternal in duration. Pride, arrogance and vaunting self-sufficiency, belong to the devotee of a low, earthly ambition, whose views and motives are confined to the present life, and whose highest aim in existence, is to gain a transient notoriety in the applause of the multitude. He has no purer taste, no brighter vision, no loftier aspiration, and consequently, no standard sufficiently exalted, to exhibit in contrast, the meagreness of his own attainments.

Christianity invigorates and exalts the intellectual and moral energies of man. "Touched by the Cross, we live." The transition is from darkness to light, from bondage to enlargement, from debasement to dignity. The field of vision is enlarged. The theatre of existence rises to a higher level, and expands to a wider circumference. Life is animated by nobler motives, and directed to loftier ends. The soul, awakened to the consciousness of spiritual life, swells with the aspirations of a worthier ambition, and exhibits the magnanimity of a truer heroism. Impelled by considerations that derive their force from the throne of God, the Cross of Christ, and the "powers of a world to come," the character assumes a stability and a loftiness unknown to those whose career is swayed by the feeble and fluctuating impulses of earth. Such a character is prepared to act his part to the highest advantage in every relation of human life. In every social virtue, in every moral excellence,—as a friend, a parent, a citizen, a patriot, a statesman, or a soldier—he is furnished with motives which ensure fidelity and conduct to preëminence. "Whatsoever things are true, just, honest, lovely, and of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," in his life, they find their brightest exemplification. So that in every form of mere earthly heroism, which is not marred by something radically wrong in its principle, or fatally ruinous in its results, the true Christian may be expected to be, of all men, the most proficient.

But beyond this, he exhibits a heroism of which the world knows nothing. He is enlisted in a *spiritual warfare*. His career is attended with no outward parade. His struggles are unseen and unapplauded. "His warfare is within." There unfatigued,

"His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,

And never withering wreaths, compared with which,
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds."

In loyalty to truth and to the God of truth, enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace, he goes forth in a life-long battle against error and sin in every form. Each day is signalized by new exploits, as he advances on to final victory. And he pauses not to lay down his arms, until his enemies are all vanquished, until his rebel passions are all subjected to the laws of moral harmony; and perfect purity is enthroned supreme over his entire nature. In conducting this spiritual warfare, the Christian contends against mightier enemies, and under darker discouragements, heavier trials, and a stronger ride of opposition; he displays greater fortitude, independence and courage, than are ever exhibited by the earthly warrior. The one but obeys the instigation of his evil passions—the other opposes them. The one is surrounded by a multitude of exciting and encouraging influences, and moves in the midst of a mighty army to battle—the other goes forth alone to face the terror of his enemies, and encounters adverse influences at every step of his progress. The one is greeted in his career by the applause of an admiring multitude—the other encounters, always, indifference, and often reproach and persecution, from his fellow-men. Nay, allegiance to this sacred cause has not unfrequently produced a martyr and a hero in the same person.

But the Christian hero, not only has espoused a nobler cause, he is impelled by *higher motives* than those which actuate the hero of the sword. Animated by a spirit of universal benevolence, he seeks to advance the well-being of the world around him. His affections are not confined to his immediate relations, or special friends. There may be closer bonds of intimacy and stronger ties of endearment connecting him with these, but at the same time, his heart expands with a wider love. He may be a friend, a father and a patriot; but, at the same time, he is a philanthropist. He is kind, not only to the meritorious and the amiable, but also to the unthankful and the evil. He loves, not only where he approves, but compassionates even where he condemns. He is patient towards all men. He returns pity for malice, blessings for curses, and prayers for imprecations, even to his enemies. And amid the perplexities, provocations and insults of daily life, he aims to maintain a lofty frame of serene, unruffled benevolence, superior to the vile passions of the vulgar throng. Now, we affirm, that this heroism of Christian charity, both in the moral qualities of which it is composed, and the noble purposes to which it is directed, is of a far higher grade than that of the mere warrior. He who prefers what is true and right, to what may be

fashionable or popular, and maintains his attitude, regardless of consequences.—he who, amid the strifes and wrongs and slanders of the world, still preserves the law of kindness on his lips, and the spirit of charity in his heart,—he who, indifferent to the applause or censure of the world, and in spite of the ingratitude, treachery and baseness which he encounters, still devotes his time, his means, or his talents, to instruct the ignorant, to relieve the afflicted, and reform the vicious of mankind: such a character, in all the mental and moral attributes of human greatness, rises immeasurably superior to the vulgar hero of violence and blood. The Missionary of the Cross, who forsakes the endearments of kindred and home, and bears the glad tidings of mercy to some degraded heathen land; and there, by his benevolent efforts, causes the intelligence, the order, and the social virtues of the gospel, to prevail around him, instead of pagan darkness and debasement; manifests a heroism, far above that of the stern soldier, who carries fire and sword into a foreign province, lays waste towns and cities, destroys the monuments of civilization, and spreads desolation and death over the scene of his triumphs!

But after all our legitimate reasoning from the intellectual and moral qualities, that constitute Christian heroism, yet the notorious fact remains, that such heroism meets with but little sympathy or appreciation from the world at large. This moral anomaly stands out in bold relief through all the history of the race. The fiery champion of the sword has always commanded the spontaneous admiration and homage of the human heart. The sage is esteemed as wise; the saint is approved as good; but the warrior alone is *honored* as great, and worshipped as a hero. The heroism of romantic and poetical literature, is mostly of this low and savage character. And it is truly astonishing that genius should consent to adopt a model so unworthy of its homage. The hero of the modern novel and poem is generally one whose noblest sentiments are contained in a so-called "code of honor," and whose highest exploits consist in fighting a duel with a friend, or commanding an army on a field of battle. True, it may perhaps be plead, that the diseased cravings of the popular taste demand the stimulus of such corrupt ingredients for its gratification; that a higher heroism would fail to be appreciated; and that the writer who attempted its vindication must sacrifice his popularity, and fall into neglect. But surely, genius should not, for the sake of present notoriety, tamely surrender its high prerogative to correct, to improve, nay, to create a public taste that will appreciate its brighter revelations of superior excellence! Surely, at least, genius should not

meanly consent to sacrifice, at the same time, its independence and its truth; and prostitute its powers to adorn, to gild, and paint up, in false and gaudy colors, low and mean materials, which in their naked deformity, would fail to pass current in public esteem. It is in this last respect, not only in selecting unworthy models, but in adorning them with unreal attractions, that the culpability and corrupting power of perverted genius, is most strikingly displayed.

Here we must advert to a process of self-deception in connection with this subject, which arises from the transforming power of prejudice, aided by a want of candid discrimination in the observance of qualities, and of honest accuracy in the use of epithets. The qualities of that true heroism, which commends itself to the conscience and judgment, are vaguely blended with imaginary defects and vices, which seem to justify its repudiation; while, on the other hand, that false heroism which, in its naked reality, cannot but be condemned, is clothed in unreal attributes of excellence, in order that the world may, with some show of propriety, continue to adore so unworthy an idol. The qualities of the Christian character, which have already been enumerated, when fairly presented before the mind, would command its instantaneous approval. But when the perverting power of prejudice begins to operate, in associating and confounding these with other and meaner qualities, the entire character is transformed from an object entitled to our admiration, to one that justifies the secret recoil and aversion of our hearts. Under this process, the various Christian virtues become changed into so many moral deformities. That elevated consciousness of the dignity of our nature, which gives rise to Christian humility, is transformed into an abject, crouching, cowering sense of servility and meanness. That pure and lofty aspiration which rises from the earth in pursuit of infinite excellence, and wages through life an inward war with adverse influences, becomes a mystic, moping, melancholy mood of austere fanaticism. That sublime spirit of universal love, which, rising superior to selfish considerations, and swelling beyond sectional limits and social classifications, embraces the entire race in the bond of a common brotherhood, and labors in its appropriate sphere to promote the well being of the whole human family; this, in its general manifestation, is represented as the vapouring day-dream of utopian sentiment. As it puts forth efforts to enlighten the ignorant, reform the vile, and save the lost, it is stigmatized as superstitious bigotry. As it manifests patient good will toward the wayward and vicious, it is pronounced destitute of moral discrimination. As it exercises forgiveness toward enemies, it is de-

clared wanting in self-respect and manly courage. In this manner, human prejudice transfuses and commingles the virtues of the Christian character with certain contemptible qualities, from which they stand totally distinct. In like manner, the faults and vices of vulgar heroism, are transformed and arrayed in the garb of certain lofty virtues, which bear the sanction of universal approbation. So that what may be but a combination of stupid pride, corrupt passion, savage ferocity, and reckless hardihood, is represented as an assemblage of all sublime sentiments of honor and patriotism, crowned with generous magnanimity, patient fortitude, and a chivalrous contempt of danger and death. But contrast the qualities of this vaunted heroism, with those which Christianity supplies; and the former will be evidently surpassed, even on its own terms and conditions. In some points, the contrast has already been presented. Others remain to be noticed. In the ordinary conception of the character of a hero, it may be said to include the following qualities: *a sense of honor, patriotism, magnanimity and courage*. In each of these attributes, the Christian hero excels.

1. *Christianity supplies a higher and truer sense of honor.* No term is of more frequent application to the character of a hero, than that of honor. It would seem indeed, from the perpetual recurrence of the phrase, to constitute the grand pervading element of his nature. His whole existence is professedly governed by a peculiar system of laws, entitled "the code of honor." But what constitutes this "sense of honor?" What is the origin and character of this "code of honor?" What does it enjoin, and what forbid? What is the nature of its authority and the extent of its requirements? If it be real in its obligation, it is surely quite indefinite in its form. It is embodied in no tangible shape. It is reduced to no permanent record. It exists, if at all, in such a state of indefinite elasticity, as to afford an easy opportunity of indulging a flattering self-delusion. The image is veiled in such obscurity, that one may readily mistake, in conceiving his own features to wear a corresponding likeness. Existing in the shadowy form of thought and sentiment; and being, as otherwise expressed, an inward "sense of honor," it may be asked, is it found by a reference to the intuitive standard of each individual mind, and is each man thus "a law unto himself?" Or is it found by a reference to the average standard of opinion and feeling in surrounding society? and is it a mere index of public sentiment in the community? There is an invariable coincidence, if not an identity, between the two standards. The "sense of honor" in the individual, includes only what is esteemed honorable in the public mind.

Does this "sense of honor" then, mean only a perception of what is held reputable in general society; and is it a mere prudent regard to personal popularity? If this be so, then this sense of honor is only a sort of moral barometer, which each one carries about his person, to indicate the state of the surrounding atmosphere. It must be perpetually fluctuating and variable, changing with every change of scene and society. For no two communities agree on all points of honor and virtue. And as the man moves from one society to another, this barometer alternately rises and sinks along all the degrees of its scale, from that which indicates the pure, serene, and bracing air of virtue, to that which marks the heavy, murky, and stormy atmosphere of vice. But this view will not be admitted. It is contended that this sense of honor is an independent, personal prerogative; that each individual mind possesses its own standard, and exercises its own moral judgment, as something distinct from a time-serving accommodation to the tone of public sentiment. If this be so, what is the precise nature of this faculty or exercise of mind? If it has not exclusive reference to public opinion: if it does not regard merely what may be popular or unpopular in society; to what then, does it refer, and what qualities does it demand in an action, in order that it may be approved? If it does not refer to the mere accident of popularity, it must refer to the essence of duty, virtue, or rectitude. It must refer to the *moral* qualities of an action. And this sense of honor must be but another term for the faculty of *conscience*. When, therefore, we speak of one man as having a higher sense of honor than another, if there is any propriety in the terms employed, we mean that he has a more enlightened and faithful conscience. If it mean anything distinct from a time-serving obsequiousness to public sentiment, it must mean the faithful exercise of a pure, unperturbed, unbiased conscience. Taking the term, then, in this, the only sense in which it will bear investigation, we think it is clearly manifest that the Christian possesses a higher and truer sense of honor than the mere worldly hero. It is implied in the very process of his conversion, that his conscience is enlightened. It is rendered faithful in the discharge of its entire office. It extends its supervision over the whole range of obligation and duty. It recognizes not merely the relations between man and man in society, but also the higher obligations of piety that connect the soul of man with the character of God, and the invisible realities of a future state. It fosters not merely the lovely virtues that adorn man as a citizen of earth, but those nobler, spiritual graces, that prepare the soul for a residence in heaven. It enforces not only external propriety in the visible actions of

life, but real purity in the secret motives of the heart. In contrast with this, the conscience or sense of honor in a worldly hero is limited and practical in its exercise. We are not disposed to deny to the nature of man the possession of many instinctively noble and generous sentiments, even when a stranger to the spirit of true piety. But they are confined to his visible deportment in social intercourse—his achievements on the low theatre of this world. The spiritual obligations of faith and the unseen realities of a future world, are practically ignored. The supervision of conscience in such a case, extends over a low and limited scene of human life: and whatever may be pretended as to its independence of popular sentiment, yet, practically, its operation is confined within the same narrow circle of objects, and it moves on the same level in its approbation or censure. If it be not completely swayed by public opinion, it follows at least directly in its wake: but even this claim to independence, proves, in many cases, to be unfounded. Especially in those forms of heroism developed in a large class of modern novels, this vaunted sense of honor is discovered, on closer inspection, to be but a mere pliable servility of spirit, which bends to every caprice of popular opinion, and takes its character from the state of the surrounding social atmosphere. In proof of this, we refer to that *interesting dilemma* in which such heroes are so invariably thrown at some stage or other, in the works which describe them. Scarcely a novel, of the class to which we refer, is to be found, in which there is not introduced some scene of violence and blood in the form of a duel: or at least some practical vindication of the propriety of duelling. Now, what is the standing plea—the stereotyped apology of the duellist? He commits an act confessedly wrong in itself, but justified, he conceives, by the circumstances under which it was performed. He takes the life of a fellow-being, and pleads as a reason, the force of public opinion. He violates the law of God, and urges in his defence, “the law of honor.” Every duellist, not dead to the feelings of humanity, will deplore the deed, as contrary to his own convictions of rectitude, and the solemn injunctions of divine authority; but he feels constrained by the force of public sentiment to do what he disapproves, in order to maintain an honorable reputation. What becomes of the *independence* claimed for this sense of honor, in such a case? His personal convictions and feelings all confessedly rebel against the act. The motive originates *ab extra*. He yields to a foreign force. He bends before a wind that blows upon him—the breath of the vulgar multitude. This is the only efficient law that operates in the experience of the duellist.

Its sway is so supreme that it not only controls the entire man, but controls him in opposition to all other laws that operate upon him, in defiance of the laws of God, and the combined dictates of conscience, humanity, and self-interest. But this plea, servile as it is, is at the same time self-contradictory and absurd. The Duellist fights to sustain his reputation. He has received an insult. He has been charged perhaps, (for this is the usual form of provocation—the one insult which demands blood for its expiation,) with *falsehood*, which implies cowardice—a fear of facing public opinion by uttering the truth. Hence, lest society should give credit to the accusation, and his reputation be impaired, he proceeds forthwith to act under precisely the same motive, which, when previously charged upon him, had been resented as an insult; and in taking the life of another, to vindicate himself from the charge of cowardice in one form, he fastens the same charge upon himself in another and more aggravated form. Why is he sensible of the evil in the one case, and not in the other? Why does he take fire so promptly at the one charge of falsehood, which implies an unworthy fear of the face of man, and yet voluntarily subject himself to the charge of murder, prompted by the same unworthy fear? Is falsehood so much more base and wicked than murder, that the one may be perpetrated in order to blot out the suspicion of the other? The truth is, the man lays aside all independent, personal convictions on the subject; and because, from a savage and brutal prejudice, society may frown upon the one act and sanction the other, he yields obsequiously to its sovereign decree. Such, in substance, is the sense of honor; such the supreme, moral standard, acknowledged by that form of heroism which stands opposed to the spirit and motives of the gospel. Its avowed practical creed amounts to this and nothing more, viz: *Public opinion is the supreme authority on all questions. Regard to reputation is the first of all duties. Every other interest must be sacrificed, every other principle violated, every other tie trampled under foot, rather than suffer a reproach to be cast upon the character!* Under all his blustering airs and arrogant self-gratulations, the sense of honor that swells the breast of such a hero, as he struts before the gaping crowd, includes nothing higher than this. Are we wrong then, in asserting that Christianity supplies a nobler standard? Is there not a higher rule of life, than the variable and conflicting decrees that issue at different times from the tribunal of public sentiment? Have the vast majority of those who compose society, been invariably so wise and pure—so intellectually and morally elevated, that their capricious tastes and passions may be taken as an equiva-

lent substitute for the only true standard of rectitude? Rather, have not the truly wise and good been, in every age, an obscure minority compared with that mighty mass of moral corruption, whose lawless tide, as impelled by gusts of prejudice and passion, constitutes the sway of public opinion? Are there not higher interests at stake than personal reputation—treasures more closely identified with the well-being and dignity of man's nature, which should be held firm at the sacrifice of every earthly consideration? Nay, has it not often been necessary, in order to maintain truth, virtue and piety, that the purest and best of men, "of whom the world was not worthy," have had to suffer the loss of reputation, and to endure suspicion, contempt, persecution and death, in the midst of a perverse generation? And who will hesitate to admit that such men, by their bold integrity in the midst of temptation, by their patient fortitude under trial and suffering, and by their sublime devotion to principle before an opposing world, exhibited a far nobler style of heroism than has ever been displayed by the most flattered favorite of a corrupt and fawning multitude?

2. Christianity secures a *pure and noble patriotism* in the character of a hero. Because the gospel is adapted in its provisions to the entire race of man, and inculcates a spirit of universal benevolence, it does not forbid a special and ardent love of our own country. Our blessed Saviour, in his own person, has exemplified the spirit of his gospel. The warmest sympathies of his heart, and the most active labours of his life, were devoted to Jerusalem, a city sacred to the affections of every Jew: over it he shed the tears of his tenderest commiseration, and uttered the pathetic acclamation of his deepest sorrow as the vision of its coming desolation rose before him. When he sent forth the first heralds of that gospel which was designed to illuminate and transform a benighted world, at the head of every commission, to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was inscribed this significant direction—"beginning at Jerusalem."

True patriotism implies not only an affection for the scenery of our native land, but a regard for its civil institutions and a just appreciation of its social advantages. A rational love of freedom, a consistent devotion to the rights and liberties of the subject, together with a loyal regard to constituted authority, are intimately connected with an enlightened love of country. Christianity, in its conservative and yet progressive spirit—in the obedience it enjoins to the powers that be on the one hand, and the value it attaches to the rights of conscience and the dignity it confers on individual man, as an heir to an immortal destiny on the other—in its calm sub-

mission to an overruling providence, and its cheerful contentment with our earthly allotments—in its humble, quiet and patient benevolence, uniting in the bonds of a common brotherhood, and in the infirmities and trials of a common probation, all classes and conditions of men; and yet in the high personal prerogative, it demands for the soul's development and "freedom to worship God,"—in a word, in its harmonizing influence over all the circles of earth, and in its elevating attraction toward the glories of heaven, Christianity fosters and promotes the only rational, consistent and enlarged spirit of liberty and patriotism. It produces

"Men, true-hearted men,
Men who their duties know, and know their rights."

There have been patriots in pagan lands. In every age there have been men who have displayed a lofty self-sacrificing devotion to their country. But while we admire their heroic ardour, we mourn over their vices and lament the reckless violence of their measures, which blasted their efficiency for permanent good. Apart from the harmonizing influence of the gospel, a love of our own land is prone to degenerate into jealous hatred of all the world beside, and a devotion to liberty is liable to run into a wild demand for universal license. The fiery impulses of nature, guided alone by the speculations of human reason, may produce a reckless agitator or a disorganizing revolutionist under the title of patriot. A feverish impatience of restraint, an indiscriminate defiance of all authority and a blind enthusiasm for universal change, are the prominent attributes of such patriotism. But whatever obsequious homage it may for a time receive, yet, in the end, the unhappy land which claims only such patriots for its defence, will be called to deplore the ravages of madmen instead of honoring the memory of heroes. In the present age of reforms and revolutions, such disastrous patriotism seems, in many places, to be in the ascendant. A restless spirit of insubordination rules the day. The incessant cry is "RIGHTS—LIBERTIES!" The old correlative terms—*duties, obligations*—have grown obsolete. An insane expectation is indulged that perfect fruition will flow from unbounded license. Hence, law, order and authority seem to be viewed as a flaming angel guard stationed with two-edged swords at the gate, to forbid all entrance to the earthly paradise. But the world will at length learn that society advances in true reform, and humanity rises in real development, and nations rejoice in genuine liberty, only when the spirit of the gospel, which holds as its motto—"peace on earth, good will to men, and glory to God in the highest," guides the march of human improvement.

3. Again, Christianity imparts a *higher magnanimity* to heroism—the *magnanimity of forgiveness*. Quick resentment and crushing revenge are prominent attributes of worldly heroism. In contrast with this, the Christian hero displays higher moral qualities, assumes a loftier attitude, and imitates a nobler model of character. Christian forgiveness does not imply insensibility to insult, or a want of firmness to resist injury. There may be a firm determination to maintain our dignity and our rights by all proper measures. And yet there may be in our hearts a patient and pitying benevolence toward those who have injured us. Charity and conscience wielding their authority over the character, may keep in abeyance the blind and hasty impulses of resentful passion. Thus man may achieve the triumph of ruling his own spirit, by bringing higher principles of action to suppress those that are inferior. This sublime Christian virtue is not responsible for that absurd abuse to which it has sometimes been perverted by ignorant enthusiasts who have carried it to the extreme of absolute non-resistance. But using its own arms only for self-defence, it seeks in all other cases the shield of human law, or patiently submits the issue to the tribunal of Him who has said, “vengeance is mine, I will repay.” The two-fold duty of love to our neighbor and submission to the will of God, forbids the indulgence of vindictive passion against an enemy. And instead of seeking to crush him by instantaneous violence, we must look with compassion on his rage, and seek to overcome it by kindness. He who manifests such a spirit and maintains both his piety and his charity unruffled before provocation, while he refuses to reciprocate the blind lusts and brutal passions that actuate his enemy, stands confessedly on a higher moral elevation, and his superiority is painfully felt in the mortifying consciousness of his antagonist. He maintains the highest principles of his nature in their ascendancy. His better self predominates; and thus he obtains a double triumph over the low impulses of his own breast and the baser passions of his enemy. Instead of being “overcome by evil, he overcomes evil with good!” He stands on an eminence above the weakness and meanness that assail him. He refuses to sink to the same level, or to contend against malignity with its own unworthy weapons. By yielding to the instigations of revenge, man sinks to the same attitude with his enemy, meets him on his own ground, and assumes for the time, the same character of savage rage and violence: and should he conquer or fall in so disgraceful a contest, the same result of increased malice, confirmed by competition, will mark its termination.

Consider, moreover, the contrast in the model

of character which is imitated. The heroism of revenge is a quality which finds its original type and prime perfection among the brutes that perish. Every feature of this magnanimity, its entire aspect, the full pomp of all its glory is displayed, not only in the blustering airs and rioting bravado of the drunken bully who sinks the nature of man in the character of a brute, but is displayed equally by the pompous cock that crows and struts supreme upon his dunghill, and by the majestic cur that growls and bristles and dilates with exultation over a vanquished foe! Such are the models of that magnanimity—such the types of the heroism which forms the proud distinction of vulgar minds! In contrast with this, how truly noble is the moral dignity of Christian heroism! One is the heroism of principle, the other the heroism of passion: one is the heroism of love, the other the heroism of hate: by the one, man imitates God—in the other, he resembles the brute!

4. Finally, we claim that Christianity secures *the highest degree of genuine courage*, as an element of heroism. This is regarded by the world at large, as the first of virtues. Among the ancients it held the very name of all virtue. True, there is something imposing even in the rudest forms of human courage; and a character of meanness is inevitably attached to excessive timidity. To cower in fear, before the face of man—to shrink from the post of duty, from a dread of danger—to tremble in constant apprehension of death as a mere physical evil, is contemptible, under all circumstances. There may be occasions in which death, in any form, should be welcomed, as the least of evils. There may be interests involved, which demand the sacrifice of life for their preservation. Indeed death, as a mere physical evil, ought not to be unduly dreaded. Christ has commanded “Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.” But death is something more than a physical evil. It is not a termination, but a transition of life—a passage from time into eternity—from a scene of probation to the presence of God, and the bar of judgment. Viewed in this its true character, there is only one form of *rational* courage possible to man in the hour of death, viz. *that which rests on a foundation of genuine piety*. Whatever general skepticism may be entertained with regard to a future state, yet no man, without piety, can encounter death, with *rational* composure. The conscious helplessness, if not the conscious guilt, which must be realized, as man sinks amid the vacancy and darkness of death, cannot but be appalling to a mind, capable of reflection and yet destitute of hope. We speak of a *rational* courage and a *rational* composure in facing death. There

are different kinds and degrees of courage. Men, not only destitute of piety, but notorious for habits of profligacy and vice, have met death with undaunted defiance. But such cases have been examples, not of rational courage, but of blind, unthinking, reckless hardihood. Such insensibility to danger may arise, either from gross stupidity of soul, as man sinks alone under the power of disease: or from the blinding, bewildering excitement of angry passion, as he engages in personal combat with his foe; or from the dreams of ambition, and the thousand thrilling associations, which cast such an inspiration over a field of battle, as armies engage in deadly conflict. But in each of these cases, the absence of fear is owing to the stupifying effect produced by these several causes. Thought is suspended. The mind is blinded. The soul is lulled into forgetfulness of the realities of its condition. You search in vain, to find in such courage the slightest trace of an intellectual or moral quality. It is a gross compound of blind, physical, animal impulse. Yet this courage is esteemed a virtue so high and sacred, that its exhibition at the closing scene of life, will cancel a long list of previous crimes: And "a bold, bad man" appeases his offended maker, by daring to rush unprepared into his awful presence! Lofty defiance of danger! Heroic contempt of death! The bear, the lion, or the wild boar of the forest, when brought to bay by their pursuers, display precisely the same virtue, in all its elements and proportions! A virtue that springs from a suspension of all the higher faculties of man's nature—a virtue, into the composition of which there enters not one intellectual or moral ingredient—a courage which is located exclusively in the blood and nerves and muscles of the body, in a state of excitement—a courage, in the exercise of which the mind has no agency. The man neither thinks nor feels, remembers nor anticipates, with reference to the event. His intelligent consciousness is laid aside; and he displays the firmness, having first assumed the stolidity of a rock. And *this* is that crowning virtue, which, when it graces the departure of a hero from the stage of action, will call forth the plaudits of attending angels, as they conduct his spirit to its home on high; and secure the approbation of his judge?—which will cause his memory to be honoured by eulogies and monuments, while eloquence and poetry unite to hang garlands over his grave, and hold up his example to incite the young and aspiring to deeds of renown! But what, after all, is the amount of this boasted virtue? Is it a quality appropriate and suitable to man's nature? Is it the real and rational courage of an intelligent moral agent, in the full exercise of his faculties? What is true

courage in such a being? Not the blind stupidity of ignorance—not the blustering madness of passion—not the reckless foolhardiness of an irrational animal, which rushes blindfold upon its fate! But the calm, collected, deliberate, determined fortitude of a soul, awake to its true position, aware of the realities it is called to encounter, looking danger full in the face; and yet undaunted—bold in conscious security and triumphant hope! To one destitute of the consolations and hopes of true religion, such courage as this is, in the nature of the case, impossible. There may be a blind brutal courage of the kinds above named. But there can be no rational courage. The man cannot think honestly of the awful transition of death—he cannot reflect fully on the endless issues involved—he cannot exercise appropriately his rational faculties, and meet death with his eyes open on all its consequences, without apprehension and dread. He may have sufficient command over his nerves and muscles to conceal his emotion under an aspect of indifference. He may assume an air of levity and defiance. He may "die, and give no sign." But if he thinks, he must fear. If he exercises a rational mind, he must feel a rational dread of death. Such a dread is rational, to one destitute of piety. The nature of the event is such, the character of the transition is so peculiar, that, apart from the sustaining hopes of religion, death must be appalling on any supposition, as to the realities which lie beyond it. Investing the future in dim uncertainty, and considering death as "a leap in the dark;" yet the eminence from which that leap is taken is so high, and the darkness into which it plunges is so vast, vacant and profound, that the conscious soul must shudder in the descent. But even this gloomy vacancy of unbelief is forbidden. Reason itself teaches that the soul is immortal, and that, when separated from the body, it enters the presence of its Maker and Judge. Nor will any general reference to the mercy of God suffice to sustain in peace the departing spirit of him, who has lived without God in the world. To such an one He is "an unknown God"—a mysterious and awful stranger—perhaps an enemy—or if perchance a friend, his presence has been unrecognized, his kindness unrequited with gratitude, his companionship and favour unsolicited, during a life of dependence on his protection; how can it be otherwise than fearful to a soul, conscious of past alienation, thus to form its first acquaintance with God, as it is forced to stand before his bar of judgment! But in addition to this, when conscience, at length awakened to faithfulness, fastens a sense of guilt upon the soul, in view of a life thus spent in forgetfulness of its divine author, the demands of his law violated, the invi-

tations of his mercy disregarded, and the soul passes unreconciled and unreprieved into his holy presence, how can it avoid trembling solicitude and agonizing fear? We have said, the mercy of God affords no alleviation to the terror of such a prospect. For if, under the earthly revelation of that mercy, the soul remains unreconciled, no transforming efficacy can be expected to ensue from its heavenly manifestation. But under aggravated guilt and confirmed habits of impiety, the moral nature, diseased and disordered, perverted by evil tendencies, in discord with the laws of eternal harmony—cut loose from the source of all light and the centre of all order, must wander in the blackness of darkness forever and ever—must carry in its inherent wretchedness its own curse—must contain within itself the elements of its own perdition!

But shall a virtue be made of necessity? Shall recklessness arise from despair? And shall it become an act of heroism to brave unmoved a doom that is inevitable? Are apathy and inactivity our highest achievement in a crisis of danger? When threatened with fire and shipwreck in a burning vessel on the deep, is he esteemed the greatest hero, who, with folded arms stands unmoved and listless, without an effort to escape the danger or deliver those dependent on his protection? Perhaps a life-boat approaches—perhaps with promptness and energy, the means of deliverance are at hand. In such a case, he whose generous and noble efforts succeed in delivering the helpless from danger—he is hailed as the true hero of the scene. The reckless apathy of despair, in view of death, is not a becoming virtue, but a ruinous infatuation. For if the soul, awakened to its obligations, should at length come to itself, and even at the eleventh hour should honestly relent and return, divine mercy waits, with open arms, to welcome the prodigal. Yea, even in the last extremity of danger, amid the storm and darkness attending the hour of shipwreck, the life-boat is at hand to rescue all who fly to it for safety. To stand paralysed by despair, and regardless alike of danger and deliverance, instead of rational courage, is suicidal madness—instead of closing the scene of life with an air of noble dignity, crowns a career of folly with an act of self-destruction.

But if a regard to future interest and safety be deemed an unworthy motive—if a dread of the wrath of God, and the endless ruin of the soul, be thought too sordid a consideration to affect the mind of a hero: yet there is a consideration that appeals to high and honorable principle, and which alone should render the approach of death terrible to one living in impiety. It is deemed right and honorable, for instance, when an error has been committed, to confess and correct it—

when favours have been received, to cherish becoming gratitude, and when an injury has been done, to make prompt restitution and amendment. He who has lived in impiety is chargeable before God with a long array of evil deeds and sinful habits. The sudden approach of death puts an end to the privilege of penitent confession and pious reformation, and the man falls with his moral blemishes sealed forever upon his character. Surely *this* at least is a consideration that should strike the soul of honour with dismay, and invest the hour of death with unmitigated terror!

But will it be asked, “would you have a hero to grow craven and timid in a crisis of danger? would you desire a soldier to turn coward and deserter on the field of battle?” By no means! Let him stand at his post and discharge his present duty as best he may. But if, as must be the case with such a character, he suspends his reason in order to exercise his courage—if he blinds his mind in order to banish fear—if, under any influence, he lays aside the high faculties of a rational and moral agent, in order to assume the blind and blustering boldness of a brute; then verily, let him have his reward! But let not such a low unworthy courage as this be exalted and magnified in our estimation, as the crowning glory of human greatness. Let not a mere unconscious, irrational state of insensibility—a state produced by a combination of brutal stupidity with reckless impiety—a mere *collapsed condition* of the soul, be esteemed a virtue so rare and sublime, as to entitle its possessor at the same time to the honors of a hero, and the beatitudes of a saint! And when poetry would find a model of heroism to hold up as a bright example to incite to lofty sentiments and noble deeds, and allure mankind to a career of glory; let it turn to a different quarter and select its model hero from a higher level of character. Especially when it would teach a lesson of noble triumph in death, let it point to the deportment of the dying Christian. There it will find an exhibition of genuine courage. He confronts the king of terrors with a heart undaunted, not because he is ignorant of the power of his enemy, but because he is confident in his own superior resources. Nor is it the reckless confidence of self-righteous presumption, by which he is sustained. Weak in himself, he is strong in the Lord. His faith rests on a solid foundation, which the more it is inspected, imparts a higher assurance of safety. “A peace that passeth understanding,” and “a hope full of immortality,” are the wings on which his spirit mounts in triumph when released from the fetters of flesh. Humble under a sense of manifold imperfections, yet conscious of pure aspirations ever tending upward, his faith clings to the cross of his Redeemer, as the great anchor of

all his hopes, and finds in his atoning blood a fountain to wash away all the stains of his nature. In the hour of his departure there beams upon his believing vision the radiant form of that same divine and loving Saviour, "standing at the right hand of the throne on high." He exclaims, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." Then in the calm confidence of the only true courage, the departing saint whispers to himself, "Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," "For I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to his hands against that day."

Such are the sentiments which sustain the Christian hero in death. Such are the rational sources of Christian courage. They are the only sentiments worthy of man's nature. They are the only sources of true courage in death. Let others aspire to imitate the vulgar hero, who imitates the brute. But, when the final conflict comes, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

We have pursued our reflections to a length which many will regard as unnecessary and wearisome. But we have traced the subject into its minute details and various ramifications, in order to hunt out and dislodge from every retreat a pernicious delusion, which prevails widely over the popular mind, under the term *heroism*; and at the same time to vindicate the character of the true Christian hero from those foul aspersions and absurd imputations which vulgar ignorance and prejudice have cast upon it. We have attempted to show the superiority of Christian heroism, by adverting to the intellectual and moral qualities which enter into its composition. In the lofty consciousness of the dignity of his nature, which gives rise to Christian humanity; in the noble cause which he has espoused, the spiritual warfare in which he is enlisted; in the exalted motives by which he is impelled; the spirit of love that pervades his life, and the benign results that flow from his efforts; and then, in those qualities which, in name at least, have been appropriated to vulgar heroism; but which in reality are exhibited alone by the Christian hero—in a high and worthy sense of honor—in a sound and healthy patriotism—in a just and noble magnanimity—in a genuine and rational courage—in all these attributes of heroism we have shown that the Christian hero stood preëminent. And if we have failed to carry the convictions of every reader along with us to the conclusions we have reached; we feel assured that we have at least suggested the materials which if properly constructed, would form a conclusive and irresistible argument in support of the position we have endeavored to maintain.

W. C. S.

THE DREAMER.

BY L. I. L.

The silent glory of the friendly stars
Fell on the upturned forehead of that dreamer;—
The dying day hurled back its golden bars—
A long cloud, sun-flushed, wavered like a streamer.

This was all in an island past Japan;
In a far island of the Indian Ocean:
And as his thoughts, faint, memory-sickened, ran
To his old life so full of dire commotion,

He blessed the storm that cast him on that shore,
Far from the vain world and its idle fashions—
Far from the awful phrenzy and the roar
Of horrible sufferings and conflicting passions.

Manhood was still for him in its first prime:
Youth on his brow seemed bursting into blossom:
Yet fate had struck him with all darts that time
And human life can bury in the bosom.

He loved her so!—as God means we should love—
With the whole heart—with nought of reservation:
Her eyes, her hair, were sacred; even her glove;
He would have risked life for its preservation.

He floated far above the dull, cold earth
In an empyrean faint with blissful splendor;
From his pure love great strivings had their birth—
A thousand noble fancies, bold and tender.

Long he lived thus, wrapped in a golden cloud:
With such a love life could not be embittered.
Then the end came.—The dreamer turned and bowed
His pale, cold forehead, and his eyeballs glittered.

Another took his place in that false breast:
Mad with despair his life was spent in scheming:
He would have killed them both,—then gone to rest
After them: he was spared this: he was dreaming:

Dreaming in that far island past Japan.
The gay-careering breezes did caress him;—
A shipwrecked, soon to be a dying man,
The vast, wide solitude did seem to bless him.

He looked upon the crags—on the lagoon
Fringed with its poisonous flowers: his eyes were steady;
And as like a wan ghost uprose the moon,
The Dreamer murmured calmly, "I am ready."

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

It is an established fact that the natural productions of the United States are not surpassed by those of any other country in the world. But when we come to consider the magnitude and variety of our forests, we claim to be more richly endowed than all the world beside : and we deem it a pleasant pastime occasionally to take a retrospective view of our extensive and superb country as it appears to the mind's eye in the light of the olden times.

When the earlier discoverers and navigators along the Western Atlantic first landed upon the several spots with which their names are inseparably associated, they all found shelter from the summer's heat or the winter's cold, in forests, whose very shadows at the sunset hour mingled with the surges of the ocean. Far as their visions could penetrate, they beheld a wilderness of woods, and they were all deeply impressed with the imposing aspect of nature as she revealed the wonders of her luxuriance ; but though undiscovered and unexplored, there then existed an almost boundless country of forest. Excepting one single, but truly extensive, section of prairie or desert land, lying westward of its centre, our country was then all forest, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Lake Superior and its Daughter Seas to the Gulf of Mexico. Our country was then an empire of monarchs, throned upon a thousand mountains and in a thousand valleys, and their diadems of luxuriant green, leafy and fragrant, were often times bathed in the clouds of heaven, and burnished to a surpassing brilliancy by the sunbeams. The forests which then existed were probably as ancient as the world itself—primeval in all their features—and one thing is certain, they were not planted by the hand of man. Like the antediluvians, the trees which composed them were buffeted by the storms of centuries, but remained virtually uninjured and unchanged ; they were, in truth, the emblems of superior might and power. Indeed, then as now, only a portion of them were ever subject to the destroying and regenerating influences of the seasons ; for while the forests of the South were bright with a perpetually verdant foliage, and always laden with delicious fruits, the evergreens of the North afforded a comfortable shelter from the snows and winds to the human and subordinate denizens of the wilderness world. Aside, too, from their immense extent, their magnificence and strength,

these forests were remarkable for their density, since we have every reason to believe that but for the intervening streams, they presented continuous fields of foliage, receding to the four corners of the horizon. Hence the gloom and solitude which ever pervaded their recesses. And when we think of them, brooding under the pall of night, in the mellow light of the moon and stars, or swaying to and fro, and moaning, as it were, under the influences of summer and winter storms, the mind becomes impressed with emotions that are truly sublime.

But there was also much of the beautiful and the peaceful associated with the forests of the olden times. How could it have been otherwise since it is ever more the province and the delight of our mother nature to fill the hearts of her children with love rather than with terror and awe ? Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance nestled in countless numbers around the serpent roots of every patriarch tree ; vines of every size and every shade of emerald encircled with their delicate tendrils the trees which they had been taught to love, and when the lightning chanced to make a breach in the continuous woods, these vines ventured boldly into the sunshine, and linked together the adjacent masses of foliage ; and every where were the rank and damp, but velvety mosses, clinging to the upright trees, and battenning upon those which were fallen and going to decay, and covering, as with a mantle, every rock and stony fragment within their reach. And there too, were the streams which watered this great forest world, sometimes a mile in width, and sometimes thousands of miles in length, and sometimes of such limited dimensions as only to afford bathing places for the wild fowl and her brood. But they were all beautiful, for their waters were translucent to a degree that we seldom witness in these days, and their chief enjoyment was to mirror the flowers and drooping boughs that fringed their borders, as well as the skies which bent over the land, which was then a land of uninterrupted peace. And throughout the length and breadth of this sylvan domain was perpetually heard the singing of unnumbered birds, which built their nests wherever they listed, while none were there, for the most part, to molest them or make them afraid. Of four-footed creatures too, the primeval forests gave birth to, and securely harbored immense numbers. Like the forest-trees themselves, they flourished and multiplied, and with them, with the birds, the streams, the flowers, and the combined magnificence of nature, they performed their secret ministry of good for the benefit of the Red man, who had inherited this matchless wilderness directly from the all wise Creator himself.

And what were the figures which naturally made their appearance in the picture we have drawn? The smoke from Indian wigwams arose from unnumbered valleys and the sides of unnumbered mountains, and as the products of the forest were more than sufficient to gratify every necessity, the aborigines had nothing to do but pursue the even tenor of their lives in contentment and peace. For shelter, when the forests themselves did not suffice, they resorted to their rude bark wigwams; for food, to the simple arts of the chase, and the fruits of the land; for clothing, to the skins of captured animals; for religion, to the Great Spirit whom they beheld in the elements, the heavens, and the revolving seasons; and for unalloyed happiness, to the Spirit of Freedom, which canopied their forest home. But alas! like the aborigines, the glorious forests are rapidly passing away, withering year by year from off the face of the earth; and while we would implore the devotees of Mammon to spare as much as possible the beauties of our forest land, we would repeat the appeal to Providence of our forest-loving Bryant, when he says that for many years to come

"Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY L. I. L.

The work of gorgeous Autumn is to strew
The hills with Golden Rod and Primrose sweet:
His work is done: Summer is at his feet.—
The breeze is purer, and the tender blue
Of the grand sky is softened by a veil
Of golden mist which hangs above the hills
And lies along the merrily-dancing rills
Which sparkle down the flower-enameled dale!
A child, I loved the Autumn for his brand
Of gold and crimson on the ancient woods—
His bright leaves scattered on the galloping floods
By winds that roll'd their music through the land.
'Tis dearer now: present and past are mine—
That beauteous past brighter than amber wine!

1852.

Notices of New Works.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; *Or Life Among the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington. 1852.

Macaulay, in the opening paragraph of his Essay on the Life of Addison, discusses the question whether lady authors should or should not be dealt with according to strict critical justice. The gallant reviewer gives as his opinion, that while lady writers should not be permitted to teach "inaccurate history or unsound philosophy" with impunity, it were well that critics should so far recognize the immunities of the sex as to blunt the edge of their severity towards the offenders. And he instances, as pertinent to the critic's position, the case of the Knight, who being compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante, was fain, before the combat commenced, to exchange Balisarda for a lighter and less fatal weapon, with which, however, he fought well and successfully.

For ourselves, we are free to say that we quite coincide with Mr. Macaulay, in the exact terms of his proposition. But we beg to make a distinction between lady writers and female writers. We could not find it in our hearts to visit the dulness or ignorance of a well-meaning lady with the rigorous discipline which it is necessary to inflict upon male dunces and blockheads. But where a writer of the softer sex manifests, in her productions, a shameless disregard of truth and of those amenities which so peculiarly belong to her sphere of life, we hold that she has forfeited the claim to be considered a lady, and with that claim all exemption from the utmost stringency of critical punishment. It will not indeed suffice, to work this forfeiture, that she merely step beyond the limits of female delicacy. A Joan of Arc, unsexed though she be, in complete armour, mounted *en chevalier*, and battling for the defence of her native land, might, perhaps come within the rule of knightly courtesy. But the Thalestris of Billingsgate, coarse of speech and strong of arm, hurling unwomanly oaths and unwomanly blows at whom she chooses to assail, would probably be met by a male opponent, (if he could not run away from her,) in a very different manner.

Mrs. Stowe—to whose work of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we now propose to devote ourselves—is neither one nor the other of the characters we have described. She is not a Joan of Arc. She is not a fishwoman. She is something less noble than the Gallic heroine: she is certainly a much more refined person than the virago of the Thames. Yet with all her cultivation she has placed herself without the pale of kindly treatment at the hands of Southern criticism. Possessed of a happy faculty of description, an easy and natural style, an uncommon command of pathos and considerable dramatic skill, she might, in the legitimate exercise of such talents, have done much to enrich the literature of America, and to gladden and elevate her fellow beings. But she has chosen to employ her pen for purposes of a less worthy nature. She has volunteered officiously to intermeddle with things which concern her not—to libel and vilify a people from among whom have gone forth some of the noblest men that have adorned the race—to foment heart-burnings and unappeasable hatred between brethren of a common country, the joint heirs of that country's glory—to sow, in this blooming garden of freedom, the seeds of strife and violence and all direful contentions. Perhaps,

indeed, she might declare that such was not her design—that she wished, by the work now under consideration, to *persuade* us of the horrible guilt of Slavery, and with the kindest feelings for us as brethren, to teach us that our constitution and laws are repugnant to every sentiment of humanity. We know that among other novel doctrines in vogue in the land of Mrs. Stowe's nativity—the pleasant land of New England—which we are old-fashioned enough to condemn, is one which would place woman on a footing of political equality with man, and causing her to look beyond the office for which she was created—the high and holy office of maternity—would engage her in the administration of public affairs; thus handing over the State to the perilous protection of diaper diplomatists and wet-nurse politicians. Mrs. Stowe, we believe, belongs to this school of Woman's Rights, and on this ground she may assert her prerogative to teach us how wicked are we ourselves and the Constitution under which we live. But such a claim is in direct conflict with the letter of scripture, as we find it recorded in the second chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy—

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.

"*But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.*"

But whatever her designs may have been, it is very certain that she has shockingly traduced the slaveholding society of the United States, and we desire to be understood as acting entirely on the defensive, when we proceed to expose the miserable misrepresentations of her story. We shall be strongly tempted, in the prosecution of this task, to make use, now and then, of that terse, expressive, little Saxon monosyllable which conventionalism has properly judged inadmissible in debate, yet we trust we shall be able to overcome the temptation, and in the very torrent and tempest of our wrath, (while declining to "carry the war into *Africa*,") to "acquire and beget a temperance which may give it smoothness."

While we deem it quite unnecessary, in this place, to lay before our readers in detail the plot of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, still we shall best accomplish our purpose by running over the leading incidents of the novel. But even this will not be the easiest thing in the world. We have given Mrs. Stowe credit for dramatic skill. Yet it will be seen that as a dramatist she is, by no means, without some glaring faults. It is a rule of art, (judged by which Fielding's *Tom Jones* has been pronounced by the best critics to be almost perfect,) that a work of fiction should be so joined together, that every passage and incident should contribute to bring about an inevitable though unexpected catastrophe. Mrs. Stowe's events have many of them no connection with each other whatever. She has two principal characters, for whom the reader's sympathy is enlisted, whose paths never lie within a thousand miles of each other. Whenever she brings Uncle Tom forward, George Harris is moved backward: whenever she entertains us with George Harris, Uncle Tom's rights as a hero are in abeyance, wherein Mrs. Stowe reminds us of the ventriloquial vaudevilles of the facetious Mr. Love, who, individually representing the entire *dramatis personæ*, is compelled to withdraw as Captain Cutandthrust, before he can fascinate his audience with Miss Matilda Die-away. Perhaps, indeed, Mrs. Stowe has proceeded upon the principle laid down by Puff in the Critic—

"O Lord, yes; ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your under-plot have as little connection with your main plot as possible."

The tale opens with a dialogue between a Kentucky planter, Mr. Shelby, and a negro-trader called Haley, at the dinner-table of the former at his plantation residence.

Haley holds Mr. Shelby's I. O. U. for a considerable amount which he is unable to settle, and takes advantage of this indebtedness to compel Mr. Shelby to part with two of his slaves—Uncle Tom, his general manager, and a little mulatto boy, the child of Eliza Harris, Mrs. Shelby's maid. Eliza is the wife of George Harris, the Admirable Crichton of the book. Being determined not to see her child sold away from her, she runs off with it in the night, and after many adventures, (one of which is the passage of the Ohio River on the ice, with a leap across its unfrozen channel,) finally reaches the non-slaveholding territory. Before following her, we must pause to notice two points in the narrative. The first is the conduct which the authoress ascribes to Mrs. Shelby in conniving at Eliza's escape—conduct which is held up to us as, in the highest degree, commendable. Now, the reader must know that Mr. Shelby has acquainted his wife with the fact that Haley has become the purchaser of the slaves. The good faith of Mr. Shelby, therefore, was pledged, and his wife knew it, to the fulfilment of this portion of the contract by putting Haley in possession of them. And however painful to the feelings of that kind and excellent lady might have been the separation, the obedience due to her husband, and the regard she was bound to cherish for his word, should have restrained her from throwing any obstacle in the way of the performance of his engagements, much more from assisting in the escape of a valuable servant. But at this place the authoress brings the "Higher Law" to bear upon Mrs. Shelby's line of duty, and as obedience to one's husband is not recognised by the new school of Woman's Rights, perhaps there is no departure herein from ethical consistency. The second point to which we wish to refer, is the utter indifference to fact and probability displayed in a conversation which the authoress details between the men who become engaged in the pursuit of Eliza. Haley, having given chase, after some delay at the Shelby mansion, comes up with Eliza just in time to see her, with the child in her arms, brave the dangers of the ice-bound Ohio and gain the opposite bank in safety. Chagrined at this frustration of his plans, he resorts to brandy-and-water at the nearest tavern, where he finds two old acquaintances quite as beastly and devilish as himself, who are also negro-traders. Haley proposes to them to assist him in retaking Eliza. The matter is debated at length and a bargain is struck. The parties agree that in case of a recapture, the child is to be surrendered to Haley, who shall thereupon interpose no objection to the kidnapping of Eliza by his comrades—the said Haley paying down the just and full sum of Fifty Dollars in advance, as an indemnity against loss in the event of a failure. The discussion reeks with bad brandy and the fumes of tobacco, and is therefore not well suited to quotation, but one passage of it must be given:

"Marks had got from his pocket a greasy pocket-book, and taking a long paper from thence, he sat down, and fixing his keen black eyes on it, began mumbling over its contents: 'Barnes—Shelby County—boy Jim, three hundred dollars for him, dead or alive.

"'Edwards—Dick and Lucy—man and wife, six hundred dollars; wench Polly and two children—six hundred for her or her head.'

"'I'm just a runnin over our business, to see if we can take up this yer handily. Loker,' he said, after a pause, 'we must set Adams and Springer on the track of these yer; they've been booked some time.'

"'They'll charge too much,' said Tom.

"'I'll manage that ar; they's young in the business, and must spect to work cheap,' said Marks, as he continued to read. 'Ther's three on 'em easy cases, 'cause

all you've got to do is to shoot 'em, or swear they is shot; they could'nt, of course, charge much for that.' "

The reader will observe that two charges against the South are involved in this precious discourse—one, that it is the habit of Southern masters to offer a reward with the alternative of "dead or alive," for their fugitive slaves, and the other, that it is usual for pursuers to shoot them. Indeed, we are led to infer that as the shooting is the easier mode of obtaining the reward, it is the more frequently employed in such cases. Now, when a Southern master offers a reward for his runaway slave, it is because he has lost a certain amount of property, represented by the negro, which he wishes to recover. To allege then that the owner, so deprived of his property, would be willing to pay an extravagant sum of money to the man who should place that property forever beyond the possibility of recovery, is so manifestly absurd and preposterous, that Mrs. Stowe will not find many readers weak enough to believe it, even in New England. What man of Vermont, having an ox or an ass that had gone astray, would forthwith offer half the full value of the animal, not for the carcass which might be turned to some useful purpose, but for the unavailing satisfaction of its head? Yet are the two cases exactly parallel. With regard to the assumption that men are permitted to go about, at the South, with double-barrelled guns, shooting down runaway negroes in preference to apprehending them, we can only say that it is as wicked and wilful as it is ridiculous. Such Thugs there may have been as Marks and Loker, who have killed negroes in this unprovoked manner, but if they have escaped the gallows, they are probably to be found within the walls of our State Penitentiaries where they are comfortably provided for at public expense. The laws of the Southern States, which are designed, as in all good governments, for the protection of persons and property, have not been so loosely framed as to fail of their object where person and property are one.*

Recur we now to the fugitives—Eliza and her child. The next thing we hear of them, they are seeking shelter and assistance at the house of Mr. Byrd, (or perhaps we should say Mrs. Byrd, as this lady seems to rule the household as completely as any Woman's Rights Orator could desire,) where they are hospitably welcomed and tenderly cared for. Just before their arrival, the conjugal Byrds had been twittering in an argumentative duet concerning the matter of lending "aid and comfort" to runaway negroes, during which the feathers of the female had been somewhat ruffled, for her loving mate had but lately flown into the nest from that noisy aviary, the Legislature of Ohio, where as a Byrd of some consequence, he had lent his voice in the Senate to the passage of a Bill "forbidding people to give meat and drink

* It is scarcely worth our while to say more on this subject, yet the law with regard to the killing of runaways is laid down with so much clearness and precision by a South Carolina judge that we cannot forbear quoting his dictum as directly in point. In the case of *Wills v. Earnest and Parker*, Colcock, J. delivered the opinion of the Court—

"By the statute of 1740, any white man may apprehend, and moderately correct, any slave who may be found out of the plantation at which he is employed; and if the slave assaults the white person, he may be killed; but a slave who is merely flying away cannot be killed. Nor can the defendants be justified by the common law, if we consider the negro as a person; for they were not clothed with the authority of the law to apprehend him as a felon, and without such authority he could not be killed." January term, 1818. 1 Nott & McCord's S. C. Reports. 182.

to those poor colored folks that come along." Mrs. Stowe takes great delight in showing us here how the Senator's stern convictions of duty were melted away, like the wax that sustained the pinions of Icarus, by the feelings of compassion that kindled in his gentle bosom at the story of Eliza's wrongs, and how the worthy and Honorable Byrd, maker of laws, proceeded to help the fugitives to a place of greater safety, by driving them at night over a rough road to a Quaker settlement some miles distant. The reader who will reflect upon the matter a single moment, must see that the Senator is applauded for what in old times was considered one of the worst of offences—the violation of his oath. For in assuming his legislative duties he had solemnly sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, and his conduct is in direct conflict with that sacred obligation. But to writers like Mrs. Stowe is reserved the casuistical talent, and we may add, the portentous impudence, of making perjury graceful and good, and of founding upon it the claim to an integrity approaching the perfect holiness of the saints.

To keep up with the story, it is necessary that we should now turn to the fortunes of George Harris. This remarkable mulatto, who unites the genius of an Arkwright to the person of an Antinous, shortly before Eliza's begira, had incurred the displeasure of his master for having invented "a machine for the cleaning of hemp" which displayed as much talent, we are told, as Whitney's cotton-gin. George was hired by the proprietor of a large bagging factory, where he was "considered the first hand in the place" and was greatly caressed. His owner, however, cannot brook the crime of invention, and accordingly he takes George from the factory and seeks to humble his proud spirit in the performance of the most degrading offices. As well might he hope to humble a Plantagenet or a Pottowattomy. George runs off, bids adieu to Eliza and the boy who are yet on the Shelby estate, disguises himself, with the help of a little walnut bark and hair-dye, as a Spanish grandee of the *sangre azula*, and with two pistols and a bowie knife under his waistcoat, travels leisurely, in his own conveyance, to the border line of the free states, actually stopping to read, in a tavern by the wayside, the handbill in which the reward of Four Hundred Dollars has been offered for his recovery or, as usual, "for satisfactory proof that he had been killed." If any one portion of Mrs. Stowe's book is more silly than another, it is this account of George's escape. The most embruted wretch that ever "wolloped" his negro, like his donkey, even without the provocation that he "wouldn't go," could not have acted like George's master. George, at the factory, where his genius might be brought into exercise, was worth to his owner five times as much as he could have been on the plantation, and it is a little the most improbable thing in the world that the owner would have sacrificed his pecuniary interest with no other motive than a humiliating sense of his negro's mental superiority. But Mrs. Stowe convicts herself of an utter ignorance of the Law of Contracts, as it affects Slavery in the South, in making George's master take him from the factory against the proprietor's consent. George, by virtue of the contract of hiring had become the property of the proprietor for the time being, and his master could no more have taken him away forcibly than the owner of a house in Massachusetts can dispossess his lessee, at any moment, from mere whim or caprice. There is no court in Kentucky where the hirer's rights, in this regard, would not be enforced. As for the details of the escape—the Spanish disguise, the pistols and bowie-knife, the easy *nonchalance* of the principal performer, *et cetera*, they would not go down as part and parcel of the burnt-cork melodrama of the Bowery.

While George was playing this magnificent part, Eliza had, as we have already described, succeeded in reaching a temporary place of refuge among the Quakers. These worthy people live, it seems, in Indiana. To their village, by a lucky accident, comes George, and a happy reunion of parents and child takes place. But the fugitives are not yet beyond the reach of danger. For Loker and his myrmidons are upon their track, prepared to identify them as slaves. It is necessary, therefore, to push on to Canada. On the way they are overtaken. A struggle ensues between the two parties, in which Loker is shot by George Harris. The rest of the pursuers fly, and the heroic mulatto proceeds without further difficulty, until he sets foot, with Eliza and the child, upon the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. The triumph of innocence is complete.

Having disposed of the Harrises, we have now to direct our attention to Uncle Tom. It is a sad day at Mr. Shelby's when Haley returns from his ineffectual pursuit of Eliza, to take away the negro manager from the old plantation. Mr. Shelby has gone off to avoid the disagreeable scene of the departure; Old Chloe, Uncle Tom's wife, and the picaninies mingle their tears with those of Mrs. Shelby; the whole establishment wears an air of the deepest gloom—two persons only of all seem unaffected, the purchaser and the purchased. Haley, steeled against the promptings of pity, and Uncle Tom himself, lifted by a noble resignation to the will of Providence far above the weakness of despondency, are equal to the occasion. The manacles are put on, and Tom is whirled away. A mile from the house, they meet young George Shelby, the son of Uncle Tom's former master, who has been absent for a few days. Tom gives some parting advice with his blessing to George, and George, with generous fervor, promises to redeem Tom at some future day, and the interview terminates. Without other incident that we need mention, Haley reaches *La Belle Rivière* and embarks with Uncle Tom upon its waters, in a steamer bearing the beautiful French name of the stream itself.

We think it well here to advert to a prominent fault of Mrs. Stowe's production, because it is exhibited as conspicuously, perhaps, in the earlier chapters as any where else. It lies in the cruel disparity, both intellectual and physical, which our authoress makes between the white and black races, to the prejudice of the former. The negro under her brush invariably becomes handsome in person or character, or in both, and not one figures in Uncle Tom's Cabin, no matter how benighted or besotted his condition, who does not ultimately get to heaven. But while Mrs. Stowe can thus "see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," she is unable to look upon a white face without tracing in it something sinister and repulsive. The fairest of her Southern ladies retain some ugly marks of their descent from the erring mother of our race—

Some flowers of Eden they still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

The white villains she describes are villains indeed. Dante fell into some rather bad company when he descended with Virgil to the realms of the lost, but the demons of the Inferno are amiable and well-behaved gentlemen in comparison with Marks and Loker. On the other hand, Beatrice, soaring to the loftiest circles of the glorified, is but a common-place damsel by the side of Eliza. See with what Titianesque touches she is represented to us. The "rich, full, dark eye with its long lashes;" the "ripples of silky black hair;" the "delicately formed hand" and "trim foot and ankle;" "the dress of the neatest possible fit," setting off to advantage "her finely moulded shape"—all these make up a picture the effect of which is heightened by the assurance that the original possesses "that peculiar air of refinement, that softness

of voice and manner, which seems in many cases to be a particular gift to the quadroon and mulatto woman." As for Uncle Tom, he is an epitome of the cardinal virtues, a sort of ebony St. Paul undergoing the perils, the stripes, the watchings and ultimately the martyrdom of the Apostle, with all of the Apostle's meekness and fortitude, carrying a stainless soul in an unoffending body, and walking through much tribulation, without a single turn from the straight course, to the portals of the Heavenly Kingdom. In person he is finely and powerfully made, and as manager of Mr. Shelby's estate his judgment and discretion are unparalleled in Southern agriculture. Trusted with untold gold, he never yields to the temptation of appropriating a piece of it to his own use. Resentment for injury was what Uncle Tom had never experienced. Whisky, the "peculiar wanity" of his race, has never passed his lips. Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, all these things were blended in Uncle Tom.

In attributing this perfection to the negro character, Mrs. Stowe not only "o'ersteps the modesty of nature," but she places in a strong light the absurdity of the whole story of Mr. Shelby's sacrifice. An Irish soldier in our army was once rebuked by his commanding officer for getting drunk. "Arrah! yer honor," said Pat, "yer wouldn't be after expectin' all the Christian virtues in a man, for eight dollars a month!" In like manner we would ask if a sensible man like Mr. Shelby could be expected to sell so much of prudence, honesty, foresight, sobriety and affection as were found in Uncle Tom, for any sum that Haley would be willing to allow for him? We are not told what this sum was, but judging from Haley's grinding disposition, and the fact that he afterwards sold Uncle Tom for thirteen hundred dollars, it is fair to fix his original price at One Thousand Dollars. Now, admitting Mr. Shelby's embarrassments and conceiving it possible that he could set aside all his long-standing attachment for Uncle Tom at the bidding of an insolent trader, is it likely that so valuable, or rather so invaluable, a piece of property would have been relinquished for so small a "consideration?" But a high-toned and chivalrous Kentuckian can not so easily divest himself of his humanity, and it is a slander upon that gallant State to represent the scene within her borders. The dialogue with which Mrs. Stowe's novel opens, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would have been a short one. Mr. Shelby would have "participated matters," as Mrs. Malaprop says, by knocking Haley down stairs.

But our authoress would have Uncle Tom sold, and we now return to him, with his new master—

Floating down de riber of de O-hi-o!

In due time they reach the Mississippi, upon whose turbid flood they are borne to New Orleans. Before arriving at this metropolis, an incident occurs to Uncle Tom which operates a material change in his condition. Among the passengers in the steamer, there is a certain Mr. St. Clare, a young, rich, clever and handsome Louisiana planter, on his way home from a Northern excursion, accompanied by his daughter, a fair-haired little seraph of five or six years of age, and a New England cousin, one Miss Ophelia St. Clare, who has never before been in the Southern States. One day this little daughter falls overboard from the forward deck, just as the boat is leaving a landing. Tom, who has been reading his bible near at hand, plunges after her in a moment, and rescues her from drowning. A friendship springs up between the child and Uncle Tom which leads to his pur-

chase by Mr. St. Clare, to whose luxurious establishment in New Orleans our sable hero is now speedily transferred. The rôle assigned him was that of coachman, but his duties amounted to no more than a general supervision of the stables. The business of his life was to play the companion to Evangeline, or Little Eva, as she was generally called, to minister to her simple wants, to pluck for her the sunniest fruits and to twine roses in her golden hair. Eva on her part was not less zealous in gentle offices. She read to him, as Tom had never heard them read before, those passages of Holy Writ which were most calculated to impress both their imaginative intellects. Thus for two years did "the foot of Time" with Tom, "tread noiselessly on flowers." But the cheek of little Eva soon mantled with that hectic glow which announces the dread presence of consumption. The art of the physician was invoked in vain to arrest the fatal malady. Day by day the form upon which parents and friends gazed so fondly, wasted from their sight. The fine intellect of the child flashed out with preternatural brilliancy as its earthly tenement was about to be dissolved. The vigils of Uncle Tom at the bedside of the sufferer are described with a pathos that goes to the heart of the reader. At last the destroyer came. In the sad circle of the bereaved there was none whose grief was more bitter and abiding than Uncle Tom's.

This touching little episode is so far the best part of the novel that it seems to be not of it. It is a gem shining amid surrounding rubbish. We think, however, that we have read something very like it before. The enchanting conception of grace and innocence in the person of little Eva is not original. Years ago, the tears of thousands of readers were drawn forth by the story of a child, in all respects the prototype and *ἰδωλον* of Eva, whose angelic figure, floating above an atmosphere of guilt and shame, seemed to sanctify its habitation on earth, as the presence of Eva hallowed the frivolity and extravagance of the St. Clare household. She too was fondly attached to an old man, less saintly than Uncle Tom, but feeling as deep a sentiment of love for his youthful companion as ever Uncle Tom felt. She too sickened of consumption and went down to a premature grave. The story was written by Charles Dickens, and our readers have doubtless already noted the resemblance of Eva and Tom to Little Nell and her grandfather.

One evening during Eva's lifetime, Miss Ophelia, the bustling little spinster to whom we have already alluded, came into the room where St. Clare lay reading his paper, with a raw-head-and-bloody-bones account of a negro woman having been whipped to death by her master.

"An abominable business,—perfectly horrible!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room.

"Pray, what iniquity has turned up now?" said he.

"What now? why, those folks have whipped Prue to death!" said Miss Ophelia, going on, with great strength of detail, into the story, and enlarging on its most shocking particulars.

"I thought it would come to that, some time," said St. Clare, going on with his paper.

"Thought so!—an't you going to do any thing about it?" said Miss Ophelia. "Haven't you got any *selectmen*, or anybody, to interfere and look after such matters?"

"It's commonly supposed that the *property* interest is a sufficient guard in these cases. If people choose to ruin their own possessions, I don't know what's to be done. It seems the poor creature was a thief and a drunkard; and so there won't be much hope to get up sympathy for her."

"It is perfectly outrageous,—it is horrid, Augustine! It will certainly bring down vengeance upon you."

"My dear cousin, I didn't do it, and I can't help it;

I would, if I could. If low-minded, brutal people will act like themselves, what am I to do? *They have absolute control; they are irresponsible despots.* There would be no use in interfering; *there is no law that amounts to any thing practically, for such a case.* The best we can do is to shut our eyes and ears, and let it alone. It's the only resource left us."

In a subsequent part of the same conversation, St. Clare says—

"For pity's sake, for shame's sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not,—we would *scorn* to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And *he who goes furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him.*"

We have italicised a sentence or two of this conversation to direct attention to the reckless manner in which our authoress puts loose statements into the mouths of her characters. We are told in the appendix that this incident of the killing of Prue occurred "under the personal observation" of a brother of the authoress who was a clerk to a large mercantile house in New Orleans at the time. If we understand the force of language, it is here meant that this gentleman was an actual eye-witness of the murder. If so, then was he, before God and man, an accessory to the crime. For he had only, in the event that his own interposition would not have sufficed to prevent it, to call in the police to have saved Prue's life. And failing to do this—standing by, in cold blood, while a fellow-being was brutally scourged to death without an effort to rescue her—not even volunteering his evidence subsequently to ensure the punishment of the murderers, in what light can we regard his conduct other than as making him *particeps criminis* of Prue's death? But Mrs. Stowe tells us, through St. Clare, that "there is no law that amounts to anything" in such cases, and that he who goes furthest in severity towards his slave, i. e. to the deprivation of an eye or a limb or even the destruction of life, "only uses within limits the power that the law gives him." This is an awful and tremendous charge, which lightly and unwarrantably made, must subject the maker to a fearful accountability. Let us see how the matter stands upon the statute-book of Louisiana. By referring to the Civil Code of that State, Chapter 3rd, Article 173, the reader will find this general declaration—

"The slave is entirely subject to the will of his master, who may correct and chastise him, *though not with unusual rigor, nor so as to maim or mutilate him, or to expose him to the danger of loss of life, or to cause his death.*"

On a subsequent page of the same Volume and Chapter, Article 192, we find provision made for the slave's protection against his master's cruelty, in the statement that one of two cases, in which a master can be compelled to sell his slave, is

"When the master shall be convicted of cruel treatment of his slave, and the judge shall deem proper to pronounce, *besides the penalty established for such cases,* that the slave shall be sold at public auction, *in order to place him out of the reach of the power which the master has abused.*"

A code, thus watchful of the negro's safety in life and limb, confines not its guardianship to inhibitory clauses, but proscribes extreme penalties in case of their intransigence. In the Code Noir (Black Code) of Louisiana, under the head of Crimes and Offences, No. 55, § xvi, it is laid down that

"If any person whatsoever shall wilfully kill his slave or the slave of another person, the said person being convicted thereof shall be tried and condemned agreeably to the laws."

And because negro testimony is inadmissible in the courts of the State, and therefore the evidence of such crimes might be with difficulty supplied, it is further provided that

"If any slave be mutilated, beaten or ill treated contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, when no one shall be present, in such case, the owner or other person having the management of said slave thus mutilated, shall be deemed responsible and guilty of the said offence, and shall be prosecuted without further evidence, unless the said owner or other person so as aforesaid can prove the contrary by means of good and sufficient evidence, or can clear himself by his own oath, which said oath every court under the cognizance of which such offence shall have been examined and tried, is by this act authorized to administer." *Code Noir. Crimes and Offences*, 56. xvii.

Enough has been quoted to establish the utter falsity of the statement, made by our authors through St. Clare, that brutal masters are "irresponsible despots"—at least in Louisiana. It would extend our review to a most unreasonable length, should we undertake to give the law, with regard to the murder of slaves, as it stands in each of the Southern States. The crime is a rare one, and therefore the Reporters have had few cases to record. We may refer, however, to two. In *Fields v. the State of Tennessee*, the plaintiff in error was indicted in the circuit court of Maury county, for the murder of a negro slave. He pleaded not guilty: and at the trial was found guilty of wilful and felonious slaying of the slave. From this sentence, he prosecuted his writ of error, which was disallowed, the court affirming the original judgment. The opinion of the court as given by Peck, J. overflows with the spirit of enlightened humanity. He concludes thus—

"It is well said by one of the judges of North Carolina, that the master has a right to exact the labor of his slave; that far, the rights of the slave are suspended; but this gives the master no right over the life of his slave. I add to this saying of the judge, that law which says thou shalt not kill, protects the slave; and he is within its very letter. Law, reason, christianity and common humanity, all point out one way." 1st Yerger's Tenn. Reports. 156.

In the General Court of Virginia, June Term, 1851, in *Souther v. The Commonwealth* it was held that "the killing of a slave by his master and owner, by wilful and excessive whipping, is murder in the first degree; though it may not have been the purpose of the master and owner to kill the slave." 7th Grattan's Reports. 673.

Having placed this matter of the irresponsibility of masters and the insecurity of slaves in its proper light, we revert to the history of Uncle Tom. Soon after the death of Eva, St. Clare determined to emancipate that good and faithful servant, and actually took the initiatory steps for the purpose. Uncle Tom looked forward with delight to his return to Chloe and his children upon "the old plantation." But the fates had ordered otherwise. St. Clare is brought home one night from a café, mortally wounded by a stab from a bowie-knife which he had received in endeavouring to separate two combatants. He lives but a few moments and has no time to declare his wishes as to the disposition of his property. Tom finds himself, after the pompous pageant of his master's funeral is over, at the mercy of a proud, selfish, languid, fashionable, hard-hearted woman, his master's widow—Marie St. Clare. Of this woman we have not before spoken, because she exists in the story hitherto only as a parenthesis, without contributing to its action or at all affecting its characters. We may here say in brief that as an individ-

ual we do not object to her, for we have seen many such in the whirl of fashion in New York and Boston, and such there may be in New Orleans, but that as the type of a class, as a portraiture of Southern female character, she is a gross and stupendous libel. And this libel is all the more unpardonable because Marie St. Clare is represented as a member of a Christian Church, uniting with becoming propriety in all the observances of religion—whereby Mrs. Stowe seeks to bring into contempt the entire communion of the Southern States. We have no words to express our scorn of such an effort, and therefore we proceed to say that this pious widow sets at naught her husband's already-begun proceedings with regard to Uncle Tom and sells him—conduct of which not one Southern lady of a thousand would be guilty, but in perfect consistency with Marie's natural disposition and altogether necessary to the dreadful *denouement* Mrs. Stowe has in store for us.

Behold Uncle Tom now the property of Simon Legree, a Red River planter. And here we may stop a moment to perform an act of justice to Mrs. Stowe in saying that she has transcended all delineations of the scoundrel that have yet fallen under our notice, in this head-devil of her story. Legree is a darker, a more perfect, a more consistent, a more symmetrical piece of diabolism than the literature of any language within the limited sphere of our knowledge can furnish. Ogle in the reeking couplets of Dryden—*Jean qui rit*, the laughing executioner of Louis XI., who found it such capital sport to chop heads off before breakfast—the worst fiends of the Italian poets—Rhadamanthus, in the gloomy shades, punishing first and trying afterwards—Tiberius in the debasement of Caprea—all these bad characters, historical and imaginary, by throwing their blackest traits into a joint stock and presenting them in one master-piece of associated deformity, could not have made up such a *mauvais sujet* as our friend Simon. And if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is remarkable in no other respect, it is certainly entitled to the praise of giving the world assurance of a villain.

Legree carries Uncle Tom in fetters to the plantation, and from their arrival at that pleasant retreat, the Iliad of Uncle Tom's woes becomes a darker and more painful story until the final scene of all. He is beaten almost every day, for the sole reason that he does not deserve it. He does more than his share of work, and is flogged for that. He will not cry aloud under his sufferings, nor upbraid his persecutor, and this is considered sufficient cause for additional stripes. He refuses to lash his fellow-servants, and the fury of Legree becomes ungovernable. Let it be remembered that Uncle Tom's excellences as a "hand" had been early noticed by his master, who hoped to make him one of the most profitable slaves upon his estate. As a matter of self interest, therefore, it would seem that Legree ought to treat Uncle Tom well. But his cupidity is no match for his cruelty. One day in a frenzy of rage he scourges Uncle Tom beyond the point of human endurance, and the poor, submissive, heroic negro sinks upon his wretched pullet, never to rise from it again. By many persons who regard this novel as a tissue of falsehoods, this shocking act of barbarity will be considered improbable. We confess, however, that to us, Mrs. Stowe seems for once to have kept within the strict limits of *vraisemblance*. For the reader must bear in mind that Simon Legree had not been brought up in a slaveholding community, and had therefore no acquaintance with the negro character, no sympathy with their peculiar traits, no aptitude for their government. Mrs. Stowe tells us that

"In early childhood, a fair-haired woman had led him, at the sound of Sabbath bell, to worship and to pray."

Far in New England that mother had trained her only son, with long unwearied love, and patient prayers."

Now, it is well known in the Southern States that of all tyrants in the world, a New England slave-driver is the most cruel and remorseless. We mean not, in saying this, to reflect upon our brethren of the Northern States, nor will we imitate our authoress by holding up Legree generically as a fair representative of the New England master. But no one who has studied the institution of slavery, can have failed to observe that in a majority of cases, New England slaveholders err, in the management of negroes, in one or the other of two ways—either by indulging them to an extent which puts all subordination out of the question, or by holding over them a rod of iron. The kind-hearted Northern man will never be able to overcome a certain and very natural repugnance to the use of the lash, and so his slaves will do just as they please. The New Englander of less sensibility soon learns how to lay it on, and enforces a discipline the rigor of which exceeds any thing known upon the plantations of Southerners. Much of the odium with which slavery is regarded abroad, is due to the cruelty of New England masters like Legree, and but for the salutary operation of such laws, as we have adduced for the negro's protection, scenes, similar to the "martyrdom" of Uncle Tom, might be more frequent than we are glad to know they now are. The greater humanity of Southern men in the administration of corporal punishment is attested by a Northern writer who brought forth, two years ago, a volume, the object of which was the abolition of flogging in the Navy. He says,

"It is a thing that American man-of-war's men have often observed, that the Lieutenants from the Southern States, the descendants of the old Virginians, are much less severe, and much more gentle and gentlemanly in command, than the Northern officers, as a class."

While Uncle Tom is in the very article of death, but still in the full possession of his faculties, young George Shelby, mindful of his promise to redeem the old manager of the estate at home, arrives at Legree's. An affecting scene occurs between them, marked by the noblest submission on the part of Uncle Tom, and an honest indignation on the part of the generous Kentuckian. It was indeed enough to rouse the blood of the young man—this atrocious murder of his dearly-loved and long-tried negro servant and friend, the grown-up companion of his boyish sports. He seeks Legree, and we are prepared to expect that he will visit summarily upon the head of that miscreant the just retribution of his crime. Mrs. Stowe works us up for something dreadful. Legree speaks to George in an insulting tone. "The word was as a spark to a powder-magazine," and when a spark is communicated to a powder-magazine we naturally look out for a "general burst up." But what does the reader suppose to be the conduct of this "Kentucky boy" to whom "prudence was never a cardinal virtue?" "With one indignant blow," he knocks Legree, (not "into a cocked hat" but) "flat on his face!" Shade of Nemesis, what an expiation was there! Why Simeon Halliday himself, that drab-coated member of the Society of Friends, to whom we were introduced in the first volume as the whilome protector of Eliza, would have done something more to the purpose. The scene is a shocking anti-climax. If our authoress did not intend gratifying us with "justifiable homicide" why should she take such especial pains to make us anticipate it? As it is, we feel like the crowd at Tyburn when there came a reprieve of the highway-

man—we have been swindled out of an indefeasible, though not, perhaps, wholesome, excitement.

We must go back a little here, in order to get at the end of the story understandingly, for the purpose of introducing a character whom Uncle Tom found at Legree's plantation on his first arrival there, and with whose antecedents is connected the only thing like plot in the whole novel. This is a quadroon woman called Cassy. Her life has been a life of shame and suffering. The child of a slave woman and a wealthy proprietor, she had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and sent, at a proper age, to a convent, where she acquired music, French, embroidery and other accomplishments. When she was fourteen years of age, her father died suddenly of Asiatic Cholera, and Cassy was set down in the inventory of his property. The lawyer who came to settle up the estate was a handsome young man, and Cassy fell in love with him. In turn he seemed fascinated with her, and Cassy was not sorry to learn that she was to become his property. He soon placed her in a "beautiful house with servants, horses and carriages, and furniture, and dresses." Some years passed away, and Cassy was the mother of two lovely and interesting children. Up to this time, her master had lavished upon her every proof of affection but one—the marriage vow. But things changed, and Cassy was sold with her children, to clear off the gambling debts of her owner. The purchaser did not long retain his newly acquired property. Cassy passed into the possession of Simon Legree; her children, a boy and a girl, both of tender years, went off with new masters, she knew not whither.

Just before Uncle Tom was whipped to death, Cassy had projected a plan of escape with Emmeline, another quadroon inmate of Legree's household, and it was in connection with their disappearance that Uncle Tom suffered. The plan is successful. Cassy disguised as a Spanish Donna with Emmeline as her maid servant, having helped themselves freely to Legree's money before going off, reach in safety a Mississippi steamboat, the same in which George Shelby embarks on his return to Kentucky. George is struck with Cassy's appearance and pays her some attentions. Cassy, becoming uneasy at the close observation with which he regards her, confides to him the whole story of the escape, and receives from him the assurance of his protection. On the boat, occupying the next state-room to Cassy, is a very beautiful woman, one Madame de Thoux. Hearing that George Shelby is from Kentucky, she makes inquiries of him concerning George Harris, and being told of his flight to Canada, exclaims with fervor "Thank God!" She then explains that George Harris is her brother, that she had been purchased many years before by a West Indian planter who had emancipated and married her, that her husband had lately died and that she was now on her way to Kentucky for the purpose of setting George at liberty. We shall not stop to comment on this string of unnatural incidents, for something stranger is about to transpire. George Shelby in speaking of George Harris mentions his marriage with Eliza. We quote the rest of the conversation—

"Was she born in your house?" said Madame de Thoux.

"No. Father bought her once, in one of his trips to New Orleans, and brought her up as a present to mother. She was about eight or nine years old, then. Father would never tell mother what he gave for her; but, the other day, in looking over his old papers, we came across the bill of sale. He paid an extravagant sum for her, to be sure. I suppose, on account of her extraordinary beauty."

* Herman's Melville's *White Jacket or the World in a Man-of-War*. P. 169.

"George sat with his back to Cassy, and did not see the absorbed expression of her countenance, as he was giving these details.

"At this point in the story, she touched his arm, and, with a face perfectly white with interest, said, 'Do you know the names of the people he bought her of?'

"A man of the name of Simmons, I think, was the principal in the transaction. At least, I think that was the name on the bill of sale."

"O, my God!" said Cassy, and fell insensible on the floor of the cabin."

Of course Eliza turns out to be Cassy's child and we are soon entertained with the family meeting in Montreal, where George Harris is living, five or six years after the opening of the story, in great comfort.

Now, the reader will perhaps be surprised to know that such an incident as the sale of Cassy apart from Eliza, upon which the whole interest of the foregoing narrative hinges, never could have taken place in Louisiana, and that the bill of sale for Eliza would not have been worth the paper it was written on. Observe. George Shelby states that Eliza was *eight or nine years old* at the time his father purchased her in New Orleans. Let us again look at the statute book of Louisiana.

In the *Code Noir* we find it set down that

"Every person is expressly prohibited from selling separately from their mothers, *the children who shall not have attained the full age of ten years.*"

And this humane provision is strengthened by a statute, one clause of which runs as follows—

"Be it further enacted, That if any person or persons shall sell the mother of any slave child or children *under the age of ten years separate from said child or children, or shall, the mother living, sell any slave child or children of ten years of age or under, separate from said mother,* such person or persons shall incur the penalty of the sixth section of this act."

This penalty is a fine of not less than One Thousand nor more than Two Thousand Dollars, and imprisonment in the public jail for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year. *Vide Acts of Louisiana, 1 Session, 9th Legislature, 1828-9, No. 24, Section 16.*

What will be said now of the story of Cassy and her children? Really Mrs. Stowe should be more cautious in the construction of her works of fiction. And yet we know not but the fancy-sketch of the separation and the reunion was the best *finale* "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could have had. There is a fitness, a sort of epic unity in making a book of the most absurd *improbabilities* wind up in an *impossibility* that we can not think open to criticism.

We have devoted a much larger space to the plot of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" than we designed, when we commenced this review; it only remains for us to consider briefly those points upon which the authoress rests her abuse of the Southern States, in the book as a whole. These may be reduced to three—the cruel treatment of the slaves, their lack of religious instruction, and a wanton disregard of the sacred ties of consanguinity in selling members of the same family apart from each other.

We have already shown, by a reference to the laws regulating slavery in the Southern States, that many of the allegations of cruelty towards the slaves, brought forward by Mrs. Stowe, are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. As for the comfort of their daily lives and the almost parental care taken of them on well-regulated plantations, we may say that the picture of the Shelby estate, drawn by Mrs. Stowe herself, is no bad representation. The world may safely be challenged to produce a laboring

class, whose regular toil is rewarded with more of the substantial comforts of life than the negroes of the South. The "property interest" at which the authoress sneers so frequently in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is quite sufficient to ensure for the negro a kindness and attention, which the day-laborer in New England might in vain endeavor to win from his employer. But we surely need not elaborate a point which has been settled so well by Southern writers before us.

The lack of religious instruction for slaves is a charge against the South, in great favor with Northern fanatics, many of whom are deplorably in want of "religious instruction" themselves, and vastly beneath the pious slave in that love for their neighbour which is the keystone of the Christian arch. Yet never was there a charge more extravagant. We can tell these worthies that throughout the Southern States a portion of every house of worship is set apart for the accommodation of slaves; that upon very many plantations, may be seen rude but comfortable buildings, dedicated to God, where stated preaching of His Holy Word is ordained; that Sabbath schools for negroes are established in several of the Southern cities; and that in every Southern family, almost without an exception, where morning and evening prayers are held, the domestics of the household are called together to unite in them. Instances of fervent and unaffected piety among the negroes, where they have not been tampered with by Abolitionists, are by no means rare. The entire absence of anxiety of mind, with the negro, arising from the perplexities of business and the lack of employment, and the practice, habitual to him from his birth, of resigning all care for the morrow to his master, are favorable to the reception of religious truth, and we believe that statistics would show a larger proportion of professing Christians among the negroes than among the whites. Writers like Mrs. Stowe, in treating of this subject, assume that there can be no acquaintance with gospel truth among a class who are not permitted to learn to read. But how many of the early Christians were ignorant and illiterate persons? The fishermen of Galilee were men without instruction when they first followed the fortunes of the lowly Nazarene. As for Mrs. Stowe, she is answered upon this point in her own pages. Uncle Tom was no scholar, and after many years of diligent application could at last read his bible with difficulty. Yet where shall we find a nobler and purer exemplification of the "beauty of holiness" than in him? It is, indeed, a triumphant vindication of the institution of slavery against Mrs. Stowe's assaults, that in a slaveholding community, a character so perfect as "Uncle Tom" could be produced. We have, it is true, intimated that "Uncle Tom" is somewhat overdrawn, not one dash of human frailty entering into his composition. Yet making due allowance for this, and relying solely upon his biblical lore, we may take "Uncle Tom" and deny, in the face of New England that there can be any serious lack of religious instruction in a society of which he was a member. Mrs. Stowe is, we believe, peculiarly favored in the way of spiritual advantages. Daughter of one clergyman, wife of another and sister to a third, she is redolent of the "odor of sanctity." Yet for ourselves we would not exchange Uncle Tom's unlettered, but trustful and unpretending piety for the erudite godliness of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who can read his *ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος* in the original Greek, or the intellectual devotion of his worthy sister, who can "make a story-book," as the children say, "all out of her own head."

The sundering of family ties among the negroes is undoubtedly a dreadful thing as represented by Abolition pamphleteers. Nor have we any desire to close our eyes to the fact that occasionally there do occur instances of

compulsory separation involving peculiar hardship. But we have shown that in the very State which Mrs. Stowe has chosen for her most painful incident of this character, there are statutory regulations mitigating very much the severity of this condition of affairs, and we may add that every where the salutary influence of an enlightened public opinion enforces the sale of near relatives in such manner as that they may be kept as much as possible together. We are of opinion too that heart-rending separations are much less frequent under the institution of slavery than in countries where poverty rules the working classes with despotic sway. But admit the hardship to its full extent, and what does it prove? Evils are inseparable from all forms of society and this giant evil (if you will call it so) is more than counterbalanced by the advantages the negro enjoys. Ever since the day that St. Paul bade adieu to the little flock at Miletum, who followed him down to the ship, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more"—there have been mournful partings and sobbing farewells. The English soldier ordered to the distant coast of India, with a high probability that he will die there of a fever, weeps above his wife and children before he marches off to the tap of the drum; and yet is no argument for the disbanding of the English army that family ties are rent by its stern and indiscriminating discipline.

There are some who will think we have taken upon ourselves an unnecessary trouble in exposing the inconsistencies and false assertions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is urged by such persons that in devoting so much attention to Abolition attacks we give them an importance to which they are not entitled. This may be true in general. But let it be borne in mind that this slanderous work has found its way to every section of our country, and has crossed the water to Great Britain, filling the minds of all who know nothing of slavery with hatred for that institution and those who uphold it. Justice to ourselves would seem to demand that it should not be suffered to circulate longer without the brand of falsehood upon it. Let it be recollected, too, that the importance Mrs. Stowe will derive from Southern criticism will be one of infamy. Indeed she is only entitled to criticism at all, as the mouthpiece of a large and dangerous faction which if we do not put down with the pen, we may be compelled one day (God grant that day may never come!) to repel with the bayonet. There are questions that underlie the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of far deeper significance than any mere false coloring of Southern society, and our readers will probably see the work discussed, in other points of view, in the next number of the *Messenger*, by a far abler and more scholar-like hand than our own. Our editorial task is now ended and in dismissing the disagreeable subject, we beg to make a single suggestion to Mrs. Stowe—that, as she is fond of referring to the bible, she will turn over, before writing her next work of fiction, to the twentieth chapter of Exodus and there read these words—"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR."

We are indebted to Messrs. Bangs, Bros. & Co., of New York, the American agents of the London publisher, Mr. Bohn, for a package of valuable works sent through A. Morris of this city. These works belong to the *Standard*, *Classical* and *Illustrated Libraries*, so well known to the American public. Among them is a most acceptable collection of the *Dramatic Works of SHERIDAN*, with a life of that brilliant man, who shone with so dazzling a lustre in every walk of literature. Of the more

remarkable of these plays—"The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "The Critic," we need say nothing, for the reason that their dazzling fence of wit and repartee, their exquisitely comic situations and their stinging satire are familiar to all readers of English literature. The comic opera of "The Duenna," "The Trip to Scarborough" and "Pizarro"—that commonplace book of theatrical invective into which he threw much of the frenzy of the unreported speech in the case of the Begums—are less read and represented; yet the reader will find in them much of that pointed epigram which was Sheridan's characteristic above all men of the age. Indeed we are not certain but we prefer the Duenna as matter for pleasant reading to anything Sheridan ever wrote. As a literary performance it is more perfect than the Rivals, and though the wit is not so refined as that of the School for Scandal, it affects us more instantaneously. The allusion to Isaac, who has abjured the Jewish faith and "has not had time to get a new one," as standing "like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments," is as good as the very best stroke of pleasantry in which Sheridan ever indulged.

Mr. Bohn has done well in issuing a new and popular edition of "*White's Selborne*." It has been many years since we first encountered this most charming volume, but we well recollect with what eager interest we perused it. The narrative of a humble lover of nature and outdoor naturalist, it serves the useful purpose of showing what resources of rational enjoyment we have in the observation of the world around us, in whatever region our lot may be cast. The sketch of the venerable and benevolent White, prefixed to this volume, is from the pen of *Edward Jesse, Esq.*, himself no undistinguished follower in the paths of Natural History. As the volume belongs to the Illustrated Library, it is profusely embellished with the best wood-engravings.

"*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*" is the title of another work of the Illustrated Library, in two handsome volumes. The engravings are of steel, and are really very beautiful. It is a sort of better-class guide book to the works of art, the ruins, the churches and hallowed spots of the Eternal City, the first edition of which was published thirty years ago. As little change has occurred, in the mean time, in the general appearance of Rome, the more especially as the paintings and statues remain where they were in 1820, the book has been thought worthy of republication. We think it likely to meet with popular favor.

We have also volumes II and III of the excellent translation of *Cicero's Orations*, the first volume of which appeared some time since. The same fidelity to the original which has characterized the entire series of Bohn's Classical Library will be found in this edition of Cicero. One more volume will complete the work. The translator is C. D. Yonge, B. A.

One of the latest of Bohn's publications is *Neander's Memorials of Christian Life*—a book which will be hailed with great satisfaction by the religious world. These sketches relate to the missionary history of the Middle Ages, and form an appropriate companion to the Life of Christ by the same author.

The Messrs. Bangs are also agents for other publishing houses of London, and hold out to book collectors in this country very flattering inducements to stock their shelves with useful and entertaining works in choice and elegant editions. Our city readers will find a large assortment of them at the bookstore of A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERATURE AND MANNERS. *From the French of PHILARÈTE CHASLES*, Professor in the College of France. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1852. [From J. W. Randolph, 121, Main Street.

M. Philarète Chasles has been for years one of the most prominent contributors to the *Revue des deux Mondes* and other of the more important literary journals of France, and has exhibited a larger and juster acquaintance with the genius and institutions of our country than any of his *confrères*. We recollect that the earliest recognition of the literary merits of Poe, across the water, came from his pen. In the present work, M. Chasles' abilities as a critic are conspicuously displayed in a survey (neither very extended or minute, it is true) of what the American intellect has produced. As presenting us with the opinions of a thoughtful and educated Frenchman, the book is an interesting one. The translation is easy and elegant, and bears marks of fidelity. In typography and externals the volume is one of the handsomest ever issued from the press of Mr. Scribner.

SPIERS AND SURENNE'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. By A. Spiers, Professor of English at the National College of Bonaparte (Paris) and the National School of Civil Engineers, etc. Carefully revised, Corrected and Enlarged, &c. &c. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1852. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The lexicographer, of all makers of books, has before him the dreariest and most difficult task-work, and must be content with the smallest returns in the way of appreciation of his labors. If his volume is a good one, we accept it as useful to us, without reflecting upon the debt of gratitude we owe to the compiler, or the vast amount of patient effort and of learned discrimination too, involved in the compilation. If it turns out a bad one, if we are led astray by it as to a single word, we cuff the responsible party without mercy. Now we think for the Dictionary before us too much praise can hardly be awarded, first to Mr. Spiers for having executed the original work, secondly to the American Editor for the valuable service he has rendered in combining with it the accurate system of pronunciation of Surenne, and thirdly, to the Appletons for their enterprise in bringing out the whole in so excellent a form. Indeed the volume is just what is wanted by scholars and literary men throughout the country, and will supersede at once upon their shelves the antiquated lexicons of Boyer and Chambaud.

PLANTATION AND FARM Instruction, Regulation, Record, Inventory and Account Book. *For the use of Managers on Estates.* By a SOUTHERN PLANTER. Richmond, Virginia; J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street. 1852.

A friend, in whose judgment we have great confidence, and who is one of the best farmers in Virginia, assures us that this publication is one of real value to Southern agriculturists. As there is a wide field before it, the publisher ought therefore to expect for it a large circulation. To such of our readers as may not have an opportunity of examining the book, we may say that it contains formulas for a daily record of plantation work; for an in-

ventory of negroes with the quantity of clothing, tools and medicines given them, and a register of their births, deaths and marriages; for a list of stock; for a statement of produce made by the proprietor, &c., &c.,—to all of which are prefixed some useful hints to overseers as to plantation management. The book is well gotten up and is offered at a very moderate price.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. *Edited by Robert Chambers.* In Four Volumes. Vol III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

We have already adverted, on the appearance of the previous volumes, to the peculiar feature of this edition of Burns—the interspersing of the poems throughout the biography in the order of their composition. The present volume is a charming one, containing, as it does, many of the sweetest of the Scottish bard's effusions and some of the most interesting incidents of his life.

ANNA HAMMER; A Tale of Contemporary German Life. *Translated from the German of Temme.* By Alfred H. Guernsey. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Temme, the author of this work, bore a conspicuous part in the attempt made in 1848 at a German Union. He is evidently without much experience as a writer of fiction, and the "Tale" before us, considered as a dramatic performance, is entitled to no high praise. But as a series of descriptive sketches forcibly illustrating the unhappy condition of the German States, and setting forth, in a strong light, the tyranny of the petty monarchs who rule the German people, it will be read with great interest. We cannot wonder, after reading "Anna Hammer," that so many thousands of Germans are annually flocking to the shores of America.

EVENINGS AT DONALDSON MANOR, or, The Christmas Guest. By Maria J. McIntosh, author of the "Two Lives," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway, and 16 Little Britain, London. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

Apropos of the approach of the holiday season, the Appletons have put forth a new revised edition of this pleasant little Christmas volume. It is one of those healthful and cheerful works of the imagination, which delight us with their pleasantry and improve us by their moral tone, and of which we can never have too many.

PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST. By Mrs. Ellet. Author of "The Women of the American Revolution," etc. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1852. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

Mrs. Ellet's former volumes of female biography were received with great favor in all parts of the country. The present work will be found, in no degree, inferior to them, and possesses, perhaps, a more direct interest from the fact that it refers to a period within the memory of many now living. The trials and experiences of those heroic women who first braved the dangers of our frontier coun-

try, their social habitudes and primitive enjoyments are narrated by Mrs. Ellet with rare fidelity and spirit. A woman alone could have produced such a volume, for we recognize in a thousand little delicate touches of the writer, a sympathy with the peculiar embarrassments of the subjects of the narrative quite foreign to the male character. Mr. Scribner has given us the "Pioneer Women of the West" in his best style of publication.

From Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse, the Richmond agents, we have received the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews* for the summer quarter, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for September. The *Edinburgh* contains some strong articles, mostly on topics of local interest, but is not we think as pleasant reading as usual. The paper on Piedmont though short, is an acceptable sketch of the present condition of that unhappy country. The *North British* opens with a fine article on Jeffrey, which is well followed up by some literary recreations in Ornithology. The critique on American Poetry is beyond all question the most stupid thing we have ever seen in this journal, and seems to us to be wrong in every conclusion at which it arrives, save in the estimate it places on Poe's Raven. The 'learned Thebau' who writes the article concludes with laying down certain rules for the benefit of American poets, for which no doubt this large class will send him a vote of thanks. *Blackwood* is delightful. It too contains a review of Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey, with a continuation of "Katie Stewart," and another instalment of 'My Novel.' We wish Bulwer could rewrite this twelfth book of Plaisistratus Caxton's exquisite story, and strike out all that melodramatic nonsense of the Count Peschiera's midnight villainy, which seems very much out of its latitude on the Thames. It reminds us too much of his earlier works to appear consistent with the foregoing chapters of 'My Novel,' which we had confidently expected would prove altogether the finest production of his genius. We subjoin for the benefit of such of our readers as may desire to get either of these works, a list of the rates of subscription—

TERMS.—Payment to be made in Advance.

For any one of the four Reviews,	-	\$3 00	per ann.
For any two do	-	5 00	"
For any three do	-	7 00	"
For all four of the Reviews,	-	8 00	"
For Blackwood's Magazine,	-	3 00	"
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	-	9 00	"
For Blackwood and the four Reviews,	-	10 00	"

The office of publication is at 79 Fulton St. New York, (Leonard, Scott & Co.,) but any or all of the works can be supplied by Nash & Woodhouse of this city.

Mr. B. F. Griffin of Macon, Georgia, is engaged in an enterprise which deserves the support of the whole South—the publication of Southern School Books. A package of these is now before us consisting of "The Apalachian Primer," "The Apalachian Reader," Nos. 1, 2, and 3. "The Southern Orator" and Griffin's "History of the United States." We have looked over with some care and can safely recommend them to the use of Southern teachers. It has too long been a habit with us to rely upon New England writers and publishers for such books, and in this manner rudimentary volumes filled with mischievous and covert assaults upon slavery have been placed in the hands of Southern children at an age when

their minds are most easily impressed. Mr. Griffin's publications of course are free from such objections and are exactly what is wanted. Mr. O. P. Fitzgerald, the General Agent for their sale is now in Virginia, and we hope he will meet with general encouragement at the hands of our teachers.

We feel great pride in referring to the brilliant success which has attended the work of a Southern artist, Mr. T. B. Welch of South Carolina, in giving the public by far the handsomest steel engraving ever issued of George Washington. It is a copy of the head and bust from Stuart's only original portrait in the Athenæum at Boston, and was engraved, under the immediate superintendence of Thomas Sully, the eminent painter of Philadelphia. Mr. Robert King of New Orleans, the sole agent for Virginia and the District of Columbia, has placed in our hands a number of the highest testimonials to the beauty and excellence of the work, among which are letters from Mr. Sergeant Talfourd and Alison, the historian, but we confess the most interesting of the collection, to us at least, is one from the venerable George W. P. Custis of Arlington. After attesting the accuracy of the likeness, (and Mr. Custis's testimony is worth more upon this point than that of any other living man,) he gives the following account of Stuart's picture—"The splendid original from which your engraving has been taken, should of right, rather have adorned the walls of Arlington House among the other *Washington Treasures*, than the walls of the Athenæum in Boston. The history of the painting is simply this: it was painted for Mrs. Washington. After the sittings for the picture for the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Chief declared he would sit no more for any one. Mrs. Washington, desirous of having an original by Stuart, to place among the family pictures at Mt. Vernon, entreated the Chief to sit once more for her, Stuart being desirous of painting another original with a view to some improvements. The bargain was concluded, Stuart was to make certain copies and then the last original was to have been handed over to Mrs. Washington. On the death of the Chief, Mrs. W. applied for the picture, both by letter and through the good offices of gentlemen then near the residence of the artist. On the death of the venerable Lady, she bequeathed all the Family Pictures to me; I wrote to Stuart and offered a price to be paid for the original, although it was to have been the property of Mrs. Washington "without money and without price." All efforts of all parties failed. Stuart died, and the original, that should have been mine, was sold by his heirs to the Boston Athenæum."

Mr. King, the Virginia agent, is now in Richmond and is prepared to fill all orders that may be given for the engraving, either with or without the frame, as may be preferred.

Our pleasant and excellent contemporary, the *Knickerbocker* of New York, continues to pay us agreeable visits. The Editorial "gossip" is quite as racy as ever.

The Literary World also comes to us with the most satisfactory regularity, filled with elegant and pointed criticism, and fully "posted up" as to all the latest items of literary intelligence.

Notices of many new works and collegiate addresses are unavoidably deferred till the next number of the *Messenger* from want of room.

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Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XIV.

Campo da Acclamação; Fountain; Vaccine Institute; A Bachelor's Country Lodge; Costume; Reception of American Minister Afloat; Assimilated rank conferred on Citizens; Privilege of the starboard side illustrated by an old Anecdote; General notions about the position of Assistant Surgeons in the Navy; The good of the Service; Nautical nomenclature; Officers proper; Line and Staff; Sea-officers; Idlers; Non-combatants; Civil Officers.

Tuesday May 9th.—Set out about noon with two friends to visit a valetudinary who is sojourning about five miles out of town. We drove through the city across the Campo da Acclamação to a road which leads to the palace of San Cristavão, or Boa Vista, the residence of the Emperor, which is about four miles from the Campo; it is represented to be in all respects a delightful spot. It was presented by a private citizen to King John VI., the grandfather of Dom Pedro II., the present occupant.

This Field of Acclamation was originally called Campo de Santa Anna, and probably acquired a new title from being the site of popular demonstrations on various great national occasions, including the acclamation of Dom Pedro I., on the 12th of October, 1822, when, it is said, a hundred thousand people were assembled in it.

This Campo da Acclamação, or as it is also called, Campo da Honra, is an irregular, oblong quadrangle, of considerable extent, and is by far the largest public square in the city. It lies between the old and newer parts of the town. On one side the Senate House stands conspicuously, though it has no architectural pretensions to consideration, being a plain edifice of two stories. The square boasts a fountain surrounded by eight columns, which support lamps for its illumination at night; the water flows constantly into two large stone basins or reservoirs which are used in common, as lavatories by scores of black laundry damsels, whose voices are generally heard at a distance, above the splash and crack of the linen garments wherewith they

thresh the stony margin of the cisterns, under the pretext of making them clean. The cheerful voice and merry laugh constitute a tolerably sure sign that working people are inwardly content, for your habitually hungry folks are habitually strangers to mirthfulness.

The "Camara Municipal," that is, the chambers or offices of the city authorities; the National Museum, and the Vaccine Institute, devised (and ably sustained) to extend gratuitously the vaccine protection against small-pox, are also on this square. Twenty years ago it was not uncommon to encounter slaves and others lounging about the streets, covered in the eruption of small-pox. Unprotected persons were thus constantly exposed to the contagion of this loathsome malady.

After pursuing the Boa Vista road for a mile, we turned to the left, and then to the right towards Tejuco, a peak three thousand feet high. A ride of five or six miles brought us into an amphitheatre of green clad hills. We alighted at a house, built on a gentle elevation almost at the bottom of the earthy basin; and in all directions from this point the eye met lovely and picturesque views. The bright tropical foliage, and the numerous white villas contrasting with it, conspire, under the influence of a clear blue sky and delicious air, to delight the senses. The house is a one story cottage-like structure with high steps, surrounded by a broad piazza, furnished with swinging hammocks and comfortable arm chairs. The rooms are large and the ceilings lofty; and their number is sufficient to lodge quite a numerous family. It is occupied by an American gentleman who is seeking to improve his worldly estate by labor in some branch of Brazilian commerce. From eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, he is at the counting house or "on change;" but the rest of the twenty-four hours, except only the time on the road back and forth, are passed at this retreat, amidst most enchanting scenery and beautiful flowers. These are bachelor quarters, where one is free to enjoy that robe-de-chambre-and-embroidered-slipper sort of life, which natives of temperate regions are disposed to find agreeable in the torrid zone. Very hot weather forbids an easy and contented observance of the rules of costume which prevail in high latitudes; and nothing but the presence of ladies can render broad cloth coats and leather boots bearable in

the vicinity of the equator, where most persons sigh for

"Very thin clothing and but little of it."

A round jacket of linen instead of a coat; a ribbon around the neck instead of a cravat or stock, and light pumps or slippers in place of boots, are in accordance with comfort; and they would be in accordance with taste also, were it not for the arbitrary rules of the jade Fashion, who has doubtlessly been influenced by her sex to favor the ladies in her legislative acts. Why such articles of attire should be, under her rule, immodest or unfit envelopes of gentlemen when ladies are present on hot days, I do not know; nor do I understand that conventional contradiction, which makes the fulness of female costume proportionate to the extent of surface—trunk and extremities—left unscreened from the gaze and admiration of the public. I desire not to be misunderstood; I admire that fashion of full-dress, although I do not perceive why Fashion should permit womankind to enjoy its provisions for coolness in hot climates, while she insists upon covering mankind to the chin in artificial fabrics of wool, and at the same time encourages a natural growth to hide the mouth and cheeks.

At this bachelor retreat, we found full preparation for a bachelor welcome and hospitality. The whole menage seemed to be carefully conducted with a view to a tranquil enjoyment of life; and, although ladies may doubt the statement, I do not hesitate to say perfect cleanliness and order everywhere prevailed. Our valetudinary friend received us, and in the absence of the proprietor, "did the honors" of the establishment.

We dined and returned to the ship before the evening gun was fired.

May 10th.—The American Minister dined to-day with the Commodore on board of the flagship. A salute of seventeen guns and the usual military ceremonies marked the reception of the distinguished civil officer. According to technical meaning the person whose presence is recognised by such formalities, possesses a military rank, either lineal, relative or assimilated. In the case of Consuls, Ministers and diplomatic agents of various grades, these ceremonies are graduated according to an assumed or an established assimilated rank, which carries with it, however, no authority to command. Though a minister plenipotentiary should be received on board one of our public ships with all the formalities which mark the reception of an admiral, and thus he should be acknowledged to possess assimilated rank with admirals, he does not possess any authority or right to command as an admiral in the military or naval community. It is simply the military mode of extending courtesy,

of showing respect to persons who merit distinguished consideration, either through their official position as civilians or through their public virtues. The reception of men distinguished as philosophers, as poets, as literary men, and as statesmen, though at the time they held no office, either civil or military, has been accompanied by the observance of military formalities in a degree proportionate to their standing as estimated by the officer in command. There is no military law or usage which confines these formalities exclusively to officers of the line in military organizations. It is, however, believed by very many, both in the army and navy, that line officers are reluctant to admit that staff-officers should be entitled to an assimilated rank, and consequently to the military honors which inure to it. Within ten years, assistant surgeons, who have always held commissions sanctioned by the Senate of the United States, which may be taken as an indication of the estimation of the office by the government, entered and left American ships of war almost without any military observance, except that they were in many instances required to go and come by the "larboard" or "port" side, which was common to the "forward" officers, privates and servants; and any attempt to compel any commissioned officer of the line to pass in or out of a man-of-war at anchor by that side, would be resented as an invasion of his official dignity, and possibly characterized as an act of cruelty or oppression. Those who aspired to the character of exact disciplinarians, were punctilious on this, and regarded it as including a point of honor. When certain young officers of the medical corps found they were officially forbid the use of the starboard gangway, and were sometimes reminded that the starboard side of the quarter deck pertained, as a promenade, to officers of the cabin and ward-room messes exclusively, and while any of those were present upon it, that they could be there only by the sufferance or courtesy of men whose commissions or patents of authority were, verbally and literally the same as their own, they felt their self-respect and pride were outraged, and they were socially degraded far below the point to which their office, profession, and intelligence entitled them. They felt positively sure that neither the public interests nor the discipline, nor the subordination, nor the common happiness of the ship's company, could be advanced, either separately or conjointly, as sufficient reasons for insisting that assistant surgeons should not be as free to use the starboard gangway and the starboard side of the quarter-deck, as any other officers holding commissions in the navy, whether in the line or in any of the staff departments. They could not estimate themselves to be either soci-

ally, or educationally, or professionally the inferiors of any gentleman; but they did not for an instant imagine they were not to be officially subordinate, and at all times cheerfully respectful to the legitimate authority, and obedient to the lawful orders of the commander of the ship, or to the lawful orders of surgeons with whom they were associated.

The assistant surgeons of the time in question, could not be prevailed upon to admit that the arbitrary rule of military etiquette, which excluded them from the use of the starboard gangway, and of the starboard side of the quarter-deck, when any member of the cabin or ward-room messes was upon it, was founded in reason. Whenever they demanded why they were compelled to pass in and out of the ship by the "port" gangway with servants, privates "forward" and "warrant" officers, the answer was always, "Because you do not mess in the ward-room," which was equivalent to saying, Because you do not inhabit a fashionable or aristocratic quarter in the community. This argument was not satisfactory, because they observed almost daily, that commissioned officers of the line conferred a sort of ephemeral, assimilated rank, on gentlemen who belonged to no military community whatever, by receiving their citizen friends, merchants and others from the shore, at the starboard gangway, with the military ceremonies, which are commonly assigned to lieutenants of the line. They observed too, that assistant surgeons were always welcome guests in the ward-room and in the cabin, and in very many instances, they were the constant and intimate companions or friends of those very gentlemen of the line who were the most stubborn observers of the rule of etiquette, which had become offensive. Therefore, they could not reasonably suppose the application of the rule was made through personal or social prejudices.

Sometime in the year 1843, a ship of the line of the United States, bearing the broad pennant of a commodore, was at anchor in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. One of the assistant surgeons of the ship had become an intimate companion and friend of the first or senior lieutenant. A party had been formed to visit either the Corcovado summit or the Botanic Garden, and the assistant surgeon, who, through his urbanity, intelligence and gentlemanly bearing, was very popular with all grades, had been invited by officers of the ward-room to join in the excursion. He had received "leave" from his friend, the first-lieutenant, to go on shore, as is customary. The party was assembled on deck. At the time, a boat was at the starboard gangway to take the gentlemen of the ward-room on shore, and at the same moment another boat was at

the "port" gangway to convey the ward-room steward and several "warrant" or forward officers to the landing. As a boatswain's mate began to "pipe the side," and the two side boys assumed their stations, the assistant surgeon advanced towards the starboard gangway to enter the boat first, in accordance with the rule which requires the junior to precede the senior officers when leaving a ship. At the instant he reached the gangway, he was arrested by the authoritative voice of his friend, the first-lieutenant, calling, "Doctor, you can't leave the ship in ward-room boat; you will take passage in the boat from the port side."

The mortification and astonishment of the assistant surgeon on hearing this order, can be better imagined than described. He hesitated an instant, and then inquired whether the first-lieutenant seriously determined that he should not accompany his friends of the ward-room in their boat. The reply was substantially, "The order is, that assistant surgeons can pass in and out of the ship only by the 'port' gangway. It is among the internal regulations."

"Then, sir," replied the assistant surgeon, "I shall obey the order by remaining on board."

"You can use your pleasure, sir," retorted the lieutenant, and then addressing himself to the party assembled from the ward-room, "the boat is at your service."

After the flush of excitement had subsided, the assistant surgeon argued the point with his friend, who entrenched himself behind certain assertions and tenets universally admitted in all military governments. The lieutenant was sure that the military efficiency of the navy must be in proportion to its discipline; and there could be no discipline without system and regulations. He was very positive in his belief that the service would soon go to — that perpetual abode of sinning souls with a monosyllabic name—if any officer or man were permitted to think about the propriety of an order from the first-lieutenant before obeying it. It was enough for him to know the usage of the service, and what were the internal regulations of the ship, without bothering himself to study out whether any one of them was useless or not. "That is the Captain's business; if he chooses to alter his internal regulations to suit your notions," kindly remarked the lieutenant, "I cannot prevent it; but, much as I like you, Doctor, I will say, if I were in his place, I would not. It is all nonsense for you to suppose you cannot enjoy yourself as much, going over the 'port' as over the starboard gangway; and if you choose, for such a silly thing, to quarantine yourself on board all the cruise, you have no right to blame me. When you have been in service as long as I have, you will discover it

don't do to be too particular about the kind of orders that are served out. You would have got ashore just as dry and almost as soon in the boat with the steward, as if you had gone over the starboard side with the ward-room officers. Come, Doctor, you had better make up your mind to take it easy; you will be a ward-room officer yourself one of these days, and then you will understand that young officers should have too much respect for superiors, ever to question their orders."

The assistant surgeon appealed to the Commodore, but was met by a similar course of argument. The Commodore felt bound to sustain the first-lieutenant, and he could not hazard the subordination and discipline of the ship by altering the "internal regulations," or by consenting to any evasion of them to gratify assistant surgeons in their new-fangled notions. According to his experience, the surgeons' mates of old times were just as good as the assistant surgeons of the day—the same thing under another name—and he was very sure he had never heard that the "port" side was not good enough for them. He deprecated innovations generally, and implied rather than distinctly expressed a notion that the changing the title of surgeons' mate to assistant surgeon, (which was effected in a law of 1828,) was the origin of a good deal of discontent among the young doctors. The name, assistant-surgeon, sounded better, and in the estimation of those who bore it, entitled them to more consideration and greater privileges than the old fashioned surgeons' mates. But, in his opinion, there never was a greater mistake, and he had determined, as far as he had power, "to put down" all absurd pretensions to the starboard side, pretensions which would some day destroy the pride of our gallant navy, and then Congress would regret, that it had not listened to the old men, the veterans of the service, who know that the captains of the navy cannot have too large a discretion for the glory of our flag. A man can never accomplish any thing great, if he is forced to move on tip-toe, picking his way among the fancied rights and privileges, for fear of jostling some new fledged "idler." He knew he was as liberal in his views as any man, but he had "the good of the service" at heart, and, though he was sure he could never be reconciled to see assistant surgeons clothed with a right to the starboard side, he was firm in the opinion that "the good of the service" required that the captain should have complete, entire and unlimited control over every officer and man on board ship. They should know they are dependent, while afloat, upon the supreme will of the captain for every thing, and learn to be satisfied, that, when he refuses to grant a request of any kind, the re-

fusal is for "the good of the service," exclusively. A true hearted, gallant officer of the navy in command of a frigate or ship-of-the-line, feels all the solicitude of a father of a family, and kind of parental responsibility for the respectability of the family name. He is far above those sentiments which are apt to grow up where there is rivalry or competition; he can have no prejudices, no petty or mean jealousies against subordinates whom he regards as children; but the moment his generosity or liberality is doubted, by giving his inferiors rights and privileges by law, which are calculated to create a preposterous notion that they may be, in some respects at least, independent of, if not equal to their commander, he must then begin to feel that his judgment, generosity, benevolence and universal knowledge, are no longer implicitly relied upon by the government. He will reason with himself in vain to heal the wound which must be made, when he learns for the first time, the navy department imagines, it is possible, a captain may do wrong. The conclusion is inevitable; he will see "the good of the service" is no longer entrusted to his sole keeping, and he will sit crest-fallen and alone in his cabin, brooding over the impending ruin of the naval service which he had loved from boyhood up, and what will be the result? The "good of the service" will be destroyed through crimping and confining the captains in the exercise of authority; their pride and spirit will be gone, and in event of a war, the influence will be seen by the nation when it is too late. Then, he desired to know what possible advantage would inure to the government of the United States, by permitting assistant surgeons in the navy to use the starboard side, just as if they were ward-room officers: he admitted there might be, but he was free to confess that for his part, he could not see it for the life of him.

When the assistant surgeon ventured to ask if the navy, or any public or private interest could be injured in the most trifling degree, by permitting him to use the starboard gangway, the commodore bestowed upon him a look of commiseration, and endeavored to impress upon his young mind that such a view of the subject could not be for one moment entertained. "The good of the service" only, was to be looked to in all cases. The question was, will it benefit the navy, and if it could be demonstrated affirmatively to his satisfaction, he would yield his private convictions, and place assistant surgeons on a footing with ward-room officers. Yet, even supposing, for argument's sake, that it could be shown that such a change in the long established usage of the service could not injure any person or interest, he would be slow to conclude that such a reason was sufficient, because he

would be the last man, he hoped, to favor any man, or class of men, in an attempt to make use of the public service, merely for their private benefit, without a corresponding advantage to the government which he had the honor to serve. Men might do many things for their own gratification without any injury whatever to others, but that fact in itself was not a sufficient reason why they should be permitted. He argued that a young gentleman might find great pleasure in kissing a lady, but he could not be justified in taking such a liberty, on a plea that the kissing, so far from doing an injury, would be, probably, agreeable to her.

The assistant surgeon next urged that there were then already several ships, on board of which, the assistant surgeons messed in the ward-room by invitation, and it seemed to be a prevalent opinion among lieutenants, that assistant surgeons should be ward-room officers. Some lieutenants, however, were opposed to inviting assistant surgeons into the mess; but, declared, at the same time, they would be glad to see a regulation or law, to make them members of the ward-room mess. It was not apparent that any injury whatever had accrued to discipline, from the fact that assistant surgeons in the cases referred to enjoyed, through courtesy, the privilege and starboard-side honors of ward-room officers.

The Commodore was aware of those cases of departure from the usage of the service, but he was not satisfied that, although no injury to discipline was yet manifest, still it might not come. He supposed the assistant surgeons who had won so much consideration by their deportment, were gentlemen of rare good sense and education, and would not presume to arrogate any thing beyond the courtesies voluntarily extended to them by the "deck" officers. He feared, however, that if assistant surgeons were placed at once in the ward-room, without any opportunity to learn subordination, the surgeons might find great difficulty in controlling them; the young are too apt to over-estimate their abilities and importance, and to seek every opportunity to set up as equals of their seniors, and those assistants, (and he did not doubt there might be many of the sort,) who entertained extravagant opinions of themselves, would soon get to be above their business, and become insufferably insubordinate and disrespectful to the old surgeons. He was quite sure that, if he were a surgeon, he should strenuously oppose any regulation which would elevate assistant surgeons to the dignity of the ward-room mess. The ward-room was crowded too full already, and he could not refrain from believing the mess would be more comfortable, if some of the "idlers" and "non-combatants" were other-

wheres accommodated. In his opinion, no gentleman should be admitted a member of the ward-room until after he had served a sufficient apprenticeship in the steerage, to be thoroughly "broken in" to discipline and subordination. If pursers, chaplains and secretaries were obliged to live two or three years in the steerage, instead of coming from shore directly into the ward-room "it would be better for the good of the service." They would learn there, what they can learn no where else. He admitted that the "deck" officers, as he denominated those of the line, were subordinate, the junior to the senior, and the first-lieutenant did not find those of less rank in his grade were reluctant to obey in consequence of familiar association in the mess; and he was aware, too, that in the army, all the officers of a regiment, holding commissions of every grade and rank, were often associated in one mess, and the youngest sometimes presided at table, without injury to discipline, which, to him, was a very unaccountable circumstance. He felt quite sure the command of the ship would be very insecure if lieutenants were permitted to mess in the cabin with their commander; and it was a wonder to him how masters of merchant ships, in which it was the universal custom for the captain and all his mates to live together in the cabin, managed to retain such discipline and subordination; but he fancied it was because they had been "broken in," before the mast. The fact was, in his opinion, that the captain of a ship should be regarded as an absolute monarch, from whose decision, on all subjects, there could be no appeal by inferiors; and to retain a proper supremacy, it was necessary he should be hedged round by all kinds of formalities and ceremonies calculated to inspire all with a kind of dreadful respect for his presence and name. He believed that the lieutenants of modern times did not regard a captain with as much awe as was necessary for "the good of the service." He remembered the time when he was a midshipman and a lieutenant; then he would as soon have thought of cutting off his right hand as to have lodged at the same hotel with his captain; and as a midshipman, he had too much deference for his commander to walk on the same side of the street; but since all sorts of new-fangled notions had sprung up, and innovations had crept into the service, lieutenants not only lodged at the same hotels with captains, but some of them were so forgetful of what was due to their superiors, that they would even remain on the starboard side of the quarter deck, perfectly self-possessed, in the presence of their commander; and, as if that were not enough, assistant surgeons aspired to the ward-room; and he would not be surprised to hear that non-combatants regarded themselves

to be on a footing with "officers proper" of the navy.

Such were the views and opinions which existed ten years ago. Certain slang terms from long use had become technical to the navy, the officers of which had little leisure, even if they had an inclination, to attend strictly to philology, or verbal definitions. Officers of the line were termed "officers proper of the navy," probably because the word "line" was and is appropriately used in the army; and in the ancient days of the Ben Bows and Von Tromps an affectation of contempt for every thing belonging to a soldier was popular among sea-faring people, particularly of England and of the United States. Common sailors, generally an ignorant and illiterate class, it is well known, entertained a contemptuous opinion of marines and of all other soldiers; an opinion which was no doubt considered contemptible by the latter. "Sea-officers" is another designation of line officers in the navy; and those of the several grades below that of commander are spoken of as "watch-officers," and sometimes as "deck officers." Any officer of the line while in command of the watch, which is composed of all in the ship who are not at their respective posts of duty, is "the officer of the deck," who, for the time, may be regarded as the representative of the commander.

Officers who do not keep watch regularly on deck, whether of the line or not, are termed "idlers," a name which might lead to a belief that in the opinion of several naval communities, keeping a watch on deck is the only vocation in a ship involving labor and deserving the name of work. In angry paroxysms, individuals have applied the term "idler" contemptuously and of course offensively; although it is well known that in its technical application it includes the commander and first or senior lieutenant. Officers of the staff departments, that is, the medical, the pay and provision, the engineer and several clerical departments, are termed, sometimes "non-combatants" and sometimes "civil officers."

This nautical nomenclature is fairly open to criticism. It does not seem to be based upon any system, nor is it arranged with any regard to the meaning of words in common use among all classes of people. Some of the names are probably not perfectly understood throughout the naval service; most of them are indefinite, and it may be added all are, for this reason, inappropriate.

Let us begin with the name, "officers proper." The word officer, signifies in its limited acceptation, one who acts; and therefore, "officer of the navy" is one who acts, or performs some

function in the navy by authority of the government, which function is described in a commission, that is, a patent, or the engrossed testimony that he may do certain things according to law, which all citizens may not do.

The word "proper" means peculiar; not common. It is not accurate, therefore, to denominate officers of the line "officers proper," because they are common and not peculiar. The term may have been invented, possibly, to convey a notion that officers of the line are essentially or peculiarly *the* officers of the navy *par excellence*, or that they are in fact the only officers in the navy, and that no other persons can be appropriately termed officers. If this surmise has any foundation, still the term is clearly incorrect, because naval organization necessarily includes other officers than those of the line.

All the various operations necessary to accomplish the true object of a military establishment, (army or navy,) namely, to fight triumphantly, are comprised in two divisions. One division includes only those who use, wield, manage, or manœuvre war-tools or weapons, the various implements contrived to destroy; they are the fighters, and, in military phraseology, constitute the line of an army or navy. This technical application of the word may have arisen from the arrangement of soldiers in lines or rows when about to engage in battle; or from the arrangement of the officers in a line of successive grades, each grade having assigned to it certain functions, and a degree of authority different from that of the one above or below it in the series. Without fighters an army could not be; they constitute the main and essential feature of an army, and, no matter how it came about, these fighters, military mechanics, (if the term mechanic is applicable to men who necessarily use physical instruments to perform their work,) constitute the Line. But your fighters, bold, brave and glorious as they certainly are, when closely examined are found to possess most of the attributes, strong and weak, common to all men. Heroes consume largely of the various kinds of nutritious materials which are essential to the maintenance of animal life and spirits in a condition of vigorous activity. Hence it is that this line, strong and bold as it may be, cannot stand alone; it requires a support, a something friendly to lean upon, and for this reason the government has provided it with a staff—a staff of many legs and branches so that it will afford support when leaned upon from almost any direction. The second division then, of an army, or navy, includes those who minister to the wants and supply all the means necessary to enable the line to fight. The duties of the staff divisions are to furnish pay, provis-

ions and clothing, lodging, ammunition, arms and accoutrements to those of the line while in health, and, when sick or wounded, medical and surgical aid.

The line and staff are mutually dependent; one is not necessary without the existence of the other. Both are placed under the same laws, and for transgressing them, are alike punishable through the medium of the same tribunals. The labors of the line and staff have a common purpose which is purely and essentially military. Those who are comprised in a military organization, subject equally to military laws and military tribunals, whether they pertain to the line or to the staff divisions, are alike military men.

If these premises are true, and it is believed they are incontrovertible, it is surely incorrect to distinguish officers of the line by the term "officers proper," because these are no more "proper" or peculiar than officers of the staff.

The terms "Deck officers" and "Watch officers" may be readily admitted to be appropriate synonymes for officers of the line in the navy. But the name "sea officers" is vague. It may be applied to all officers whose vocation is exercised at sea without violating the proprieties of language. The masters and mates of merchant vessels, the officers of marines, and the officers of the several staff departments in the navy may be characterized as sea officers as well as the officers of the line. All officers in the navy are sea-officers; if they are not, they should be.

The term "idler," applied to those who do not keep watch at sea, even as a strictly technical word, is objectionable, because it conveys to the minds of people generally a notion of lazy worthlessness. Americans entertain no respect for idlers; among them idleness is looked upon as a fault. Noah Webster says an idler is "one who does nothing; one who spends his time in inaction, or without being occupied in business. A lazy person; a sluggard."

The word "non-combatant" is not found in Webster's great Dictionary of the English language. It has been long in use in the navy to designate those of the staff departments who do not necessarily use war-tools in the discharge of their duties; and is applied to all who do not directly or immediately engage in conflict with a common enemy. The purser, although employed during battle in superintending the supply of ammunition to the battery, and the engineer upon whose steadiness and skill the issue of a fight in a steamer may depend, are styled non-combatants. The negative inference from this term is that no others than those of the line, during an action, contribute by their labors to the result of

a combat between ships at sea. All military men are directly or indirectly combatants.

But of all these technicalities no one is more strikingly misapplied than the word "civil" to designate any class embraced in a military organization. Its definition is clear: *CIVIL*. Relating to the community, or to the policy and government of the citizens and subjects of a State; as in the phrases, *civil rights*, *civil government*, *civil war*, *civil justice*. It is opposed to *criminal*; as, a *civil suit*, a suit between citizens alone; whereas a criminal process is between the State and a citizen. It is distinguished from *ecclesiastical*, which respects the church; and from *military*, which respects the army and navy. The term is constantly used in contrast with *military*; as, *civil hospital*, *civil service*, *civil list*, "*civil architecture*; the architecture which is employed in constructing buildings for the purposes of civil life, in distinction from military and naval architecture, as private houses, palaces, churches. &c."

In contrast we have "Military. Pertaining to soldiers or to arms: engaged in the service of soldiers or arms; warlike, becoming a soldier: derived from the services or exploits of a soldier: conformable to the customs or rules of armies or militia."* It will not be denied that the naval service is military; and the duties differ from those of the army only because they are performed on board ship.

It is easy to perceive that a mental proclivity to copy and imitate the practices of the British naval service may have induced the statesmen who have presided over the Navy Department at Washington to fall into the erroneous use of the word "civil" to designate the staff in the navy. But it is not so easy to understand why the English should have perpetrated a blunder in their own official language, by describing the staff departments of the British navy, under the head of "Civil Branch of the Navy." We have corrected many of England's blunders in government; and we may also correct her blunders in language, unless we are bound to a servile imitation and copy of her Admiralty Lords' regulations for our own navy. Had our own national legislature originated a law for the government of the navy, it is not probable the term civil would have been used in it to describe any officers who are required to act conformably to the customs of military bodies. It never would have been necessary to explain, as it is now, that there are Civil officers who are civil officers according to the meaning of the Constitution of the government of the United States, such as are provided for in "The civil and diplomatic appropriation bills;" and military civil officers, or

* See Webster's Dictionary of the English Language.

civil military officers. such as are provided for in the "Navy appropriation bills." There are, in a word, civil "civil officers," and military "civil officers," who are not "civil officers" according to the meaning of the word "civil" given in dictionaries.

To return from this digression: The assistant surgeon finding all his arguments and appeals in vain, preferred to remain on board rather than leave the ship by the port side, until the end of the cruise, a period extending over a year. Some months after he resigned his commission in disgust. The medical corps lost in that gentleman, who died several years since, one of its most efficient and accomplished members.

The anecdote which I heard from the Doctor himself, as well as from others, serves to show the pertinacity with which a rule of questionable propriety was enforced, and how a circumstance small and even absurd in itself may be made to destroy the mental peace of a gentleman included in the close, yet indefinite organization of the naval service. The application of the rule in this instance was more offensive because at that period it was enforced on board of a very few ships.

Still, the assistant surgeons felt aggrieved; and they believed that until they should obtain a definite position in the navy, they would be liable to petty annoyances of the kind, or subject to receive through a patronizing courtesy what they conceived they ought to have as a right.

About the period referred to an assistant surgeon found on joining a ship that the room which by custom belonged to him, was occupied by a passed-midshipman, who anticipated, however, that he would be called on to give it up, but determined to retain it if possible. The assistant surgeon represented the case to the captain, stating that he had no place for his clothing or books, nor even a berth for sleeping, and that the room or cabin which custom assigned him, was tenanted by a passed-midshipman. The vessel, a ship-of-the-line, put to sea on the very day the assistant surgeon joined her. The captain replied that if the assistant surgeon could point to any law or regulation from which it might be even inferred, he was entitled to a room on the orlop deck or in any other part of the vessel, he would order the passed-midshipman to vacate in his favor. The result was, the assistant surgeon found nothing written to sustain his claim; and was indebted to the courtesy of his messmates for accommodation for his clothes, &c., which were distributed among them, and also for a place to sleep, until the ship had crossed the Atlantic.

It was such incidents, which were not of daily occurrence it is true, that revived the efforts of

medical officers, begun in 1816, to obtain either by law or executive regulation, an assimilated rank which, according to the meaning of the term, would define their position in the military community.

In the year 1846, the Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, being satisfied that the petition was well founded, issued a general order on the subject; and the following year, John Y. Mason issued a similar order, assigning an assimilated rank to pursers; and under his administration of the Navy Department, assistant surgeons became established members of the ward-room mess. But the observance of these General Orders was avoided, or neglected, or resisted on various pretexts, pleas and reasons. Some contended that the orders were not clear; others that it was impossible to carry them out without confusion, and a considerable number took ground that the orders were unconstitutional, and, therefore, the Secretary of the Navy had no authority in the premises. There has been, in a manner, a verification here of the ancient French proverb:

Contre fort et contre faux
Ne valent ne lettres ne sceaux.

Virtually, the question remains to be decided by Congress, the members of which are placed in possession of the reasons for and against by those who advocate opposite views. Among the most absurd and unfounded arguments urged on the part of the line against the staff, is that the medical officers are seeking assimilated rank with a view to command in the line—to command ships and naval stations. Even the technical term assimilated rank has been regarded as dangerous; and one highly meritorious and distinguished gentleman has suggested that the word classification should be employed instead. He doubtlessly overlooks the fact that the words grade, rank, lineal rank, relative rank, assimilated rank in their military acceptation, are simply descriptive of positions occupied by individuals in the military profession; and are used to designate positions or classes in military classification or organization. That gentleman and those who concur with him believe that the position of every staff officer relatively to the line should be defined; but desiring to preserve to the line some kind of superiority which is vague and indefinite even in their own view, they assert that "it is not rank that staff officers need; what they want is classification"—"they could not use it if they had it," &c. Their remarks conduct us to an inference that the word rank implies something more than relative position in military authority, and imparts to those who occupy a position or rank in the line some kind of vague, caste distinction, which would be impaired by extending

the word rank, no matter with what adjective qualification, to designate the position of staff officers.

Soon after the General Orders conferring an assimilated rank were issued, epaulettes were made a part of the official costume of medical officers and pursers, a badge or label of rank almost universally recognized in military communities. Opposition to assimilated rank and the wearing of its sign by staff officers was manifested by a number of line officers, who immediately petitioned the Secretary of the Navy to excuse them from wearing epaulettes. When called upon individually to assign reasons why their request should be granted, they could offer none which were deemed of any weight. Some gentlemen of the line expressed an opinion in conversation that since epaulettes were given to surgeons and pursers, it could no longer be regarded an honor to wear them. Indeed time has not yet entirely obliterated this prejudice which may be characterized as almost childish. Some few officers of the line have been so injudicious as to express in the street recently, while discussing the merits of the "uniform dress" lately adopted, that since every d—d purser and doctor could strut about under a pair of epaulettes, they wished the Secretary would take them away from the "sea-officers." Such expressions are indicative of the tone of feeling and opinion which has leavened the arguments brought against the establishment of assimilated rank. But it is hoped that a change is gradually taking place in the views heretofore entertained, and that these petty differences of opinion will be reconciled.

In this connection I will record a suggestion, to which I may recur again, that instead of employing gold in the manufacture of the various insignia and ornaments for the official costume of the navy, they might be made advantageously of platina, a metal which is not liable to change color by exposure to the various compound vapors of ships. The difficulty of preserving gold lace, gold embroidery, &c., from becoming tarnished and almost black on ship board is well known.

I say in deference and in all humility of opinion that the vague, uncertain, indefinite, irregular definitions attached to words in common use in the naval service is at the bottom of most of the contention which has grown up from the claim of staff-officers to an assimilated rank. Premises have been assumed which cannot be maintained by logic or argument; consequently, they are untrue, and the deductions from them are without force or value. This in itself is unimportant; but it is to be regretted, because men are prone to become irritated and angry when beaten in argument; and they sometimes attempt to

supply the deficiencies of their facts and logic, by attacking the persons or characters of their opponents, or what is less ingenuous, by heedlessly mis-stating the points at issue for the purpose of exerting an influence on the minds of legislators. The effect is to mar the harmony which should exist between the line and staff, because, in fact, a common object and common interests bind them together. Dissentions and disagreements which are long entertained weaken the influence of any community or corporation in which they are permitted to exist; and in time may end in destroying not only its efficiency and power, but its existence also.

This question should have been settled long since; but it is clear to my mind that whatever evil may have come to the navy from its agitation, it is not chargeable on the staff. Staff officers have presented their claims again and again, and although admitted to be reasonable, they have never been satisfied in any appreciable degree. It is believed, it has always been in the power of the line to adjust all the points connected with the subject, because the staff, while seeking an assimilated rank which would be protective in its effects, has not desired to acquire power or right to control or direct beyond the limits of staff-duties, or in any manner encroach upon any duty or right pertinent exclusively to line officers. But the line has been pleased to act on other views, until staff-officers in self defence have been provoked to bring the question before the public, and enlist the active sympathies of influential citizens. The whole medical profession of the Union has, in its annual conventions, expressed its opinion; and in some degree at least has made the cause of the medical officers of the navy in the premises its cause, which will be pressed upon the attention of Congress until a fair decision is obtained, whether agreeable to the line or not.

SONNET.

ON SEEING A FAVORITE ACTOR.

Oh, glorious attribute! to sway at will
 All feelings of our nature; thou hast power
 O'er springs of sympathy, whose every rill
 Swells gushing torrents in thy triumph hour.
 The tragic muse must ever to thy name
 Be wedded with a more than marriage link,
 Till on the heights of her immortal fame
 Thou shar'st for aye with her that slippery brink.
 So live that when upon the silent air
 Shall come the echoes of thy passing knell,
 The plaudits of thy heart shall too declare
 The approbation of thyself as well;
 Praise may not steel a soul that hath by meed of birth,
 More high and noble qualities than often meet on earth.

M.

DEATH PUNISHMENT.*

I am fully aware that my subject has been often and ably discussed, but error is hydra-headed, and must be met, though the only weapons at hand be old. Truth, though the dust of centuries be upon it, is to me more attractive than the false glitter of mere novelties. The pamphlet which suggested this reply, consists of a Report made by Hon. T. Purrington, to the Legislature of Maine in 1836, a Petition addressed by the same individual to President Fillmore, asking for the commutation of the punishment of Wm. H. Wells, who was recently sentenced to be hung for murder, and some statistics and remarks, entitled "the Progress of the Cause." It is not my intention to argue systematically or elaborately, the relation of crime and punishment, but to expose, as best I may, some of the fallacies into which Mr. P. has fallen. His Report advocates the abolition of death punishment in Maine for treason, murder, arson, and accessories thereto before the fact. His premises are in substance as follows: "1. That the right to life is natural and inalienable. 2. A natural right cannot be transferred or given up, for which, in the nature of things, no equivalent can be rendered. 3. No adequate consideration can be given in exchange for the inestimable privilege, the enjoyment of life. 4. No man has the right to dispose of it, either according to the whims of himself or others." Upon these, this latest champion of an oft-defeated cause, plants himself; and it is presumable that in the initial point of his argument, are displayed his best abilities. While not denying that man has a natural right to life, I confidently assert, that he can surrender this as he surrenders many other natural rights, that it is wise in him to give up some portion of his liberty for the more effectual protection of the remainder.

It is a mere *petitio principii*, to say that no equivalent can be given for the transfer of the natural right to life, for the advocates of capital punishment hold that the surrenderers of this right have, in the protection which society gives, a full and fair consideration. Mr. P. refers to our Declaration of Independence to prove that the right to life is inalienable, forgetting, or not caring to state, that the words immediately following life are "liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" yet, he inconsistently proposes *imprisonment for life* as a substitute for *hanging*. That the framer never intended such a literal interpretation of that instrument, is evidenced by his sub-

sequent career. It is true, that no man has a right to take his own life; but it is a *non sequitur* to say that therefore man has no right to delegate to society the same right to protect his life which he has himself. Whether he be in a natural or a social state, self-defence is his only justification for life-taking. To deny to society this power, is to deny to it a necessary means for its self-preservation. Rutherford, one of the most approved writers on natural law, says: "We cannot suppose the law of nature to forbid our taking such measures with a man, as his conduct has made necessary for us to take, in order to obtain the end, which the law has in view. The law of nature intends to secure us against injuries. When, therefore, a man has shown us by his conduct, that he is disposed to injure us, this law leaves us at liberty to prevent him." On page 7 of the work under review, it is stated that governments as well as individuals, have the right to take life in cases of *absolute* necessity. This admission the author is compelled to make, else he would have to condemn revolutions in all cases, wars of all kinds, and the execution, under any circumstances, of dangerous traitors and spies. If capital punishment is not absolutely necessary, neither is imprisonment for life; but that a death penalty is, in some cases, necessary and proper, I propose to show. Some say we have no right to take life, because we have not given it. That this proposition is mere nonsense, is evident from drawing one of its legitimate inferences, e. g., society has no right by imprisonment, to deprive of the power of free locomotion, because it has not bestowed that faculty. The greatest offence which an individual can commit against society, is to take, maliciously, the life of one of its members. The greatest crime is fitly punished by what mankind generally esteem the greatest penalty—death! Is not man everywhere informed by his moral sense, that the murderer is deserving of death? Assuredly the rude barbarian, upon whom Christianity has not dawned, delivers up to the friends of the murdered, for retaliation, the doer of the deed. Such an offender, in the language of Coleridge, "forfeits his personal rights, and becomes a Thing, i. e., one who may be *employed* or *used*, as a means to an end, against his will, and without regard to his interest." I freely admit that no penalty, unjust in its character, should be adopted on mere grounds of expediency. The law prescribing such penalty, will sooner or later become, as it ought to be, a dead letter. But the punishment of death for murder, does not belong to this category.

"Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

That loss of life is esteemed a greater evil than

* REASONS FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. By Hon. T. Purrington. Published by Gideon & Co. 1852.

loss of liberty, is proved thuswise : If, while a man were being conducted to a penitentiary for confinement, his life should be endangered, who can doubt that he would, with alacrity, endeavor to protect it ? Hanging is more dreaded, has greater deterring power, than any imprisonment, be it for a long or a short period. We shrink with indefinable apprehension from entering

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

Hill, who was executed a few years ago in New Hampshire, said, that 'if he had supposed that capital punishment would be inflicted on him, he would never have committed the act for which he was condemned;' having evidently calculated that, in case of detection, some secondary punishment would be inflicted on him. Hanging is either more severe than imprisonment for life or less so. If more severe, it deters more; if less so, what right have we to imprison ! Have we a right to do a thing more cruel than hanging ? The opponents of a death penalty are at variance with themselves; dwelling at one moment on its unnecessary severity, at another, asserting that loss of life is esteemed so small an evil, that it possesses but little deterring power.

"Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel !"

The primary object of punishment is not to reform criminals, but to prevent a repetition of their offences. Upon this point, nearly all approved juriconsults are agreed. If the good of the prisoner, and not that of society, should be the chief object of punishment, then he should be liberated as soon as evidence had been given of repentance. Let not Mr. P., a New Englander, be so unmindful of his origin, as to disregard the teachings of the Pilgrim Fathers who said, upon their settlement in Massachusetts, that "they would be governed by the laws of the Bible until they could make better." Their example is still worthy of imitation, for the precepts and mandates of the Bible can never be in conflict with true national progress. The voice of Nature and the voice of God are, as expressed in Holy Writ upon this question, in perfect harmony. The 5th and 6th verses of chapter 9th of Genesis, say : "And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God, made he man." It has been contended, upon the authority of Michealis, that, in the passage quoted, *his* should be substituted by *it*; but that learned critic says, that the original pronoun *damno* may be

either masculine or feminine, and therefore should he rendered *it*, so as to *include* both. As he was in favor of capital punishment, it would have surprised him to learn that his criticism had been so perverted. O'Sullivan, in his Report in 1841, to the Legislature of New York, says, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood," should be rendered "the shedders of man's blood;" but what strength the change gives to the abolition side, I am at a loss to conjecture. By the use of such an argument, (if it may be called one,) he illustrates the proverb that "drowning men catch at straws." Either version, not only permits, but enjoins the infliction of the death penalty upon the murderer. The command is given with emphasis, and its importance is shown, by the reason for it being assigned. The law is not local in its character, and the manner of its promulgation stamps it as permanent. The context shows that the passage is not prophetic. The command was given with the bow, and was meant to be as perpetual, not to a Jew or a Gentile, not to the representative of any class or caste, but to our second great progenitor, when he looked forth upon a new world emerging from the waters. Admitting that many of the Jewish penalties prescribed in the Old Testament, springing, as many of them did, from the Jews being a sacred, a peculiar people, would at present be unwise, it by no means follows, that the law in question should be inoperative now. The passions of men still, as in the days of Noah, need restraint; the reason of the command is in no degree impaired, for the defacing of the image of God is as heinous now as then. "Lex stat, dum ratio manet." Centuries after the law was given to Noah, God repromulgates and confirms it in the most emphatic manner. "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death; but he shall surely be put to death." The command not only says the murderer shall be put to death, but shall *surely* be put to death. On page 10 of the pamphlet, it is stated that "men with this organization, (i. e., those whose animal appetites or propensities are so powerful as to overbalance the restraining force of their moral and intellectual faculties,) are peculiarly unfortunate, without any fault of their own. To inflict upon such, punishment which the safety and good of society does not require, is to punish them for their misfortunes more than their faults." Does not this argument preclude God himself from punishing ? If their crimes are more their misfortunes than their faults, they should not be punished at all. If there be, as stated, a large class of men thus organized, would it not be humane as well as expedient, to set before them some penalty which is calculated by its *severity* to deter from the infraction of the law. In God's command to Noah, there is no excep-

tion made of any such class. It is true that some have a greater proclivity than others to evil, but "all are created sufficient to stand, yet free to fall." As to the "punishment which the safety and good of society does not require," this is but another example of Mr. P.'s very illogical method of taking for granted essential points in the dispute. With commendable prudence, he touches very lightly upon the scriptural argument, confining himself usually to generalities, e. g., "the pure principles of Christianity forbid it."

Capital punishment for murder, perfectly harmonizes with the precepts of the New Testament, when rationally interpreted. Christ said, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil the law." It is the New and not the Old Testament, which tells us that, "he (the civil ruler) beareth not the sword in vain: he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." God is a God of justice as well as of mercy, and the pseudo-philanthropic notions of Mr. P. and his coadjutors, find no basis in the law of love. The sacrifice of the lives of perhaps many *innocent men*, to preserve the life of a *guilty man*, who has justly forfeited it, is anything but wise, anything but Christian or humane.

"Mercy but murders, pardoning those who kill."

St. Paul, on one occasion, says; "If I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die," from which it is fairly inferable that he thought there were crimes for which death was the proper penalty. Some say, as Cain was not put to death, neither should murderers be now. Does it follow because Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for sacrilegious lying, that society should put to death all such liars? We do not know with certainty, God's reason for sparing the life of Cain; perhaps because there were none to execute him but his parents, perhaps he was necessary in replenishing the earth, perhaps God wished to show that a mild punishment was ineffectual before resorting to a severer. Certain it is, that the moral sense of Cain told him he deserved to die; "Every one," says he, "that findeth me shall slay me." The command to Noah, was *subsequent* to the sparing of Cain; and, therefore, the former acted in the nature of a repeal, if this special interposition can be considered a law.

"How shall the ancient warnings work for good,
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
Survive not judgment that requires his own."

On page 20 Mr. P. says: "For the punishment of the crime of deliberate and wilful murder, perpetual confinement to hard labor in the State-prison ought justly be inflicted." My ob-

jection to this substitute is that it would not possess sufficient deterring power to meet the just ends of society. The inmate of a prison always hopes to escape from it, either by ingenuity, a happy accident, or executive clemency. The first duty of society is to protect itself, fully and adequately. It is said that imprisonment allows repentance and the system of capital punishment does not. This I deny. Few conversions occur in penitentiaries; but the fixing of some certain day of death often brings about a real change of heart. Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield in his "Facts relating to the punishment of Death," says that "the Reverend Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate, who has been chaplain of the jail for more than a dozen years, has often acknowledged to him, that he does not remember an instance of what he considered sincere conversion to religious sentiments, *except in prisoners, who were executed.*" It is said that murders occur, and occur frequently, under the present system. Experience and self-consciousness tell us that their occurrence would be more frequent under any other. To deny that there is any restraint because there is not prevention, is as illogical as to say that the dam of a river is no check upon it, because some water flows over it. Let the punishment for life-taking be reduced to the grade of minor offences, and men will add murder to them. Approximate the punishment of robbery to that of murder, and how often, for the purpose of concealing the former, will the plundered be also the murdered traveller! The advocates of capital punishment are not bound to approve the bloody code of Henry VIII., nor even the milder one existing in the time of Judge Blackstone. The criminal code of most of the States of our Union is the golden medium between unnecessary severity on the one hand and false clemency on the other. Some of the positions assumed by those advocating the abolition of the death penalty are not only untenable, but ridiculous, e. g., they say that society, in hanging a man, does itself the same thing for which it punishes him, i. e. it *murders*. Where is there any malice in society in this case, and *malice* is an essential ingredient in murder? When society through its lawful instruments imprisons a man for having falsely imprisoned another, it cannot, in any just sense, be said to do what it punishes. It has been repeatedly asserted, that crime has diminished in proportion as capital punishments have diminished. The statistical arguments adduced by my opponent are hollow-ness itself, founded as they are on no sufficient induction, and opposed as they are by individual consciousness. This question is more satisfactorily discussed upon principle, upon the immutable laws of right, but my cause being just, I

shrink from no adversary, however armed, or whatever vantage-ground he may possess. The abolition of capital punishment for stealing, counterfeiting, &c., may have diminished those offences from the fact that the individuals wronged often refused to prosecute or testify, and juries to convict, on account of the unnecessary severity of the penalty, but it is not admitted that the public sentiment is so opposed to capital punishment for murder as to make the law a dead letter. There is some unsoundness on the subject in some portions of the United States of America, but it is not general, and in this enlightened age, is not likely to become more so. From statistical tables kept at the Home Office of Great Britain, and reported thence to Parliament, it appears that in the three years subsequent to the change in the criminal code of that country, made in 1837, there was no less than 33 per cent increase in the offences from which the punishment of death was removed; but I will not fall into the error common to my opponents and herald this statistical argument as conclusive, though it is a better one than they usually furnish. In a majority of the States of this Union treason and murder are the only crimes punishable with death. As the former is of very rare occurrence, I have exclusively discussed the latter; but for each, death is demanded by an inexorable necessity. I fully concur in the sentiment of Sir William Meredith, one of the earliest advocates for penal reform in England, that "it is not more cruel than chimerical to confound the smallest offences with the greatest." Mr. P. so garbles quotations from Blackstone, that some might infer that that eminent jurist was opposed to capital punishment in all cases. The truth is far otherwise. Though an advocate for penal amelioration, he had no sympathy with that radicalism of which the work under review is full. He says, "Capital punishments are in some instances, inflicted by the immediate command of God;" also, that "the pains of death ought never to be inflicted but where the offender appears incorrigible, which may be collected from the perpetration of some one crime of deep malignity which of itself demonstrates a disposition without hope or probability of amendment: and in such cases it would be cruelty to the public to defer the punishment of such a criminal, till he had an opportunity of repeating the worst of villainies." Mr. P. furthermore says, that "the Porcian law, prohibiting the infliction of the punishment of death upon a Roman citizen, was passed 453 A. U. C. and continued in force 200 years." This statement is a tissue of errors. Dr. Anthon, one of the most recent and approved writers upon classical history, says, in substance, that "the Porcian law was made 557 A. U. C.,

and was a renewal of the Valerian law which had been twice previously renewed." It was limited to *Roman* citizens, and exile was the *alternative* of death. Dr. A. says—"It referred probably to those who had been condemned by a magistrate in the first instance, not to such as had been cast in an appeal from his sentence." The Porcian like the Valerian law fell into neglect. Mr. P. quotes authority to show that it did not do any harm; can he cite any to prove that it did any *good*? No statistics are presented proving its beneficent influence; it is presumable that none exist. He also seems to rely on the examples of Russia and Tuscany as proving the correctness of his positions. He states that in the former, the empresses Elizabeth and Catharine II. each abolished punishment by death; but where is there any evidence that the change was beneficial? There is none—absolutely none. It is stated that many executions occurred in the reign of Elizabeth in violation of her pledge to the contrary. Catharine II. while professing clemency to the murderers of her subjects reserved to herself the right to capitally punish for State crimes; as she was depraved in her disposition and despotic in her character, it is not presumable that the right slumbered. The code of Catharine has long ago ceased to be operative. While it had force criminals often died under the terrible punishment prescribed, e. g., the scourging by the knout. Dr. Baird, an eminent traveller, states that every one escaping from exile and returning to Russia is capitally punished. He says that "the death penalty was repealed in that country not from a belief that it was an ineffectual punishment, but because it had been grossly abused by irresponsible nobles and by courts unchecked by juries." With regard to the abolition of capital punishment in Tuscany it is sufficient to say, that its government after trying the experiment of abolition, restored the old system. The Minister of Justice of Belgium states that from 1831 to 1834, the period of the abolition of death punishment, that crime increased; he says, "it is manifest that the administration of criminal justice does not possess the efficiency necessary for the restraint of crime." The Conversations-Lexicon in Germany, referring to the European experiments, says, that "even in those States where, from a one-sided benevolence, the governments wished to abolish capital punishment, they were compelled again to avail themselves of it, and that on the ground that in the opinion of men death is the greatest of evils, in preference to which they would willingly undergo the most laborious life with some hope of escape, because the death punishment is the most terrible of penalties." The Prison Discipline Society of this country,

which fully investigated the subject now under consideration, came to this conclusion, "that the punishment of death for murder could not be abolished with safety." In order that penal jurisprudence should receive any valuable accessions by experiments their trial should be extended through many years and over a large country, so that accidental and temporary causes may be eliminated. It is not fair to try the question at issue between Mr. P. and myself anywhere than in a country where the penal code is not severe, e. g., the United States of America. The causes which may obscure the real effect of changes in the penal law are many and various, such as increased diffusion of useful knowledge, greater energy in Gospel ministers in the discharge of their duties, and a more efficient police; how important then, especially where life is concerned, that the induction should be as broad as practicable. If the law does not give individuals adequate protection, they will as in the case of the invasion of martial rights, be a law unto themselves. But recently the Judiciary in some parts of California was deemed inefficient in protecting their rights, and what was the consequence?—self-constituted and self-styled Committees of Vigilance, executing with some order and much firmness, Lynch law, in defiance of judicial decisions, and justifying themselves upon the plea of necessity. If we wish that "the wild justice of revenge should not prevail, let us hold on to the gallows, not because sanctioned by antiquity, not as an instrument of cruelty, but as a sad necessity, and as one of the essential conservative institutions of society. Mr. P. proposes a restriction on the pardoning power, but does not state *what*. I believe the power to be necessary, yet fully concur with him when he says "it should be seldom exercised, and never but for the strongest reasons." Public executions are denounced as demoralizing in their effect; but I am not bound to defend their *publicity*, that being an usual incident, not an essential of a system of capital punishment. Perhaps it would be better to have executions within jail-walls and in the presence only of those connected with the administration of the law. To invest an execution with the mystery of privacy would increase its deterring power to many. In that part of the pamphlet entitled "the Progress of the Cause," some statistics are presented with regard to the abolition of capital punishment in Michigan, which was effected by the law of March, 1847. The statistical table, on page 46, of murder, &c., in Michigan, is anything but satisfactory; it certainly proves as much for my side as for the opposite. C. H. Taylor, Secretary of State for Michigan, an advocate for the law of 1847, after presenting statistics with regard to his

State, candidly and truthfully says, "I am not unaware that no great reliance can be placed upon, or any conclusive arguments drawn from, statistics of this character, running through so brief a period of time." I have recently been informed by an intelligent citizen of Michigan that the general feeling in his State is towards a return to death punishment. Detroit through its corporate authorities has repeatedly petitioned the Michigan Legislature to that effect. The arguments and schemes of the different opponents of capital punishment are anything but harmonious, are as various and devious as error. Some of them advocate one substitute, some another, some propose none at all. Until they bring forward some system in lieu of the present, supported by better reasons than any yet given, they ought not to expect men to abandon a penalty upon which almost the collected wisdom of the world has set its approval. Let them recollect that all movement is not progress, and that "to innovate is not to reform."

D. S. G. C*****.

Washington, D. C.

STANZAS.

Pulchris oculis quorum nigredo est intensior.

Agrippa de Occulta Philosophia.

So that according to the opinion of these men, those persons that have faire lovely eyes, although the other parts of the Body be not answerably beautiful, will easily take those who look earnestly on them, unlesse their Reason overrule their Affections. And so on the contrary, be the person never so comely and beautifull, if the eyes be not good, they doe not cause this kind of Passionate Love, but only a simple Friendship, or good likeing in the beholders; as if such lovely persons, which the Greeks for good reason were wont to call *ελεοβλεφαρες*, did by the beauty of their eyes invite those that beheld them at a distance to come nearer, and so by this means entrap them.—*Ferrand's Crotomania.* 1640.

Those eyes, those eyes I see them still,
Where e'er I am, by night—by day,
Nor do I know their wish or will,
Nor whence they came, nor why they stay;
I only know howe'er time flies,
Or sad, or gay, I see those eyes!

Those eyes, those eyes are cold and chill,
And yet their presence still I own,
Like sea, and plain, and vale and hill,
The sun, within the frozen zone,
That warmth, and life, and hope denies,
E'en like those dark and cheerless eyes!

Those eyes, those eyes glad, warm and bright,
They come before my vision now,
And as the Persian to the light,
The homage of my soul I bow,

Because I know that darkness dies
Before the brightness of those eyes!

Those eyes, those eyes with tears are wet,
And now mine too are running o'er—
Sweet eyes, dear eyes, forgive—forget,
If in my flight too high I soar,
For low, mean earth to Heaven might rise
Beneath the guidance of those eyes!

Those eyes, those eyes again they change—
Soft, sweet and calm are these I see,
And yet they seem not new or strange,
Or less than those dear eyes to me,
For well can we, through each disguise,
Still see the angel in the eyes!

Those eyes, those eyes, how can I turn
Upon their beauty and not know,
That weep, or smile, or freeze, or burn,
They bear me with them where they go,
And worlds are nothing when the prize,
For which we strive is in those eyes!

WILLIAM CUMMING WILDE.

New Orleans, La.

Literary Coincidences, Imitations and Plagiarisms.

1.

A wise physician skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies, to the public weal.
Homer's Iliad.

A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war.—*Hudibras.*

2.

Though Cormac's hundred bards were there, to give the
war to song, feeble were the voices of a hundred bards, to
send the deaths to future times.—*Ossian.*

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.
Battle of the Kegs.

*Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto;
Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferreæ Vox.*—Virgil, Georg. 2.

To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Homer, Iliad, 2. (Pope's.)

3.

His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined.—*Paradise Lost.*

Not yet his form had wholly lost
The original brightness it could boast,
Nor less appeared than justice Quorum,
In feather'd majesty before 'em.—*McFingal.*

4.

*Sed jam serpentum major concordia. Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? Quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Ast homini ferrum letale incude nefandæ
Produxisse parum est; quum rastra et sarcula tantum
Adsueta coquere et marris ac vomere lassi
Nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri.
Adspicimus populos, quorum non sufficit iræ
Occidisse aliquem; sed pectora, brachia, vultum
Crediderint genus esse cibi.*—*Juvenal, Sat. 15.*

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned,
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair,
The grey-hound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb,
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
E'en tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambushade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.—*Rokeby, Canto 3.*

5.

Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?—*Juvenal.*

Who is to hold 'Squire Brown?
*A Better, on the L. I. Race-course.**

6.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.
Virgil, Æneid 7.

If I can't convince the court, I'll work upon the jury.
A frequent Thought of Virginia Lawyers.

7.

(*Αι, αι ται μαλαχαι κατα καπον ολωνται, &c.*)
Our plants and trees revive; the blushing rose

* A large stake-holder at a great horse-race on Long Island, had decamped with the stakes entrusted to him. Soon after a New Yorker betting a heavy sum with a Virginian, said. "Here, we'll give the stakes to 'Squire Brown.'" "But," replied the Virginian, "who is to hold Squire Brown!"

In flower of youth and pride of beauty glows :
 But when the master-piece of Nature dies,
 (Man, who alone is great, and brave and wise,)
 No more he rises to the realms of light,
 But sleeps, unwaking, in eternal night.
Elegy of Moschur, on the Death of Bion.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
 I mourn—but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you :
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore.
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save ;
 But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn ?
 Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave ?
Beattie's Hermit.

—

8.

Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbrâ, &c.

Translated.

Thus 'neath the poplar shade, sad Philomel
 Mourns her lost young, by some rude, prying hind,
 Torn, plumeless, from the nest. Perch'd on a spray,
 Through all the livelong night she warbles o'er
 Her piteous wail, and fills the echoing grove
 With deep, far-sounding notes of woe.
Virgil, Georgic 4.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care,
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd ; to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandoned to despair she sings
 Her sorrows through the night ; and on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding wo ; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with the wail resound.
Thomson's Spring.

—

9.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint
 Agricolas ! Quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
 Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus !
 Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
 Mané salutantum totis vomit œdibus undam,

At securâ quies, et nescia fallere vita,
 Dives opum variarum ; at latis otia fundis,
 Speluncæ, vivique lacus, et frigida Tempe, &c.

Virgil, Georgic 2.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! Who far from public rage
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate

Each morning vomits out the aching crowd
 Of flatterers base, and in their turn abased ?

.

Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits, &c., &c.—*Thomson's Autumn.*

—

10.

. cette superbe mer, sur laquelle l'homme
 jamais ne peut imprimer sa trace. La terre est travaillée
 par lui ; les montagnes sont coupées par ses routes ; les
 rivières se resserrent en canaux pour porter ses marchan-
 dises : mais si les vaisseaux sillonnent un moment les
 ondes, la vague vient effacer aussitôt cette légère marque
 de servitude ; et la mer reparait telle qu' elle fut au mo-
 ment du création.—*Corinne, Chap. 4.*

. le spectacle de la mer fait toujours une im-
 pression profonde ; elle est l'image de cet infini qui attire
 sans cesse la pensée, et dans lequel sans elle va se per-
 dre.—*Corinne, Chap. 1.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain :
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore :—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise,
 And shake him from thee ;

.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

.

The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible, &c.—*Childe Harold, Canto 4.*

—

11.

Lincoln Sumner Fairfield, of New York, wrote and
 published a poem called *The Last Night of Pompeii*.
 He sent a copy to Bulwer, who did not acknowledge or
 notice its reception. But a year or two afterwards came
 out his novel, "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," containing
 most palpable thefts from Fairfield's poem. *Thefts* they
 were ; for it is a truth spoken to a plagiarist in a Latin
 couplet, not now accurately remembered, that

"If you confess where you get the passage, you only
 borrowed it ; if you do not confess, you stole it."

The theft is exposed by the plundered poet, in the XIth
 volume of the *Messenger*, p. 100.

THE VIRGINIA CONSTITUTION OF 1776.

Prof. H. A. Washington's Discourse before the Virginia Historical Society.

We have been repeatedly solicited to lay before our readers this most excellent discourse, delivered at the last annual meeting of the Virginia Historical Society, and the request is the more readily complied with, on our part, by reason of the thoughtful and highly philosophical manner in which the gifted author has treated a most interesting topic, and the fact that its circulation heretofore has been a very limited one. We now publish it and deem it quite unnecessary to ask the reader's attention to an effort of one of Virginia's finest scholars and most earnest thinkers.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Virginia Historical Society.

In rising to address you, I feel oppressed by the conviction that I have nothing to offer worthy of the Society, worthy of the occasion, or worthy of this large and most enlightened audience: and I have, therefore, to throw myself upon your indulgence for what, I fear, will be considered the crudeness of this address.

Mr. President, I have been much gratified, since my arrival in the city, to learn from our respected Secretary, that the Virginia Historical Society is no longer an experiment, that all those many difficulties which embarrass the infancy of such enterprises every where, but especially in the Southern States, have been successfully surmounted, and that the Society may now be considered as established on a permanent basis. This, as it seems to me, sir, is a fact upon which I may not only congratulate you and the Society, but the State at large—the fact that, at last, after such unpardonable delay, an institution has been established in this Commonwealth, whose office and duty it will be to collect together, and systematically arrange, so as to be of easy reference, that large and invaluable mass of material for future history, which now lies scattered, here and there, in almost innumerable fragments, over the length and breadth of the State—destined, in all probability, to perish forever, unless speedily rescued by this Society. The organization of such an institution is, I repeat, matter of public congratulation, and the thanks of our people are due to those gentlemen whose zeal, perseverance and patriotism have originated and sustained the enterprise—an enterprise which cannot fail to enlist the warm sympathies and cordial co-operation of every son of Virginia, who properly appreciates the treasures and the glories of her history. That history, gentlemen, permit me to say, in passing, remains yet to be written; and I say this with a full and high appreciation of the labors of those gentlemen who have recently pub-

lished volumes upon this subject. They deserve our thanks—they have my gratitude—they have done much to illustrate our colonial annals; but, gentlemen, much yet remains to be done. They have given us histories of the government of Virginia; what we now want is a history of her people—her institutions, her social and political system—her civilization—a history of Virginia in the sense in which Guizot has written the history of France, and Macaulay the history of England. And when, in the future, some scholar shall arise in our midst, (as sooner or later he certainly will arise,) commissioned to this work, will it not be a great point gained—will it not be a great assistance to him, to have collected here, at one point, in the metropolis of the State, every thing which can illustrate his subjects? The public thanks, I repeat, are due to those gentlemen whose zeal, perseverance and patriotism, have founded the Virginia Historical Society.

Gentlemen, I purpose to make the Virginia Bill of Rights and Constitution of 1776, the subject of the remarks which I shall address to you this evening. I select the Constitution of '76, because it was the first written social compact ever reduced to practice, and made the foundation of an actual government, and for the further reason, that its adoption constitutes, in my poor judgment, one of the most important stages in the progress of human liberty. On the 29th of June, 1776, *five days in advance of the general Declaration of Independence*, and amid revolutionary perils, did our wise and gallant forefathers, assembled in the ancient capitol of the colony, and clothed (the first instance, perhaps, in human history,) with the sovereignty of a whole people, adopt this great Charter of rational and manly liberty as the fundamental law of the Commonwealth. And that day, as I conceive, is not only the proudest in the annals of Virginia, but one of the most memorable in the annals of the human race. I shall prove to you, before I have done, that in giving utterance to this sentiment, I speak the language not of extravagance, but of soberness and truth.

It is no part of my purpose, gentlemen, to compare the Constitution of '76 with those which have succeeded it. They are all, without exception, framed upon it as a model, modified, it is true, from time to time and in greater or less degrees, to meet the progress of society and the principles of equality. I wish to speak of that instrument only historically, in its relations to the *past*—as a step in political progress, and, viewed in this light, I do not hesitate to declare that it is, in my judgment, one of the most gigantic ever taken towards substantial and well-regulated freedom. By one and the same act of sublime valor and wisdom, did the men of '76

declare the ancient connection which had bound the Colony of Virginia to the mother country dissolved forever, and frame for themselves and their posterity, an instrument of government, which has become the universal model of all those free institutions which have since arisen, both in the old world and the new—thus binding up our State Sovereignty and our civil and religious liberties in the same great Charter.

Gentlemen, we commonly speak of George Mason as the author of that Charter. In a certain sense, he was its author. The Bill of Rights and Constitution of '76, with the exception of the preamble, were prepared by him, and laid before the Convention. In this sense, that truly great man was their author. But if it be imagined that that instrument was the conception of George Mason, or any other man—that it was the mere coinage of his or any other brain—that it was framed with reference to any mere abstract theory of government existing in his, or any other mind, no greater error could possibly be committed. My own conviction is, that no Constitution or frame of government, the product of mere theory and speculation, ever has existed, or ever can exist the quarter of a century. Locke framed such a Constitution for South Carolina. Seyes gave birth to a "litter" of such Constitutions for Republican France. We know their fate. They perished, each and all of them, in the very effort to reduce them into practice. And such will and must be the fate of every Constitution, which, taking no account of the peculiar habits, customs, manners, opinions and prejudices of a people, proceeds upon the hypothesis that society, like parchment, may be cut into whatever fantastic shape the whim, or caprice, or fancy of philosopher, or legislator, or theorist may choose to dictate.

No, gentlemen, the Constitution of '76 is not the spawn of theory or political metaphysics. It is the ancient and immemorial rights, franchises and privileges of the colonists of Virginia, gathered together and bound up in one great system of law, order, liberty and justice. Our fathers brought those rights, franchises and privileges, with them from England. They are of foreign and not domestic origin. The truth of history requires me to say so. They have, indeed, expanded, ripened and matured in the new world, but the germs were brought from the old. They constitute a part of that "great inheritance of the English race, settled on them at Runnymede," and which, though complicated, in the mother country, with all the consequences of the conquest—with tyranny of that Norman dynasty, the iron heel of which still presses on the neck of the English people—with the Three Estates of the Realm and all those innumerable abuses and

injustices which have grown up with the ancient Constitution of England, have yet secured to her people a larger portion of rational freedom, substantial liberty, than is enjoyed by any other people on the earth, except our own. Their portion in this inheritance—their rights and liberties as free-born Englishmen, our fathers brought with them to this continent. They were guaranteed to them in the original Charter of James I., confirmed and ratified in many subsequent royal charters, expressly stipulated and reserved when the colony capitulated to the forces of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, and ultimately sealed with the blood of our fathers in that revolution which resulted in our independence. And here, in the new world, disembarrassed of all those incumbrances which attach to them in the old, applied to societies which knew no ranks or classes or partial advantages, and modified from time to time to meet the progress of those societies, they have become the foundation of governments under which has been realized as much happiness, security and prosperity as has ever been realized under any governments established among men.

Now, gentlemen, the history of those rights, franchises and liberties, which our fathers brought with them from England,—which they enjoyed throughout the whole colonial period, under the protection of royal charters, and the courts of law, and which, when all connection between the colony and the mother country had been dissolved forever, George Mason and his associates gathered together and bound up in the Bill of Rights and Constitution of '76—the history of these rights, franchises and liberties, is what I wish to speak about this evening. I wish to trace their rise, progress and development. I wish to show you that they have not sprung from modern speculation, or originated in any abstract theory of human rights and human equality; but that they have an ancient origin—a high and noble pedigree, and are, in truth, an inheritance, transmitted to this democratic age and country, from the bosom of an exclusive aristocracy. This is what I wish to show to you this evening.

When we come to look at the Constitution of '76, analytically and philosophically, we find that, passing over the mere machinery of government, it is, in principle, an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the government and the rights of the governed. The single object and function of the Bill of Rights is to assert certain general principles and maxims of liberty, and to enroll, in solemn form, certain rights, declared to be inalienable, which are reserved to every individual man as against the general society of which he is a member, and which that society is bound, under all circumstances, to respect and

hold sacred. So also with that clause in the Constitution which declares that the Legislature shall, in no case, suspend the writ of habeas corpus, pass any bill of attainder, any ex-post facto law, any law impairing the obligation of contracts, the freedom of the press, or of speech, declaring that private property shall never be taken for public uses without just compensation, and securing to every citizen the perfect enjoyment of religious freedom—the effect and object of all which is to draw around every individual citizen and enchanted circle, as it were, which the government dare not enter, and within which he may live in peace and happiness, secure from all manner of authoritative intrusion. About these rights, thus secured to the individual against the general society, I shall have something to say presently. But what I wish now to speak about is the great principle upon which the Constitution of '76 was founded, which is coeval with our ancient liberties—which is their only guarantee, and constitutes, at once, the glory of modern civilization and the genius of modern freedom—the principle, I mean, that a limit should be set upon the powers of all human government—that absolute power, wherever lodged, whether in the hands of one, the few or the many—a monarchy, an aristocracy or a democracy—is despotism in disguise: that there are certain sacred rights, of which the individual is the only natural and proper guardian, which cannot, consistently with man's dignity and freedom, be entrusted to any government, however organized, and that, in the Constitution and frame work of society, those rights should be so trenched round and fortified, as to be made forever impregnable against all manner of governmental intervention. This is the principle upon which the Constitution of '76 was founded, and what more sublime scene does human history record, than was presented by the people of this commonwealth in 1776, when, having just thrown off their allegiance to the mother country, and declared themselves free, sovereign and independent, so far from being elated and intoxicated by this acquisition of sovereign power, but, on the contrary, deeply and profoundly impressed with the high and solemn trust thus devolved upon them, we find them, under the conviction that omnipotence is the attribute of God, and that he alone can use without abasing it, in the very instant of the acquisition, and in the very same act and instrument by which it was made, placing limitations and restrictions upon their own sovereignty, and thus, in the hour of calmness and reflection, erecting safeguards and barriers against their own passions and their own weaknesses, in the hour of excitement and temptation? History, I say, presents no more sublime spectacle than this—more

sublime in its wisdom, its courage, its modesty and its self-distrust.

This idea, gentlemen, that the powers of the State are not absolute; that the citizen has, or can have, any rights as against the State; that his life, liberty, property, himself and everything that is his, are not within the sovereign control and disposition of the State; this idea, as I have already intimated, is peculiar to modern civilization, and the distinguishing glory of modern liberty. It has no place in the ancient world. It was introduced, as we shall presently see, into modern Europe by those northern barbarians, (as we are used to call them), who overthrew the Roman Empire, and who, bringing it with them from the woods of Germany, infused it as a new and vital element into the second civilization of the European races. In the ancient world, upon the contrary, the *Omnipotence* of the State was a fundamental idea, and that ancient liberty, of which we hear so much—the boasted liberty of Greece and Rome—was civil, and not *personal* liberty, man's liberty as a citizen and not as an individual; his franchises and privileges as a member of society, and not his rights as against society. The idea that there was, or could be any thing useful or desirable to the general society, which that society had not a perfect right to exact of every individual member of it, was never conceived by any philosopher or statesman of Greece or Rome. And in an age and country where the jurisdiction of government is more or less limited, and where personal independence and individual free agency, in greater or less degrees, are fundamental maxims, it is almost impossible to form any just conception of the extent to which the ancient Republics pushed the despotism of society over the citizen. The powers exercised by those Republics were not merely civil and political. They were censorial, inquisitorial, paternal. The government placed itself *in loco parentis* to every citizen, directing his whole education for him, prescribing what he should eat and what he should drink, when he should marry and whom he should marry, which children he should rear and which he should sacrifice—in a word, it took charge of his entire existence, public and private, from the cradle to the grave; thinking for him, acting for him, doing everything for him, leaving him nothing to do for himself, and calling upon him at every turn, to lay down the deepest instincts of human nature, and the dearest affections of the human heart as sacrifice on the altar of an inexorable State policy. This despotism of the society over the individual, which reached its greatest intensity at Sparta, was a fundamental political maxim in all the free Republics of antiquity. It was one of the badges of its oriental

origin, which the first civilization of Europe retained to the last, and which was the cause both of its rapid development, and its yet more rapid decline.

This principle, then, lying at the basis of our government, and so important in the annals of Constitutional liberty—the principle, I mean, which draws a line between the government and the individual—has no place in the ancient world. It is, as I have stated, of comparatively recent, and, as I shall now show, of *feudal and aristocratic origin*.

We hear a great deal, gentlemen, in our times, in commendation of the free spirit of the Saxon laws, and there is much justice in these eulogies. It is, however, an indisputable fact—truth requires me to speak it—it is an indisputable fact that all those limitations and restrictions, which the American people have everywhere imposed upon the omnipotence of their governments, are of *Norman descent*, and that those great principles which now lie at the foundation of the liberties of the Democratic Anglo Saxon Republics of North America, have been transmitted from the bosom of a proud and haughty aristocracy; that Norman aristocracy, which, in the mother country, ruled our fathers for centuries with a tyranny as relentless and remorseless as any the world has ever seen. This, the Norman branch of the great European peerage, is the original source from which our American Democratic Anglo Saxon Republics have derived their high-born liberties. Strange as it may seem, the fact is so. It is history, irrefutable history. I shall make this perfectly plain, and it should teach us that the ways of God are not the ways of man. It should also teach us humility, and to repose with resolute hope and confidence, on that Providence which

“Out of evil, still seeks to bring forth good.”

Gentlemen, the English, from whom we are descended, trace back all their liberties to Magna Charta. Now, what is Magna Charta? Is it not a Feudal Charta? And what is the feudal charta, when analytically and philosophically considered? Is it not an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the crown and the rights of the feudal barons? And is not Magna Charta (the greatest of feudal Chartas), an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the English kings and the rights of the English barons; guaranteeing certain rights and privileges to those barons, which the King shall, under all circumstances, respect and hold sacred? And what are the rights and privileges thus guaranteed in Magna Charta, to the barons of England? Here they are: that “no tax shall be levied upon them except by their free consent;” that “no fine shall

be imposed, unless by the judgment of their peers;” that “no freeman shall be injured or impaired in person or estate, banished or deepoiled of his inheritance,” unless by the same judgment, and many others, the most important of which, have all of them the security of person and property for their end and object.

And now, as to the origin of these rights and liberties guaranteed to the barons of England in Magna Charta; what was it? Were they usurpations; encroachments made by the barons, arms in hand, upon the legitimate prerogatives of the crown? Not so, gentlemen! Lord Coke, and all writers upon Magna Charta, tell us that that instrument was *declaratory*. Declaratory of what? I answer, of the immemorial common law of feuds; of those ancient rights and franchises, which were the birthright and inheritance of the feudal peerage everywhere, but which the English barons had lost by the usurpations of the crown during the first century after the conquest. Now, gentlemen, Magna Charta was but a reclamation of those lost rights and franchises, after the pressure of those circumstances, out of which the loss had sprung, had passed away. For more than a century after the Conquest, Duke William and his Norman followers were but a band of soldiers encamped in the midst of a people, subjugated, it is true, yet brave, warlike, infinitely more numerous than their masters, exceedingly restless under their foreign yoke, and ever on the verge of insurrection. While this state of things lasted, self-preservation required that the Norman barons should rally around their King, and the consequence was an enlargement of the royal prerogatives at the expense of the rights of the barons. But when every thing had become quiet; when the invaders had become firmly established in their conquest, and all fear of insurrection had passed away, then the barons began to look to the recovery of their lost rights and franchises, and that struggle between them and the crown began, which resulted in Magna Charta. Such is the history of that great bulwark of English freedom. And it is true, literally true, that those rights, franchises and privileges, which the barons of England extorted from John at Runnymede, were their ancient prescriptive rights, franchises and privileges, as a branch of the great feudal peerage of Europe. There is nothing valuable, nothing characteristic in Magna Charta, “which a vassal might not, according to the ancient and immemorial common law of feuds, demand as a right from his suzerain.”

And what was the *guarantee* provided in Magna Charta, that those ancient rights, thus recovered by the barons, should be respected for the future? I answer, *force*; the right of resistance, deliberately and solemnly stipulated in the Charta

itself. By force did the barons of England recover their liberties, and by force were they resolved to hold them. Twenty-five of their number were charged at Runnymede with the execution of the Charta, and authorized to levy war upon the king for its breach; he himself expressly stipulating that, in such case, "Our barons shall distrain and annoy us by every means in their power, that is, by seizing our lands, castles, and possessions, and every other mode, till the wrong be repaired to their satisfaction, *saving our person, our queen and our children*. And when it is so repaired, they shall obey us as before." Thus did Magna Charta draw a broad and deep line between the powers of the crown and the rights of the English barons, and deliberately ordain FORCE as the guarantee of its observance; thus canonizing, as it were, the right of resistance, and making it as old as our liberties.

"O! Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs
And wavy tresses."

"A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword—thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars. Thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling."

Now, gentlemen, who does not see in Magna Charta, the great prototype of the first Constitution of Virginia, and of all those other Constitutions which have since been modeled upon it? Magna Charta is an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the crown and the rights of the English barons. The Constitution of Virginia is an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the government and the rights of the people. The principle of Magna Charta is, that the barons of England had certain rights which the Crown dare not invade. The principle of the Constitution of Virginia is, that the people of the Commonwealth have certain rights, which the government is bound, under all circumstances, to respect. And if we look into the nature of the rights secured in Magna Charta to the barons of England, we will find there the germs of nearly all those rights secured in the Constitution of Virginia to the people of the State, and there declared to be *natural and inalienable rights*.

Thus, gentlemen, are we able to trace back both our liberties and that principle which is their guarantee, directly to the feudal aristocracy of Europe, than whom there never existed on the earth, a body of men animated by a sterner and prouder spirit of independence. An iron aristocracy as to the rest of the community, they were, within the pale of their own order, a fierce

and turbulent democracy. Their chief was but *primus inter pares*, and the point of honor, the duel, the wager of battle, the right of private war, judicial combat, are all but so many witnesses testifying how feeble was the power of the Crown, and how stern, how jealous, how haughty the spirit of personal liberty and independence, which animated their own body. What more striking than the oath by which the nobles of Aragon swore allegiance to their sovereign? "We, who are each as good, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government if you maintain our rights and liberties, but not otherwise." And this was the spirit of the feudal peerage everywhere. Am I not right then, in saying that a fiercer, prouder spirit of liberty, never animated any body of men? And the feudal Charta, it will be remembered, was the muniment of their high exclusive rights and liberties; the instrument in which those rights and liberties were gathered together, enrolled, and, as it were, canonized.

Now, gentlemen, the point which I wish particularly to bring to your notice, is this—that the feudal Charta was everywhere strictly and purely an *aristocratic Charta*—a compact and treaty between the King and his barons, most generally in arms against each other. The PEOPLE had no part or lot in it. It is, I know, the popular impression, that Magna Charta was an exception to this general rule, and that the people of England were parties to that instrument. This, in my judgment, is a mistake—history does not sustain it. At the time of Magna Charta, the people of England, *as a political body*, had no existence. There were, indeed, serf and villains; villains regardant, and villains in gross; vassals and vassalage through all the stages of fudation and subinfudation; but no people as a power in the State. The "*liberi homines*" of the Charter were, beyond all doubt, the feudal barons. As late even as the fourteenth century, all the popular movements of Europe—the Jacquerie in France, and the rebellion of Wat Tyler in England—were, in their nature, essentially *servile insurrections*.

It is a great mistake, then, to suppose that the people of England were parties to Magna Charta. That Charta was, in the strictest sense, an aristocratic Charta; the King and his barons being the only parties to it. As yet, the great and illustrious English Commons had no existence, and, at the time of Magna Charta, England presents us with two distinct races, living side by side in the same land—the one a conquering and the other a conquered race—the one a race of kings, nobles, warriors, and priests, the other a race of tradesmen, serfs, villains and slaves—the one rich, living in palaces, castles and monaste-

ries; the other poor, and living either in cities in humble tenements, or scattered over the country in cottages and cabins with thatched roofs. Each has its own language, and speaks a tongue foreign to the other. Norman French is the language of the court, the castle and the monastery; the old Anglo Saxon is the language of the field, the workshop, and the hovel. Never was conquest more deeply impressed on any country; never was the distinction between conquerors and conquered more strongly drawn among any people. All rank, power, wealth, privilege,—even liberty itself, were the prerogatives of the conquerors; toil, sweat, poverty and slavery, the doom of the conquered. And this continued to be the condition of England for more than a century after the conquest.

I have said that at the date of Magna Charta, the English Commons had no existence. It may, perhaps, be proper to state, in this connection, that that Commons was formed at a later period, by a union between the conquering and the conquered races. In the course of time, the badges of the conquest began to disappear, the barriers between the two nations were broken down, connections and matrimonial alliances were contracted between them, and the conquerors ceased to exist as an exclusive cast. By the law of the Norman peerage, the title passed to the eldest son—he alone was enobled, and the younger sons sunk into the ranks of the commonalty. It so happened, also, that many of the most illustrious Norman families had declined all titles. The Bohuns, the Mowbrays, the De Veres and others, descendants of those “knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem,” waving all rank, took their place in the body of the commons. And when, in addition to this, it is remembered that the whole Saxon race, including its ancient nobility—its Godwins, its Harolds, its Siwards, its Leofricks,—men as noble as the proudest baron who followed the standard of Duke William to the shores of England, had been all overwhelmed in one indiscriminate conquest, and merged in the English Commons, we see at a glance, what it was which gave to that Commons the high consecutive character which has distinguished it from all the other Commons of Europe.

But, gentlemen, as I have already said, this body was the formation of after years. At the time of Magna Charta it had no existence, and, at that date, England presents us with conquerors and conquered, masters and slaves; but no **PEOPLE**, *as an independent political power in the State*. And this, the division of the English nation into two races of conquerors and conquered, is the starting point in English history. Standing upon this eminence, and looking down the

vista of centuries, we may trace the Constitution of England through all the subsequent stages of its development, as it has opened from time to time to receive different portions of the subjugated races within its exclusive and aristocratic pale. As society has advanced, class after class has been admitted to all those high chartered rights and liberties which, for centuries, were the exclusive possession and inheritance of the Norman peerage. So that the Constitution of England, is, in truth, little less than Magna Charta enlarged, liberalized and generalized, to meet the progress of its society, and the development of its different classes. This work of generalization has been going on throughout the whole period of English history, which has been one continued reaction against the conquest; nor has it stopped yet. The barons obtained their Charter from John; the middle classes obtained theirs from William; and who doubts that sooner or later, peaceably or by revolution, the **PEOPLE** will have their Charta also. And now, what I wish particularly to call your attention to is this, that as the Constitution of England is Magna Charta enlarged and liberalized to meet the progress of English Society, *so are all our American Constitutions that same great Charta, still more enlarged, still more liberalized to meet the yet greater progress of American society, and the more rapid growth among us of the principles of equality.*

Now, gentlemen, I claim that I have made good the proposition with which I started—that those liberties which we enjoy and prize so highly, have sprung from no abstract theory of human rights and human equality; but are an entailed inheritance, transmitted to this democratic age and country, from the bosom of a haughty and exclusive aristocracy, and that this is true, not only of those liberties themselves, but also of the forms, the very machinery as it were, by which they have been preserved and perpetuated. The principle of *equality*, is indeed new; but *liberty* is old and aristocratic, and the great work assigned to modern society, is to reconcile ancient liberty with modern equality. And, in thus tracing back our liberties to a high and ancient origin, permit me to say to you, in the language of the wisest man of his age, “we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance, we give to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable and cherishing with all the warmth of their combined and mutually reflected charities, our State, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.”

Gentlemen, I now advance a step further. I

not only maintain that our own liberties are of ancient origin—a birthright and entailed inheritance, but I maintain that this is equally true of liberty, wherever and whenever it has existed among men, whether in ancient or in modern times; or to express the proposition somewhat differently, that *society always begins in inequality and tends towards equality, and that, in its early stages, all rights, privileges and franchises—even liberty itself—are the possession of an exclusive cast, from which they descend in successive stages, with the progress of society, to the great body of the nation.*

In proof of this assertion let me now call your attention for a moment—it shall be only for a moment—to the Constitutional history of those two illustrious races which have filled all countries with the products of their genius, and all time with the fame of their achievements.

And, first, the Greeks. Every student of Grecian history knows that her institutions, like those of England, were founded in conquest. The first distinct fact which meets us in Grecian history, is the presence on the same soil of two races, the one dominant, and the other subject. Behind this, all is myth and fable. And at the first dawn of authentic history, we find the great Hellenic race in possession of the country which they have conquered and distributed among themselves, reducing the native races everywhere to slavery. These Hellenic conquerors were, like Duke William and his Norman chivalry, a band of warriors, who, having conquered the country by the sword, the sword was the tenure by which they held it. We accordingly find them establishing themselves everywhere as a *warrior cast*, devoted exclusively to arms, and imposing upon the subjugated races all the menial and industrial operations of society. At first, and for ages, all rights, all privileges, all franchises were their exclusive birthright, and inheritance; and the rest of the community being in subjection and vassalage, liberty itself became rank and nobility. But while thus establishing their domination over the subjugated races, the Hellenic peerage was, like the feudal and every other peerage, a strict democracy within the pale of their own order; jealous, in the last degree, of their rights and privileges. They acknowledged no superior; had no chief to whom they paid allegiance; and in this respect, pushed the principle of individual liberty even further than the feudal barons. And when ultimately, cause for united action arose in Greece; when the rights of hospitality were violated in the person of an illustrious Hellenic princess, and the most beautiful woman of her age,—

“No wonder such celestial charms,
For nine long years should hold the world in arms;”

when, I say, ultimately, cause for united action arose in Greece, we find the nobles, *electing* a chief. And yet, so feeble was the authority of that chief, so little was it respected, that Achilles (the most perfect and illustrious representative of the Hellenic chivalry,) for a mere *personal* insult, quits the ranks in the presence of the enemy, retires in sullen majesty to his tent, nor can any solicitation or any disaster to the cause of Greece, induce him to relent until *his friend* falls in battle, when immediately, maddened by passion and remorse, and “breathing war and blood,” he rushes to the fight, “all bright in heavenly arms,” not to uphold the sinking cause of his country, but to avenge the shade of that slaughtered friend. So strong, so haughty, so uncompromising was the spirit of personal liberty and independence maintained within the pale of this old Hellenic peerage.

Thus, gentlemen, do we see that the earliest form of Grecian society was that of a haughty warrior cast, everywhere dominant, and holding a vast subject population in bondage by the sword; that, for ages, rank, nobility, power, privilege—liberty itself—was the exclusive birthright and inheritance of this cast; but that, though lording it over the rest of the community, they were, within their own body, in the strictest sense of the term, a military democracy, animated by the fiercest spirit of liberty, independence and equality. Starting from this point, the student of Grecian history may trace her institutions through all the stages of their subsequent development; he may see the bigotry of race gradually yielding before the pride of wealth; the pride of wealth before the spirit of equality. He may see class after class in the progress of society, fighting its way within the bosom of that proud democracy, widening and deepening the basis of the government at each successive step, until ultimately, every citizen of Greece becomes a member of the old Hellenic peerage, and heir to its high-born rights and privileges. Such is the history of liberty in Greece, which was strictly an inheritance, and not the offspring of theory or speculation.

And if, leaving the classic shores of Greece, we pass to that other illustrious race—the mighty masters of mankind in law and government as the Greeks were in literature and art—we find the same truth, if possible, yet more strikingly illustrated. And here, gentlemen, permit me to say, in passing and by way of episode, that history is but in its infancy. This may seem a bold assertion, but I believe it to be literally true. The first half of the nineteenth century is the beginning of a new historic era. Never before has history been studied in such high relations—never before has it been so penetrated by the spirit of

philosophy—never before has such immense erudition, enlightened skepticism and patient, laborious and comprehensive learning been brought to bear on this or any other subject. The result has been almost startling. Stale common-places have been refuted, consecrated errors exposed—established dogmas shaken—ancient rubbish removed—a full broad light thrown upon things which have been hitherto enveloped in impenetrable myth and fable, and, in a word, with material almost entirely new, the hand of genius and philosophy has restored the “buried majesty” of the ancient commonwealths in forms which will endure till time shall be no more. In the department of Roman history, with which we have now to deal, it was the immortal Niebuhr who, to borrow his own happy illustration, like the naturalist, gathering and putting together the fossil bones of some lost species of animal, “has rebuilt, with fragments picked up here and there, where they lie scattered about as by a tempest, over the whole surface of ancient literature, the sacerdotal and patrician City of the Kings, in all its old Cyclopean strength and massiveness and the awful forms of Tuscan mystery and superstition.” He has shown us the vast influence which religion exerted over the mighty Roman race—that they lived, moved and had their being in the midst of religion—that this religion was no simple belief or worship, but a science and a mystery, administered by vestals, flamens, augurs and Pontiffs, amidst gorgeous pomps and ceremonies—that this science and mystery was hereditary in certain families, and that the old patrician fathers of Rome were at once a warrior-cast and a priest-cast. He has also shown us how this religion penetrated and pervaded every portion of the state and of society, consecrating every thing it touched, property in the worship of Terminus, contracts in the apotheosis of Faith, making the city a temple, and its citadel a sanctuary.

But it is to the reconstruction of the ancient Constitution of Rome that Niebuhr has brought to bear the vast resources of his genius and his erudition with such wonderful success. He has shown us that the whole fabric and constitution of Roman society, rested on the element of *race*—that the original people of Rome was composed exclusively of thrice privileged Tribes—that these Tribes were divided into Curiz, and the Curiz into Gentes or Houses—thus making the Gens or House, the original element of the Roman State. He has further shown us that this Gens or House was itself an artificial association, formed by the union of many families, bound together by the joint performance of the same religious rites, and having the altar for its centre—that, in the earliest times, the entire free popu-

lation of Rome were members of some one of these families—and, if of a family, then of a Gens or House, and, if of a Gens or House, then of a Curiz, and, if of a Curiz, then of a Tribe, and, if of a tribe, then of the State—thus making the original *Populus Romanus* a strictly privileged order, in the exclusive possession of the government. Lastly, he has shown us that, by the side of this privileged and exclusive order, there came to be formed, in the course of time, partly by emigration, but principally by conquest, an alien and foreign population, not contemplated by the original Constitution of Rome, for whom no provision was made in that Constitution—having no connection with either one of the three original Tribes—related to none of the Houses forming those Tribes either by the tie of membership or clientage, and therefore excluded from all connection with the State—in a word, an anomalous population, uniting personal liberty with political subjection—*dependants* on no House and therefore freemen—*members* of no House and therefore disfranchised and not citizens of Rome. Such were the *Plebs*—the great Roman commons—the most illustrious commons the world has ever seen, unless the English be excepted. In the infancy of Rome, we see them poor, weak, disfranchised; connected with the State, but so part of it; compelled to fight its battles, but not permitted to share its privileges. They are not even allowed to live within the city—this is consecrated ground. The Aventine Hill, without its walls, is assigned them for their residence. Still less are they permitted to intermarry with any of the Roman Houses. This would be not only to admit aliens and foreigners within the pale of the Constitution, but to taint the old patrician blood of Rome. For many generations the blood ran pure in the veins of those old patrician fathers of the city. No foreign alloy mingled with it, and the Plebeians resided outside of the walls, a distinct community, regulating their own municipal affairs, and living according to their own laws, usages and customs. They were, as we have seen, for the most part, like the English commons, a conquered people; but they were also like that same commons an enterprising, energetic and intelligent people. Consequently they grew rapidly in wealth, and as they grew in wealth they grew in numbers, intelligence and power until ultimately they came to be the most wealthy, most numerous and most powerful portion of the community. Added to this, there were in their ranks men as high-born, in whose veins the blood coursed as pure as in the veins of the haughtiest patrician of the City. The Scilii, the Decii, the Domitii and others, families as ancient and noble as the patrician Claudii or Quinctii, sprang from the bosom of the commons and,

in the latter days of the Republic, the majority of the illustrious historic names of Rome were of Plebeian origin. That such a body of men should rest contented under their political disfranchisement and social inferiority was not to be expected. Accordingly, in the very earliest times, we hear the mutterings of their discontent, and the early constitutional history of Rome is little else than the history of this illustrious body as it develops itself through incessant, though not bloody conflicts, with the original Roman Tribes—the growth of their demands always keeping pace with their growth in wealth, intelligence and power—the pride of privilege gradually yielding before the principle of equality, until ultimately the whole Roman Plebs, like the English commons, fight their way within the pale of the Constitution. The mantle of the high-born patrician descends upon the shoulder of the humble plebeian, and the entire Roman people, patrician and plebeian, are fused together in one homogeneous mass in the enjoyment of equal rights, franchises and liberties.

Thus, gentlemen, do we see that ancient liberty, like our own, was an inheritance transmitted from an aristocratic to a democratic age—from the bosom of a haughty aristocracy to the humblest citizen. The idea that it was founded in nature—that it was an inalienable right due in common justice to all mankind, has no place in the ancient world. It never seems to have once occurred to any legislator or philosopher of Greece or Rome. On the contrary, “the two ideas most deeply rooted in the ancient world were the bigotry of race and the pride of privilege. Never was the bigotry of race more exclusive—more intense—any where, not even among the Jews, than it was at Sparta.” The Doric race there was, like the Norman conquerors of England, literally a standing army encamped in the midst of a subjugated people, ever on the verge of insurrection and only kept down by the sword. Nor was there any thing peculiar in this domination of race over race at Sparta except its rigor and intensity. Citizenship was universally an affair of race—and liberty, so far from being a natural right, was, as we have seen, every where rank, privilege, nobility and the exclusive inheritance of certain superior races, while slavery was equally the doom of certain other inferior races. And in the social and political systems of those times, the relation of master and slave was quite as well established, quite as universal, as the relation of parent and child, husband and wife, or any other domestic relation. The statesmen and philosophers of antiquity so far from holding any general theory of human equality, held precisely the reverse—that the races of men are unequal—that some

are superior; others inferior—that it is the right of the superior races to command, and the duty of the inferior to obey—that all this is agreeable to nature’s law, which law is subordination and not equality among the races of men, and that in establishing and perpetuating, in the constitution of society, the supremacy of certain races—in setting them apart, and, as it were dedicating and consecrating them to government, literature, philosophy and art, while all the menial and industrial operations of society were assigned to certain other inferior races, they were but proceeding according to that law, and laying the foundation of the most refined civilization—this, whether true or false, was the theory of human rights universally prevalent in the ancient world—the theory of all the philosophers of all the schools—the Grove, the Portico, and the Academy. The justice of this view will be at once admitted by every true student of ancient history, and I venture to affirm that he who does not admit it—whose mind is not thoroughly penetrated by it—who has not conducted his historical researches with reference to it, has not, as yet, laid his hand upon the Key of the Past, or even so much as entered the portals of the ancient world.

And now, gentlemen, if, leaving the ancient world, we come to the modern, we shall find but accumulated proof of my proposition that liberty has no where sprung from theory or metaphysics; but has every where descended, in the form of an inheritance, from the bosom of an aristocratic peerage to democratic ages and countries.

Rome, having consolidated her strength in Italy, proceeded, with unprecedented speed, from victory to victory, until she “veiled the earth in her haughty shadow.” But the seeds of her dissolution were sown side by side with the seeds of her greatness, and, having once grasped the sceptre of universal empire, we find her forgetting her early virtues, defiling her ancient liberties, and, after first prostituting herself from time to time in the arms of the city rabble, sinking ultimately exhausted under the despotism of the Cæsars. Then for the fourth, and it is to be hoped for the last time, do we see the collective force of the human race gathered together in one of those mighty aggregates, known as UNIVERSAL EMPIRES—producing always the same effects—monotony, torpor, stagnation—casting the human race in one common mould by bringing them under the despotism of a single will, and destroying that diversity and variety, out of which spring those rivalries and conflicts which are so necessary to individual, social and political development. Such was the condition to which the Roman world was every where rapidly tending toward the close of the fourth century. European civilization was fast assuming the Asiatic

type, and there was the most imminent danger that those oriental elements which presided at its birth would triumph in its decline. At this critical moment, the northern barbarians came to its relief. Bursting the barriers of the Rhine and the Danube, they rushed down like an avalanche, upon civilized Europe and Rome.

"With heaviest sound a giant statue fell,
Pushed by a rude and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When time his Northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude, repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke."

Here the curtain falls on the *first* civilization of the European races. The DARK AGES follow. All is chaos and primordial night. No governments, no nations, no country, no laws, no literature, no arts, nothing settled, every thing in motion. Strife, jumble, universal uproar—"confusion worse confounded" is the new order of things. This continues from the fifth to the ninth century. During the whole of this period, what was once civilized Europe, pressed by barbarians on every side, has not a moment of repose, and, amidst the movement we find race displacing race and nation piled on nation.

Never has an angry heaven inflicted upon this earth a more dreadful scourge, and yet never, in any event in human history, has wisdom and mercy, in the midst of wrath and vengeance, been more manifest. For it is an indisputable fact that that same tempest which desolated Southern Europe and swallowed up her languishing and exhausted civilization in universal barbarism, scattered at the same instant the seeds of another and a higher and more glorious civilization. Not only did it break the great Roman empire into a hundred fragments—whip its lazy elements into motion and stir the stagnant mass to its inmost depths; but it introduced into modern Europe a new and invaluable element—that of *individual liberty—personal independence*—an element which, as I have already explained, had no place in the ancient world, but which came now, for the first time, from the woods of Germany. This sentiment of personality—of individuality—freedom from all control, and the liberty of doing whatever one wishes to do, this sentiment, I say, so strong in the bosom of every savage man, was a passion among those barbarian races which overthrew the Roman empire, and became the characteristic element of that civilization which they established. Thus do we see that, at the darkest hour of European history, in the midst of confusion, strife and chaos, were those germs scattered which have since ripened into those great principles and institutions

which now shelter and protect our lives, liberty and property:

"And this should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

As the Dark Ages passed away, and society began to reorganize itself, we every where find feudalism issuing out of the bosom of barbarism. "Wherever barbarianism ceased, feudalism began." Now, gentlemen, there is and always has been, in the popular mind, a deep-rooted prejudice against the feudal system. Nor can it be denied that in many respects, this prejudice is well founded. As a *Social System* I have nothing to urge in its behalf. It did little or nothing for society—it was every where opposed to its progress and to the establishment of order. As a system of *general liberty* I have still less to urge in its behalf; for it was unquestionably a system of injustice, tyranny and violence—a despotism founded in no sentiment moral or religious, but in brute force and the domination of man over man. But, gentlemen, all this being admitted, and freely admitted, let it never be forgotten that it was this same system, thus universally opposed to general order and liberty, which first *organized* that principle of *personal independence*, which, introduced into Europe, as we have seen for the first time, from the forests of Germany, and perpetuated in the Feudal System, has become the keystone of the arch which supports modern liberty and civilization. And let me say in passing, that it was principally by means of that ascendancy and preponderance which the Feudal System gave to country over city life that it was enabled to affect this end. All the ancient States were city states—their governments, municipal governments. Rome herself was a city—the empire but an aggregate of cities, and when that empire dissolved, it returned to its original elements—cities. During the Dark Ages, also, population was every where collected together in cities, or large manors, for the purposes of protection and security. *But the Feudal System changed all this.* It dispersed the population of the cities over the country, and gave a vast preponderance to country over city life. "The solitary castle, fortified against the law as well as against violence," is the type of that system. Here, the lordly Baron, gathering around him his feudal family, spends his life. Within its walls are his wife, children and retainers. Beyond them, and at a distance, collected together in huts, are the serfs who till his lands. These constitute no part of the feudal family—they have no association with the inmates of the castle. They are infinitely beneath them—generally of a different race—a conquered

race—and an impassable gulf lies between them. Over this little society the Baron rules supreme: his will the only law. Can any situation be conceived better calculated to foster and develop the sentiment of personality and individual liberty than this? And does not fact here come in aid of theory? Does not the feudal baron stand the historical representative and impersonation of all that is jealous, proud and haughty in liberty and the spirit of personal freedom?

Gentlemen, I have said that the solitary castle, with its towers and frowning battlements, fortified against the law as well as against violence, is the type of the feudal system. I now say that the peasant's lowly cottage, with its thatched roof, and unchinked walls, fortified not against the law, but against lawless violence, is the type of our present system—of modern civilization. "The poorest man may in his cottage," said Lord Chatham in his great speech upon the quo warranto, "bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the king of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not pass the threshold of the ruined tenement!" And thus has a principle which was asserted eight hundred years ago by armed barons in their lordly castles, descended in the progress of society and of liberty, to the humblest peasant, protecting him in his lowly cottage, and making that cottage his castle.

Nor is this principle, which thus throws its protection around private property, confined to those countries which, in common estimation, enjoy free constitutional governments. It extends to every country, however absolute its government, which the feudal system has pervaded. In all those countries, the inviolability of private property is a fundamental maxim. You have all heard, gentlemen, of the wind-mill of Sans Souci. There it stands to this day in full view of the palace at Potsdam, an eye-sore, and yet a monument prouder than any triumphal arch, of the inviolability of private property, testifying that no European monarch, be he ever so powerful, dare invade its rights, save in those cases where, by usage or the organic law, it may be condemned for public uses. And it is precisely in this fact, that the distinction between the European autocrat and the Asiatic despot is to be found; in the fact that whereas the European autocrat, however absolute, is but prince and chief magistrate, the Asiatic despot is, in addition to this, proprietor and landlord over all his vast dominions, which are, indeed, but his estates, and his subjects mere tenants holding at his sovereign will and pleasure. And that this is not now the relation between European monarchs and their

subjects, and between modern democratic governments and their citizens, is due to those feudal barons who, in the middle ages, asserted and maintained against the Crown, principles which then rendered their own persons and property inviolable, and now throw their protection round the life, liberty, and property of the humblest citizen.

Such is the history—such the pedigree of our liberties. Modern speculation and theory have, indeed, had much to do with their development; but their roots extend far out into the past. And the first instance, I believe, either in ancient or modern times, where any people, renouncing antiquity altogether, have undertaken to tear down the ancient fabric of society in order to reconstruct it on principles purely theoretical and speculative, is that of the French revolution. The self-confident architects of that day, setting down as nothing the time-honored and time-consecrated usages of the family, the society, and the altar: having brick for stone, and slime for mortar, said, in their hearts, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven." We know the result—

"Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders, each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heaven,
And looking down to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work confusion named."

Such was the result of the first effort ever made among men to construct society upon elementary and speculative principles. The lesson is one which can never be forgotten. Liberty was the object which revolutionary France was seeking in '89, and it must be admitted that she succeeded in that object. For ten long years was she drenched with liberty; drenched to the very dregs. But what sort of liberty was it? Rational, substantial liberty—that liberty which is justice, founded on law and protected by law—the only sort of liberty worth having? No, gentlemen, it was *French liberty*; "a liberty which first attacked property, then the lives of its foes, then those of its friends; which prostrated all religion and morals; set up nature and reason as goddesses to be worshipped; afterwards condescended to decree that there is a God; and, at last embraced iron despotism as its heaven-destined spouse."

All the existing political systems of Europe, have, I believe, with the single exception of the French Republic, been constituted without any reference to general theory. They have everywhere sprung out of conquest, the conquerors establishing themselves as a privileged caste in the exclusive possession of the government, and of all rights, liberties and franchises; and this con-

tinued to be the case for ages. Gradually, however, and in ever widening circles, the conquered races have been admitted to the rights and privileges of the conquerors. This is the history of liberty in modern Europe,—I have already shown you that it is its history in ancient Europe,—the history of gradual and progressive extension of rights, which in the early stages of society, were the birth-right of an exclusive aristocracy, founded in conquest, to the different classes of the conquered races. Society, as I have said, always begins in inequality and tends towards equality, and he only deserves the name of a statesman who sees that its institutions keep pace with its progress, and that the Constitution opens, from time to time, to admit class after class, successively, as they are prepared to enter it. Nations, like individuals, have their growth and their development, and to suppose that the early institutions of a nation are adapted to it throughout all the stages of its progress, is as absurd as to suppose that the swaddling clothes of the infant are adapted to the proportions of the full-grown man. TIME, in this as in every thing else, is the greatest innovator, nor can its march be stayed. All human institutions and systems must follow in its footsteps, or be crushed beneath its progress. And if, upon the one hand, there is a *fanaticism* which would upheave the ancient foundations of society in order to reconstruct it with reference to some fantastic theory, there is, on the other, a *bigotry* which, by opposing all reform, prepares the way to inevitable revolution.

Gentlemen, I have said that coeval with our ancient liberties, and their only guarantee, is the great principle upon which the Virginia Constitution of '76 was founded—that principle, I mean, which sets a limit upon the powers of all government, and throws its shield around the rights of the individual. I wish, in this connection, to read to you the words of a wise man, which must sink deeply and indelibly into the minds of all who hear and can appreciate them. "Whatever theory," says Mr. Mills, "we adopt respecting the foundation of the social union, and under whatever political institutions we live, there is a circle around every individual human being, which no government, be it that of one, of a few, or of the many, ought to be permitted to overstep; there is a part of the life of every person, who has come to years of discretion, within which the individuality of that person ought to reign uncontrolled either by any other individual, or by the public collectively. That there is, or ought to be, some space in human existence thus entrenched round, and sacred from authoritative intrusion, no one who professes the smallest regard to human freedom or dignity, will call into question." Here, gentlemen, in

my poor judgment, is the principle which distinguishes despotism from liberty; for the truth is that liberty, properly viewed, is not so much a question of this or that form of government, as of the rights of the individual as against all government, whatever form it may assume.

If any one doubts the value of this principle—if he supposes that its application is confined to monarchical or aristocratic forms of government—that it is not equally, indeed more important in a popular government than in any other, I have only to refer him to the latter history of the Greek Democracies—particularly of that great Athenian democracy which, after having filled the world and all time with the renown of its achievements in arts and arms, sunk, at last, utterly debauched and prostitute, into the arms of Cleon and the demagogues. Never, perhaps, has there existed at any time upon this earth, a more relentless, exterminating and inexorable tyranny than that of this self-same illustrious Athenian Demos. Plato speaks of it as a "savage wild beast"—Aristotle as a "cruel despot," who, though he has no crown upon his head, has yet a remorseless sceptre in his hand, and holds his court at the corners of the streets and the market place, with sycophants, parasites and demagogues for courtiers. We, who enjoy the benefits of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, and live in an age and country in which the security of life, liberty and property is a fundamental maxim, can scarcely form any just conception of a state of things where private was treated uniformly as public property—where, indeed, it was established as a principle, that the citizen was but a *trustee* of his property for public uses—where forfeiture and confiscation were organized into a system—where justice was administered in assemblies composed of thousands of the city rabble—where the honest, the wise, and the learned were driven from public affairs and compelled to bury themselves in academic shades—where the voice of truth, justice and wisdom were drowned in the clamors and shouts of the multitude—where, in a word, society was one universal scene of violence, plunder and brigandage, and all the provinces and functions of government, were consolidated and confounded in one tremendous despotism, wielded by a mob as lawless and as brutish as Comus and his swinish crew. It was this state of things in his beloved country which embittered the latter days of the great Demosthenes—which engraved upon his face those deep lines of sorrow and melancholy which have been perpetuated in all his busts, and which paved the way, at once, for the overthrow of Grecian liberty and the iron rule of Macedon. He who has attentively studied and considered the history of these evil times—who

has studied, in the same relation and in the same spirit, the history of the French democracy at the era of the Revolution, and who has thus seen "the most cultivated and enlightened nations led or driven into the worst crimes by wretches like Cleon and Robespierre—who has seen polished capitals, like Athens and Paris, the glory of the earth, seats of the highest civilization and filled with the trophies of genius, become the theatres of horrors worthy only of the most savage hordes, drenched in gore by a banditti of Septembriseurs, doing murder in broad daylight, or delivered up to the bellish orgies of mobs, made cruel by suspicion and drunk with blood—who has witnessed judicial massacre solemnly perpetrated in the name of the law, and decrees of flagrant iniquity, and revolting for their barbarity, sanctioned by the votes of majorities made up of mild and merciful, but timid and feeble men—who has heard shouts of liberty uttered by multitudes, subjugated by terror and cringing before the idols of their own creation, and seen (what is the infallible consequences of such excesses) the reptile demagogue a moment before, "squat like a toad" at the ear of his victim, "start up in his own shape the fiend and stand confessed the tyrant"—he, I say, who has seen and heard all this, is prepared to appreciate that great inestimable principle upon which our fathers founded the fundamental law of this commonwealth, and on the preservation of which our liberties depend. In these schools he will have learned the invaluable truth that despotism is despotism whether wielded by one man, a number of men, or by the numerical majority—that it is, perhaps, never so harsh, so cruel and so relentless, as when it creeps in under popular forms, and allies itself with popular sovereignty—and that, in the worst of Asiatic despotisms, there is something mild, something patriarchal, something paternal, compared with the despotism of an Athenian or a Parisian mob, drunk with liberty, hungry after confiscation, and gorged with blood. He will also have learned that the great and fatal defect in the political constitutions of the ancient world was, that instead of distributing the powers of government among different departments, and thus establishing in their mutual checks safeguards against abuse, the statesmen of antiquity knew no other means of curbing one despotism than by building up another; the consequence of which was, that we find ancient society every where falling under the sway of some exclusive principle,—of the democratic at Athens, the aristocratic at Sparta, and the despotic at Rome. Finally, he will be forced to the conclusion that, as the despotism of the State over the individual, was the rock upon which ancient civilization

and liberty were wrecked, *so the line which separates the rights of the individual from the powers of the government, is the line along which modern civilization and modern liberty must be defended.*

Gentlemen, we hear a great deal in our times about the principles of government. We are told that there are certain *universal principles* of government, and the common and popular opinion is, that the right of the majority to govern is one of those universal principles. Now, gentlemen, in my poor judgment, there is but one *universal principle* of government, which is, that every people are entitled to those institutions which will make them most happy, most prosperous, and most contented. Nor do I believe that there is any *universal formula* for making men happy, prosperous and contented. On the contrary, I believe that what is best for one people, may be worst for another—what is best in Africa, may be worst in Asia—what is best in Asia, may be worst in Europe—what is best in Europe may be worst in America, and vice versa. In a word, I believe that government is a practical affair—an affair of time, place and circumstance—of means to an end, which end is the prosperity of the governed, and that every people have a right, (a natural right, if you please,) to that form of government which will best secure that end. If, under the circumstances in which they are placed, a popular government will best secure their prosperity, then, *with that people*, popular government becomes a natural right: but in this sense it is plain that despotism itself may become a natural right. In the third century, despotism was certainly the best, and, perhaps, the only practicable government for Rome. If so, despotism then at Rome was as legitimate as democracy now at Washington. Sincerely attached to the institutions of my own country—preferring them infinitely above all others—believing that they are admirably, nay, wonderfully adapted to our country and people, and that government here, resting on any other than the broad and generous basis of the popular sovereignty, would be unwise and impracticable, I am not bigot enough to suppose that our institutions are adapted to all times and nations, and that all governments proceeding upon other principles, must necessarily be illegitimate and in derogation of natural rights. The principle of popular sovereignty, applied to the brave, enlightened and educated freemen of America, is, beyond all reach of controversy, the best basis of government; but is there any fanatic in the land who would apply that principle to the rajahs of Turkey, the fellahs of Egypt, the pariahs of India, the Arabs of the desert, or the nomads of central Asia? No, gentlemen, we cannot judge

governments in the abstract, and Macaulay was right when he said that a "good government, like a good coat, is that which fits the body for which it is designed. A person who, upon abstract principles, pronounces a Constitution to be good, without an exact knowledge of the people who are to be governed by it, judges as absurdly as a tailor who should measure the Belvidere Apollo for the clothes of all his customers." I repeat, gentlemen, there is but one principle—one right, connected with government, and that is that every people are entitled to those institutions which, under the circumstances in which they are placed, will make them most happy and most prosperous.

Gentlemen, this idea that government is a science, and is to be constructed with reference to abstract principles, is of comparatively recent origin. All the governments of Europe, as I have already stated, with the exception of the present revolutionary government of France, have been the growth of time and circumstances, springing out of the Feudal System, and modified from time to time, to meet the progress of society. Those political theories and speculations, which have exerted such a wonderful influence over modern society, had no existence when the foundations of those governments were laid. They belong exclusively to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though their rise may be traced back remotely to the Reformation. The distinguishing characteristic of that great movement was, that it was "an insurrection of the human mind against absolute power," and resulted in the emancipation of the human reason, and the establishment of the right of free enquiry. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, however, that the Reformation, thus founded on intellectual liberty, and so eminently favorable to religious freedom, was not, at first, favorable to the progress of political freedom; but was, on the contrary, followed every where throughout Europe, by an increase of monarchical power; for it is an indisputable fact that, at the same moment that the principle of liberty triumphed in the Church, the principle of despotism triumphed in the State—in Germany in the person of Charles V.—in France in the person of Louis XIV.—and in England in the person of Henry VIII. The explanation of this remarkable circumstance is no doubt to be found in the fact that the Reformation was, in its origin, essentially a religious movement, and that the attention of men was at first directed to their religious, to the neglect of their political interests. But it was impossible that this state of things should last, and a struggle between that principle of liberty and free enquiry, which had triumphed in the spiritual order, and that principle of despotism which

had triumphed in the temporal, was sooner or later, inevitable. I need scarcely remind you that that struggle began in England. This is not the place to enter into any examination of the causes which enabled the Tudors to push the royal prerogatives to a point which they had never reached under the most powerful and absolute of the Plantagenets. It is enough that the fact is so, and that the explanation is to be found, partly, in the personal character of the illustrious princes of that haughty house; but, principally, in the destruction of the old nobility in the wars of York and Lancaster, whose jealousy and watchfulness had always held the Crown in check, and maintained the Ancient Constitution of the Realm. Under the usurpations of the Tudors, the English people manifested, from time to time, much uneasiness and discontent; but these monarchs, by their firmness and energy—by timely concession, where concession was inevitable, and by resolute resistance wherever resistance was practicable, managed to maintain their power, and to crush every revolutionary movement in the bud. It was just at this critical moment when the people of England were awakening to their political interests, that, the line of the Tudors failing, James I., a foreigner, a pedant, a coward and a fool, ascended the English throne, and began his reign by the assertion of dogmas in relation to the nature and origin of the regal powers which the haughtiest Tudor had never dreamed of. It was gravely asserted by him that the kingly power came from heaven—that it descended directly from God—that, being derived from God, it was responsible only to him, and, therefore, above all human control and intervention—absolute, inviolable—irrevocable—that no injustice, no misconduct could forfeit it—that to rebel against it was to rebel against heaven, and that what were termed the rights of the subject, were so termed by courtesy only, being, in truth, but so many grants, or concessions from the reigning prince to his subjects, revocable at his sovereign will and pleasure. And thus, at the very instant when the people of England were beginning to take an interest in their political affairs, was an effort made to withdraw them entirely from their jurisdiction, by giving to government a divine origin, and establishing the principle of inviolability. By the assertion of these dogmas on all occasions, in season and out of season, in the palace, the city, and the country, James invited, and, as it were, challenged, an investigation of their truth. I need scarcely say to you that the challenge was accepted—that the controversy soon passed from the court to the nation, and thus began that memorable struggle between the principles of despotism and the principles of liberty which deluded England.

blood, brought one of her ancient kings to the scaffold, and laid the foundations of POLITICAL SCIENCE.

On the side of the Court first appeared Filmer, maintaining, with his royal patron, that the kingly power is of divine origin—absolute, inviolable, irrevocable, and he actually attempted to trace it back *historically* to God. Absurd as was his whole system and the arguments alleged in its support, it is a remarkable fact that Filmer's book made a deep and profound impression at the time of its publication.

The public mind of England was now thoroughly aroused upon the subject of its political affairs, and it was impossible that the controversy should stop at this point. We accordingly find that, shortly afterwards, and on the same side, appeared another writer, not like Filmer, a mere pedant, but a man of genius and erudition—a great, bold, original thinker—the first philosopher of his age and country—I mean *Thomas Hobbes*. Hobbes saw at once the absurdity of Filmer's theory, and that, if the Royal pretensions were to be maintained at all, it must be upon some other hypothesis of government than that of the "*Divine Right*." He adopted that of a "*State of Nature*," and has thus the credit of originating an idea which has been at the bottom of all speculations upon government, from that time to the present. Instead of deducing government from God, he deduced it from "a state of nature," which he supposed to be a state of constant warfare, which, in time, became so intolerable that men were forced to seek refuge from it in *civil society*. The act, by which he supposes them to pass from a state of nature into society, was a "*compact*," and thus this great original thinker was also the first to conceive the idea that *government is founded on a compact*. By this compact, according to Hobbes, all agree to "submit their will to the will of one—it matters not whether this be one individual or an assemblage of persons—whose will should become the will of all." "Whoever procures his will to be thus respected, possesses the sovereign power and majesty—he is the prince—the others are his subjects." In the person of this prince, according to the theory, all powers, executive, legislative and judicial, unite, and, having once passed to him by the original compact, cannot be revoked. And thus Hobbes, deducing government from a "state of nature," and Filmer deriving it from God, arrived, in the end, at the same conclusion—that *the kingly power is absolute, indivisible, inviolable and irrevocable*.

But I have said that the English people had now become deeply concerned about their government, and that that spirit of free enquiry, which had overthrown despotisms in the Church,

was now directed to the State. It was not to be expected, therefore, that Filmer and Hobbes would go unanswered. Nor was it so; and, passing over Algernon Sidney and other writers of less note, I come directly to Locke, the great champion of liberty, and of the ancient Constitution of England, against the despotic dogmas of the Stuarts. Like Hobbes, Locke derived society from "a state of nature;" but his idea of this thing, called "a state of nature," was altogether different from that of Hobbes. According to Locke, a state of nature was no state of universal warfare; but a state in which all men were *free, equal, and in the enjoyment of certain rights*—which rights each was bound to respect, and, in case of their violation or infringement, was justified, upon the principles of self-defence, in resorting to force for their maintenance and protection. And here, permit me to say in passing, we have, for the first time in human history, the suggestion of the idea of *natural rights*, and the *universal freedom and equality of mankind* in connection with government. In Locke's state of nature, all men were supposed to be free, equal, and in the possession of certain rights, and from this state of universal freedom and equality, in which every individual is the guardian and conservator of his own natural rights, he makes mankind pass into civil society by an *act of surrender*, upon the part of each individual, to the constituted authorities, of his personal privilege of punishing and redressing all violations of those natural rights. And, as the State, in the estimation of Locke, is but a voluntary association among a number of men, each individually free and equal, and the universal freedom and equality of mankind thus the original element of his system, it was but a fair and logical deduction from these premises, that this association, when organized, should be directed by the will of the majority, and that each member should submit his will to the will of that majority. Thus was Locke led to the conclusion that the supreme power resides in the majority of the community. But he also held, what was the most important part of his theory, that this supreme power was *transferable and divisible*, and that, in England, it had actually been transferred and distributed among the different departments of the Government and the different orders of the State, in various proportions.

Such was the reasoning by which Locke refuted the despotic theories of Filmer and Hobbes, and demonstrated, to the satisfaction at least of the great body of the English people, that the ancient constitution of the realm was in strict conformity with the abstract principles of government—and so great was the impression made by his Essay—so high was the authority of his

name, and so entirely were his conclusions in harmony with the feelings and patriotism of the people of England, that his theory was looked upon as completing and perfecting the science of government. And certain it is that politics, as a science, has made no progress in that country from that day to this.

Abandoned in England, however, political science was revived upon the continent, and pushed to a point greatly in advance of that at which Locke had left it. This is not the occasion to enter into any explanation of those circumstances which made Geneva, in the early portion of the eighteenth century, the centre of political speculation for all Europe. I simply state the fact, and that the "*Contrat Social*" could only have been written by a "citizen of Geneva." This little Republic—one of the smallest States of Europe—situated in the centre of the continent, and surrounded on all sides by great and powerful monarchies, not only managed to maintain its independence; but became, about this time, the hot-bed of those political theories which have since overturned a throne, expelled an ancient dynasty, and agitated the general fabric of European society to its lowest depths. Rousseau was the apostle of this Geneva School. Like Hobbes and Locke, he deduced government from "a state of nature," out of which he supposes mankind to emerge into civil society by a voluntary contract—the "*Contrat Social*." This contract is the result of unanimous agreement, every member of society being a party to it, and is concluded, not between the people and their rulers, but between the people themselves. The object of it is the establishment of institutions "under which the power of *all* may be exercised for the protection of the persons and property of *each*"—each individual surrendering himself to the will and direction of the community, which is thus made sovereign and supreme. And the sovereign and supreme power, thus vested in the community, is, when so vested, according to Rousseau, *indivisible and intransferable*, always abiding, undiminished, in the community—from which it follows that magistrates are but agents, and government a mere agency, responsible always to the people, who remain *all the time* supreme and sovereign.

Such is the "*Contrat Social*"—the "text-book of revolution"—which, though it would be a shallow and superficial view to say that it caused the French Revolution, yet certainly impressed upon that great movement its distinctive character, and gave it the direction which it took.

It is manifest from this rapid review of the theories of Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, that Hobbes and Rousseau stand at opposite extremes, while Locke occupies a position inter-

mediate between the two. Hobbes, by maintaining that the supreme power is transferable, but indivisible and irrevocable, and that, in all organized governments, it has been actually transferred, thus undivided, to the constituted authorities by the original compact, was led directly to *absolute monarchy*. Rousseau, on the other hand, by maintaining that the supreme power was indivisible and intransferable, and must abide always, and under all circumstances, with the sovereign people, was led directly to *pure democracy*—while Locke, by maintaining that the supreme power was both transferable and divisible, was led to *mixed government*.

Such is a very brief sketch of the rise and progress of those political theories which, though of recent origin, have exerted, and are still exerting a marvellous influence over the destinies of modern society. Their great importance demanded that I should not pass them by in silence. Many good and wise men, looking to the discontent and dissatisfaction which they have diffused so generally throughout the world, and the excesses and crimes to which they have led in at least one memorable instance, have been induced to regret their existence, and to look upon speculative politics as the great pest and nuisance of our times. Such is not my opinion. Those ideas of human equality and natural rights, generated by political theory and metaphysics, have, indeed, like all new ideas of a popular character, been pushed, in the first instance, to extremes; but the evil is one which, in the nature of things, must soon correct itself, and it is manifest that reaction has already commenced. The difference between the first and second Revolutions in France, marks the progress of that reaction, and I have an abiding faith that modern civilization will not fail in the accomplishment of its great work of reconciling the *principles of equality* with the *principles of liberty*. I have never been able to see why those general ideas—that spirit of philosophy, which has pervaded every other department of human affairs, and allied itself, in science, morals, and religion, with experience and fact, should be excluded from the field of legislation. Why is it that, in the scientific, moral and religious world, theory and fact may move side by side, checking, controlling and modifying each other, while the political world must be abandoned to prescription and to ancient abuses and injustices? There is, there can be no good reason for it, and while upon the one hand I would not surrender society to the despotism of theory, so neither would I, upon the other, abandon it to the despotism of prescription; but keeping a steady eye upon its growth and development, I would gradually, cautiously, and upon the principles of reform rather than of revolution, mould and mod-

ify the institutions of the past so as to accommodate them to the present. And, if that great conservative principle, which lies at the basis of our government, can only be preserved in its full integrity, I have no apprehensions connected with the progress of the principles of equality—no fear whatever but that those ancient and high-born rights, privileges and franchises, of which I have so often spoken, may be extended with safety and infinite benefit to the humblest citizen who toils and sweats in the field, the work-shop, the factory, or on the highway.

In conclusion, gentlemen, for I feel that it is time, full time, that I should bring this address to a conclusion, I have but one wish to express, which is that the purport and tenor of these remarks may not be misunderstood. In all that I have said—in every syllable which I have uttered, I have had but one object in view, and that is to say something which might strengthen and tighten the cords which bind every son of Virginia to the soil which gave him birth. If I have endeavored to prove to you that our liberties have not sprung from modern theory and metaphysics, but have a high and ancient pedigree, it was only that I might thereby the more endear them to you upon the principle upon which we love and respect whatever is old, and which has been transmitted to us as an inheritance from our fathers. If I have endeavored to prove to you that the principle upon which the Virginia Constitution of '76 is based, is the principle which draws the line between despotism and liberty, and is at once the glory and the guarantee of modern civilization, it was only that, by teaching its priceless value, I might present to you a stronger motive to defend and maintain it under all circumstances and at every hazard. Lastly, if I have spoken in terms of reverential homage of those illustrious founders of the Republic, who, at the instant of the separation of the colony from the mother country, collected together and bound up the ancient liberties of the people of Virginia in that great Constitutional Charta, and thus transmitted them as an inheritance to those who should succeed them, it was only that we might learn to love and respect their memories the more, and to imitate their high example. And, now, gentlemen, finally, what I say to you, and through you, to the young men of our State, is, let us study the characters of these Conscript Fathers of the Republic—let us fill our heads with their rational and manly views of liberty, and our hearts with their noble, patriotic impulses and purposes—let us, in a word, take them as our models, and to this end, here, in the capital of that Commonwealth which, under the shelter and protection of those institutions which they founded, has enjoyed, for the last seventy-five years,

as large a portion of happiness, prosperity and substantial freedom, as has been ever realized by any community of men on earth,—here, I say, in the capital of this ancient Commonwealth, and within a few yards of the spot from which I now address you,

"WILL WE BUILD THEM

A MONUMENT and plant it round with shade
Of laurel, ever green, and branching palm,
With all their trophies hung and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Hither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from their memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valor and adventures high:
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit their tomb with flowers."

TO MY SISTER.

BY THE LATE F. S. KEY.

I think of thee, I feel the glow,
Of that warm thought, yet well I know
No verse a brother's love can show;
My Sister!

But ill should I deserve the name,
Or warmth divine that Poets claim,
If I for thee no lay could frame,
My Sister!

I think of thee, of those bright hours,
Rich in life's first and fairest flowers,
When childhood's gay delights were ours,
My Sister!

Those sunny paths were all our own,
And thou and I were there alone,
Each to the other only known,
My Sister!

In every joy, and every care,
We two, and we alone, were there,
The brightness and the gloom to share,
My Sister!

As changing seasons o'er us flew,
No changes in our love we knew,
And there our hearts together grew,
My Sister!

And then there came that dreaded day,
When I with thee no more must stay,
But to the far school haste away,
My Sister!

Sad was the parting, sad the days,
And dull the school, and dull the plays,
Ere I again on thee may gaze,
My Sister!

But longest days will yet be past,
And cares of school away be cast,
And home and thee be seen at last,
My Sister!

The mountain-top—the road—the plain,
The winding creek, the shaded lane,
Shall shine in both our eyes again,
My Sister!

Who then shall first my greeting seek,
Whose warm tears fall upon my cheek,
And tell the joy she cannot speak,
My Sister!

My Sister, those bright joys are gone,
And we through life have journeyed on,
With hearts which still as then are one,
My Sister!

A parting hour again must come,
To meet again beyond the tomb,
Oh! let us then make Heav'n our home,
My Sister!

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

INTRODUCTION.

In the month of March, A. D., 1836, the writer of these faithful chronicles of law-doings in the South West, duly equipped for forensic warfare, having perused nearly the whole of Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, left behind him the red hills of his native village, in the valley of the Shenandoah, to seek his fortune. He turned his horse's head to the setting sun. His loyalty to the Old Dominion extorts the explanation that his was no voluntary expatriation. He went under the compulsion which produced the author's book—"Urged by hunger and request of friends." The gentle momentum of a female slipper, too, it might as well be confessed, added its moral suasion to the more pressing urgencies of breakfast, dinner and supper. To the South West he started because magnificent accounts came from that sunny land of most cheering and exhilarating prospects of fussing, quarrelling, murdering, violation of contracts, and the whole catalogue of *crimen falsi*—in fine, of a flush tide of litigation in all of its departments, civil and criminal. It was extolled as a legal Utopia, peopled by a race of eager litigants, only waiting for the lawyers to come on and divide out to them the shells of a bountiful system of squabbling: a California of Law, whose surface strife only indicated the vast *placers* of legal dispute waiting in untold profusion, the presence of a few craftsmen to bring out the crude suits to some forum, or into chancery for trial or assay.

He resigned prospects of great brilliancy at home. His family connections were numerous, though those of influence were lawyers themselves, which made this fact only contingently beneficial—to wit, the contingency of their dying before him—which was a sort of *remotissima potentia*, seeing they were in the enjoyment of excellent health, the profession being remarkably salubrious in that village; and seeing further, that, after their death, their influence might be gone. Not counting, therefore, too much on this advantage it was a well-ascertained fact that no man of real talent and energy—and, of course, every lawyerling has both at the start—had ever come to that bar, who did not, in the course of five or six years, with any thing like moderate luck, make expenses, and, surviving that short probation on board wages, lay up money, ranging from \$250 to \$500, according to merit and good fortune, *per annum*. In evidence of the correctness of this calculation, it may be added that seven young gentlemen, all of fine promise, were enjoying high life—in upper stories—cultivating the cardinal virtues of Faith and Hope in themselves, and the greater virtue of Charity in their friends—the only briefs as yet known to them being brief of money and brief of credit; their barrenness of fruition in the day time relieved by oriental dreams of fairy clients, with fifteen shilling fees in each hand, and glorious ten dollar contingents in the perspective, beckoning them on to Fame and Fortune. But Poverty, the rugged mother of the *wind-sellers* of all times and countries, as poor Peter Peebles so irreverently calls our honorable craft,—the Necessity which knows no Law, yet teaches so much of it, tore him from scenes and prospects of such allurements: with the heroism of old Regulus, he turned his back upon his country and put all to hazard—*videlicet*, a pony valued at \$35, a pair of saddle-bags and contents, a new razor not much needed at that early day, and seventy-five dollars in Virginia bank bills.

Passing leisurely along through East Tennessee, he was struck with the sturdy independence of the natives, of the enervating refinements of artificial society and its concomitants; nor less than with the patriotic encouragement they extended to their own productions and manufactures: the writer frequently saw pretty farmers' daughters working bare-footed in the field, and his attention was often drawn to the number of the distilleries and to evident symptoms of a liberal patronage of their products. He stopped at a seat of Justice for half a day, while Court was in session, to witness the manner in which the natives did up judicature; but with the exception of a few cases under a statute of universal authority and delicacy, he saw nothing of special

interest; and these did not seem to excite much attention beyond the domestic circle.

The transition from East Tennessee to South Western Alabama and East Mississippi was something marked. It was somewhat like a sudden change from "Sleepy Hollow" to the Strand. A man, retailing onions by the dozen in Weathersfield, and the same man suddenly turned into a Real Estate broker in San Francisco, would realize the contrast between the picaresque standard of the one region, and the wild spectrification, the impetuous rush and the magnificent scale of operations in the other.

The writer pitched his tabernacle on the thither side of the state line of Alabama, in the charming village of P., one of the loveliest hamlets of the plain, or rather it would be, did it not stand on a hill. Gamblers, then a numerous class, included, the village boasted a population of some five hundred souls; about a third of whom were single gentlemen who had come out on the vague errand of seeking their fortune, or the more definite one of seeking somebody else's: philosophers who mingled the spirit of Anacreon with the enterprize of Astor, and who enjoyed the present as well as laid projects for the future, to be worked out for their own profit upon the safe plan of some other person's risk.

Why he selected this particular spot for his *locus in quo*, is easily told. The capital he had invested in emigration was nearly expended and had not as yet declared any dividend; and, with native pride, he was ambitious to carry money enough with him to excite the hopes of his landlord. Besides, he was willing to try his hand on the practice where competition was not formidable.

The "accommodations" at the "American Hotel" were not such as were calculated to beguile a spiritual mind to things of sense. The writer has been at the Astor, the Revere and the St. Charles since, and did not note the resemblance. A huge cross-piece, like a gibbet, stood before the door—the usual *inn-sign* of the country; and though a very apt device as typifying death, it was not happy in denoting the specific kind of destruction that menaced the guest. The vigor of his constitution, however, proved sufficient for the trial; though, for a long time, the contest was dubious.

In the fall of the year so scarce were provisions—bull-beef excepted, which seemed to be every where—that we were forced to eat green corn, baked or fried with lard, for bread; and he remembers, when biscuits came again, a mad wag, Jim Cole, shouted out from the table that he should certainly die *now*, for want of a new bolting cloth to his throat.

A shed for an office procured, the next thing

was a license; and this a Circuit Judge was authorized to grant, which service was rendered by the Hon. J. F. T. in a manner which shall ever inspire gratitude—he asking not a single legal question; an eloquent silence which can never be appreciated except by those who are unable to stand an examination.

This egotism over, and its purpose of merely introducing the witness accomplished, the narrative will proceed without further mention of him or his fortunes; and if any reader thinks he loses anything by this abbreviation, perhaps it will be full consolation to him to know that if it proceeded further, the author might lose a great deal more.

Dropping the third for the more convenient first person, he will proceed to give some account of what was done by or to Themis in that part of her noisy domain.

Those were jolly times. Imagine thirty or forty young men collected together in a new country, armed with fresh licenses which they had got gratuitously, and a plentiful stock of brass which they had got in the natural way; and standing ready to supply any distressed citizen who wanted law, with their wares counterfeiting the article. I must confess it looked to me something like a swindle. It was doing business on the wooden-nutmeg, or rather the patent brass-clock principle. There was one consolation: the clients were generally as sham as the counsellors. For the most part, they were either broke or in a rapid decline. They usually paid us the compliment of retaining us, but they usually retained the fee too, a double retainer we did not much fancy. However, we got as much as we were entitled to and something over, *videlicet*, as much over as we got at all. The most that we made was experience. We learned before long, how every possible sort of case could be successfully lost: there was no way of getting out of court that we had not tested. The last way we learned was *via* a verdict: it was a considerable triumph to get to the jury, though it seemed a sufficiently easy matter to get away from one again. But the perils of the road from the writ to an issue or issues—for there were generally several of them—were great indeed. The way was infested and ambushed, with all imaginable points of practice, quirks and quibbles, that had strayed off from the litigation of every sort of foreign judicature,—that had been successfully tried in, or been driven out of, regularly organized forums, besides a smart sprinkling of indigenous growth. Nothing was settled. Chaos had come again, or rather, had never gone away.

Order, Heaven's first law, seemed unwilling to remain where there was no other law to keep it company. I spoke of the thirty or forty barristers on their first legs—but I omitted to speak of the older members who had had the advantage of several years' practice and precedence. These were the leaders on the Circuit. They had the law—that is the practice and rulings of the courts—and kept it as a close monopoly. The earliest information we got of it was when some precious dogma was drawn out on us with fatal effect. They had conned the statutes for the last fifteen years, which were inaccessible to us, and we occasionally, much to our astonishment, got the benefit of instruction in a clause or two of "the act in such cases made and provided" at a considerable tuition fee to be paid by our clients. Occasionally, too, a repealed statute was revived for our especial benefit. The courts being forbidden to charge except as specially asked, took away from us in a great measure, the protection of the natural guardians of our ignorant innocence: there could be no prayer for general relief, and we did not—many of us—know how to pray specially, and always ran great risks of prejudicing our cases before the jury, by having instructions refused. It was better to trust to the "uncovenanted mercies" of the jury, and risk a decision on the honesty of the thing, than blunder along after charges. As to reserving points except as a bluff or scarecrow, that was a thing unheard of: the Supreme Court was a perfect *terra incognita*: we had all heard there was such a place, as we had heard of Heaven's Chancery, to which the Accusing Spirit took up Uncle Toby's oath, but we as little knew the way there, and as little expected to go there. Out of 1,000 cases, butchered in cold blood without and with the forms of law, not one in that first year's practice, ever got to the High Court of Errors and Appeals; (or, as Prentiss called it, the Court of High Errors and Appeals.) No wonder we never started. How could we ever get them there? If we had to run a gauntlet of technicalities and quibbles to get a judgment on "a plain note of hand," in the Circuit Court, Tam O'Shanter's race through the warlock, would be nothing to the journey to and through the Supreme Court! It would have been a writ of error indeed—or rather a writ of many errors. This is but speculation, however—we never tried it—the experiment was too much even for our brass. The leaders were a good deal but not generally retained. The reason was, they wanted the money, or like Falstaff's mercer, good security; a most uncomfortable requisition with the mass of our litigants. We, of the local bar trusted—so did our clients: it is hard to say which did the wildest credit business.

The leaders were sharp fellows—keen as briars—*au fait* in all trap points—quick to discern small errors—perfect in forms and ceremonies—very pharisees in "anise, mint and cummin—but neglecting judgment and the weightier matters of the law." They seemed to think that judicature was a tanyard—clients skins to be curried—the court the mill, and the thing "to work on their leather" with—*bark*: the idea that justice had anything to do with trying causes, or *aeoneo* had any thing to do with legal principles, never seemed to occur to them once, as a possible conception.

Those were quashing times, and they were the *out quashingest* set of fellows ever known. They moved to quash every thing, from a *venire* to a *subpoena*: indeed, I knew one of them to quash the whole court, on the ground that the Board of Police was bound by law to furnish the building for holding the Court, and there was no proof that the building in which the court was sitting was so furnished. They usually, however, commenced at the *capias*—and kept quashing on until they got to the forthcoming bond, which, being set aside, released the security for the debt, and then, generally, it was no use to quash any thing more. In one court, forthcoming bonds, to the amount of some hundred thousands of dollars, were quashed, because the execution was written "State of Mississippi"—instead of "*the* State of Mississippi," the constitution requiring the style of process to be the State of Mississippi: a quashing process which vindicated the constitution at the expense of the foreign creditors in the matter of these bonds, almost as effectively as a subsequent vindication in respect of other bonds, about which more clamor was raised.

Attachments were much resorted to, there being about that time as the pressure was coming on, a lively stampede to Texas. It became the interest of the debtors and their securities and of rival creditors, to quash these, and quashed they were, almost without exception. J. H. was sheriff of W., and used to keep a book in which he noted the disposition of the cases called on the docket. Opposite nearly every attachment case, was the brief annotation—"squashed for the lack of form." This fatality surprised me at first, as the statute declared the attachment law should be liberally construed, and gave a form, and the act required only the substantial requisites of the form to be observed: but it seems the form given for the bond in the statute, varied materially from the requirements of the statute in other portions of the act: and so the circuit courts held the forms to be a sort of legislative gull trap, by following which, the creditor lost his debt.

This ingenious turn for quibbling derived great

assistance and many occasions of exercise from the manner in which business had been done, and the character of the officials who did it, or rather who didn't do it. The justices of the peace, probate judges, and clerks, and sheriffs, were not unfrequently in a state of as unsophisticated ignorance of conventionalities as could be desired by J. J. Rousseau or any other eulogist of the savage state. They were all elected by the people, who neither knew nor cared whether they were qualified or not. If they were "good fellows" and wanted the office, that is, were too poor and lazy to support themselves in any other way, that was enough. If poor John Rogers, with nine small children and one at the breast, had been in Mississippi instead of Smithfield, he could have got any office he wanted, that is, if he had quit preaching and taken to treating. The result of these official blunders was, that about every other thing done at all, was done wrong: indeed, the only question was as between void and voidable. Even in capital cases, the convictions were worth nothing—the record not showing enough to satisfy the High Court that the prisoner was tried in the county, or at the place required by law, or that the grand jury were freeholders, &c., of the county where the offence was committed, or that they had found a bill. They had put an old negro, Cupid, in C—— county, in question for his life, and convicted him three times, but the conviction never would stick. The last time the jury brought him in guilty, he was very composedly eating an apple. The sheriff asked him how he liked the idea of being hung. "Hung," said he—"hung. You don't think they are going to hang me, do you? I don't mind these little circuit judges: wait 'till old *Shurkey* says the word in the High Court, and then it will be time enough to be getting ready."

But if quashing was the general order of the day, it was the special order when the state docket was taken up. Such quashing of indictments! It seemed as by a curious display of skill in missing, the pleader never could get an indictment to hold water. I recollect S. who was prosecuting *pro tem.* for the state, convicted a poor Indian of murder, the Indian having only counsel volunteering on his arraignment, S. turned around and said with emphatic complacency: "I tell you, gentlemen, there is a fatality attending my indictments." "Yes," rejoined B., "they are generally quashed."

It was in criminal trials that the juniors flourished. We went into them with the same feeling of irresponsibility that Allen Fairfield went into the trial of poor Peter Peebles's suit vs. Plaintunes, namely—that there was but little danger of hurting the case. Any ordinary jury

would have acquitted nine cases out of ten without counsel's instigating them thereto—to say nothing of the hundred avenues of escape through informalities and technical points. In fact, criminals were so unskillfully defended in many instances, that the jury had to acquit in spite of the counsel. Almost any thing made out a case of self-defence—a threat—a quarrel—an insult—going armed as almost all the wild fellows did—shooting from behind a corner or out of a store door, in front or from behind—it was all self-defence! The only skill in the matter, was in getting the right sort of a jury, which fact could be easily ascertained, either from the general character of the men, or from certain discoveries the defendant had been enabled to make in his mingling among "his friends and the public generally,"—for they were all, or nearly all, let out on bail or without it. Usually, the sheriff, too, was a friendly man and not inclined to omit a kind service that was likely to be remembered with gratitude at the next election.

The major part of criminal cases, except misdemeanors, were for killing, or assaults with intent to kill. They were usually defended upon points of chivalry. The iron rules of British law were too tyrannical for free Americans, and too cold and unfeeling for the hot blood of the sunny south. They were denounced accordingly, and practically scouted from Mississippi judicature, on the broad ground that they were unsuited to the genius of American institutions and the American character. There was nothing technical in this, certainly.

But if the case was a hopeless or very dangerous one, there was another way to get rid of it. "The world was all before" the culprit "where to choose." The jails were in such a condition—generally small log pens—that they held the prisoner very little better than did the indictment: for the most part, they held no one but Indians who had no friend outside who could help them, and no skill inside to prize out. It was a matter of free election for the culprit in a desperate case, whether he would remain in jail or not; and it is astonishing how few exercised their privilege in favor of staying. The pains of exile seemed to present no stronger bars to expatriation, than the jail doors or windows.

The inefficiency of the assisting officers, too, was generally such that the malefactor could wind up his affairs and leave before the constable was on his track. If he gave bail, there were the chances of breaking the bond or recognisance, and the assurance against injury, derived from the fact that the recognisance were already broke.

The aforesaid leaders carried it with a high hand over us lawyer-lings. If they took nothing by their false clamor, they certainly lost nothing by sleeping on their rights, or by failing to claim all they were entitled to. What they couldn't get by asking the court, they got by sneering and brow-beating. It was pleasant to watch the countenances of some of them when one of us made a motion or took a point, or asked a question of a witness that they disapproved of. They could sneer like Snake and scold like Madame Caudle, and hector like Bully Ajax.

We had a goodly youth, a little our senior but more their junior, a goodly youth from the Republic of South Carolina, Jim T. by name. The elders had tried his mettle: he wouldn't fag for them, but stood up to them like a man. When he came to the bar, Sam J. made a motion at him on the motion docket, requiring him to produce his original book of entries on the trial or be non *suit*. (He had brought an action of assumpsit on a blacksmith's account.) When the case was called, Sam demanded whether the book was in court. Jim told him "No, and it wouldn't be," and denied his right to call for it; whereupon, Sam let the motion go, and suffered Jim T. to go on and prove the account and get the verdict; a feat worthy of no little praise. Jim was equal to any of them in law, knowledge and talent, and superior in application and self-confidence, if that last *could* be justly said of mere humanity. He rode over us rough-shod, but we forgave him for it in consideration of his worrying and standing up to the rack. He was the best lawyer of his age I had ever seen. He had accomplished himself in the elegant science of special pleading,—had learned all the arts of confusing a case by all manner of pleas and motions, and took as much interest in enveloping a plain suit in all the cobwebs of technical defence, as Vidocq ever took in laying snares for a rogue. He could "entangle justice in such a web of law," that the blind hussey could have never found her way out again if Theseus had been there to give her the clew. His thought by day and his meditation by night, was special pleas. He loved a demurrer as Domine Dobiensis loved a pun—with a solemn affection. He could draw a volume of pleas a night, each one so nearly presenting a regular defence, that there was scarcely any telling whether it hit it or not. If we replied, ten to one he demurred to the replication; and would assign fifteen special cases of demurrer in as many minutes. If we took issue, we ran an imminent risk of either being caught up on the facts, or of having the judgment set aside as rendered on an immaterial issue. It was always dangerous to demur, for the demurrer being overruled, the defendant was entitled to judgment final.

Cases were triable at the first term if the writ had been served 20 days before court. It may be seen, therefore, at a glance, that, with an overwhelming docket, and without books, or time to consult them if at hand, and without previous knowledge, we were not reposing either on a bed of roses or of safety. Jim T. was great on variances, too. If the note was not described properly in the declaration, we were sure to catch it before the jury: and, if any point could be made on the proofs, he was sure to make it. How we trembled when we began to read the note to the jury! And how ominous seemed the words "I object"—of a most cruel and untimely end about being put to our case. How many cases where, on a full presentiment of the legal merits of them, there was no pretence of a defence, he gained, it is impossible to tell. But if the ghosts of the murdered victims could now arise, Macbeth would have had an easy time of it compared to Jim T. How we admired, envied, feared and hated him! With what a bold, self-relying air he took his points! With what sarcastic emphasis he replied to our defences and half defences! We thought that he knew all the law there was: and when, in a short time, he caught the old leaders up, we thought if we couldn't be George Washington, how we should like to be Jim T.

He has risen since that time to merited distinction as a ripe and finished lawyer; yet, "in his noon of fame," he never so tasted the luxury of power,—never so knew the bliss of envied and unapproached preëminence, as when, in the old log court houses, he was throwing the boys right and left as fast as they came to him, by pleas dilatory, sham and meritorious, demurrer, motions and variances. So infallible was his skill in these infernal arts, that it was almost a tempting of Providence not to employ him.

I never thought Jim acted altogether fairly by squire A. The squire had come to the bar rather late in life, and though an excellent justice and a sensible man, was not profoundly versed in the metaphysics of special pleading. He was particularly pleased when he got to a jury on 'a plain note,' and particularly annoyed when the road was blocked up by pleas in abatement and demurrers or special pleas in bar. He had the most unlimited admiration of Jim. Indeed, he had an awful reverence for him. He looked up to him as Boswell looked up to Sam Johnson, or Timothy to Paul. The squire had a note he was anxious to get judgment on. He had declared with great care and after anxious deliberation. Not only was the declaration copied from the most approved precedent, but the common counts were all put in with all due punctilios, to meet every imaginable phase the case could assume.

Jim found a variance in the count on the note: but how to get rid of the common counts was the difficulty. He put a bold face on the matter, however, went up to A. in the court house, and threw himself into a passion. "Well," said he, with freezing dignity—"I see, sir, you have gone and put the common counts in this declaration—do I understand you to mean them to stand? I desire to be informed, sir?" "Why, y-e-s, that is. I put 'em there—but look here, H——, what are you mad at? What's wrong?" "What's wrong?—a pretty question! Do you pretend, sir, that my client ever borrowed any money of yours—that yours ever paid out money for mine? Did your client ever give you instructions to sue mine for borrowed money? No, sir, you know he didn't. Is that endorsed on the writ? No, sir. Don't you know the statute requires the cause of action to be endorsed on the *capias ad respondendum*? I mean to see whether an action for a malicious suit wouldn't lie for this? and shall move to strike out all these counts as multifarious and incongruous and heterogeneous." "Well, Jim, don't get mad about it, old fellow—I took it from the books." "Yes, from the English books—but didn't you know we don't govern ourselves by the British statute,—if you don't, I'll instruct you." "Now," said A., "Jim, hold on—all I want is a fair trial—if you will let me go to the jury, I'll strike out these common counts." "Well," says Jim, "I will this time, as it is you; but let this be a warning to you, A., how you get to suing my clients on promiscuous, and fictitious, and pretended causes of action."

Accordingly they joined issue on the count in chief—A. offered to read his note—H. objected—it was voted out, and A. was non suited. "Now," said Jim, "that is doing the thing in the regular way. See how pleasant it is to get on with business when the rules are observed!"

The case of most interest at the Fall term of N—e court, 1837, was the State of Mississippi vs. Major Foreman, charged with assault with intent to kill one Tommy Peabody, a Yankee schoolmaster in the neighborhood of M—ville. The District Attorney being absent, the Court appointed J. T. to prosecute. All the preliminary motions and points of order having been gone through and having failed of success, the defendant had to go to trial before the jury. The defendant being a warm democrat, selected T. M., the then leader of that party, and Washington B. T., then a rising light of the same political sect, to defend him. The evidence was not very clear or positive. It seemed that an altercation

had arisen at the grocery, (fashionably called doggery,) between a son of the defendant and the schoolmaster, which led to the shooting of the pistol by the younger F. at the aforesaid Thomas, as the said Thomas was making his way with equal regard to speed of transit and safety of conveyance from that locality. As it was Thomas's business to teach the young idea to shoot, he had no idea of putting to hazard "the delightful task" by being shot himself: and by thinking him of "what troubles do environ the man that meddles with cold iron" on the drawing thereof, resolved himself into a committee of safety and proceeded energetically to the despatch of the appropriate business of the board. But fast as Thomas travelled, a bevy of mischievous buck-shot, as full of devilment as Thomas' scholars just escaped from school, rushed after, and one of them, striking him about two feet above the calf of his right leg, made his seat on the scholastic tripod for a while rather unpleasant to him. In fact Thomas suffered a good deal in that particular region in which he had been the cause of much suffering in others. Thomas also added to the fun naturally attaching, in the eyes of the mercurial and reckless population of the time, to a Yankee schoolmaster's being shot while running, in so tender a point, by clapping his hands behind at the fire and bellowing out that the murderer had blown out his brains! A mistake very pardonable in one who had come fresh from a country where pistols were not known, and who could not be expected, under these distressing circumstances, to estimate, with much precision, the effect of a gun-shot wound.

Young Foreman, immediately after the pistol went off, followed its example. And not being of a curious turn, did not come back to see what the sheriff had done with a document he had for him, though assured that it related to important business. The proof against him—as it usually was against any one who could not be hurt by it—was clear enough: but it was not so much so against his father. The Major was there, had participated in the quarrel, and about the time of the firing a voice the witness took—but wasn't certain—to be the Major's, was heard to cry out, "Shoot! Shoot!" and, shortly after the firing, the Major was heard to halloo to Peabody, "Run—Run—you d—d rascal—run!" This was about the strength of the testimony. The Major was a gentleman of about fifty-five—of ruddy complexion, which he had got out of a jug he kept under his bed of cold nights without acknowledging his obligations for the loan—about five feet eight inches high and nearly that much broad. Nature or accident had shortened one leg so that he limped when he walked. His eyes stood out and were streaked like a boy's white alley—and

he wore a ruffled shirt; the same, perhaps, which he had worn on training days in Georgia, but which did not match very well with a yellow linsey vest and a pair of copperas colored jeans pantaloons he had squeezed in the form of a crescent over his protuberant paunch: on the whole he was a pretty good live parody on an enormous goggle-eyed sun perch.

He had come from Georgia, where he had been a major in the militia, if that is not tautology; for I believe that every man that ever comes from Georgia is a major,—repaying the honor of the commission or title by undeviating fidelity to the democratic ticket. He would almost as soon be convicted as to have been successfully defended by a whig lawyer.

Old F. held up his head for some time—indeed seemed to enjoy the mirth that was going on during the testimony, very much. But when J. T. began to pour broadside after broadside into him, and bring up fact after fact and appeal after appeal, and the courthouse grew still and solemn, the old fellow could stand it no longer. Like the Kentucky militia at New Orleans, he ingloriously fled, sneaking out when no one was looking at him. The sheriff, however, soon missed him, and seeing him crossing the bridge and moving towards the swamp, raised a posse and followed after. The trial in the mean time proceeded—as did the Major.

I said he was defended in part by W. B. T.

You didn't know Wash? Well, you missed a good deal. He would have impressed you. He was about thirty years old at the time I am writing of. He came to N. from East Tennessee, among whose romantic mountains he had "beat the drum ecclesiastic" as a Methodist preacher. He had, however, doffed the cassock, or, rather, the shad-belly, for the gown. He had fallen from grace—not a high fall—and having warred against the devil for a time—a quarter or more—Daggetty-like, he got him a law license, and took arms on the other side. His mind was not cramped, nor his originality fettered by technical rules or other learning. His voice, had not affectation injured the effect of it, was remarkably fine, full, musical and sonorous, and of any degree of compass and strength. He was as fluent of words as a Frenchman. He was never known to falter for a word, and if he ever paused for an idea, he paused in vain. He practised on his voice as on an organ, and had as many ups and downs, high keys and low, as many gyrations and windings, as an opera singer or a stage horn. H. G.—y used to say of him that he just shined his eyes, threw up his arms, twirled his tongue, opened his mouth, and left the consequences to Heaven. He practised on the injunction to the apostles, and took no thought

what he should say, but spoke without labor—mental or physical. To add to the charms of his delivery, he wore a poppaw smile, a sort of sickly-sweet expression on his countenance, that worked like Dover's powders on the spectator.

After J. T. had concluded his opening speech, Washington rose to open for the defence. The speech was a remarkable specimen of forensic eloquence. It had all the charms of Counsellor Phillips' most ornate efforts, lacking only the ideas. Great was the sensation when Wash turned upon the prosecutor. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the orator, "this prosecutor is one of the vilest ingrates that ever lived since the time of Judas Iscariot; for, gentlemen, did you not hear from the witnesses, that when this prosecutor was in the very extremity of his peril, my client, moved by the tenderest emotions of pity and compassion, shouted out, 'Run! run! you d—d rascal—run! It is true, (lowering his voice and smiling,) gentlemen, he said 'you d—d rascal!'" but the honorable court will instruct you that that was merely *descriptio personæ*." The effect was prodigious.

After Washington had made an end, old Talabola rose slowly, as if oppressed by the weight of his subject. Now T. never made a jury speech without telling an anecdote. Whatever else was omitted the anecdote had to come. It is true the point and application were both sometimes hard to see; and it is also true that as T's stock was by no means extensive, he had to make up in repetition what he lacked in variety. He had, however, one stand-by, which never failed him. He might be said to have chartered it. He had told it until it had got to be a necessity of speech. The anecdote was a relation of a Georgia major's prowess in war. It ran thus: The major was very brave when the enemy was at a distance, and exhorted his men to fight to the death;—the enemy came nearer—the major told his soldiers to fight bravely, but to be prudent;—the foe came in sight, their arms gleaming in the sunshine—and the major told them that, if they could not do better, they ought to retreat; and added he, "being a little lame, I believe I will leave now." And so, said T., it was with the prosecutor. At length, after a long speech, T. concluded. J. T. rose to reply. He said, before proceeding to the argument, he would pay his respects to his old acquaintance, the anecdote of the Georgia major. He had known it a long while, indeed almost as long as he had known his friend T. It had afforded him amusement for many courts—how many he couldn't now stop to count. Knowing the major to have been drafted into Mr. T's speeches for many a campaign, he had hoped the war-worn veteran

had been discharged from duty and pensioned off in consideration of long and hard usage, or at least, that he was resting on furlough; but it seems he was still in active service. His friend had not been very happy in his anecdote on other occasions, but, he must say, on this occasion he was most *felicitously unhappy*; for the DEFENDANT was a major—he was a Georgia major too; unfortunately he was a little lame also; and, to complete the parallel, “in the heat of this action, on looking around,” said J. T., “I find he has left!” T. jumped up—“No evidence of that, Mr. H. Confine yourself to the record, if you please.” “Well,” said J. T., “gentlemen, my friend is a little restive. You may look around and judge for yourselves.” Tallabola never told that anecdote any more:—he had to get another.

The jury having been sufficiently confused as to the law by which about twenty abstract propositions bearing various, and some of them no, relation to the facts, (the legislature, in its excessive veneration for the sanctity of jury trial having prohibited the judges from charging in an intelligible way,) retired from the bar to consider of their verdict. In a few moments they returned into court. But where was the prisoner? Like Lara he wouldn't come. The court refused to receive the verdict in the absence of the defendant. Finally, after waiting a long while, the Major was brought, an officer holding on to each arm and a crowd following at his heels. (The Major had been caught in the swamp.) When he came in, he thought he was a gone sucker. The court directed the clerk to call over the jury: they were called and severally answered to their names. The perspiration rolled from the Major's face—his eyes stuck out as if he had been choked. At the end of the call, the judge asked “are you agreed on your verdict?” The foreman answered “Yes,” and handed to the clerk the indictment on which the verdict was endorsed. The clerk read it slowly. “We—the jury—find the—de—fen—dant, (the Major held his breath,) *not* guilty.” One moment more and he had fainted. He breathed easy, then uttering a sort of relieving groan shortly after, he came to Tallabola—“Tal,” said he, blubbing and wiping his nose on his cuff, “I'm going to quit the dimmycratic party and jine the whigs.” “Why, Major” said Tal, “what do you mean? you're one of our chief spokes at your box. Don't you believe in our doctrines?” “Yes,” said the Major, “I do; but after my disgraceful run I'm not fit to be a dimmycrat any longer—I'd disgrace the party—and am no better than a dratted, blue-bellied, federal whig!”

THE VALE OF ENNA.

From “*The Search for Persephone*,” an Unpublished Poem.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The Vale of Enna slept in solitude,
No foot had ever fallen there before,
Save when a fawn, or startled antelope
Flew o'er its slopes like wind, or bleating lambs
Strayed down its pastures never to return.
Ridge after ridge, and shelvy ledge on ledge,
And slope on slope, with soft declivities
The meadows sank, as some great wall of surf,
Caught in a rift of crags that front the sea
Rolls down its broken volumes, wave on wave,
Billow on billow sinking, till the last
Kisses the drift of foam along the shore:
The matted grass was full of snowy buds,
As though the winds had shorn the ragged spray,
And shook its fleeces o'er the hollow gulfs.
Below the meadows spread a stretch of lawn,
Which now the virgins gained with dewy feet:
Thickets of roses grew around, breast high,
And pastoral hedges full of flower and thorn:
And all around in nests of tufted grass,
Thick-sown in clusters, grew a myriad flowers,
Sole in their hues, or misted o'er with all.
With flecked inlay and constellated dust,
So starry and innumerable that the Vale
More than of Earth, resembled those of Heaven,
Thick-sown with constellations, bloomy stars:
Near by an orchard grew, a bloomy wood,
Covered with fruit and blossoms all the year:
With plums and pears and figs, the grass was heaped,
And laced with vines, and melons, globes of gold;
Bananas drooped like ingots; pelting down
The dead-ripe olives showered; pomegranates split,
And shed their crimson seeds; myrrhs oozed their gums:
And when the white-throat thrust his silver bill
In stem or bough, the manna bled its balm.

CHILDREN AND THEIR LITERATURE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Children! Hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may Love meet you with heavenly looks and with the wreath of Immortality!—GÖTTE, (*Exequies of Milton*.)

Were we called on to state the most mysterious, unexplored region of Science, we would not say electricity, but—Childhood. “The bane of Science,” cries some naturalist, for whom little Tommy has been kind enough to upset a basin of fresh salamanders, the captives of a hard battle with the sinks of the nearest bog. ‘Babies! did you say?’ cries the literary man, as he puts up his book, to get the little Pledge to sleep:—‘Why the very name comes from Babel.’ We are firm on our assertion; and will cease our defence of children only when they cease coming!

‘I have gotten a man from the Lord,’ was the mother's exclamation at the birth of the first child.

We question if any of Eve's daughters ever saw so deeply into the mystic nature of Infancy after her. How few look upon the little one as a MAN, as much so as the bud is a flower, as much so as a drop has the same elements with the ocean! How few remember that the child is 'from the Lord;' a trust from Heaven of an Immortal Soul, for which the mother is elected!

O mystic realm of Childhood, how so guarded! The generations as they pass bring us Philosophers, Orators, Prophets; but how few come with the key of the child-soul. Who hath the amulet: who will be the 'Tongue of the Secret?' Where is the Seer,

—"the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span,
The mystic gulf from God to man?"

Novalis pauses amid his woes to say, 'Where Children are, there is the golden age;' and the 'Sage of Concord' rises higher when he sees in infancy the 'perpetual Messiah,' sent to woo us back to virtue and simplicity. Is it too much? No: Christ thought not; for amid the disputes of his disciples he took a child and set it in their midst! O what a reproof and Evangel! The trust, the simplicity, the love of a Child,—these are the living Gospel. Amid all the darkness and superstition of the Middle Ages, when we see in every church the Madonna with the gentle Babe, we do not wonder that such souls as St. Francis and Thomas à Kempis were nurtured even by the Apostate Mother. The mediæval Church bore in that Child the germ of its death, for it cultivated in Pascal, in Luther, the child-like spirit that consisted not with hypocrisy. Thou art right, 'good Novalis,' childhood is the golden age. We sit within a hard shell of ceremony amid our companies; fearing to show any sign of inward life,—intent on weather, the crops, the President. But here comes Baby,—every body understands Baby! It cannot speak a word, but stupid indeed is that age or sex that doesn't read a volume in its eyes and hear eloquence in its voice. Thou art unfit for the golden age, friend, if thou art tired of Baby; for Baby must be the test of the Phalanx. 'Christina,' cried the people at the death of Gustavus, 'Christina shall be our Queen!' and the little girl was brought out laughing and frolicsome. Happy nation whose rough soldiers kissed the hand and smiled at the bright eyes of a little Sis of seven years! Alas! Christina, hadst thou been ever a child!

Does any one wonder at the fascination which is exercised over a child by stories apart from real life. Aladin in the Underworld, Fairy

Queen in the Sea, Crusoe in the far-off isle.—these and similar stories are the

—"stars which tremble,
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy."*

Because these are glimpses of the true Eden; intuitions of a life away from the Actual. Idealism is here clothed and manifest; the child is the true and only transcendentalist. Heaven is indeed 'around our infancy:' in every birth we see radiant

—"the morning of the world,
When the Earth was nigher Heaven than now."

How much touching and suggestive truth is in these verses of Hood's:

"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high,—
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To think I'm farther off from heaven
'Than when I was a boy!"

How much more touching this history—"Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xix—13, 14.

TRICK, 'who has embodied so many Runic secrets,† has made childhood state its own position on earth, in the sweet though fantastic story of 'The Elves.' The following conversation between the elf and the mortal is a sweet fancy. The mother is looking on the two unperceived.

"Elfrida was sitting there on a little bench, and beside her the well-known Zerina; and the children were playing and amusing one another, in the kindest unity. The elf embraced her beautiful companion, and said mournfully, 'Ah! dear little creature as I sport with thee, so have I sported with thy mother, when she was a child; but you mortals so soon grow tall and thoughtful. It is very hard: wert thou but to be a child as long as I!'

"'Willingly would I do it,' said Elfrida; 'but they all say, I shall come to sense, and give over playing altogether; for I have great gifts as they think for growing wise. Ah! and then I shall see thee no more, thou dear Zerina! Yet it is with us as with the fruit-tree flowers: How glorious the blossoming apple-tree, with its red bursting buds! It looks so stately and broad; and

* Tennyson.

† Countess Ossoli.

every one that passes under it, thinks surely something great will come of it; then the sun grows hot, and the buds come joyfully forth; but the wicked kernel is already there, which pushes off and casts away the fair flowers' dress; and now in pain and waxing it can do nothing more, but must grow to fruit in harvest. An apple, to be sure, is pretty and refreshing; yet nothing to the blossom of spring. So is it also with us mortals: I am not glad in the least at growing to be a tall girl. Ah! could I but once visit you."*

The perpetual tragedy of the earth is the perversion of infancy. We cannot be wrong in saying that it is next to impossible for an infant to preserve the harmony with the Universe, wherein it is born. We have taken our children from their weeping angels and consigned them to the fiends, Puritanism and Jesuitism,—which riot in our laws, social and other, though unorganized.

Michael Wigglesworth, reader, was early in the last century a school-teacher at Walden, N. E., in high repute. He was eulogised by Dr. Cotton Mather in 1710, who stood, you remember, on a very high eminence in the Puritan Church. Now, this Michael wrote a poem called "The Day of Doom," which was used seventy years ago as a SCHOOL-BOOK. Some extracts therefrom we will transfer. Wigglesworth meditates calmly on the damnation of infants,—read!

"Then to the bar all they drew near who died in Infancy,
And never had or good or bad effected personally,"—

We have seen how on earth He took them in his arms and blessed them; but Michael with his penetration sees a change. These infants commence pleading, and, one would think, rationally for such young folk,—whose very name (*infor*,—not to speak) means that they can't speak at all. The little ones say—

"Not we but he ate of the tree whose fruit was interdicted,
Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted."

They are thus indoctrinated by Theologian Wigglesworth:

"But what you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass
You call amiss to call it his; both his and yours it was.
He was designed of all mankind to be a public head,
A common root whence all should shoot and stood in all
their stead!

The infants had the good breeding to yield the point, for

"Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are
the stronger."

They are then by Michael, who seems to think

that he is forerunner of the archangel of that name, sent to trumpet the 'Day of Doom,' cast into the place of 'weeping and gnashing of-gums,' as Burns used to have it.

Now this will be ridiculed. But is there not a modification of this same Ironside teaching in our social state now? What else is the doctrine that the Child is a Demon, and must live on in sin until he shall be converted? What else is that which refuses infants the nourishing breast of the church? O friends, let us lift up our voice against the hard selfishness taught our children! How many children are taught these things in the Westminster catechism:

"Q. What is the chief end of man?

"A. Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Here the child is taught that he must live to gratify God's vanity and his own selfishness. The very fountain of the inward life is poisoned! For human life is but the outgrowth of the first ideas of God and duty. The next step in education of the child is logically subsequent to this. We teach the child that all virtue is but a name to cover what feels best. The mother gives the child a lump of sugar for a good act,—thenceforth in the child's vocabulary the definition stands thus: "A good act;—something which brings a lump of sugar!" Who wonders at the world of iniquity and crime-statistics when our dear little ones, who will be copied to the third and fourth generation, are taught this foul Benthamism?

With the Reverend Channing we must put the office of teacher above that of the minister; and there is no problem of more moment to society than the elevation of the instructor. To teach requires the rarest combination of faculties. The child is simple hearted, and so may be filled with good or evil. It needs much faith to treat it rightly. Read this striking paragraph from 'The Diary of Lady Willoughby,'—a book worth money and time. "A child's mind stops not at difficulties as ours does: when told that God heareth prayer from his throne in heaven, the belief is entire and she questioneth not. I verily believe the doctrine, that we should walk by faith and not by sight, is easier to a young child than to us, whose affections have been engrafted on earthly objects and the first simplicity of faith observed. And surely we should consider it a sacred trust given to us, to direct this inborn trust and ready belief of the little child to *Him* who implanted it."

The Talmudists relate that the Queen of Sheba placed two roses before Solomon—one artificial, the other real,—asking him to distinguish them. The king studied long. Seeing a bee outside the window he opened it: the bee flew in and lit on one of the flowers. 'That,' said the king,

* Carlyle's German Romance.

'is the rose!' Now children are guided to the real, like the bee. No matter how lovely the flower,—the child will know if it be a sham. And with them you stand for what you are. The father trembles before the emperor, but the child does not. Little Oliver Cromwell would not, despite the efforts of his father and the king, do obeisance to little prince Charles, and when he misbehaved in play he did not fail to conquer him, as afterward when he misbehaved in governing England! "In my dealing with my child, my Latin and Greek, my accomplishments and my money, stead me nothing; but as much soul as I have avails. If I am wilful, he sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength. But if I renounce my will and act for the soul, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the same soul; he reveres and loves with me."—EMERSON'S ESSAYS. *The Oversoul*.

Acute also are the senses, spiritual and physical, of children. Nothing is trivial; even your play is to them symbolic and real. The author of 'Thinks-I-to-myself,' has portrayed truly the effect on the child of the discrepancy between the outward and inward of the household;—the slander turned into compliment at the appearance of the visitor; the angry brow grown smooth in an instant. "The igner man," says Jean Paul Richter, "like the negro, is born white, but is colored black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the flitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice, flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life." Astyages asked Cyrus for an account of his last lesson. "A great boy," said he, "in the school having a short cassock, by force took a longer from another that was not so tall as he, and gave him his own in exchange: whereupon I, being appointed judge of the controversy, gave judgment that I thought it best each should keep the coat he had, for that they were both better fitted now than they were before. Upon which my master told me that I had done ill, in that I had only considered the fitness of the garments, whereas I ought to have considered the justice of the thing, which required that no one should have any thing forcibly taken from him that is his own."—*Xenophon. Cyrop.* i, 3.

Cyrus was punished for this injustice, the fruit

of early misdirection; and the influence of the lesson must have been incalculable. Even modern days have not learned the lesson,—Do no evil that good may come.

Such a teacher as that of Cyrus is indeed rare: and our Books for Children, far the most important part of our literature, are for the most part worthless. Even our Sunday School publications are, we must say, too machine-like for the young. They remind us irresistibly of the man who on a pretty morning took his children out from the city to the green country, and seizing them by the collars, said, "Now, boys, I've brought you out here to enjoy yourselves,—and if you don't enjoy yourselves pretty soon, you'll catch it, that's all!"

Rare gifts indeed must he have who would write for a child,—and great will be his reward; for the child will remember him when grown ripe for the tomb. As in the time of Aaron, many cast in their rods to have their claim to enter the Holy of Holies attested,—but only one budded and bloomed and bore fruit. The priests are very rare, and the children need one very much.* Where is the *rara avis* with a pinion that can soar over the inferior heights of mathematica, philosophy, critical theology, &c., to the heavenward realm of infancy and childhood? O! for a divining-rod to find him.

—Be not startled, reader, when we cry—EUREKA! We have indeed found a true priest, and wish to introduce him into every home where there are bright eyes and budding souls. It is no other than friend Nathaniel Hawthorne, writer of 'True Stories from History and Biography,' and 'Wonder Book for Boys and Girls.' These books cost seventy-five cents a piece, but their worth cannot be estimated in gold. We once heard Grace Greenwood say, that she pitied the one that got too old for Hawthorne's Child-book: we had read only his books for the old, inasmuch as we were advancing in life. But we could read these books with joy and delight a score of times. We wish to lay the wreath of laurel on his genial forehead and call on the youth to hail him king!

The season for Christmas presents is coming on. The season also of cheerless days without, of bleak winds, of dull skies—

"When turn we from the world without
To seek the world within."

Parents! much will be added to your children's minds this winter,—either for a "savor of life unto life, or of death unto death." Beware what books you give them; be careful that you give them books! One book gotten without re-

* Have you ever read Miss Barrett's 'Cry of the Infants'?

fection or supervision may ruin them. O, reflect on this !

To be specific we will allude to some writers and books which we would commend to those who buy books for children. A child's book should be suggestive rather than affirmative. A parent often procures a book upholding some form of faith which pleases him, for his child. Now if the proposition is true the child will have it from the book, but not from experience or invention, which is its only value ; if it be untrue, and the child finds that it is the parent's belief, he will hold to it ; but it is his first lesson in hypocrisy. For this reason Miss Edgworth is justly high in esteem with young and old ; we wish she were more so. She doesn't think for the child, but helps the child to its own thoughts. Mrs. Sherwood will do best for children of fourteen who have some defined theories : we especially recommend 'Flowers of the Forest.' Mrs. Ellis should also be read at this age. As a general thing our best Child-books are from female writers. We must also here enter a caveat against morbid poetry, too much humor, and a fantastic style of thought—such as Poe's for example. 'The World and the Soul,' published, we think, by the S. S. Union, is a vivid and good book, some parts a little too harrowing for the young. A better book is published by the Methodist Society—'Sketches and Incidents : ' this book was written for adults, but our highest praise for any book is to say it is good enough for a child. Above all let the child read the Gospels with its own comment.

But above all books of human origin which we have seen, we can commend the books of Hawthorne above-mentioned. We trust that the writer of them will without fail give us such a Christmas gift annually. He has not forgotten that he was a child once ! If it is true, as is written, that no 'man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him,' even so can none know the spirit of a child save the spirit of a child. It requires the spirit of a child to enter the kingdom of heaven.—and childhood is its outer court. Who that can bear this child-like spirit into the experience and information of age, he is the true priest of the child : the rod blooms in his hand ! Hawthorne has found the Water of Youth on the mountain top,—despite all the allurements of other walks of literature ; he has a fount of those waters springing up in his soul : may it long sparkle and flow, and may the old be made young again thereat ; and may the children come with thirst for the Best, and drink of these sweet waters. Heaven bless the children and ever give Angels charge over them !

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

The following lines were written by a boy of thirteen years of age, a native of Philadelphia, but now living with his parents in Cincinnati, Ohio. As the production of so young a poet, we think them quite remarkable.

[Ed. Mess.

Saviour ! from thy shining throne,
From thy throne on high,
Listen to my humble moan.
Bursting tear and sigh,
Oh, protect us
Through the darkness,
Ave Jesu !

Holy Jesus ! ever blessed,
Pure and undefiled,
Hear the fervent supplication
Of an erring child—
Give us quiet,
Rest and stillness,
Ave Jesu !

Balmy rest and quiet slumbers
Send me from above,
Peace of God and dreams from heaven
Setting forth thy Love,
Let us sleep
In thy protection,
Ave Jesu !

In my last and awful struggle
Be thou near to aid,
Let thy prayer, Oh Christ ! my Saviour,
My defence be made,
Take me home,
A wayward wanderer,
Ave Jesu !

POETRY AND RELIGION.

NO. XI.

The Responsibility of Poetical Genius.

That man is a moral agent, subject to law, responsible to a supreme power, and that a character of right or wrong, of innocence or guilt, is attached to his actions, while a corresponding reward or penalty ensues as their final result—this fundamental truth will be denied by none but an avowed atheist. Nay, even he, whatever may be the professed theory of his unbelief, will exhibit a practical refutation of such a conclusion, in the intuitive convictions and spontaneous feelings that arise within him, as he witnesses the actions of others, whether good or evil. These imply that man possesses a character of responsibility. Otherwise the sense of approval or of indignation which he may feel would be absurd and inconsistent. Moreover, when his own actions pass under review, there

arises in the breast of every man, irrespective of all reasoning, as to the grounds of obligation, a feeling of complacency, or a sense of guilt, which testifies to a supreme moral law binding upon the heart and conscience.

The conditions of responsibility are two-fold—the capacity of a moral agent, and the existence of moral relations. Wherever a creature possesses such a capacity, and is surrounded by such relations, there you find a moral agent—a being responsible to God for his conduct. Man is such a being, he possesses such a capacity, and is placed in the midst of such relations. He is endowed with reason and conscience, with a will and affections. He has intelligence to know, freedom to choose, and motives to pursue the path of rectitude. He is related primarily to God, and subordinately to his fellow-men. Each of these relations involves its peculiar class of duties, so that man owes duties to God and to his fellow men in the various relations of society. But all these are at the same time duties to God, inasmuch as they are enjoined by His authority, and are comprehended in that first and highest duty of supreme love to His character, and entire obedience to His will. The will of God, therefore, as revealed directly in His law, or as expressed directly in the social relations which surround man under His providence, is the great source of moral obligation. This common ground of obligation is possessed equally by every man as a moral agent.

But there is another principle, which determines the *degree* of obligation, in different cases. If the intellectual and moral capacities of man constitute him a moral agent, then the degree of his responsibility will be in proportion to the amount of his capacity. In other words, he who is endowed with nobler gifts and faculties than the mass of his fellowmen, is placed under higher obligations. "From him to whom much is given, much will be required." He who has ten talents committed to his trust will be expected to render a larger return by accumulation than he who has received only five or one. The justice of this principle is obvious and undeniable. Yet by some mysterious process, the principles of justice and the laws of obligation are all reversed in the case of certain men of genius. Instead of regarding their superior gifts and endowments as so many additional obligations, they plead them on pretexts for unbounded license. In their inflated self-conceit, the ignorant and obscure multitude, the vulgar herd of mankind, alone are bound by the obligations of virtue and piety, while they, by their transcendent capacities, are released from such ordinary restraints. Strange perversion of all reason and all motive! From the very premises, that should

lead to an inference of the highest pitch of responsibility, they draw the conclusion of its entire absence. The very attributes by which they are equipped and furnished for a higher scale of duty, and a nobler field of destiny, they suppose entitle them to the rare privilege of pursuing a career both aimless and useless. The very considerations that should prove incentives to humble, grateful and ardent piety, become the stimulants of arrogant, impious and selfish pride. The very qualifications that should constitute the gifted spirit a bright and central luminary amid a cluster of smaller stars in the moral firmament, dispensing its light over the surrounding system, attracting each in the order of its own sphere, and binding all in harmony around a common centre, are perverted so as to form

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky."

This fatal perversity is seen, not only in the character of lawlessness sometimes assumed by men of genius, in their licentious and reckless habits of life, but it is extended, also, to the exercise of their gifts and talents, and displayed in the productions of their genius. We have already considered to some extent in a former essay, the privilege of moral insubordination, as claimed by certain gifted but misguided men, in their personal conduct and social habits. But many who seem to acknowledge a kind of restraint over this department of their agency, do yet exclude all idea of responsibility from the exercise of their talents, as writers and authors. They seem to be aware of something like duty or obligation binding them to a degree of outward prosperity in their ordinary transactions in life. But they are insensible to all considerations of responsibility, when they put their peculiar gifts into exercise, and wield the brightest influence they possess for the benefit or injury of society. Their genius at least they think is free. Their talents are their own. They may use them as they please, provided, only, they reach eminence in their art, excite the admiration of mankind, and reap the reward of genius in honours and fame. The department of polite literature is thus regarded as a sort of neutral ground, an unappropriated territory, where conscience has no jurisdiction. God no authority, and moral law no existence—a vacant, unreclaimed region, inhabited only by aerial beings of the imagination. Under the vague and visionary character thus assigned to

the province of literature, in which the gifts of genius are exercised, a general claim of exemption from moral considerations is asserted, and the authority of taste is regarded as supreme and altogether exclusive of that of conscience. But in this view of the subject there is involved an obvious self-contradiction. The character thus attached to the sphere of genius is one of intellectual imbecility, yet the feeling of moral exemption founded upon it is not that of humble inferiority, and comparative insignificance; but the lofty independence of pride and the arrogant airs of towering superiority. Such writers feel exempted from ordinary moral ties, not because in their position they are sunk beneath the sphere of responsibility, but because in their lofty elevation they are placed above it. How shall the considerations be reconciled, which from the same source, at once release the mind from the claims of duty, and inflate it with arrogant pride, and unbounded self-conceit.

But this claim to moral inefficiency in polite literature, we pronounce to be wholly unfounded. There is nothing either in the faculties with which genius is endowed, or in the sphere in which it labours, to justify such a claim. But from both these sources, from the high nature of its powers, and the important character of its department of influence, we draw considerations to enhance our ideas of its responsibility. The sphere of taste, genius, and poetry is not thus circumscribed apart from all connection with moral relations. Much absurd and unmeaning language is employed by those who speak with a tone of authority, in defining the landmarks and proclaiming the laws that pertain to this department of literature. We are led to imagine it as located in some unsubstantial region of air and shadow, as inhabited by aerial beings, as bearing no relation to things in heaven, or things on the earth, as having no connection with the claims of God, or the concerns of men. We are informed that poetry deals with illusion and not with reality; that its office is to entertain and please, not to instruct and edify; that it consults taste, not truth; that it has reference to beauty and sublimity, not to morality and religion, and that consequently it would be absurd to hold an author in this department of literature responsible for the moral effect of his productions, since in the nature of the case no such effect could follow. But who will, for a moment, admit this to be a just description of poetical literature? If such were its character, if it were confined to a region thus visionary and void, if it conversed only with aerial beings, and constructed nothing but castles in the air, if it held no contact and no communion with human affairs, and never addressed

itself to the interests, the sympathies, and the passions of mankind—then it would be imbecile as well as innocent; it would be senseless, and therefore harmless; it would fail to interest, and consequently to injure; it would escape notice, and thus avoid censure; its immunity would consist in its insignificance.

But it is no such blank and barren wild of non-existence over which the genius of poetry presides. It is rather a bright sphere of this warm, living, habitable world, a genial zone vivified by a glowing sun, watered by perennial streams, and abounding in luxuriant vegetation, and luscious fruits. Whatever ideal or visionary character may pertain to it, refers not to a separate scene, remote from reality which it inhabits; but to qualities of excellence and perfection in that class of objects in the present actual scene, with which it prefers to converse. If it employs the imagination, deals in illusion, and addresses the taste, it is more in the peculiar method of conveyance, and in the richer style of expression and illustration, than in the substance of the materials, in which it deals. The domain of poetry is not mapped off by any geographical boundary lines that divide the regions of the visionary and the real, the ideal and the actual. Its materials abound everywhere in endless variety, mingled with meaner forms, on the broad surface of the surrounding universe. It is by selecting from these the objects of her choice, and arraying them in the appropriate colours and drapery, derived from her own richly furnished wardrobe, that poetry forms a peculiar classification in literature. It is by thus selecting, combining, and adorning materials already existing, and not by plunging into empty space, and there erecting capricious images of air, made after the likeness of nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, and having no relation to human experience or sympathy, that the inventive and creative genius of the poet is appropriately exercised. In the outward form and process of the communication there may be variations from the literal truth. The structure of the materials may be more complex, ornate and attractive than the outlines of experience. But the edifice itself rests on a foundation of reality; and its proportions rise in the symmetry of truth. To be great and effective, in a word, to be truly poetical, every such production of genius must conform to the facts of human experience, and accord with the laws of human sympathy. This is true of the noblest monuments of genius that now stand in the department of poetry. This was true of Milton, although the lofty range of his genius led him to converse with "principalities and powers in heavenly places," and with demous and depths in the nether darkness. This was true of

Shakespeare, amid all his vagaries on fairy ground, and all his variations from the literal record of history, in his rich combinations of incident and character. In the exercise of their genius they come home to "the business and bosoms of men." They dealt with the tenderest ties, the highest relations, and the most vital interests of the race. They appealed to the purest sympathies, the noblest aspirations, and the strongest passions of the human heart. And hence the commanding, thrilling and transporting power of their productions, which has endowed them with an immortality of influence over successive generations of the race. Away then, with the unmeaning cant about "the province of art," the standard of taste, aesthetic rules, ideal perfection, opposition to truth, reason and reality, and exemption from the claims of morality and religion! If there be any conflict with such interests, in the moral results produced in any instance, it is owing, not to any laws of necessity either in the powers of genius, or the province of poetry, but to a voluntary choice of such materials, and a culpable design in their combination and effect, induced by the perverted tendencies of the author's own mind, and the depraved tastes of the multitude whom he seeks to gratify, regardless of all higher considerations of usefulness and duty. A condition of neutrality in morals and religion is possible only on a supposition of intellectual obscurity and weakness, which would bring poetry into universal contempt, nay, would annihilate its very existence. For although the form of verse might remain, the animating life, the melodious spirit, the thrilling and triumphant power of poetry would be wanting. Indeed the peculiar attributes which distinguish this classification of literature are so many elements of power. The select materials which it moulds into forms of beauty and grandeur are those which lie deepest in the fountains of faith and feeling, and spread widest in their influences on the destinies of mankind. It matters not that the professional air and office of a moral teacher is omitted. It matters not that the precise formality of systematic instruction is neglected. Whatever may be the manner of its approach, or the method of its communications; though it may not advance by the open avenue of induction, or enter at the front door of the logical reason, and then move in a connected series from one apartment to another; though it may not address an isolated faculty, or make its appeal to the understanding alone; yet it opens every avenue of the soul at once, addresses every faculty by a simultaneous way, fascinates by its presence, and commands by its authority, takes possession of the entire man, and moves his moral nature by a per-

vading law of resistless sympathy. Vividness of conception and power of expression in the writer are answered by depth of impression in the reader. And if we are to judge of power by the reality of its effects, and not by the formality of its process; then there is no other department of literature, entitled to higher consideration for the extent of its influence and the importance of its results. If it does not teach, it thrills: if it does not instruct and inform, it quickens and moves. If it does not enlighten and edify, it educates and moulds. And its education includes preeminently the elements of our moral nature. Its power lies in the operation of sympathy. It appeals to our tastes, sensibilities and affections. By the frequent indulgence and exercise of these moral qualities, their habits become at length fixed in the soul. And these habits of taste, feeling and sentiment constitute the permanent features of the moral character.

The true moral effect of any production consists in the kind of sympathy it awakens, and the nature of the impression it leaves on the ardent and susceptible mind of the reader. Or according to John Foster—"Whatever is the chief and grand impression made by the whole work on the ardent minds which are most susceptible of the influence of poetry—that is the real moral." Judged by this rule, there is no class of writers more highly responsible in the exercise of their gifts, than those employed in this department of literature. They wield the highest intellectual power in a form most efficient for good or evil. They teach chiefly by example, and their power is exercised in awakening responsive sympathy. The moral effect of their writings is determined partly by their choice of character and incidents to serve as models and examples. A common plea for the introduction of vicious characters and immoral incidents, is that of faithfulness in imitation of nature. But there is no necessity laid upon a writer to select such examples. He does it by a culpable exercise of his own free will. The influence of such a character in a work of fiction or poetry presents a new temptation to the reader—a temptation as real and often as powerful as if he encountered such an one in social intercourse. But temptations are always to be avoided, if possible; and he who deliberately invents and produces in a work of genius, the example of a corrupt character; and thus presents a needless occasion of temptation before his readers, is just as culpable for the moral injury inflicted, as if that example had been actually presented in his own person. There was no law of literature or morals requiring him to select such an example. But on the contrary, the same scale of duty

which would lead us to avoid the company of such a character in real life, should forbid a contact with its example in the department of literature.

But the evil effect consists, not merely in *selecting* such examples; but mainly in the *manner of presenting them*—in the treacherous art by which a vile character is disguised, adorned and dressed up in unreal attractions. The perverted sympathy and admiration of the author's own mind for such a character, (which is generally the secret ground of *preference* that leads to its selection,) will be manifested by placing it in such favourable attitudes, amid such modifying circumstances, and with such a beautifying combination of light and shade in the surrounding scenery, as most powerfully to awaken corresponding sympathy and admiration in the minds of his readers. It is this sympathetic fascination, transferred unconsciously from the mind of a writer to his productions, which forms the fatal spell of perverted genius. The chief danger in such literature lies in its power to call forth, multiply and perpetuate, to an unlimited extent, responsive sympathies among all classes of its readers. As the seeds of evil exist more or less in the nature of all, even the comparatively pure have the capacity to sympathise for a time with certain fascinating forms of corruption. And as our sympathies are often blindly exercised, in advance of the strict supervision of conscience, it is possible for the repeated indulgence of this sympathy to result in a habit of moral feeling, which may ultimately include the approbation of evil. Admitted under this advantage of sympathy, vice, once abhorrent, becomes at length congenial, until

"Seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The pernicious power of a writer then, lies not exclusively in the selection of evil examples, but in the false colouring and the fictitious fascinations with which they are invested by the perverted sympathies of his own heart. When such a depraved character is possessed by a writer, he will of course be regardless of the injurious moral consequences of his productions; even if he does not deliberately design to mislead and corrupt mankind by his influence; but few writers, if any, would openly avow so diabolical a purpose. Even when the pervading tone and general effect of their writings are pernicious, they seek to cover their motives from censure, under inconsistent professions of benevolence and incongruous maxims of virtue. Such is the pitiable policy, often without plausibility in its disguise, of those unprincipled writers,

"Who, kindling a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral think to quench the fire."

But if the sympathies of the reader are excited toward a corrupt character—if the impressions left upon his mind are at variance with moral purity; then there is no apology, that human ingenuity can devise, or the canons of false criticism suggest, that will avail to shield such an author from a condemnation as strong and sweeping, as his influence is wide and destructive.

To quote again from Foster—"If it be said that such works stand on the same ground, except as to the reality or accuracy of the facts, with an eloquent history, which simply *exhibits* the actions and characters, I deny the assertion. The actions and characters are presented in a *manner*, which prevents their just impression, and impowers them to make an opposite one. A transforming magic of genius displays a number of atrocious savages in a hideous slaughter-house of men, as demigods in a temple of glory. No doubt an eloquent history might be so written as to give the same aspect to such men and such operations; but that history would deserve to be committed to the flames. A history that should present a perfect display of human miseries and slaughter, would incite no one that had not attained the last possibility of depravation, to imitate the principal actors. It would give the same feeling as the sight of a field of dead and dying men, after the battle is over—a sight at which the soul would shudder, and earnestly wish that this might be the last time the sun should behold such a spectacle. * * * *

* * * * It is no justification to say that such instances have been known, and therefore such representations but imitate reality; for if the laws of criticism do not require, in works of genius, a careful, an anxious adaptation of examples and sentiments to the purest moral purpose, as a far higher duty than the study of resemblance to the actual world, the laws of piety most certainly do. Let those who have so much literary conscience about this verisimilitude, content themselves with the office of mere historians, and then they may relate, perhaps without guilt, if the relation is absolutely simple, all the facts and speeches of depraved greatness within the memory of the world. But when they choose the higher office of inventing and combining, they are accountable for all the consequences. They create a new person, and in sending him into society they can choose whether his example shall tend to improve or to pervert the minds that will be compelled to admire him. If they deliberately choose the latter, the guilt of *creating*, is, with respect to the influence,

the same as the writer would have incurred by practically *being* such an example."

When we consider then the high prerogative of Genius—how plastic its power, how transforming its touch, how potent its spell for good or evil—when we think of its kindling conceptions, its contagious sympathies, its thrilling and transporting emotions,—and when its breathing thoughts are announced in burning words, how henceforth they become watch-words of the life and "mottoes of the heart"—when we remember the number, the variety and the rapid diffusion of its productions through all the avenues of society—when we reflect that these are eagerly devoured, especially by the youth of each generation, and constitute the chief mental aliment of ardent and impressible spirits, at a period of life most important in the formation of character,—when we consider that the spell of their influence operates in the absence of all disturbing and counteracting causes, in the retirement of solitude and the silence of study, distilling like the noiseless dew, pervading as the vital air; and when we bear in mind that the noblest productions of genius possess a self-perpetuating vitality, that the world does not willingly let such works die, and that immortal in their influence for good, or evil, they live on, enlarging, deepening, and widening their mighty currents, extending their magic sway from heart to heart, and from generation to generation for ages upon ages, after the heart that swelled with their original conception has ceased to beat, and the hand which inscribed the thrilling record, has moulded into dust; when all this is borne in mind, it would be brutal stupidity or impious madness to manifest indifference to the sway of such an agency! How immense, how fearful the responsibility of the gifted spirit that wields such an influence over the destinies of the race! If the sacred obligations of piety are disowned, surely a benevolent regard to social virtue, and the generous glow of patriotism which none will disavow, should restrain the parricidal pen of that reckless writer, who by diffusing corrupt tastes and sentiments through society, would destroy that moral purity, which is indispensable to social order and national prosperity!

But the genius of the poet is bound by higher obligations than those which enforce the promotion of social virtue and the public good. Man is surrounded by higher moral relations than those that connect him with his fellow-men on the present theatre of existence. He is related to God as a dependent creature, and an intelligent subject of His moral government. He is related to an invisible future state of existence, in which he shall realize the destinies of immortality. These higher relations include and mod-

ify all subordinate earthly ties. In a word, genius is bound by the sacred obligations of religion. The lowest possible form of these obligations forbid him in any way to injure the cause of truth and righteousness. But this is not all. There is a more direct and positive obligation. The high responsibility of genius is not answered by simply abstaining from what is wrong and injurious. God did not endow man with superior faculties, merely that he might "stand all the day idle in his vineyard." Men of genius are not distinguished as the useless pets of creation, preserved with special care for ostentatious display. The law of preëminence among intelligent moral beings, is a law of beneficent activity, and preëminent service. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation." And among men the same precedence prevails. "He that is chief among you shall be your minister; and he that is greatest shall be the servant of all."

But a state of neutrality with respect to religion is in the nature of things absolutely impossible. Christ affirmed a necessary law, when he said, "He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Christianity claims a universal empire. There is no sphere of human life, there is no department of human thought, over which its authority does not extend, or to which its principles do not apply. Genius has not the power to form to itself any "peculiar province" from which the claims of Christianity may be excluded. Religion, unless it be a phantom, is a mighty law that pervades and binds the entire system around us. Christianity, unless it be a fable, is a great, vital, central truth, to which all other forms of truth are related in consistent subordination; around which they revolve in harmonious order—a presiding orb, throned in the midst of that moral system under which man exists, (a system divinely adapted to his lapsed and fallen condition,) dispensing its light to every part and issuing its laws in every direction. All the departments of nature, and all the dispensations of providence;—all the relations of society, and all the events of human life, are adjusted in accordance with this supreme and pervading principle. Christianity embraces under its jurisdiction the whole sphere of man's existence—comprehends all his relations, duties and interests. It supplies its peculiar motives, and diffuses its peculiar spirit in all the departments of human agency. Such is the comprehensive claim of the gospel, based on the supposition of its truth, as a divine revelation. If the light of heaven has indeed shone

upon our world, it illuminates every object and every scene within the compass of our vision. If the voice of God has truly spoken in distinct and audible tones to man, the responsive echoes of that voice still continue to reverberate in all the corners of earth, and give back to human ears the significance of his silent works. If the gospel is, as it claims to be, the infallible testimony of divine truth on questions pertaining to the present character and future destiny of man—if it has affirmed clearly concerning his relations to God, his attitude in His sight, and his prospects beyond the grave—if it has declared man to be a sinner, and assured him of the only way of salvation—if it has declared the necessity of a moral renovation of his nature, and pointed to an almighty agent by whom it must be effected—and pronounced the awful alternative, that if this moral disease be not healed by these, its only remedies, it must result in eternal death—if these fundamental and essential features of Christianity be admitted, as they are by the general consent of society: then, they should be held not only as so many separate items of belief, but held in all the branches of their connection, all the scope of their application,—and in all the extent of their legitimate inferences,—they should be recognized and regarded in all their evident bearings on subordinate departments of truth; in all their appropriate emanations of light and shade on the scenes of human life, and in all their modifying effects on the motives, interests and prospects of mankind. Nothing should be advanced in any department of human thought, which would clash or conflict with any of the numberless ramifications of these great central truths of the Christian system. There should be no exhibition of human character and no picture of human life, presented in an aspect different from that which it assumes under the full light which shines from heaven.

Now it is evident there may be a thousand modes of conflict and collision with the truths of Christianity, without any direct allusion or reference being made to those truths. This indeed is the most common and most dangerous form of opposition to the gospel. The mind would be startled at the presumption of its own daring position, in assuming an attitude of avowed hostility to such a system. The more successful method of attack consists in simply making no allusion or reference whatever to the subject, and proceeding, in utter forgetfulness of its inspired lessons to advance opposite principles and sentiments. Let the mind of a writer but succeed so far in a process of self delusion, as to acquire a habit of oblivion with respect to the gospel as an infallible standard of truth, and the grand

source of success in error is already attained. He proceeds to inculcate, and his readers to imbibes, false and pernicious views on moral subjects, without being conscious of opposing or renouncing that system of truth, which by the general consent of society is admitted to be of divine authority. By means of this treacherous policy, a gifted writer may succeed by the moral influence of his productions in erecting, in the prejudices and passions of the human heart, a barrier of practical unbelief to resist the entrance of the gospel, more extensive, obstinate and enduring than all the battlements and towers that open Infidelity has ever reared around its citadel. He may present false views of human life, its duties, interests and ends, its realities, relations and prospects—views at war with all the lessons of experience and observation, as well as the dictates of the word of God—yet so coloured as to be alluring to the vision of the youthful mind, and lead it astray in absurd plans and visionary expectations. He may paint the whole scene as a paradise of pleasure, abounding in sources of self-gratification. He may conceal the stern realities of affliction, disappointment and death. He may omit all reference to the character of God, and the immortality of the soul. And life, thus divested of all its higher moral significance, becomes perverted to low temporal ends, and is squandered away in a vain career of self-indulgence, as a scene of preparation for eternity. He may present false motives to action, and inculcate spurious virtues, and set up a low moral standard for the estimation of character, regardless of the high motives and virtues enjoined in the gospel, and the pure and perfect moral standard found in the law of God. He may give false representations of the nature and condition of man, overlooking the many infirmities, trials and temptations that pertain to our earthly lot, and the radical moral disease which preys on our fallen nature; and hence the remedies devised by infinite mercy, are spurned and rejected. In these and many other similar ways, a writer of genius may oppose and resist the entire system of Christianity, without making a single hostile allusion to its truths—by merely disregarding them: and he may do this without adopting the strict and sober form of didactic or systematic instruction. He may do it with less parade, but often with more effect, by what is esteemed the lighter process of fiction and poetry. He may do it by painting false but fascinating pictures of life—by disguising corrupt motives and false virtues, under an aspect of magnanimity or heroism—by presenting an unworthy model of character in such a combination of scenes and incidents, that the unguarded sympathies of his readers are excited and

their admiration awakened in behalf of qualities that are spurious and base. He may accomplish in this way an incalculable amount of moral injury by his influence, and yet presume to evade censure for his opposition to the gospel, by urging the pretext that the doctrines of Christianity do not lie within his peculiar province, as a writer of taste and genius—that they belong especially to the church and the ministry. But, as we have shown, the truths of the gospel are universal in their application to mankind. Christianity has a prior claim to entire jurisdiction, and consequently no subsequent plea can be urged to a separate, exclusive province, since it already includes and comprehends in its sway, every department of human thought. It allows no independent claim—it permits no control that is not subordinate to its supreme authority. It sanctions no rules that do not harmonise with its unchangeable laws—it admits nothing as true, which does not conform to its sacred doctrines, at least in their inferences and results.

Nor is this an arbitrary claim of mere authority: christianity demands this harmony and agreement in all the subordinate branches of truth *because then only they are true in themselves—because then only they conform to nature and reality*: And, when any instances of conflict or collision occur, they are, as to the established order of things, as well as to the doctrines of revelation, but the mere falsities and vagaries of a disordered brain. We perceive thus how utterly absurd and groundless is the common plea, as to the peculiar province of taste and genius, when urged to vindicate a departure from the divine instructions of the gospel. Equally without foundation is the inference sometimes suggested, that to maintain such a moral harmony with the principles of christianity, in all the departments of elegant literature, would entirely annul the appropriate office of poetical genius, and convert it into an anointed priest of the sanctuary. But this is by no means implied. There need be no change in the materials employed, or the methods adopted in the communications of genius. There need be no formal advocacy or systematic enforcement of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. There need be no departure from its proper sphere, its legitimate topics, or its appropriate forms of illustration and ornament. Consistency does not demand that literature should be confined to commentaries on the Bible, or systems of theology. Duty does not require that genius should become invariably a mere preacher of the word—a messenger from the invisible world—a prophet burdened with the revelations and mysteries of religion. This office is already filled. There is a separate yet a coördinate mission. Let it go

abroad over this actual living scene; reveal the mysteries of the visible world around us; unveil the shrouded and lovely face of nature, interpret the thousand thrilling voices of human life—voices eloquent with truth, in harmony with the voice of God in his word, which if they do not proclaim the heavenly message, at least do not deny it; but rather like the voice of Him in the wilderness, lift a note of accordant testimony, and gently opening the portals of the human soul, “prepare the way” for the entrance of Him, who alone is “the way, the truth, and the life.”

By pursuing this consistent course, neither departing from the sphere of polite literature, nor encroaching on the province of Christian theology, a conscientious writer may wield the magic power of genius, and employ the captivating arts of poetry with extensive moral advantage to mankind. While he gratifies the taste, he purifies the heart; while he delights the imagination, he guides the life; and by the honest exercise of his gifts and talents in their legitimate province, he attains the highest forms of literary excellence, and promotes, indirectly, but efficiently and widely, the spiritual improvement of his race.

But, if on the contrary, a writer should adopt an opposite policy; if actuated by the evil tendencies of his unbelieving heart, and aiming to gratify the corrupt passions of the ignorant and erring multitude, by the effusions of his genius, he should utterly disregard the entire compass of Christian truth, and advance views and sentiments at variance with its practical results and at the same time equally at war (as they must be in such a case) with the actual truth of nature and the sober realities of human life; if he appeals to unworthy motives, adorns vice in the garb of virtue, and confers on guilty pride the title and the fame of heroic magnanimity: if he excites the admiration and sympathies of his readers in behalf of defective or pernicious models of character: or, even if pausing short of such an openly immoral tendency in his productions and while inculcating an inferior degree of seeming virtue, he should yet, by the representations and delineations of his gifted pen, induce his readers to adopt low conceptions of the standard of moral duty—the holy law of God—to cherish delusive opinions of human character and entertain false views of human life: if, by any process whatever, he should induce, in minds subject to the sway of his genius, a habit of delusion in regard to the great facts on which the provisions of Christianity are based—the unsatisfying nature of earthly interests, as a portion for the soul—the insufficiency of mere social virtue to meet the requirements of the moral law, and the necessity of a divine influence to quicken and restore—to purify and prepare the nature of man during his

earthly probation for an immortal destiny, he would thus encourage and confirm a prevailing practical blindness as to the existence and the evil of sin; the duty of repentance and faith; the need of a Saviour, and the obligation to lead a pure progressive life of humble piety, as the appointed pathway to heavenly blessedness; and hence, the entire system of saving truth would be obstinately spurned away as an inappropriate, ungenial and altogether unnecessary intrusion upon the notice of a rational mind. If such be the legitimate tendency and practical result of the productions of any perverted genius, then, whatever palliating considerations may be urged; whatever redeeming qualities may exist; whatever minor charms and excellencies may prevail; in the sight of truth and reason he must be condemned as the instrument of moral murder on a fearful scale—and the higher the gifts possessed, the brighter the colours employed, the more entrancing the magic spell wielded by such a genius, the heavier is his responsibility, and the deeper his guilt. To estimate the responsibility and measure the guilt in such a case, we must rise above the paltry considerations of time and sense—we must adopt a higher standard of computation, than that which determines the interests of earth—we must contrast the dignity and duration of the soul with that of the body—we must compare eternity with time—we must measure the distance from earth to heaven, and thence again to the fathomless abyss beneath; and so high is the responsibility—so vast and so deep is the guilt of that unhappy writer, who, by the influence of his genius, has destroyed the present purity and peace, and desolated the immortal prospects of his fellow-men, *by keeping them aloof from the only foundation on which the soul and its interests may rest for eternity!* Alas! how much of the current polite literature of our day, though not censurable for an openly immoral tendency, is chargeable with results of this description.

W. C. S.

NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

We are introduced to a new advertising "dodge" in the columns of the morning papers—of which these are "undoubted specimens of old masters." This is very sweet upon some fair unknown:

"If the Lady in a Fourth Avenue Stage, on last Friday, who was eating a package of Mrs. Jervis's cold candy, and expressed herself to her friend as being benefitted by its use, will address a note to M. R. K., Broadway Post Office, she will hear of something to her advantage."—*Literary World*.

LETTER FROM GOPHER-TOWN.

GOPHER-TOWN, STATE OF —, }
October 1st, 1852. }

Mr. Editor.—We have received the September number of the *Messenger*, in which you present us with the second sketch of the "Flush Times of Alabama," in the person of "Old Sarcasm," and the dramatic narrative of the great case of "*Higginbotham vs. Swink*." It has excited an unusual degree of interest in the public mind, owing in some degree to our peculiar circumstances, which I will explain.

Our village is one of the oldest settlements in this State; so old indeed, as to have passed through the promise of its spring, and the vigor of summer, into the mature ripeness of autumn. Other towns, farther west, having as yet their fortunes and reputations to make, are struggling with one another in the race for wealth and distinction. We, on the contrary, fraught with the spirit of the Old Dominion, from which some of our first families derive their origin, and content with the greatness achieved by us in the early annals of this State, leave to our younger neighbours the task of carrying on the work of to-day, while we devote ourselves to the duty of preserving the records of the past. We are a very literary people; and we are particularly fond of the study of Local History and Antiquities, which has been pursued with signal success by several distinguished members of the "Gopher-town Historical Society." Our locality and our very name have some relation to our labors, and may have had some influence in giving them a direction.

The Gopher is an animal which, by superficial inquirers and recent travellers, has been sometimes considered fabulous, as the Dodo was held to be, from the time when its species became extinct, until its former existence was demonstrated from the narratives of the old voyagers, and the long forgotten specimens in European museums. The Gopher is a sort of middle term between the muskrat and the mole, a little amphibious beast, inhabiting wet prairies, and dwelling in small round hills, formed by excavating and throwing up the marshy soil. The surface of the ground in our vicinity, where these interesting traces have not been destroyed by ploughing and draining, bears some resemblance to a collection of diminutive Hottentot Kraals, or a deposit of manure, distributed by the spade-ful. The motion of a wheeled vehicle in one of these prairies awakens very touching reminiscences of the corduroy bridges and other unsophisticated roads in Old Virginia.

The march of the white man has been as fatal to the race of Gophers, as it has been to the other native denizens of the wilderness, including the red men who ruled over all in savage sovereignty. Hence the injurious doubt in later times as to their real existence in *rerum natura*—perhaps I should say in *rebus natura*. But that has been triumphantly vindicated in a profound treatise by *Digby Fossil, Esq.*, corresponding secretary of our Society, which has been obligingly forwarded by him for publication to the Smithsonian Institute. Our sense of his services has been expressed by adopting as the seal of our Society the device of a Gopher, *rodens et fodiens*, with the motto "*Dignus vindice nodus*."

An especial interest in the sketch of old Sarcasm, in our minds, is due to the fact, that in some respects he reminds us of one of our valued associates, whose memory is still green in our hearts, though his majestic form has long since mouldered beneath the clods of the valley. At the last meeting of our Society, that paper was read by the President, and it was resolved by an unanimous vote to address you on the subject. The President was pleased to appoint me to that duty, one of the oldest surviving contemporaries of the deceased: and in obedience to his order, but without any hope of approaching the graphic delineations of my predecessor, I proceed to its discharge.

Pompeius Le Grand, Esq., or, as he was sometimes called behind his back, Pompey the Great, was a lawyer from the State of New York. Tradition informs us that he bore a conspicuous part in the wars of the Buck-tails and their opponents and was a powerful orator in Troy and the region round about; but which party he belonged to we were never able to ascertain with certainty. I ought to say, which party *belonged to him*,—for it was not in his nature to acknowledge allegiance to any man or body of men upon earth. He came to Gopher-town about the time when the star of Van Buren was rapidly approaching its zenith. Whether this circumstance had any malign influence upon the horoscope of Pompey Le Grand, and induced him to seek a wider and clearer horizon in our boundless prairies, must remain a mystery. From the time of his advent among us, he bore himself as an old Trojan might have done, in the conflict between Greek and Turk. He preserved a dignified, but an armed, neutrality. He stood upon his own height, and scorned to descend into the tumultuous arena of their battle. He espoused the quarrel of no candidate. He assisted none. He protected none. He betrayed no sign of encouragement or favor. But he was always in harness—his sword in his hand, not *en garde*, but in the act to strike. And, whenever the fitful current of the fight brought

a straggler from either side within the reach of his blow, it was sure to descend, and no less sure to find the weakest joint in his armor. Victor and vanquished were equally welcome to his steel; and not unfrequently his ponderous double stroke—cut one, cut two—discomfited parmer and pursued, and drove them to seek another field, out of the jurisdiction of their relentless umpire. Except in his stern and haughty indifference to "the spoils," he might be compared to the *Skimmers* of the Revolution; for he *flayed* without mercy every man that fell into his hands. No matter what his original colors, he was sure to carry from that hour the *stripe* of Pompey the Great.

In person our hero was tall and robust, his presence stately and commanding. His features were bold and manly, his complexion bronzed by outward exposure, and purpled by internal heat; for, like the southern advocate, he abjured thin potations, and was strong in his drink, as in all other things. His manners were usually courteous, but reserved. In an auspicious hour, he might even be kindly and jocular. But his sunshine, like that of a March morning, while it shone over a certain clear spot, always rested upon the skirts of clouds, but half withdrawn; and no man could tell how soon the sky might lower, and pour out from its depths the stormy blast, which few dared to encounter; for the breath of his anger was keen, cold and unsparing. Its force was mighty, not blistering, by fits and starts, but steady and sweeping, like the wind that hurries along some unhappy bark, and dashes it to pieces upon the breakers of a lee shore. And yet, with all this there was much to make his company acceptable; especially to those who were willing to take the trouble of watching his weather-glass, and keeping to windward of him. He possessed a sound, clear mind; a respectable share of classical learning, a general and familiar acquaintance with English literature. His style, both in writing and speaking, though somewhat Johnsonian in character, was nervous, fluent, and expressive. He was no mean observer, and he had seen much of his fellow men. Was it strange that an unsuccessful man of talent should be somewhat cynical at 48 or 50 years of age? And cynical in truth he was. "Lord of the master spell of irony," he was no less powerful with the weapons of fierce invective and scornful sneer. He wielded them all at will; not with the swift and dexterous sleight of Saladin, but with the deliberate and ponderous strength of King Richard. He was not particularly cunning of fence—indeed, he seemed rather to despise the art. Freely exposing himself to the utmost malice of his opponents, and heedless of their assaults, he went on.

like some giant of romances, now swinging aloft a knotty oak, and now demolishing some luckless champion with the huge hammer of Thor. His very look was dreadful—he bent his brows like a thunder cloud—and his voice smote upon the ear of his victim like the roar of heaven's artillery. It is impossible to describe the crushing effect of his mien and gesture. We sometimes tried imitations—they were pitiful puppet shows. "None but himself could be his parallel."

I shall never forget the first time that I had "a taste of his quality." In conjunction with another half-fledged attorney, I was defending a suit, in which old Pompey appeared for the plaintiff. It was necessary for him to prove a partnership. Witness after witness had been called to the stand, but not one of them knew the fact. Torture by interrogatory had been tried to the uttermost. *Leading* questions and *driving* questions were equally unavailing; and he closed his case, in grim despair, hopeless of a verdict, but resolved nevertheless "to go to the jury," and in that way at least to inflict some damage upon our client. In an evil hour that unfortunate wight persuaded us to call a witness. The fact he was to disprove was of no earthly consequence, and so we represented it. But conscience made a coward of him; and, fleeing from an imaginary danger, he rushed upon certain death. What young lawyer has not suffered in the same way from the foolish importunity of clients? We yielded—examined our witness—and left him for cross-examination. Turning his lion-like visage upon this new subject, old Le Graud surveyed him slowly, and began. His sagacity quickly discerned that this man, if any body, knew the business of the party who had summoned him, and in five minutes he had established beyond a doubt the fact of the partnership, which had so long eluded his pursuit. Oh! what a lurid light of triumph glowed in his pitiless eyes—and what a sickly hue expelled the flush of confidence from our blanching cheeks! The avenger was upon us, and we knew it. He rose deliberately from his seat, bowed with gravity to the court, primed himself with an ounce of snuff, and opened his battery upon our defenceless heads.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it has been wisely said by a heathen poet, and every day's experience illustrates more and more the infallible truth of the maxim, *that whom the Gods wish to destroy they first deprive of reason!* Divine Providence is often pleased to make crafty men the instruments of their own ruin; and never was that Providence more signally exemplified than in the conduct of this cause by the defendant's counsel. You beheld, gentlemen, the difficulties under which I labored—you saw the efforts which I

made, and made in vain, to develope before you the true character of this transaction, and to fix upon the dishonest debtor the just responsibility from which he sought to escape. You witnessed the disappointment, the defeat, which waited upon every attempt to extract from my witnesses the important fact upon which, as a pivot, turned the decision of this cause. All was darkness. The cunning of the defendant had covered all his traces. He was secure from the pursuit of his defrauded creditor, and already chuckled in secret over his successful artifice. But the truth is mighty and will ever prevail. That which was beyond our reach, he has himself brought forward and placed within our grasp. The proof—the damning proof—which was in his single keeping, he has himself produced to his own discomfiture and disgrace—he has furnished the rod for his own correction—the rope for his own execution; and, to crown all, the acuteness of his *learned* and *experienced* counsel has been laid asleep—their right hand hath forgot its cunning—they have been smitten with *judicial blindness*, and rushed headlong into the very snare which they had spread for the feet of the innocent!" * * * * *

How much more there was of the same sort, I cannot tell. Painful sensations had been assailing me for some time, and they became so intense, that I hardly knew where and what I was. The jury swam before my eyes—there was a sound of many waters in my ears—I felt like a sufferer in a horrid night-mare—and was conscious only of a vague idea that some cruel giant was rolling me over and over from the top to the bottom of a long, rough, rocky hill; at last, it seemed a weary lifetime, the noise and the motion ceased. We were called upon to reply, but we had been *punished* too much, as the boxers say—we could not *come to time*. A hurried consultation satisfied us that we had nothing in the world to say. Our client had disappeared.

"And that last thought on him we could not save Sufficed"—

We submitted the case to the jury—rejoiced that it was all over, and that we were delivered from the final agency of the closing speech for the plaintiff. We had a dim consciousness that the limits of professional courtesy had not been strictly regarded by Old Pompey, and some faint purpose of calling him to account; but we consumed so much time in discussing the question of precedence, without being able to settle which was the senior counsel, and entitled to lead the forlorn hope, that the critical minute went by, and the attack was indefinitely postponed.

* * * * *

There was another member of the legal fra-

ternity who deserves commemoration, not merely on account of the anecdote I am about to relate. He was a lawyer by prescription. From time immemorial, (in those new countries that period was something under 60 years,) he had practised the profession in those regions, and was supposed to have been Attorney General to the *Shawnee* Governors. Upon the departure of the Indians and the advent of the whites, he relapsed into the usages of civilization to some extent, and was long distinguished upon the northern circuit, which then took in half the State. His habits of life continued to be somewhat nomadic and roving. He had no fixed habitation. His whereabouts, during the long vacations, was somewhat uncertain; but he was generally believed to hybernate in the river bottoms, whence he always emerged on foot and alone at the commencement of the Spring courts. He was commonly dressed in blue homespun, his weather-beaten neck coming up out of a coarse cotton shirt, unfettered by stock or cravat, and his brogans seldom disguised by the application of blacking. His features was small and contracted—his little grey eyes furtive and timid in expression—his manners inoffensive, and his humor facetious. He was an indefatigable reader, voluminous in *briefs*, and always ready with hosts of references to authority; but, unluckily for him, he was apt to misunderstand their application, and was not unfrequently overthrown by the recoil of his own guns. His love of old law books, his unknown antiquity, and a grizzled queue into which he gathered his thin hair, combined to acquire for him the *sobriquet* of LORD COKE, by which he was much better known than by his lawful patronymic.

Towards this learned brother, Old Pompey cherished, for some unexplained reason, an invincible antipathy. Lord Coke was aware of it, and always avoided any chance of a collision. But since the days of the wolf and the lamb, it is well known that aggressors can always find or make some occasion of hostility. One day, the quiet old man, unoccupied with business, was sitting in court, deeply engaged in the perusal of the celebrated case of *Doe on the demise of John Seekright vs. Timothy Gripe*. Within two or three feet of him stood Pompey the Great, arguing a demurer, which some audacious pleader had put into one of his declarations. "In the whole course of my practice," quoth he, "I have never known an objection to be urged, so utterly destitute of legal foundation. Sir, you may commence with the Year Books, and trace the whole current of legal decisions, through the courts of Westminster and those of the United States—you may even search those extraordinary and unparalleled authorities, the judgments of the

Supreme Court of our own State, and nothing will be found to sustain it. Yes, sir, from the days of *Lord Coke*, down to the present hour, it will be impossible by any research to find a precedent for this pretension. I allude, sir, to the reports of that eminent English jurist, Sir Edward Coke, and not my Lord Pig-tail here!" The terrified ancient startled from his chair, dropped his book, grasped his queue with both hands, and retreated precipitately. He was never seen afterwards to take up a book in court, without carefully reconnoitering the position of his ruthless enemy.

Old Pompey brought with him to Gophertown an antiquated, Dutch built, double barrelled, fowling piece, with accoutrements to match, and declared a war of extermination against all birds and beasts *feræ naturæ*. But, as Mr. Webster said, the vigor of the campaign did not always correspond with the high sounding tone of the manifesto. His first enterprise was undertaken in the month of May, at a farm in the wide prairie where he had passed the night. He was awakened at daybreak by a strange medley of hootings, howlings and shouts, which seemed to come from a great distance. Much had been told him of prairie wolves, and he felt assured that a wolf-hunt was on foot. He rose instantly, donned his hunting gear with all speed, hustled on his long gaiters, and seizing his trusty fowling piece, sallied forth in quest of adventure. Long and patiently he toiled through the rank wet grass, following the wild noises, which came now from one quarter, and now from another. Sometimes they fell upon his ear so distinctly that he cocked his gun and paused, in momentary expectation of seeing the chase break cover within gun-shot. But again the tumult would die away, and spring up anew in some distant, perhaps opposite, direction. The sun was now about two hours high, and growing very hot. The unusual exercise had fatigued old Pompey—his natural thirst was greatly increased—water was out of sight and out of the question—and in his haste he had forgotten to bring any substitute for that fluid. Dry and exhausted, he was on the point of giving up the hunt, when the noise rung out again, louder and clearer than ever, just beyond a little swell of the prairie in his front. Once more he girded up his loins, and pushed on with manful resolution. His vigorous strides soon brought him to the top of the rising ground, and he beheld half a dozen old prairie cocks in a bare place, with their yellow wattles distended, and their wings outspread, strutting and trumpeting as if they had taken lessons from old Pompey himself! The provocation was too great to be endured, even in the breeding season. Furiously

he brought up his piece, banged away with both barrels, and cut off untimely the hope of unborn generations of grouse. His vengeance satisfied by this truculent proceeding, he turned his face homeward, and trudged along his two miles of verdant wilderness, "a sadder and a wiser man."

I might fill many pages with his subsequent experiences and exploits. I might narrate how he casually encountered a brother sportsman one day, duck-hunting on "The Island," and led him away in the most cautious and stealthy fashion for several hundred yards to a bushy point on the bank, whence he pointed out some divers swimming along the opposite shore almost a quarter of a mile off, and inquired if he thought them near enough for a shot? I might depict his anxiety and painful vigilance one dreary night, when he got lost in the river bottom, and was obliged to extemporize an encampment, solitary and alone, without food, fire, or blanket: how he was roused from his first nap by dreadful yells and cries, which seemed to issue from the ravening throats of savage "varmints;" how he betook himself to a tree, which he climbed with great labor, and bestrode the first crotch of it till sunrise: and how he was assured by a wood-cutter on his way home, that the dreaded disturbers of his rest were nothing more nor less than the great owls engaged in their regular concert. But I fear I should trespass too much upon your indulgence: and will conclude the present notice with one more specimen of his dealings with his foes.

There lived among us a talkative, conceited, good-natured fellow, who loved deer-hunting better than hard work, and who assisted his wife (the good lady kept a boarding house) by furnishing the table now and then with game. Having no other ostensible occupation, he called himself Doctor, and we conformed to his example. This gentleman, by way of pastime, projected a hunting party, to be divided into two bands of rival sportsmen, who were to unite in a game supper, the cost of which should be borne by those who were least successful in the hunt. A meeting was called of the subscribers, to make the necessary arrangements, and to fix a tariff of values for the different sorts of birds and beasts, that were to be received as lawful spoil. An animated debate sprang up, in which the various interests were advocated, as vehemently as coal and iron, wool and cotton are discussed in the American Congress. Our riflemen looked down with scorn upon the *scatter-gun* gentry, and went in for high rates upon venison, turkeys, and wild geese, that almost amounted to a prohibition of the smaller game: while this schedule was strongly opposed by the free traders, who designed to invest their capital in quails, prairie

hens, ducks, squirrels, and other such "small deer." Old Pompey headed the latter party, and made an effective speech in their behalf. When he had finished, our friend the Doctor was moved by his evil genius to reply: and as he warmed in the cause, he was further "instigated by the devil" to ridicule the venatorial pretensions of old Pompey, and to sneer at sundry mishaps and miscarriages that had befallen him. Indeed, he was not a little successful in raising a laugh at the veteran's expense, and was loudly applauded by the killbucks when he sat down. But his triumph was of short duration. Brimful of wrath, the old Titan returned to the charge. Grasping the back of the bench which was before him, and riveting his fiery eyes on his antagonist, his deep sonorous tones reverberated through the room, till the very glass in the windows shook with sympathy—"What awful convulsions of nature gave birth to this mighty Nimrod? What portents foretold his coming? Was he cradled in an earthquake, and lulled to sleep with thunderbolts? I suppose he was ushered to the light of day like Glendower—

"At his nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward—
And all the courses of his life do show
He is not in the roll of common men."

The poor Doctor heard no more. At the first word, his head drooped below those who sat around him—he crouched lower and lower as the orator went on—till the last withering, intolerable sneer, fairly lifted him from his seat, and with a shuffling limp, for he had one short leg, he made for the door, stooping as if to avoid the storm of missiles that followed his retreat. By daybreak the next day he crossed the river and plunged into the forest, for a hunt upon his own individual account; nor did he return till the *grande battue* was over, the supper eaten, and the echo of old Pompey's irony had died away in the distance—

* * * *

If these slight memorials are so fortunate as to win your approbation, I will be happy to furnish others hereafter.

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HILARY PARCHMENT.

Editor's Table.

An intelligent and gentleman-like correspondent in Amelia county, Virginia, writes to us, objecting to what he thinks an illogical blunder in the argument on the "Evidences of Christianity," published in the August number of this magazine. This blunder he says occurs on the 1st column of the 487th page. We quote a passage from his letter:

"The object of the writer is to prove the divine origin of the bible and thereby also the existence of a God. You say that man cannot by induction,—that is by a collation of facts,—by the observance of men, life and manners,—by great and varied experience, &c.—account for the origin of the bible—because the bible was written at a very early age of the world. Now, what I wish to know is this;—have you not here tacitly assumed as true the biblical account of the age and creation of the world, and thence deduced your argument to show the absurdity of the previous supposition? If so, you have actually begged the question so far as this particular argument for its divine origin is concerned; because the very passages which you have assumed to be authentic, actually constitute a part of that which is the subject in dispute. If you cannot show authentically that at the time the bible was written, the world was too young for man to be able by any possibility to reason by induction sufficiently, it is at once evident your argument goes for nothing."

This is a fair and manly statement, on the part of our correspondent, of his objection. A few words will suffice for our reply to it.

We submit that the 'question' is not 'begged' in the argument under discussion, and that the difference between our polite critic and ourselves is more apparent than real. It is a dispute about terms. Let us therefore settle the meaning of our language, and the objection will be seen to have no force whatever. When it was assumed in the argument, that the bible was written at a very early age of the world, by this term was meant the *sentient world*, a globe peopled with rational and reflecting creatures, as opposed to the chaotic mass, "without form and void," which existed before Adam walked in the garden. This assumption is equally consistent with the geological and Scriptural accounts of the creation. For geology supposes, before the world was illumined by the intelligence of man, a long and dreary succession of periods—the ages of the Megatherium and Pterodactylus—when there could have been no reasoning, by induction or otherwise, simply because there was no mind. It is quite enough, therefore, for the support of the argument to accept the geological account, and declare that the bible displays an acquain-

tance with the religious phenomena of man, which precludes the supposition of its human origin, at so early a point of time in the history of the sentient and peopled world. Our correspondent will admit, we think, there is no *petitio principii* in this position.

It is proper for us here to state, for the benefit of our correspondent and others, who have attributed the argument in question to the editor of the Messenger, that he did not write it and therefore deserves not the credit, which has been extended him, of so able and eloquent a production. It is from the pen of a learned divine of our own State, who is not only an honor to the pulpit, but an ornament to Southern Literature.

OCTOBER XXIV. MDCCCLII.

I.

The boom of sad artillery is heard
Through mightiest commonwealths, from shore to shore,
WEBSTER now sleeps, "life's fatal fever" o'er.
The man of intellect, whose single word
The depths of human sentiment has stirred,—
These reffluent tides shall own his sway no more:—
The Eloquent of speech, who dared to soar
With tireless wing of Apalachian bird,
Right upward to serene, unclouded skies:
Let thunder then from funeral guns resound,
And banners droop in sorrow to the ground,
And tears start freshly from "a nation's eyes"
Yet dim with weeping o'er the heroic dust
Of his two stately peers, the gifted and the just!

II.

If he had foibles, let us kindly fling
Oblivion's mantle here above them all,
And in this hour of grief alone recal
Those nobler virtues than can ever spring
From littleness of soul; and let us bring
Some flowers as fadeless to bedeck his pall
As those on which his fancy's sunbeams fall,—
And let our future poets learn to sing
How in the Senate house he stood erect,
And battled always for his Country's cause,—
Her shrines, her Constitution and her Laws,—
And how, when Treason rose from Faction's sect,
He turned Columbia's ægis on the crime
And froze it into silence for all time!

III.

My country, mother of the mighty! thou
That sit'st in stony anguish at the grave
Where cypress branches, twined with laurel, wave;
Dispel the shadow from thy luminous brow!
The God thou worshipp'st did ne'er allow
The good, the great, the gifted or the brave
To live or die for naught; and brightly now,
Above the spots where fond affection gave
CALHOUN and CLAY, the giant dead, to earth,
A guiding star is blazing in the sky;

So shall a beacon have its radiant birth
 From WEBSTER'S ashes, and so fixed on high,
 Its steady and immortal fires shall burn
 Wide over land and sea, while seasons yet return!

Two years ago, while the spontaneous grief of our whole country at the death of Zachary Taylor was yet unchecked, we received intelligence of the great loss England had sustained in the death of Sir Robert Peel. The Commoner died seven days before the President. It is somewhat remarkable that a similar affliction should again call forth the sorrow of each nation, almost at the same period. Our newspapers were filled with the accounts of the last scenes in the life of the Duke of Wellington up to the very day that the greatest intellect of the nineteenth century was blotted out. Webster and Wellington! When shall England or America see their counterparts?

As a graceful tribute to the memory of the Englishman, we present here a letter of great interest, from the Honorable Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, which will sufficiently explain itself:

SYDENHAM, NEAR PHILADELPHIA,
 October 28, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received your recent favor, in which you intimate a wish to receive from me, in the form of an article to be prepared for the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' some of my recollections of the Duke of Wellington. While yet the public interest is fresh concerning his remarkable character and career.

With every sensibility to the obliging spirit of your letter, I yet feel forced to withdraw from the request or intimation it conveys. There could be little hope indeed, that any thing I might be able to send you, would be of much if any interest in the public eye, now that the Duke's death will bring forth accumulations of anecdote and reminiscences from persons of his own country, possessing opportunities of intercourse and intimacy with him, so superior to any that fell to my share. It is true, that whilst I was Minister in England during more than seven years, he then being of the British Cabinet, it was my good fortune to see him often, under various circumstances, in social life; and I was constantly struck with his remarkable naturalness of manner and frankness of speech, as beautifully contrasting with his brilliant fame first blazing up in Asia; conceded to him more or less throughout Europe, as won afterwards by his more extended deeds in arms and in council on that continent; and of exaltation altogether supreme over every name in England, in the estimate of all, from the throne to the cottage, when I was there. He made this same impression on the whole diplomatic corps assembled in London. At that era of his life, he was very hospitable to the corps—often inviting members of it to dinner; not on great and set occasions only, but on more simple and unceremonious ones. And in an humble work, I have given to the public founded on the diplomatic negotiations I was charged with in the English mission at that epoch, and on some of the personal scenes interwoven with them, I have briefly told

here and there what seemed to me illustrative anecdotes of this great British chieftain—pointing to the qualities of the public man in him. This task was never attempted, but under the restraints due from me when imparting to the public any information whatever so obtained; and I feel that I have nothing to add derived from my own intercourse with him, to what has appeared in those humble volumes. One thing very characteristic in his personal habits I have not alluded to, which was well known and may be here stated: It was his great punctuality in answering letters and notes. Scarcely any body ever wrote to him in proper terms, on any subject, without receiving a prompt reply, and very generally in his own hand. I have seen these answers in the possession of respectable mechanics, in his own hand-writing, and when the subjects were of no great importance, certainly of none to him. Notes and letters to him were extremely numerous; and this habit, considering the multiplicity of his social engagements and heavy calls on his public time, marked at once his industry and kindly feelings.

And I may dare venture to mention, if at this moment any curiosity or interest might attach to it, an opinion of the late Lord Ashburton, respecting the Duke of Wellington, as I heard it from him when he was in the United States in 1842, laboring, and laboring successfully, in conjunction with the great statesman we have just lost, Mr. Webster, in concluding the treaty which at last settled our North Eastern boundary with England. It was no limited sagacity or powers of judgment that this nobleman was gifted with. He was long and usefully conspicuous for both; and, with an expanded benevolence and intelligence, was warmly attached to our country while devoted to his own. He long possessed the Duke's good will; possessed it when he was Alexander Baring, founded on his high qualities, not merely as a great and most honorable merchant, but as a commercial statesman of large views, exercising in the House of Commons, the powers of a mind as accomplished and classic as it was elevated and clear in the whole range of its knowledge of the wants and interests of the British commercial empire; and this early good will of the Duke ripened into friendship under farther opportunities of intercourse after the peerage, so well earned by Mr. Baring, was conferred upon him. This enlightened Briton, the more so from being the friend of America, said to me when speaking of the Duke that he had been always greatly struck in contemplating his character with its resemblance, in many points, to that of our Washington. He was right. Bating that Washington's name towers to the skies as the founder of a great nation, where no room can be left for parallel, the two men were still alike in truthfulness and honesty; alike in straight-forward conduct and perpetual honor, that ever rose above all intrigue, all selfishness, and little jealousies, all thought of small ambition, or playing a small game under any circumstances; alike in that wisdom in vast affairs which looks at men as they are, and events as they exist, with no misleading thoughts to mistake either in planning and executing momentous measures; alike in that enduring resolution, those self-relying resources of in-born and well-trained virtue, bravery and patriotism, which never think of yielding, but going on amidst misrepresentation and difficulties, no matter how many, or stubborn, or complicated, that overset the weak and vacillating, but which the intrinsically strong heed not, but turn to final success and glory, in fighting great battles and undergoing other great trials, whether for a country, or to found a country; these were the grand qualities that Wellington and Washington possessed in common. The former served Britain as she was; the latter made America what she has become, and what she is to be. The sphere of the one was more wide-spread and multitudin-

ous in events, and in detached achievements; the sphere of the other was single and matchless at the time, but boundless in the future. One was the great Englishman of the age; the other, the great American of centuries. It was to this effect Lord Ashburton expressed himself. He started and led the way in the comparison as far as it was carried, and I concurred with him.

Hardly can I suppose, my dear sir, that this letter will be of any account with you; but if you should deem otherwise of it in any sense, I offer it as a little substitute for the article you sought at my hands, and you are at liberty to make any use of it you may think it worth.

In conclusion, I pray you to believe me,
with great truth, yours very faithfully,

RICHARD RUSH.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esqr.,
Richmond, Virginia.

We confess we have not read any which has so outraged our sense of propriety as the following paragraph, from a letter addressed to the *Leeds Mercury* by the Earl of Carlisle, better known to our readers as Lord Morpeth. His Lordship, in allusion to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," says

"With respect to the work in question, its genius, its pathos, its humor, must sufficiently commend themselves to its nearly unparalleled number of readers: *I feel that I have seen and known enough to convince my own mind equally of its general FAIRNESS, FIDELITY AND TRUTH.*"

We had occasion, some time since, to comment upon a very puerile and discreditable Lecture on America, pronounced by his Lordship before the Leeds Mechanic's Institution, in which, however, there was nothing absolutely unworthy of a gentleman. We certainly did not then suppose that the Earl of Carlisle would ever volunteer to defame us, whatever he might have said and written in a depreciative spirit of our social institutions. But here we find him endorsing the vilest falsehoods that have ever been promulgated against the Southern States of America—testifying to the "fairness, fidelity and truth," of a work which represents the Southern master as equally licentious and tyrannical. The charge has frequently been brought against American tourists, that they have abused English hospitality by printing the gossip of West End drawing-rooms and laying bare the domestic economy of aristocratic country seats. This disregard of the sanctity of private life is without doubt obnoxious to severe censure, but what shall be thought of the man who repays his generous host with false and malignant charges at the bar of the world's opinion? When Lord Morpeth visited the Southern States in 1842, he met everywhere with the most considerate politeness. There were homes in Virginia and South Carolina, where he was welcomed with the cordiality of long-established friendship; the ancient and honorable name

of Howard forbidding the supposition that he could violate hospitality. And yet this flower of England's nobility thinks it no indecorum to bear witness to the truth of a book, wherein these same Southern homes are described as the abodes of impurity, of inhumanity, of crime!

It is worthy of remark that in endorsing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Right Honorable the Earl of Carlisle runs counter to his own previous statements in the Lecture to which we have already referred. Mrs. Stowe brands the Southern slaveholder as cruel in his treatment of the slave, and the Earl of Carlisle has "seen and known enough to convince his mind" of the justice of this mark of infamy. In his Lecture, in mentioning his visit to South Carolina, he says:

"I went with a remarkably agreeable party to spend a day at the rice plantation of one of their chief proprietors: he had the credit of being an excellent manager, and his negroes, young and old, seemed well taken care of and looked after."

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the compulsory separation of near relatives among slaves is the groundwork of the romance. Of course the Earl of Carlisle, by becoming surety for Mrs. Stowe's fairness and truthfulness, is responsible for her allegations on this point. Yet in his Lecture, he tells us—

"I must not omit to state that I saw one slave auction in the open street, arising from the insolvency of the previous owner (a similar emergency to that which caused the sale of Uncle Tom): a crowd stood round the platform on which sat the auctioneer, and beside him were placed in succession the lots of from one to five negroes. *The families seemed to be all put up together.*" Lecture p. 53.

We do not see how inconsistency could be more glaring than this. In what manner the Earl of Carlisle can reconcile Mrs. Stowe's imaginary scenes with the incidents that fell under his own eye in the Southern States, we leave to nicer casuists than ourselves to conjecture.

We lament this aberration from candour the more in the Earl of Carlisle, because it necessarily sullies the fame of a proud and venerated house, associated with much of England's glory from an immemorial past to the day which closed over the drenched field of Waterloo. It brings the Howard down to the level of the common slanderer. It forces us not only to recal the lines of the poet, who satirized the father—

What heterogeneous honors deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer—

but to anticipate a time when a juster, if not a bitterer sarcasm may be applied to the son, reckless of that regard for truth, which, amid all their follies and excesses, has ever distinguished the

English nobility and half redeemed their worst crimes.

There come to us occasionally, in our editorial correspondence, some rare gems of epistolary composition. By compiling them, we feel confident we should be able to give the world a volume, which for really delicious infelicities of spelling and grammar, would exceed anything Mr. Chawls Yellowplush ever wrote. Here are a couple of letters, by way of illustration, which we cannot help printing, though we confess to some guiltiness of conscience in finding amusement in the illiteracy of the writers. The reader will observe that these letters would seem to have been inspired by the tragic and the comic muse, as the one establishes a marriage, the usual finale of comedy, and the other pathetically suggests a death.

"Mr Edetor of the S Messenger

"Sir I receive a letter Sent to Miss ——— requestin her to pay for the Mesenger I have bin Marred to Miss ——— five years and I never have taken the first one out of the office for I Never intended to pay for them before we were Marred her Brother ——— Sent for the Mesenger for her and had it Sent in her name She never Sent for it her Self and after we ware Marred ——— P M Sent to you to Stop it and it Still come and you had Better Stop Sendin it unless you want to loss more for I never intend to pay for them unless compelled by law so No more But remains yours ———"

"To the Editor Sir one of your Paper have Bind Cumming hear to Dr ——— with Soro I will say to you that he Dide Some time a go and the man that he was Living with got me to Rite to you to stopt it.

"Yours
* * * P. M.

We can only say to our kind correspondents, in answer to such satisfactory epistles, that we learn "with Soro" the decease of our medical friend, and that we fondly trust that however effectually the loving couple were "marred," the same unhappy term may never be used with reference to their matrimonial happiness.

In the article on Houdon's Statue of Washington, in the last number of the Messenger, we stated that no cast of this inimitable piece of sculpture could be found in the State of Virginia. We have since learned that a copy of the bust in plaster, taken by a skilful hand, adorns the mansion of the Hon. Andrew Stevenson in the county of Albemarle. We take pleasure in expressing our approval of the good taste which is implied in the possession of such a prize. We recollect to have seen a good plaster bust copied

from Houdon, among the household gods of Prof. H. W. Longfellow at Cambridge, who resides in the identical house formerly occupied by Washington when in command of the Revolutionary army.

A recent number of the HOME JOURNAL contains a pertinent paragraph upon the loose notions of property that prevail among the editorial class. It has been the fortune of that excellent paper to suffer greatly by the larcenies of some of its contemporaries, and its editors therefore feel called upon to recur to the old doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*, in self-defence. Our own experience in this regard has led us to think that very many editors act upon the convenient maxim of Monsieur Proudhon—"La propriété, c'est le vol," for we see the Messenger's articles reprinted in all quarters, without a word of acknowledgment. It certainly surprised us, however, to find, in this very same number of the Home Journal, the poem of "Mildred," published in the last number of this magazine, quietly transferred to the Journal's columns, with no mark of credit as to its origin. The *Virginia Recorder*, a meritorious paper published at Buchanan, Virginia, also did us the honor, a short time since, to publish as original a sweet little poem of Miss Talley's—The Autumn Time—which we had the gratification to lay before our readers as long ago as October, 1848. But the most "wexatious" thing we have experienced for many moons was an appropriation, three weeks ago, on the part of the New York Courier and Enquirer,—in one of its able and solid leaders,—of the whole substance of our legal argument against "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We ought, perhaps, to feel complimented by this employment of our humble labors by a journal of so high a reputation for talent, but we should have enjoyed a much intenser satisfaction if the writer, who made use of us to "get up" his law, had been liberal enough to append to his argument the name of his attorney.

As a pendant to the Literary Parallels, supplied by a valued contributor to the foregoing pages of the present number of the Messenger, we give here a curious coincidence between a passage in Pope's Homer and one in Hudibras. When Achilles draws his sword against Agamemnon, his arm is arrested by Minerva, as described in these lines—

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast,
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,

Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd;
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks and pierce their haughty lord:
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control.
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stayed,
While half unsheath'd appeared the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove,
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care;)
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd.—*Pope's Iliad. Book I.*

The passage in *Hudibras* is as follows—

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending cock, he level'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull:
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder.
But, Pallas came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transformed to stock.

Hudibras, Part I, Canto II. 775.

Our readers will enjoy, we are sure, the graceful descriptive verses we give this month, from the pen of our gifted poetical contributor, R. H. Stoddard. It gives us pleasure to announce that this gentleman will shortly make his appearance again before the public in a volume of *Fairy Stories for the Holidays*. The book will issue from the press of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, under the tempting title of "*Adventures in Fairy Land*." It is designed chiefly for the little folks, but will present a collection of simple prose poems which will afford the purest delight to all classes of readers.

We have a friend, a member of the bar, who enjoys a high and deserved reputation for ability as an advocate, and is also famed for his ready and never failing wit. On one occasion we heard him, in cross-examination of a witness as to the exact distance between two places, interpose a curious objection to the testimony. The witness asserted the distance to be nine miles "because the sign-board said so." "Stop, sir," cried our friend, "what the sign-board says, is 'n't evidence; you must tell us what you know, and not what you have had said to you." A few days since, he was engaged in defending a man charged with some crime in which a stick was involved as part of the transaction. The prosecuting attorney, in the midst of his concluding argument, inquired, with great emphasis, "and now, gentlemen of the jury, how came this stick where we have traced it? Some one must have carried it there—it could not have got there of its own accord!" "Why, sir," said our friend, interrupting him

with a very quizzical expression, "it was a walking stick."

A gentleman being required by a lady to find a rhyme for *Taliaferro*, which (for the benefit of distant readers) we remark is pronounced '*Toliver*,' produced the following:

'I think I have the right to ask
A Rowland for my Oliver—
To you, in turn, I give the task
To find a rhyme for '*Taliaferro*.'

To which the lady responded:

"It is most true, that very few
Fit rhymes exist for '*Taliaferro*—
But surely you, down in Peru,
Must needs have heard of Bolivar."

A Prospectus lies on our table, in which our artist friend Hubard signifies his intention of opening Classes in Richmond, for instruction in Drawing and the general principles of the art of painting. Few men in this country have greater skill with the pencil than Hubard, and we have seen portfolios of his sketches, that worthily and faithfully engraved would give him a reputation not very far below that of Retschz himself. We are therefore glad to see that he proposes to devote a portion of his time to teaching the elements of his noble art, because, not permitting ourselves to doubt his success, we confidently expect from his efforts an improvement in the taste and judgment of the community with reference to his particular branch of artistic study.

Notices of New Works.

PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES. By ARSENE HOUSAYE, Author of *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century*. Redfield. Clinton Hall. New York. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

In the pleasant volumes of Monsieur Arsène Housaye, we are admitted into a gaily-decorated and brilliantly-lighted *salle de spectacle*, where the curtain rises upon a very charming circle of wits and beauties, in whose action and dialogue we find ourselves readily interested. True it is, that we hear some sentiment that is peculiarly French, and witness some imbroglis that are rather equivocal, but the fascination of the place with its surroundings, causes us to look upon all this with a very lenient eye. Such experience is an unquestionable delight; and it is only when the show is over, when the sparkling company of its clever and pretty sinners have left the stage, when the loves have taken flight and the snery relapses into darkness, that we become sensible of the fact that

we have been sinning ourselves all the while we have been yielding to the enchantment.

To be candid with Monsieur Houssaye then, we must tell him that we think him one of the sprightliest and wickedest writers of the day; and wicked not so much because he teaches bad morals, as because he finds nothing in the loose adventures of his characters to disapprove. The grace and sweetness with which his *griottes* are made to offend against all the proprieties of life—the *bienséance* uniformly displayed by his “philosophers” in their worst departures from the line of good conduct—the delicious way in which they both contrive to throw off the restraints of society—all these are well calculated to make us regard lightly what we might else be forward to condemn. If he does not absolutely smile upon a peccadillo, he has no rebuke for the guilty one, while he chronicles the whole affair in the airiest and most flippant of sentences.

The best thing to our taste in the two volumes now before us is the sketch of Voltaire with which the first opens. It is obnoxious to the objection we have urged against the author in a general way, but is eminently lightsome and suggestive.

REUBEN MEDLICOTT, *Or the Coming Man*. By M. W. SAVAGE, Esq., Author of the “Bachelor of the Albany,” &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

The second title of this book might have been “The Philosophy of Failure,” instead of “The Coming Man,” for its hero is a ‘Man’ who never does ‘come,’ or rather, who perpetually illustrates how easy a thing it is to go through the world and accomplish not one single useful or important purpose. Reuben Medlicott is a young gentleman of rare parts, of whom a circle of admiring friends predict the most brilliant things, and whose life is but a succession of melancholy mishaps. Out of his varied adventures the author draws forth the moral which *Æsop* has taught in one of the best known of his fables, that perseverance and unflinching industry will in the end achieve more than the fitful and misdirected efforts of the most gifted genius.

The literary merits of the volume are considerable. The style is less pointed than the Bachelor of the Albany, and the story has been needlessly expanded; nevertheless there are many clever hits, here and there, that might be profitably transferred to our pages had we room for them. The work is divided into books, each of which is opened, by way of prolegomena, with some of the author’s own reflections, after the manner of Fielding.

SICILY: A PILGRIMAGE. By H. T. TUCKERMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 159 Main Street.

It is matter of congratulation that, as Mr. Tuckerman’s volume is the only one published of late years on Sicily, the task of describing Sicilian scenery and people should have fallen into such excellent hands. The first edition of this little work appeared as long ago as 1840, under the title of “Isabel, or Sicily,” but it did not attract its proper share of attention at that time, and we are glad to see it again brought before the public. We are also glad that the name of Miss ‘Isabel’ has been dropped from the title, inasmuch as it suggested rather a dark-lantern Sicilian novel than what the book really is, a charming and instructive record of travel. Mr. Tuckerman has employed Miss Isabel and a little story in which she figures, to

beguile the indifferent into a perusal of his pages, but the device was not at all necessary, nor do we consider that the young lady or her companions lend much to the interest of the volume. We commend “Sicily” highly to the reader’s notice.

ORACLES FOR YOUTH. *A Home Pastime*. By CAROLINE GILMAN. Author of “The Sibyl,” etc. New York. G. P. Putnam & Co. 10 Park Place. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Arrayed in appropriate and beautiful habiliments, this little volume confirms, upon a closer acquaintance, the pleasing first impression its appearance has created. The object of it is to afford an innocent in-door diversion to the young folks, and this is done through the happy medium of verse, simple yet tuneful. Certain questions are asked by one out of a circle of children, and the child questioned responds by giving a number. To this number will be found appended a Delphic revelation, suited to the interrogatory, conveyed in a stanza more musical than any utterances of the ancient Pythoness. Mrs. Gilman has shown herself a real friend of the rising generation in the invention of this oracular amusement for them.

THE CABIN AND PARLOR: *Or Slaves and Masters*. By J. THORNTON RANDOLPH. Philadelphia: W. B. Peterson, No 98 Chesnut Street. [From G. M. West & Bro., 14th Street, under the Exchange Hotel.

Good in all respects. The style is that of a well educated and practised writer; the incidents are striking and told with spirit: pathos alternates with humor throughout the story, and the argument is manly and unanswerable. We can only regret that by similarity of title and the time of its publication, it should be associated, in any way, with Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s volumes, of the very name of which the public are getting heartily tired, for “The Cabin and Parlor” is excellent enough to have won for itself a wide popularity, in the absence of that surfeit of ‘nigger’ literature, which now sickens the popular taste.

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN WEALTH. By Alice B. Neal, (Cousin Alice.) Author of “No Such Word as Fail,” etc. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway, N. Y. 1853.

GOOD IN EVERYTHING: *A Story*. By Mrs. Barwell. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

These little works, from the press of the Messrs. Appleton, strike us as most appropriate and excellent for the purpose had in view, no doubt, by author and publisher. “Contentment Better than Wealth” is a charming gift book for any little boy or girl not very far in his or her teens; and we have no doubt that the literary character of the performance is as attractive as the “outward semblance”—which is red and gold—or the title-page, which is just that fascinating mixture of crimson, and azure, and the rainbow generally, which takes captive the youthful heart. We have been enabled scarcely to glance into “Contentment Better than Wealth,” but are quite willing, having read the name of Alice B. Neal upon the title-page, to recommend it to our readers. She is the popular authoress of “No Such Word as Fail,” and

other moral tales; and as "Cousin Alice" has attained to a very gratifying popularity with the rising generation. We repeat that these are just the books which children love.

GARDEN WALKS WITH THE POETS. By C. M. Kirkland. G. P. Putnam & Co. New York. [From A. Morris. 97 Main Street.

Mrs. Kirkland has performed a sweet and graceful office, with her accustomed delicacy and judgment, in collecting together all the finest passages of English poetry which relate to "the Garden." The book itself is a beautiful bouquet to ornament the centre-table, or diffuse its fragrance through the *boudoir*. With the ladies it is likely to prove a great favorite, both for the taste for flowers and the love of poetry which distinguish the gentler sex.

LIVES OF WELLINGTON AND PEEL. *From the London Times.* New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

The very day after the announcement of the death of Wellington, the London Times published an elaborate and extended biography of that great captain, filling many columns of its issue. A similar though less full sketch of Sir Robert Peel had appeared on the occasion of the great Commoner's decease in 1850. The Appletons have brought out these two efforts in a handsome volume which will no doubt have a run. It is well printed and neatly bound.

THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STATES. In three volumes. Volume first. By J. D. B. DeBow. Published at the office of DeBow's Review, New-Orleans. John-street, New York. East Bay and Broad-streets, Charleston. [From J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street.

If any one should derive the impression, from reading the title page of this volume, that it is a mere collection of statistics relating to Southern Commerce, he would not only commit a great mistake, but do gross injustice to the indefatigable and worthy author. Professor De Bow has rendered the South a great and essential service, which we trust will meet with a better reward than usually attends the efforts of those who labor in behalf of the Southern people. We commend his book most cordially to the attention of all who would make themselves acquainted with the resources, not only industrial but moral, of the slaveholding States.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES, seen through American Spectacles. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. [From A. Morris. 97 Main Street.

Whoever it was that looked through these "American spectacles" upon the sights and scenes of the French capital, saw them to some purpose, for we have not read anything fresher and more entertaining than this book, since Sanderson's time. There are some marked indelicacies which had been better omitted, and should the vol-

ume go through another edition, we trust the author will strike them out. Yet the work as a whole, is excellent, possessing all of Sir Francis Head's fidelity and humor without any of his tiresomeness.

THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF "Our Own Correspondent in Italy." By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

"Our own Correspondent," in his Italian campaigns, seems to have directed his energies, in a special manner, to the cookery and small-talk of the pleasant country described; but mixed up with his gossip and gastronomy, there is so much of lively incident and stirring adventure, connected with the recent revolutions in Italy, that the book will well reward perusal.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES. *By a Carolinian.* Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1852.

We are indebted to a friend in Boston for a copy of this well-timed brochure. It is understood to be from the pen of E. J. Pringle, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and was addressed by him to a friend in New England, in reply to the question "What do you think of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the South?" Mr. Pringle writes with great affluence and perspicuity, and it is not difficult to see from his close and searching argument, that his mind has been well trained in logical studies. We thank him for the service he has rendered our section of the Union by so thoughtful and dispassionate an effort, because we can not help thinking that any Northern man of judgment and honesty of purpose who will read it, will become convinced of the correctness of the author's positions. With such writers as Mr. Pringle to defend her institutions, the South need fear nothing from the assaults of fanaticism from whatever quarter they may come.

OUR IRON ROADS: Their History, Construction and Social Influences. By FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS. With numerous Illustrations. London: Ingram, Cooke and Co., 227, Strand. 1852. New York: Bangs, Bros. & Co. [From Harrold & Murray, Broad Street.

The whole economy of the Railway System of England is discussed in this beautiful volume at considerable length, and with a perfect knowledge on the part of the author of the subject he has taken in hand. Every thing connected with the 'Iron Road,' the motive power, the carriages, tunnels, viaducts, bridges, excavations, &c., &c., is accurately described, and illustrated by a spirited wood engraving. There is some very pleasant reading in the volume, a sort of branch road, upon which the reader is carried, now and then, by a switch deflecting the train of his thoughts from the main track, and sending him along through flowery valleys and quiet retreats. The work belongs to the series of the "London Illustrated Library" of which we have before spoken with praise.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO. 12.

Notes and Commentaries, on a Voyage to China.

CHAPTER XV.

Santa Casa da Misericordia—Orphan Asylum—Foundling Hospital—Population of Rio de Janeiro—Charity of Roman Catholics—Medical education—Medical practitioners—Courts martial—Character of sailors—Progress of Rio de Janeiro.

May 12th. Visited several of the public charities. The Santa Casa da Misericordia, founded in the year 1582, is a charity hospital of sufficient extent to accommodate about 400 beds. Without distinction of country, color, religion or sex, all who are sick and in want are admitted without question. The patients are supplied with good medical and surgical attendance, diet, medicines and lodging. It is of course resorted to by the miserable and destitute, and they find relief, though the furniture and provision for them are of the plainest kind. The institution seems to be well managed and is cleanly kept.

It is endowed and its annual income is about 188,580,666 reis, equal to about \$95,000; and its ordinary expenses are about \$65,000. Recently the building has been repaired, and considerably extended at a cost of about \$70,000. The number of patients admitted is about 5,000 every year, of which nearly one fourth die. The interments in the Campo Santo or Potter's field connected with the institution for the year 1847, were 1,535 free persons and 1,839 slaves, or an aggregate of 3,374.

Connected with this establishment is an Orphan Asylum, commenced in the year 1739, which is maintained at annual cost of about \$15,000. The number of orphans in it varies from 40 to 50. They are received at all periods of minority, and when they attain a proper age the males are taught trades, and the girls, when they marry, receive a small dower to enable them to begin the world. The marriage portion may have some influence in procuring husbands for these parentless maidens. A considerable proportion of the inmates of the Orphan Asylum are transferred from another branch of this "Holy House of Mercy,"—the Foundling Hospital, which seems to carry on an extensive business.

In the year 1847, the number admitted on the wheel was 594; many of them had been badly treated, some were at the point of death, and 17 were actually dead; and they were of ages from a few days up to even eleven years old. During the year 228 were discharged, 360 died, and 91 remained in the house, besides 467, between the ages of 7 and 8, who were boarding at the charge of the hospital.*

This gives a proportion of nearly three foundlings yearly to every thousand of the population which is 170,000, as follows:

Brazilians, native or adopted,	60,000
Strangers, of all nations,	25,000
Slaves of every color and sex,	85,000
	170,000

These figures tell a story about the morality of the good people of Rio de Janeiro, which should not be compared with the morality of the United States in this respect, because we have no record to show precisely how many illegitimates, if any, exist among us. Setting aside the religious view of the subject, the question may be asked, and considered simply in relation to legislative policy, what influence does the existence of a Foundling hospital exercise on the community? The argument most prominent in favor of such an institution, is that it removes all the motives which are supposed to lead to the perpetration of infanticide, and thus far contributes to the augmentation and preservation of population, which is the measure, all things being equal, of national strength. For this last reason, legislators have always endeavored to enact laws, the tendency of which is to encourage the holy institution of marriage. Among the effects of this common endeavor has been the creation of a public opinion, a public sentiment which discountenances bastardy, and degrades women in social estimation when, through persuasion or force, they become mothers without legal or religious sanction. A female thus unfortunate receives no sympathy from her own sex; not one connives at her error by silence, or utters one word in pity or in extenuation; she is deemed to shame and to feel that the finger of scorn or condemnation is pointed at her and follows her

* See Almanak Administrativo, Mercantil e industrial da Corte e Provincia do Rio de Janeiro. 1848. Anuario Politico do Brazil. 1848.

through life. This castigation has no limit, and to a sensitive mind may be intolerable; and rather than attempt to endure it, the miserable woman in her anxiety to preserve social approbation or character, may seek to hide a monstrous offence by perpetrating the darkest crime. At the moment she determines to murder her own child, maternal fondness, one of the wisest of Nature's boons, succumbs in an agonizing conflict with love of approbation, often cultivated to excess, and the woman no longer comprehends the wickedness of the deed she contemplates; the fear of God is lost in an irrational dread of social censure.

Maternal love is not contingent upon social contrivance. The attraction which binds the mother to her offspring, has no dependence upon statutory or conventional rules; it is as much an attribute derived from natural cause as the fountain of liquid nourishment prepared under physiological laws to appease the hunger of the new born animal. The expression of maternal instinct or affection may be stifled by fear of reprobation, and yet the instinct be not extinguished; even where priestly work and ceremony have not made ready the soil.

The rules of society are somewhat responsible for the cruel dilemma in which women find themselves, when they forget the conventional customs established for the protection of their innocence, and yield to false promises under the most bewitching influence that sways humanity in its youth. Departure from the moral code should not be encouraged; but we are not forbidden to pity the frailties and misfortunes of our fellow-beings? For certain unfortunates, a foundling hospital is an institution of mercy, because it opens a way to save life, and to shield them from endless degradation: but it does not take away the fear of shame, encourage a repetition of the error, or release them from penitential suffering. Who appreciates the distress of an unhappy mother while she stealthily, at a silent hour of the night, approaches the friendly wheel, to deposit upon it her first-born, to be conveyed away from her embrace forever to hired hands? Who sympathizes with her heart's tumult while she beholds the wheel turning from her with what might have been a treasured blessing if man had been but true: or while she pursues the dark road from the hospital, where her heart is, to her home where her peace is no longer, for she must now strive to hide her sorrow in an assumed deportment of content? She will never see her infant smile in its mother's face; yet, she hopes and believes that it thrives under the care of some strange nurse, even though it may have died. Surely even a most wanton fault is somewhat expiated by such mental anxieties.

The frailties and imperfections of humanity, particularly those which spring from physiological condition, may be in some degree provided for. A foundling hospital is a result of Christian mercy and of Christian pity, and is an institution, it is believed, peculiar to Christian communities. While it is a monument of Christian charity, it is a record of human weakness. It is true our notions do not, at least in Philadelphia, countenance such an institution by name, though it exists in fact. The newspapers occasionally announce that infants deposited at the doors of citizens have been conveyed to the *alms-house*. Such an institution seems to be necessary in every populous city; and its existence ought not to exert an influence prejudicial to morality to as great an extent as penitentiaries and jails, which are established to protect society from the acts of the vicious and violent. I confess that at first, the existence of a foundling hospital seemed to me a proof of laxity of morals as well as of female impurity in the city of Rio de Janeiro; but further examination has induced a belief that such an inference is unjust and unphilosophical. The existence of a prison does not increase the number of criminals; the existence of a foundling institution is not likely to render women indifferent to the chances of deception and shame; on the contrary it may stand like a gibbet to warn against indulgence of passion.

The hospital of Pedro II., founded in 1841, embraces a department for the treatment of the insane; the number under treatment averages about forty annually.

The whole of this hospital establishment is under the direction of a holy brotherhood—*irmandade da Misericordia*—and is supported by the extensive revenues of the fraternity, assisted by the profits of two lotteries every year, and bequests from private individuals. There is in this institution an example of the practical charity which constitutes a prominent feature of the Roman Catholic religion. There is no religious sect of Christians who give more liberally, or attend more faithfully to the wants of the poor, the afflicted, the wretched and the destitute. Indeed, the Roman Catholics are a charitable, an *alms-giving* people in all countries, and in this respect there is no sect or denomination of Christians who do so much to alleviate affliction. Who has not heard of the Sisters of Charity? We find no similar sisterhood belonging to any other Christian sect than the Roman Catholic.

In the *Misericordia* I met an English woman in the capacity of nurse: she stated to me that she had resided in the hospital seventeen years at a monthly salary of ten milreis, about five dollars.

The military hospital, which I found in good

order, contained one hundred and ninety-nine patients, belonging to that portion of the Brazilian army stationed in and about Rio.

Considerable attention is paid to medical education. The course of studies embraces all the branches and extends through a period of seven years. The effect of this long probation is to fill the metropolis with practitioners, while there is a dearth of them in the rural districts. Young men from the country, who enter the medical college, become attached to the capital by long residence, and after graduation seldom return to their homes. The system of medical education is exclusively French.

The medical faculty consists of a director and twenty-two professors, who seem to be divided so as to take up the students in classes of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh years.

According to a register before me for 1845, the city contains 178 practitioners of medicine, of which number 11 are homeopaths, besides 12 female practitioners, 9 dentists and 76 apothecaries. Among them is a surgeon of the army who has the rank of lieutenant colonel. Besides all these of name and habitation, there is no doubt a full proportion of quacks and nostrum venders, who always find prey among the ignorant and credulous ever found in large populations.

The social standing of members of the medical profession in Rio de Janeiro, may be inferred from the care bestowed in securing professional knowledge. Thorough education and competent knowledge must attract respect from all who are able to appreciate the worth of skilful physicians and surgeons in a community. The length of time devoted to the study of medicine, seven successive courses of a year each, is strikingly in contrast with the three years' study generally required in the United States. It must not be forgotten that in a hot climate, more time is probably required for the accomplishment of the same work, than in temperate regions where men seem to enjoy much greater nervous endurance, and are capable of greater mental efforts, without unfortunate results to health. The labor of the brain, when pushed, rapidly exhausts the physical powers; and, if long continued, destroys health.

The science of human anatomy, which embraces all that can be known of the form and relations of the multitude of parts which constitute the human body; the science of human physiology which embraces the study of the actions or functions of these parts, separately as well as conjointly; the science of chemistry which studies the actions and reactions of matter, in its simple and compound conditions, and leads us to a knowledge of the composition of animal and ve-

getable and mineral materials, include only the elementary principles on which practical medicine and surgery are based. One who attempts to adjust displaced bones, remove diseased parts, or to obviate the destructive influence of wounds on life, without knowing the form, relations and functions of organs, is dishonest and unworthy of public confidence. The same remark applies to one who prescribes treatment for maladies without being able to distinguish one from the other, or without any adequate conception of the manner in which the nutrition and growth of the body are effected, or how various kinds of inanimate matter taken into the interior of the body, may modify the functions of its organs and its general condition. A worn bucket or a wash-tub, are confided to the cooper for repairs, for few have enough effrontery to assume a knowledge of his craft; few men who have not learned the art, have vanity enough to endeavor to replace a broken or dislocated wheel in a watch; but if a child or adult member of the family fall sick, he is freely confided to the influence of a nostrum, or the untrained judgment of any one of the neighbors or friends who will suggest a remedy. Complicated and difficult as the laws of life in health and disease are admitted to be by all persons of thoughtful intelligence, a very great many persons in every community are ever ready to advise the means of restoring impaired or lost functions of organs to healthful action. Their ignorance renders them fearless; and they deal with poisonous remedies and disease with less diffidence than the best educated and most experienced physicians. They regard disease as an entity, a sort of malevolent spirit, possessed of depth and breadth and length and weight, which may be destroyed or expelled through means of a drug. They are unable to conceive that this notion is false, and all the reasonings based upon it are untrue; they cannot be made to understand that disease is merely an untoward modification of healthy action of an organ or organs—simply a condition. So long as people are ignorant enough to hazard life and health by accepting advice from any one who may volunteer to bestow it, so long will the various sorts of pretenders in the art of healing meet with encouragement and success. The homeopath who pretends that one ten millionth part of a grain of tobacco exerts more influence on the body than a nostril full of snuff, or mouthful of the best "Honey Dew," is not a greater impostor on credulity than those who pretended to ascertain from medial communication with the eternal soul of William Penn, that he was opposed to the political consolidation of the city and incorporated districts of Philadelphia. It is lamentable to see how falsehood and credulity conspire to delude and

cheat the people in medicine, in surgery, in politics, and even in religion, and how little encouragement masses of men give to absolute truth and integrity.

For thirty years and more, the system of medical education pursued in the United States, has tended to lessen the amount of knowledge required by colleges to secure the diploma, a certificate to the public, that their alumni respectively were true men, worthy of confidence and trust in all things pertaining to the art and mystery of removing disease. Indeed, it is nearly thirty years since it was ascertained in the military services of the country, that the diploma of colleges is not a reliable document, and that this certificate, purporting to embody the testimony of trustees and professors, men elevated to their positions in consequence of their integrity and learning, could not be trusted. Hence the government, for once in advance of the knowledge of the day, disregarded the diploma, and employed only such persons in the medical department of the army and navy, as were pronounced competent by boards of experienced medical officers, appointed to examine them. In the early days of these examinations, not one-fourth of the candidates examined were found qualified, and even now not much more than one-half of the examinees are passed; yet, all or nearly all who present themselves are armed with diplomas or certificates to the public that they are fully instructed and capable to practice medicine and surgery as occasion may require.

Still the evil goes on. Medical schools are multiplied in almost every section of the Union; they resort to various means to attract the pupils, and in some instances, they rival each other in facility of granting diplomas. Such institutions believe they find both their renown and profit to be in proportion to the number rather than in the learning of their graduates. And this system is tending to lessen the respectability of the medical profession, and to encourage quackery, imposture and credulity; and the only hope of irradiating this state of things is in the American Medical Association, which will in time, perhaps, enlighten the public as to the true character of certain institutions which, under the pretext of teaching medical science, are obtaining money under false pretences, and indirectly colluding to poison and kill innocent members of the community. If the influence of the respected and respectable members of the profession, prove insufficient to protect the public from such impostors, a general law, inhibiting any person from practising medicine or surgery for profit, except by license obtained on the certificate of boards of examiners appointed by the Executive or Legislative authority of the States respectively, might

be effectual. The profits of such a board should be independent of the result of the examination. Its members should look only to the interests of the community, and without fear or favor of candidates for license to practise.

Yet, it cannot be denied that, notwithstanding the evils and abuses to which our system is obnoxious, our country affords abundant facilities for the acquisition of medical science. A proof of this is seen in the skill of our physicians and the boldness and dexterity of our surgeons; they are not surpassed in any other country.

May 15th.—Dined with an English resident who has a cottage in the midst of a pretty garden, in a district called Larangeira. I went out in an omnibus drawn by four mules. A ticket secures a seat, so that the passengers are never crowded.

A few days since, a personal misunderstanding occurred between two gentlemen of the navy, at an evening entertainment. They exchanged angry words, and at one time the quarrel looked serious, but the difficulty was composed before returning to their respective ships. Unfortunately, perhaps, the circumstance was so represented to the Commodore, that he determined the affair should be investigated before a Court-martial. One of the gentlemen belonged to a staff-corps, and the other to the line. According to custom, the court was composed of officers of the line exclusively: the staff had no representative in it. The investigation resulted in a reprimand to each.

Courts-martial are formed and conducted in a manner very much at variance and often in conflict with the rules which govern civil tribunals. A court may be convened by the accuser, who may also be a witness, as well as any member of the court detailed by him.

Naval courts-martial, under the Statute of April 23, 1800, "for the better government of the navy of the United States," may consist of any number not less than five nor more than thirteen members, who must be "officers;" and they must be of the class styled commissioned, because the act provides that "the senior officer shall preside, the others ranking agreeably to the date of their commissions." The habitual construction is to form a court exclusively of commission officers of the line; commissioned officers of the staff departments are not detailed for this duty, though there is nothing in the letter or spirit of the law to prevent either medical officers, or pursers, or chaplains, from serving. About the year 1828 or 1829, Commodore Jacob Jones detailed a mixed court, which included medical officers and pursers for the trial of a seaman charged with the crime of murder. He was condemned and executed.

Besides the members, a court includes a Judge Advocate, whose duty is to keep a faithful record of the proceedings, and to the best of his knowledge, advise the court as to the law, and to secure the prisoner a fair trial. The judge advocate may be a citizen. It is not uncommon on foreign stations, to select a commodore's secretary, a surgeon, or a purser, for this duty.

The finding of courts-martial is determined by a majority of votes, except in cases involving loss of life, when a concurrence of two-thirds of the members present is required. The judge advocate has no vote.

The members and judge advocate swear to keep secret the opinions and votes of each other, and not divulge the sentence of the court until approved by the proper authority.

It is not pretended that courts-martial are, in fact, courts of justice; they are regarded rather as courts of discipline; and, for this reason, the common interests and subordination of the military body should be kept in view by the members in all cases. In other words, the effect of a sentence on the subordination and discipline of the ship or squadron, or of a post, is ever to be taken into consideration. It is on this principle, perhaps, that mildness or severity of condemnation is measured by the grade and rank of the accused; it is a very common notion in the service, among juniors especially, that a captain will be acquitted on charges which would cashier a midshipman, and that a private would be flogged for alleged faults, which a court would dismiss as frivolous if charged against a commission officer.

It has been tritely, though in some degree, truly said, "there is no law for post-captains." And it may be added, that the vigor of military law increases with inferiority until it descends to privates, who generally experience its full force. And such is likely to be the case, until the system is modified; until the antiquated and barbarous law of 1800 is remodelled so far as to harmonize with the spirit of the age. Is it not possible to devise a law which, while democratic in its general features, may be still sufficiently aristocratic to meet all the requirements of military discipline? Let those interested in the question, think well of it before answering.

On the other hand, it should not be forgotten, that a captain occupies a position which is often beset by difficulties, which require judgment and skill to avoid. He may have associated under his command, naturally discontented or insubordinate spirits, who constantly watch his actions, for the purpose of discovering something to censure; or, some may be negligent, heedless, indolent, and if he should be intolerant of irregularities, he will be pretty sure to meet resistance of authority, and to find rebuke to beget recrimina-

tion. Men rarely possess sufficient virtue to recognize misconduct in themselves when pointed out; and even when convicted of faults, the spirit of subordination is rarely enough to induce them to submit to just censure or punishment. In a word, few men are competent judges of the propriety of their own conduct, if it be in the least degree defective. Many instances of officers who attempt to justify their own disobedience, might be cited; but it is most dangerous to military discipline to permit even the most brilliant success to excuse or palliate any violation of orders.

A naval or military community, large or small, includes two very distinct classes of men: a class of officers who are educated, intelligent, possessed of sensibilities quick to the influence of praise or censure, and governed generally in their conduct by sentiments of honor, truth and integrity. In fact, unless men have these attributes, they should be considered not qualified to hold a commission in military service, because the country cannot safely repose confidence and trust in any who are not scrupulously observant of the highest code of morals in every respect. But unfortunately for theory, humanity is imperfect; men of defective moral constitution will, in spite of every precaution, become official associates of military bodies, and when admitted, it is often almost impossible to eject them. Yet this is not more true of military, than it is of religious organizations. Vicious, dishonest, untruthful men have, again and again, long held distinguished positions in every church, to the scandal of all right minded people. Delinquent bishops and priests are found among Christians of every denomination; but it is not to be inferred therefore the principles of Christianity are defective or in any measure responsible. The difficulty probably rests on the merciful forbearance, degenerating almost into a frivolous sentimentality, which it is the fashion to extend to evil doers of every grade and class. There is probably too little severity exercised towards delinquents and tricksters of every shade, who hold positions of trust, power, and patronage, as well as towards cheats, thieves, burglars and assassins, from the lowest walks of life. While such notions govern men in civil life in their conduct towards those who disregard legislative acts, as well as religious and moral laws, at the cost of peace, of property and of life, it is unreasonable to demand a higher tone among military officers. Still, it is hoped, the time is fast approaching when no exceptionable man can be retained in the officiality of the navy or army of the United States.

The other class above alluded to, includes privates of every grade and name. In the navy, they are drawn from the least intelligent and least

cultivated of our fellow citizens; and from a notion that a rigid and exact administration of summary law and punishment, enabled the officers to control the most violent, vicious and disorderly, some of the very worst of men are found in the naval service, and placed there, too, through the agency or connivance of civil officers in our large cities. Often, muscular power and robust health are their sole qualification and recommendation. Still, there is a very large proportion of true-hearted, brave and respectable men, who only lack cultivation and knowledge to make them equal to the best. Among them are men of rude manners and rough exteriors, whose truth and integrity are beyond contamination; yet these brave fellows are exposed to injustice and imposition through the system which makes them mess-mates and companions of such as are only fit to be inmates of jails and penitentiaries.

The character of sailors is not commonly understood by citizens, who seem to imagine that peculiarities are acquired from living very much at sea. The fact is that it is eccentricity, or some blemish of mental or moral constitution, which leads men to prefer the inconvenience and dangers of a life on the ocean, to the more stable vocations on shore. Thriftless people, who lack entirely the power of self-control and require superintendence of others, find the profession of a seaman congenial to their careless, heedless, improvident dispositions. It is not unusual for men to make a three years' cruise and return home with three or four hundred dollars in cash, which they squander in the most absurd and wanton manner in a week. Their lavish expenditure for the time passes for generosity, a virtue which is not common amongst them; for these very men during a cruise, resort to various expedients, and often manifest a most miserly passion, to accumulate money, to spend in the gratification of the lowest propensities of our nature. They are attracted by all the vices, without the least power of resistance, and possess so little intelligence that they fall an easy prey to any one who chooses to plunder them of their hardly earned wages, by catering to their lusts and vicious inclinations. Yet, under these defects of character, we find many excellent qualities. It is not uncommon to find men who, while they do not hesitate to pilfer and lie, are yet as true as steel in the hour of difficulty and danger; who will fearlessly risk their own lives to succor a fellow being in peril; men who would not betray a mess-mate under any circumstances, and whose conduct is thus far strictly honorable among themselves, but at the same time false to others. To cheat a rogue is, in their estimation, commendable; but to defraud one who is considered a good-fellow, is disgraceful. But such character-

istics are not necessarily the offspring of the sea; they have their origin and acquire their full growth on shore. It may be said in a word, that ignorant men who are naturally thriftless and prodigal; men entirely destitute of business capacity, and living an uncertain, precarious life, and the same time possessed of active, warm temperaments, form the class of common sailors. Hence it is that they very rarely accumulate property, or grow rich.

It will be perceived a man-of-war is indeed a microcosm, which embraces all the virtues and vices, common to men in every situation of life, which require to be restrained and encouraged according to their moral condition and conduct. The objects for which they are employed and paid, require prompt and almost unlimited obedience to legal authority.

The mode of controlling such a heterogeneous company, without brutalizing, is difficult to devise. Is the present court-martial system best, all things considered, to attain the object in view; or is it susceptible of improvement without hazard to discipline? It is certain that a tribunal for the adjudication of questions growing out of the infraction of law, is as necessary on board ships-of-war, as in communities on land. Authority to control and chastise to a limited extent, may properly rest in an individual, the captain; but it is not necessary that he should be legally an autocrat to decide all questions which may arise. Tribunals or courts of some kind are necessary. They should embrace all the intelligence and moral character the community can command. For this reason, it is wise that the members of the highest tribunal should be selected from the grades of commissioned officers exclusively. It is presumable that, with few exceptions, all have acquired, from experience, the general knowledge of military discipline, necessary to enable them to investigate cases which involve infraction of military laws. The functions of members of courts-martial, are analogous to those of jurymen in cases in which they are called upon to assess damages; they are required to determine as to the facts of a cause, and then to form a sentence accordingly, under the provisions of law. If this position is true, and the writer has no doubt that it is, commission officers of the staff-departments, as well as those of the line, may be competent and efficient members of military courts. It cannot be maintained in objection, that staff-officers are not military men, and therefore, ignorant of the importance of discipline and subordination. It is not supposable that a man of intelligence and general information can pass ten or fifteen years of life, in close association with military acts, and participating in them, without acquiring all the

military knowledge requisite to appreciate disobedience, negligence, or disrespect to superiors, which constitute nine times out of ten the gist of the charges submitted to courts for investigation. Surely medical officers, chaplains, pursers and engineers, are as capable to determine what constitutes offences against morals, such as drunkenness, falsehood, theft, &c., as officers of the line? In criminal cases they would be as able to determine on facts and to apply the law, as any other commissioned officers. For these and other considerations, the practice of proscribing staff-officers in the navy from participating in the constitution of courts-martial, is unreasonable, and is not sanctioned either by the letter or spirit of the existing law. It is not consonant to the spirit of our civil institutions, that any class should be proscribed from representation in our courts of justice; though some classes may be excused from serving on juries, no one is considered positively ineligible to those duties. Lawyers and physicians are always excused from common jury duties, on account of their professional connections and relations to the community, but they are not proscribed as ineligible, or as incompetent. We recognise no such caste distinctions on land, and why should we in the navy, recognise any one class of grades as exclusively fitted, to aid in the administration of law? There is nothing in the nature of the vocation or pursuits of officers of the line, to qualify them above all others in the service, to appreciate the value of evidence in any case whatever; and nothing in the vocations of staff-officers to unfit them to perceive the force of testimony, and to arrive at just conclusions from the statements of witnesses. On the contrary, it is the constant habit of most staff-officers, to study the value of testimony. The chaplain is constantly employed, while studying theology, in examining evidence relative to the facts of Christianity; the physician learns in pursuit of science and philosophy, and in distinguishing diseases, to understand the nature and value of testimony, and the engineer and purser, in their respective vocations, are more or less trained in observation and rational comparison of facts.

In the constitution of courts-martial, intelligence and knowledge should be sought, not in one grade or class solely, but from every grade: because the intelligent of all grades should feel a common interest in the administration of law, and in preserving proper discipline in the service. If it were habitual to select judge advocates from any one grade in the navy, it would probably be advantageous, because it would have the effect to direct the attention of officers of that grade to the subject of military law, and to induce them to study carefully the mode of con-

ducting trials before military tribunals. It would make the functions of judge advocate virtually a part of their official duty, and they would feel in honor bound to study and become acquainted with the rules of legal evidence, and all other points relating to management of courts-martial.

There is a feature of courts-martial of very questionable propriety. I mean the sworn secrecy as to the opinion of the members of the court, because it removes, in a great degree, individual responsibility for views and arguments need, and strengthens any one who should attempt to influence the court, to gratify personal unfriendliness to a prisoner at the bar. The oath of secrecy was doubtlessly designed to prevent personal feuds, growing out of differences of opinion between the accused and his judges, at some period subsequent to trial; but it is believed, that jurors and judges in civil life require no such protection to a frank expression of opinion after formal investigation, and they never hesitate through personal fear, to condemn where condemnation is proper. It is enough that questions are decided by ballot, instead of a viva voce vote. Where members of a court are thus sworn to secrecy, there is a chance that the trial will not be open and fair for the accused.

Under the present law, courts-martial in the navy have a discretion, which is too wide and indefinite; and this is a chief reason why decisions in like cases differ so widely from each other. As already suggested, in a previous note and commentary, there should be a classification of faults, offences and crimes, distinguishing those which are military from those which are moral; and a corresponding classification of punishments should be devised, and all embraced in the statute. Military offences might be expiated, but in a military community, there should be no expiation for a clearly dishonorable act. Falsehood, for example, once proved, should forever proscribe an officer from the confidence of the government, and no punishment short of dismissal, should be considered an expiation of the crime. Yet, it is believed there are instances of officers who have been convicted of stating officially what they knew to be not true, who, after punishment by suspension from duty for a time, have been again called into active service by the government, seemingly on a footing of equality with the most exemplary officers in the navy. I do not mean to imply censure to the navy department, because the theory is, that when an offender has submitted to the punishment legally awarded, the law has no further claim against him on account of the offence. To adopt a different view in practice, would place the department in the aspect of assuming judicial functions, and exercising

them in a spirit of cruelty and persecution. The fault lies in the existing statute and in the too lenient administration of it, perhaps, by the court.

Besides the General Court Martial, an inferior tribunal, such as a ship's or capstan court, or drum head court for the examination of petty offences, would be an advantage. A court consisting of three commissioned officers, sitting like judges in banc, in connection with a jury of five or seven drawn from the crew might possibly serve a good purpose. The jury, by a mere majority vote, should decide as to the facts from testimony, and the court determine the application of the law, which should award the punishment. The effect of allowing men in the humblest stations in the ship to thus participate in the administration of law would be to increase their self-respect and give them a new motive to distinguish themselves, by becoming conduct, in order to merit employment as jurors.

The court of inquiry, which also belongs to the system of military jurisprudence, is simply inquisitorial in its functions, like a Grand Jury, and is instituted to ascertain, in doubtful cases, whether there are grounds for trial. In cases of shipwreck, for example, it is always desirable that a formal investigation of the causes of loss should be had in order that the professional attention and skill of the captain and officers may not be improperly represented by common report.

May 16th. I first visited this harbor about twenty-two years ago, and improved my acquaintance with it in several subsequent visits. Few changes have taken place; the town and hills seem to be no older now than when I first beheld them. There is less noise of church bells and salutes; and illuminations and explosions of fireworks are less frequent than in the days of Pedro I. Yet the spirit of improvement is manifest. Many of the rude, yet picturesque ferry-boats, with their tall latine sails, have given place to those iron evidences of civilization—steamboats. The ferry-boats between Rio de Janeiro and Praya Grande, and between Botofogo and the city, are now propelled by steam. This handy work of man seems to be an intrusion amidst naturally beautiful scenery. The rude boat and sail harmonized better with the poetry of the place, than the little black English built steamers which disturb the tranquillity and startle away the flamingoes, by the wheezing and puffing of their engines and the splash of their wheels. There is no romance about steamboats and rail cars, except in elopement cases; the ingenious literary are called upon to invent new figures of speech and comparison to meet this new state of things. The black smoke of a pigmy steamer rising from the tranquil surface of

the waters of Botofogo is not advantageously contrasted with the fleecy clouds rolling up the mountain sides, like the mists of the morning, hanging gently above the heads of the Pão da Açucar and Corcovado, standing in silent strength and grandeur. The steamer, though a convenient and time-saving machine, is a blot in the beauty of the scene.

The Brazilians deserve commendation for observing those rules of architecture which require buildings to be in harmony with nature and the climate. The red tile roof with pointed eaves, blue enamelled entablatures, or variegated in colors; the yellow walls and close green trellis work of the shutters, or the gaily painted walls of the houses and gardens; bright colored iron railings; beautiful gateways; the motley arranged shell-work borders of flower plots and statues mingled with tropical foliage under a tropic sun produce views as gaudy as the most skilful theatrical scene-painter ever imagined.

To the young, with heart and mind new to the world, Rio de Janeiro is a fairy land, provided you have no repugance to the sight of half-naked negroes, and are deaf to the song of the slave or crack of the driver's lash, or are indifferent to the equality of people of all colors, and perceive no caste distinctions in the hue of the skin,—provided there is no question of slavery. I am told a slave dare not wear shoes, because they are a badge of freedom: they may wear silks if they can procure them, but not shoes.

But it must not be inferred that Brazilians are harsh masters from what is observed in the streets here. The slave-drivers are employed by the government to keep at work those slaves who have been sentenced to labor to expiate crimes. Gangs of them are often seen, sometimes wearing irons.

STANZAS.

BY SIR PRETTYFUL PLAGIARY.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll!
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole,
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
To point a moral or adorn a tale.
How sweet to me the hour when daylight dies,
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
All is not lost, th' unconquerable will
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,
There, ye wise Saints, behold your light, your star—
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar—
Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.

A HANDFUL OF AUTUMN LEAVES:

FROM THE LOWLANDS OF VIRGINIA.

—
IN THE WOODS.

—All the rich to come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning flowers.—*Princess.*

I have seated myself upon a log here in a hollow of the hills, with the dry leaves still rustling where my steps were placed but now; the low winds moving on their way through the lofty trees, and all around me the sunshine and the waving beauty of the rich Autumn leaves. A scroll in my hand, a pencil, excellently pointed, ready, what better can I do than trace for you, or attempt to do so, some of the glories of this beautiful weather.

Much more beautiful in the woods than elsewhere, though I hold that Autumn is also beautiful, everywhere; even in town—the busy town, we are not wholly barred from the splendid clouds, and the soft, rich splendor—uncooled, as yet, by wintry winds.

But the woods! That word has ever exerted a strange fascination upon me. It conjures up in all their power and beauty, the glowing foliage and moss-clad tree-trunks of the Fall forest: I hear the twigs dropping on the already fallen leaves: I feel the dim and misty grandeur of the tall tree monarchs; and I live again in memory the days of my past existence. The woods! and they were not Spring or Summer woods, though at those seasons there was surely much of attraction in their thick-leaved solitude; but the woods of Autumn—the woods of a thousand magical tints which, wandering through in my fallow boyhood, I now dream of, and love forever. Not more strongly do the true localities of youth instinet with a thousand memories carry us back to early days: these waving trees towering aloft against the blue, everywhere remind us of what we long so often to recall, and yearn for, and almost weep because it flies us still—our childhood. The Autumn woods affect me thus at least, in mountain and lowland, just the same; they are the woods of Autumn still. If we could but get at the truth most men yearn at times for that life, gone so long, like the dead, dry leaves of other years; many an old sinner cries, "Speak to me O, Past! I am not what I usually am: my heart is soft; my eyes moist; my throat choked with the dim, faint memory only of my young days; speak to me in the clouds and leaves and winds of the gone faces of my infancy, and childhood, and after days of boyhood when life open-

ed to me so brightly, and I was so pure: speak to me, O, Past, here in the Autumn days!" The man who has not felt these

"Yearnings that can never be exprest
In signs or groans or tears,"

is in a bad way, because it argues that he is contented with, and loves, and clings to the world: avoid him.

And so ends my moral discourse in the woods, surrounded with the leaves and winds!

—
SOME AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

—One
Discussed his tutor rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord.

Princess.

THACKERAY:—Infernal machines only originate with individuals of the "lower classes"—and are usually directed against or intended for great men of Louis Napoleon's or Mr. Bennet's stamp; and this is why I fancy Thackeray will live out his natural term of years, and die in his bed at last. He is not a "great man," and his enemies are not of the Infernal-machine-inventing class: but the disposition of those enemies to administer some such pleasant correction as the Marseillais carbonari the other day, would have inflicted on Napoleon the Little, I do not doubt in the least.

Those enemies of Thackeray are the British aristocracy; and "Snobocracy" of all classes, indeed.

You will find no difficulty in understanding, by this time, that I have been reading the "Book of Snobs"—the last issue, I believe, of Appleton's Popular Library. I have scarcely ever read any thing as savage as the "Book" in question: the "Kickleburys" is probably as severe, but not as comprehensive. The present work cuts into the gangrene of every class, from the "Jukes," as Costigan says, to the penny-aliner of the Dailies. Many of the allusions—hence much of the force of—the work must escape us, since we do not live in and keep pace with the follies and meannesses of that monstrous English society. No doubt many of these are portraits—as must be the case with all books which deal in social peculiarities of the day and hour. The author must observe before he writes, and the individual, not the class, attracts the satirist, whatever protest he may make. But although these are portraits, Thackeray makes no protest; on the contrary, I fancy he would not shrink from avowing that he *had* real personages in his eye.

For a satire perfectly savage and ferocious and

annihilating, united to a coolness perfectly well preserved. I know of no writer who approaches the author of "Vanity Fair." It is as if the most violent of Junius' letters was drawled out by the most nuchalant dandy of Pall Mall. The arm is raised without violence, or swelling of the muscles, or aught upon the face but a smile; nothing but a playful touch of the thong can result from this! The whip descends; and the lash, pitilessly steeped in vitriol, cuts like a knife into and buries itself in the offender's flesh. The same smile is on the operator's lips, and the lash again descends upon the writhing victim. This is Mr. Thackeray's power: the power of Juvenal before him.

"What people say" of books, men and things has ever been the best criticism. People are apt to utter exactly what they think of authors, especially; and here is a short dialogue touching "The Book of Snobs," and its author:

"Thackeray is a keen old fellow—he comes down on the Snobs like a lion."

"Cuts like a knife."

"A poor gentleman, I suppose?"

"Yes; a man of good family, but reduced. He was first an artist then a writer."

"I reckon the big English snobs patronise him."

"Patronise Thackeray indeed! Patronise a hungry grizzly bear!"

And it would, I fancy, be quite as safe a thing: the "Book of Snobs" does not look like *patronage*.

The author is coming to America. For Heaven's sake let us have no Dickens mania over again. Should Thackeray rise in his wrath and write the "Book of American Snobs," where shall we hide in shame our "foreheads and our eyes!"

"LOTUS-EATING":—Such is the title which Mr. Howadji, I beg pardon, Mr. Curtis, has given to his last work. I have sat at his literary banquet through all the courses; partaken of Lake George and Lake Como hashed; of the Hudson highlands dished up *à la Mont Blanc*; of that river itself "served right" with Rhine and Danube sauce; and finally, of Niagara decorated (like an herb-covered ham) with "European associations compared with those of the new world" in general; and I am constrained to say in spite of the delicious flavor of some of the side dishes, that I do not like the "Eating." The title, of course, is taken—with the *tone*—from Mr. Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters," which poem, the Howadja admires exceedingly, as I was well convinced on reading that wicked, objectionable, fascinating volume, "Nile Notes." His motto

is in the spirit of the lotus-eating mariners' desire to

"Live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy."

This motto is, (if I recollect aright,) "There's rosemary that's for remembrance," and the whole spirit of the book is in the lotus-consuming vein; as *vide* Tennyson, (from memory,) in his "Lotus-Eaters."

"—the dark blue sky
Droops above the dark blue sea:
Death is the end of life: Ah why
Should life all labor be.
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portion and parcel of the dreadful Past:

Now Lotus-Eating suggests forgetfulness—that is the very head and front of Homer's and Tennyson's poems. The mariner eats and never returns to his wife or home or little ones. Yet Mr. Curtis presents us in his title page with "rosemary"—for what? why "for remembrance." Rosemary for remembrance in the threshold of "LOTUS-EATING," which is so suggestive—on the best authorities—of oblivion! But I admire Tennyson too much to find fault with Mr. Curtis' *tone*, on this score; and may add, I admire "Howadji" too much to desire that his present work should share the fate of the old lotus-eater's wife and little ones—be forgotten. The fault is worse, and in one word, is an unreasonable, unpatriotic, unjustified, un-American, way Mr. Curtis has of painting finely and beautifully, our fairest and grandest American landscapes, only to put in the corner of his picture—in the P. S. to his letter—in the end of his chapter—a gentle, or rather a very broad hint, to the effect that, the thing is fine and beautiful; but when he was in Europe, he saw things so much finer. I defy the "Howadji" to read his book over, after reading my strictures upon it, and deny that every thing European suffers, in order that every thing European may be exalted. The Hudson highlands are fine and striking—noble and majestic, etc., etc.; but "The Alps! my dear sir! the Alps!" Trenton, Lake George, even Niagara, are hauled over the coals. Beautiful, grand, unparalleled: but the "associations" connected with European *lions* of the same species! Is not this a true bill,—O, Howadji!—which, this beautiful rustling country day with "Nile Note" sunlight in my memory as bright as the real yonder—I have brought against you?

Thou hast admirers—O Howadji of the many colored pencil—many admirers; and inconsiderate people have even praised your "Lotus-

Eaters" for that beautiful "Nahant" dream. But do not snub thy native land—the greatest, grandest, most association-crowded land, which lies now separated from the sea. Reflect on this, Howadjí, before the second edition; and take warning.

"HANS ANDERSEN'S STORY BOOK," is the title of a collection of the Danish novelists juvenile tales, which Francis has just published for children; and for me. Who does not love Andersen: that bright hearted, bright-souled, bright-eyed Dane? Who has not been delighted with the simple and grand pathos of "The Little Match Girl," with "The Snow Queen," and "The Picture Book Without Pictures?" For my part, I have almost a personal affection for the honest heart, which conceived these pure and touching thoughts: as I have an admiration perfectly genuine, for the hand which placed those thoughts in such bright and moving words.

The "Picture Book Without Pictures," proves to me that a poet of the first rank was spoiled, when Andersen became a novelist; though certainly he ranks high as a poet also, in his native land. Here and in England he is known scarcely at all, but as the author of the "Improvisatore." Andersen has a peculiar child-like tenderness, which bears a striking resemblance to the same quality in Jean Paul Richter. The two men are alike in many other points. There is much quaintness about Andersen, and a power of assimilating his own thoughts to a child's, which is very striking: as in the "picture" where the little girl just decked out in her new dress, and jumping with delight, suddenly pauses thoughtfully; and on being asked the reason, replies that she "wonders what the dogs will think of her." Some of the "Pictures" in this little book, are perfect paintings; and it is quite evident that the author has been to Italy, and acquired the artist-eye. He can thus at any time, grasp the suggestive points in a picture or thought, and convey a perfectly distinct idea to the reader. The soul of the poet, the eye of the painter!—all honor to the child poet.

Andersen's descriptions are pictures: his "Picture Book Without Pictures," is indeed, a series of paintings. Take, as specimens, the following.

"I looked down upon a creek in the east coast of Zealand. Beautiful woods were there, lofty mounds and an old mansion house with red walls, swans in the moat, and a little trading town, with its church among the apple orchards; a fleet of boats, each bearing a torch, glided over the unruffled water: it was not to catch fish that the torches were burning: no; everything was festal! Music sounded, a song was sung; and in the

middle of one of the boats stood he whom they honored, a tall, strong man in a large cloak; he had blue eyes and long white hair.

'Hurrah!' resounded from the boats: 'Hurrah for Bertal Thorwaldsen!'"

Here is another "Picture."

"Aloft in the projection of the mountains, a solitary nunnery hangs, like a swallow's nest. Two sisters stood up in the tower and rung the bell. They were both young, and therefore they looked out beyond the mountains into the wood. A travelling carriage drove below along the high road, the postilion's horn resounded, and the poor nuns riveted with kindred thoughts, their eyes upon it. There were tears in the eyes of the younger of the two. The horn sounded fainter and fainter. The bell of the nunnery overpowered its dying tones."

A painter would certainly find no difficulty in painting these scenes, and so with all of Andersen's works. There is, above and beyond all, about this man and his writings, a cheerful, hopeful, loving atmosphere, which will make him and his books favorites with all readers.

Honor, again, to the poet of children: the charming *raconteur* of the mysteries of Fairy Land, Hans Andersen!

EMBERS OF A WOOD FIRE.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld:
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Tennyson.

There is much in a wood fire which does not meet the careless eye: I pride myself upon having discovered this hidden significance long before, "Ik. Marvel" adorned the pages of the *Messenger* with his graceful and touching "Reveries:" and though I have delayed too long to take out a patent for the exclusive use of the subject, I am none the less entitled to it: I stand on my "reserved rights."

There is much in a wood fire, oh, friend-and-brother reader, (if I may look beyond you to the audience I address;) much which does not "meet the eye." There is youth, with the crackle of the twigs and bark: manhood, with the full glorious blaze and roar, as like some strong Napoleon, it wraps *totem Orbem* in flames, and warms or burns all who approach: there is old age when the dying white brands fall down, dim and shrouded, to their sepulchre, in that ashes which shall receive, we are told, and wrap up in its fold, the glories of all mortal things: there is all this in a wood fire.

But there is more.

O, friend, (thou whose attention I have invoked already,) who livest now in the great city, thoughtful of thy stocks and dividends, thy invoices and thy sales: who lookest to the going and coming ships with no eye for the sunlight on their snowy sails, or the swanlike movement of their wave-cutting keels,—only for the piled up boxes—O, friend and brother, hast thou never in this hurlyburly of a thousand and ten thousand worldly thoughts, sat quietly some evening beside the fire, and while the twigs were crackling, better when the blaze was warm and cheering, or best when the white hood fell down upon the brands, gone back in thought to thy early days, in the old house, buried in its flowering poplars, locust trees and elms? Hast thou not pensively leaned thy cheek upon thy hand—there is much in the very attitude—and let thy poor heart breathe again, and live once more in the old days when thou

—“rememberest to have been
Joyous and free from blame?”

Tell me, O, weary heart, hast thou not thus, waking, dreamed of the quiet circle before the old homestead; the lawn; the peach trees by the garden fence; the merry days when hall and meadow resounded with the merry shouts of boys and girls—grew up, now, married and surrounded by their children; and the joyous flutter of the kite away up in the clouds, which crying out, alarmed lest it should pull from her grasp, the little maiden held? Dost thou not see again that maiden, O, my brother! the maiden with the long, fair auburn hair falling on her shoulders, and the laughing eyes of blue, and the red lips—see her in those merry games of blind man's buff, which now, with outstretched hands, beckon you away to those bright times? Dost thou not wander once again in woodland paths; and climb for birds' nests; and rob hares' forms of the little sleek-eared hare-lets; ride like an Emperor on the moving mountain of the hay wagon; and clasp thy boyish friend's hand once again; and whisper to the little tender heart which throbbed beside your own, under the cloudshadows in those fairy days of old?

All this hast thou seen and felt again—thanks to the crackling twig or roaring log, or whitening brand: and of all these, say hast thou not dreamed most over the last? Hast thou not sat at midnight on the last day of the year, or haply in Autumn time, when leaves were falling round the window, and the blast of latter Fall moaned around the gables of the friend's house, whither you had gone for a week's shooting; and as you sat there in the flickering light flown back thus, O, my friend, to thy innocent, pure, wondering,

hopeful and most happy childhood; and as the brand drew the cover over its eyes, and said good night in its low, crackling whisper, caught with all the passionate fervor of the untamed boy-heart, at thy radiant youth? And, as that brand fell down and crumbled into ashes—pitiously sighed, and passed trembling fingers over thy worn, furrowed brow, and almost wept there, to relieve thy sinking heart;—and muttered in the dimming chamber—one-half now in a frowning darkness of old presses, high-backed chairs and curtains—a name which once sent every drop of blood straight to the tell-tale cheek, and made the heart throb; and still has power enough through all the cares and interests of a heart-strangling existence, to fill the throat with tears and shake the bosom wrapped in the triple golden hauberk of thy worldly thoughts?

The woodfire did all this. And when thou feelest that thy heart is harder and less worthy, for such thoughts, dream not again beside these embers, but go back to anthracite—behind the prison bars of thy city office grate—red like thy miserable gold.

But do not feel thus, O, my brother: scout the thought: this hour of thought has purified thy soul—O, brave wood fire!

OLD AND NEW SONGS.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that shall draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?—*Twelfth Night*.

It is interesting to observe the “rise and fall” of a song: I refer to the good songs; the bad do not rise at all. Such, are “of short continuance and full of trouble:” the urchin will not bawl them on his way to school, the organ grinder cuts them dead, and will not grind them as he does the popular ones, into your very soul; the maiden will not chaunt them in the pauses of the piano storm. In a word, the bad songs

“Sink to the grave from whence they sprang
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

But the good song: that is different. It creeps in by degrees—is considered “tolerable,” then “good,” then “beautiful,” then indispensable. It rules at parties: it is sung by boys and girls; by negroes returning from their work: by Ethiopian minstrels: by organ grinders it is ground (as before observed) into your brain; by urchins it is whistled surprisingly out of tune; by young ladies it is poured forth in the full respectability of the evening party, where arrayed in many colors, and with letters on the title page half a foot long, it has become established in society, and as Carlyle probably would say, keeps its gig, and

reigns an undoubted *respectability*. Now it is the rage: every body sings it; every body whistles it; every body plays it—on organs, pianos, fiddles, banjos, flutes, accordions and guitars.

But such a popularity cannot last: it is too excessive. Like Lord Byron, the song once so popular, has to encounter on account of that very popularity, a powerful reaction. It declines in public estimation; grows stale, flat and unprofitable; especially unprofitable to the organ grinders, minstrels and young ladies; and when it is sung at the Theatre between the pieces, by a lady in bistrionic costume, it is hissed. It becomes hateful: it is called "that old thing;" people are "tired of that;" and, last scene of all, which ends the history, the poor neglected song takes up its residence on a dingy stool under the piano, or on a book-case, and so, in course of time expires.

The popular songs of America have for some time been decidedly "Ethiopian;" and this bold African inroad has nearly driven every other song from the market and the *boudoir*. Young ladies have ceased to ask for a cot in the valley they love, and rather incline to the "hut among the bushes" of the last popular negro-song: they have long ago abandoned "Young Lochinvar," for that respectable patriarch, "Uncle Ned;" the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," is dead without any body's lamenting it, and the "Very Last Polka" has yielded to the very last novelty of Christy. The whole United States is now singing "The Old Folks at Home," "Wait for the Wagon," "Oh, Boys, carry me 'long," "Camptown Races," and other charming mixtures of negro sentiment and opera airs—of beautiful music, and mournful lamentation. They are nearly all, sad, sorrowful, gloomy, touching and resigned. Wherever the hero of the "Old Folks" roams, he thinks of his good old home: the main figure in "Oh, Boys," is a dying African of tender sensibility and unhappy fate; the lover in "Farewell my Lilly dear," is in that state of misery that Job compared with him was a jolly and merry-hearted personage. They all sigh for, they all lament—something. It is only that rude, wicked, vulgar *roué* ("Ethiopian" of course,) returned from the Camptown races, who throws such namby-pamby lamb-like sentiment to the winds, and like "a man and a brother," chaunts the various fortunes of the day, and "builds the lofty verse" of that charming production, without regard for poetry or pathos. There is no pretence in this honest fellow. He went to the said races with his hat "stove in" and returned with money enough to fill his tow-bag: that is the important thing—that is better than sentiment! And there he has sung it in a jolly, rollicking poem, which sounds for all the world like a rattling banjo, at

the negro quarters. Another merry fellow is the lover of the "Louisiana Belle"—a sort of "great big blundering Irishman," (to illustrate one song by another)—an "Our Correspondent,"—in a word, a perfect (Ethiopian) lady-killer. Without the least circumlocution, he states his intention of marrying the *belle*, gives her directions for her private conduct before that interesting period; and all this in a gay, dancing tripping little air, which gives you the disposition to burst out laughing. Thus do the "Races" and the "Belle" and "Nelly Bly," give tone with their hearty laughter to the mournful, sighing "Lilly's," "Virginia Brides," *et id genus omne*. Well, contrast is the soul of Art.

There really is a great deal of good music in these songs—the "Old Folks at Home" and others are very sad and affecting, and are aided by the dramatic uncouthness of the words: *vide* the last verse of this song. But the "Log Hut," more popular than in 1840, is coming; and "Katey Darling," and "Nelly Bly"—though "Nelly" has been toasted before in that charming "Nelly was a Lady," which ran so quickly, through the then thirty states—and many more are going. "All these shall go;" soon they will sink into that oblivion where starting up at intervals only, lie "Dan Tucker," and "Zip Coon," and "Uncle Ned," and "Rosa Lee," and "Susy Brown," and "Dearest Mae," and a thousand Susannas, Cynthia's, Nancys, Julianas, and Girls with "blue" and other "dresses" on:—just like their

— "elders and their betters"

the Scottish Songs—as "Logan Water," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Lochivor," "Auld Robin Gray," and that wicked, unintelligible, irresistible, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

"The Old Folks," and the rest will soon be gone, those honest tunes. *Requiescant in pace.*

SUNLIGHT, WINDS, AND MUSIC.

A REVERIE.

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee; they meet thy look
And brighten like the stars that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

In Memoriam.

O beautiful and golden hours, flown so long away—like wild geese breasting with their snowy bosoms the sunset clouds—into the west and dead days of the past!—O wind that art amid the trees around me, a voice of what can speak no more! O sunlight, such as slept upon the yellow wheat like the gold-haired maiden now

no more a thing of this earth—for me;—only of my blissful, cruel hours, of pondering; O wind, and sunshine, and bright tinted Autumn leaves, wherein is your potent spell?

For—I went on—I have listened often to more thoughtful, merry winds than this;—amid the haughty, tufted heads of the grand pines of my own mountains, yonder in the west; when every fairy seemed to have come from fairyland—the queen and all—and fled before it on their snow-white elfin horses, (you see them scattered on the hills, those flower horses!) with their crimson, blue and golden caparisons, (you see those gay caparisons float downward from the Autumn trees now yonder!) and their merry bridle bells jingling and tinkling thro' the swaying boughs (the sound came thither from the foxglove underneath the trees!);—I have listened often to more thoughtful winds—I resumed; and looked on sunlight quite as fair, when evening went in gorgeous royal splendor to my west: and surely I have seen there in my native Blue-Ridge-dominated land, as great a wealth of slowly falling, delicate-tinted leaves spread by old Autumn for his many-colored carpet, when he thinks of going deep into the woods, to lay him down and die!

Those winds that talked amid the pines of jangling but most musical fairy bells: that sunlight dying in the golden west: those leaves that whirled away and were no more of this world: none of these, though heard and seen and loved before, have altogether moved me as they have this day.

—And why this unwonted plunge into the far bright Past?—I said.

—Because they have to aid them and interpret them, the mellow and long-loved delight of the piano music, sounding gaily, sadly, and most sweetly in the pauses of the wind. That Past is a bright-faced, much-loved maiden, I would fain look on with joyous, quiet, eyes: but around her neck, and over her face fall myriads of pale golden curls, which make her lovelier, but hide her wondrous beauty from my yearning eyes.

—Those beautiful curls are the wind and Autumn leaves and sunlight—I said. But look! She sweeps the rippling curls aside and binds them from her forehead with a glittering band of snowy velvet, and her beauty is revealed! The music is that band: wrapped thus around the forehead of the Past. All honor to the music then—I laughed.

But oh! come back far sunset-flying past days—I resumed. And I mixed a very weary sighing with my laughter.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SPORTSMAN.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind
So flewed, so sanded: and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.

Shakespeare.

There are some men who have a sincere and genuine pity for those unfortunate individuals whose lives are passed in cities, or elsewhere, unroused by the explosion of partridge-annihilating guns, or the musical cry of the fox-hounds;—in other words, for those who do not or cannot hunt.

Now, it certainly is an unfortunate circumstance that some men are debarred from the splendid and most exhilarating life of the country in autumn; and among its attractions, the amusement of hunting certainly occupies no unimportant place. But I must beg leave to record here my opinion, that the class which I have dubbed *enthusiastic sportsmen*, is almost or quite as unhappy as the first named. For a man to be firmly convinced that the world holds nothing of delight beyond the inspiring cry of hounds, or the scientific slaughter of partridges, is assuredly an unhappy circumstance. There are other things of interest in this our wicked world—as, poetry, science, (other than the partridge-slaughtering,) politics, philosophy, painting, pensive pondering, philological pleasantries, and Platonic philandering. You perceive that mystyle, exhausted of all flowers and leaves of rhetoric, runs to alliterative seed:—but I could, without much trouble, find a pleasure or a pursuit for every letter in the alphabet, quite equal to the “pleasures of the field.”

I was “raised” (as we say in Virginia) in the country, and my childhood was not undisturbed by the barking of dogs, and the report of shot-guns:—they are thus twice-loved; for the association first, then for their joyous inspiration. I therefore can have no prejudice against “shoot-ing,” I who have, before this, winged my partridge, exhausted the night in coon and ‘possum hunting, and stopped my “molly cotton” in her headlong flight;—though I must add, in all sincerity, (to which I am much given) that no vast amount of destruction has resulted from the hunting of my entire life.

This vast destruction of all running and winged things, is the boast of the enthusiastic sportsman. All things tend to it. For him the weather clears up for the partridges, or is moist and cloudy that the fox and coon tracks may hold their scent. When the dogs take the back trail, fox hunting, they do it to “spite” him, or the fox only wanted to annoy him. When the deer will not come to the stand, or in night-

hunting perseveres in keeping out of sight of the burning pan, and thus is accessory to the murder of some innocent horse or cow, it is with an eye to his disappointment. When the coon is treed at once, the unfortunate animal took shelter thus early because he was coming it well knew:—all things bend to him or oppose him, and he bends all things to his darling pleasure.

Hunt not so much O brother—I would say to each one of these my friends—for life is short, but seventy years at best, and those hours taken up in sport should show some other result than a full bird bag, or a bushy tail, when each of the said hours has “sweat its sixty minutes to the death.” Thou surely hast great things to do here in this world, with thy knowledge, and education, and clear-seeing, baseness-hating heart. Think whether it will be well for thee to say, only, at thy last hour, “I have killed so many partridges, deer, coons, and other things, and now depart in peace.” Is it not better to be able at that hour to say, “I have killed so many vices, fostered so many virtues here around me?”

Thou hast lodged many slugs in the side of the flying fawn, or antlered deer, when turning from thee at thy river stand, he would have fled, but for the load which threw him,—his limp leg quivering—upon the ground, and tuned in his throat, that disagreeable instrument, the death-rattle. But hast thou lodged thy slugs in any proud-antlered sinner, O my brother? Thou hast made the fields and hills most vocal with the merriment of hounds, on a warm trail, and certain of the fox; and thou hast held aloft with a joyous horn-blast, the bushy tail,—but now so dragged by his weariness,—of the hen-roost-thief, and thought thyself a most deserving person. But are there not in this “desperately wicked” and most self-contented world, worse robbers than the fox, who with their cunning arts rob sadder things than hen-roosts? Thou hast brought often down, in the fair sunlight, flying birds, and taken pride thereat, my brother,—but hast thou aimed thy weapon—that strong, true mind of thine, burnished with so much care—at the obscene vultures which blacken the free air of God’s great heaven, with their unholy wings?

Think, O my friends! our life is short; and if for every idle word we must give an account,—which I take to mean each word that does no good—shall we not more give account of every idle hour? There is much vice to expose, and banish from the world; much goodness, and grand unappreciated truth, to bring to light;—so many things to point the “slow-moving finger of scorn” at; so many flowers of chivalric honor, and pure majesty to hold aloft that all may inhale their beathful fragrance!

Waste not thy time then, O excellent friends: abandon not thy hunts and other pastimes; but give not the glorious, never-returning hours of thy short days to these alone. Listen to the words of the present preacher, O my friends, and profit by them.

—
THE END OF AUTUMN.

Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves
A shining furrow as thy thoughts in me.

Tennyson.

The ground is covered with a thick carpet, and every moment the dry leaves whirl from the boughs to make the carpet thicker and more rustling to the tread. The sunshine lights up woods, already in the midst of November, losing their bright October colors: and you love to stand in the clear light—lazily thinking—and trying to fancy, that the life and glory is not waning, waning. The crows flap their wings, or caw from the tops of the trees, or cast their flying shadows on the open book you hold in your hand: the book which vainly woos your attention from the more suggestive landscape. The blue birds twitter—the swamp-sparrow in the accacia “tunes his quill”—the melancholy days of Bryant’s lyric are upon you.

Soon they will yield to winter, and snow and ice:—but also, heaven be thanked, to roaring log-fires, and cheerful evenings, and a thousand merry fireside tales and gossipings. As I write, I hear the crows merrily chattering in the variegated, waving woodlands yonder, of their gay experiences. But crow-discourse, however merry, cannot compare with what the coming Christmas days will bring,—the “voices of the children” and their laughter by the crackling winter fire!

The wind is already cold, and only a few poor flowers linger: I cannot remain to see even them laid upon their biers to the music of the wind. I must return to that labor which awaits me in town, as it awaits others elsewhere. With the expiring Indian summer my poor sketches end.

Therefore farewell, O Autumn; I have tasted your delicious flavors to my heart’s content. Your woodlands once again are painted on my heart:—farewell!

P. I.

Pine-wood, Nov. 15, 1852.

THE REALM OF REST.

Within the realm that Nature boundeth,
Are there balmy Shores of Peace,
Where no Passion-torrent soundeth,
And no Storm-wind seeks release;
Rest they 'mid the waters golden,
Of some strange, untravelled sea,
Where soft Halcyon winds have stolen,
Lingering 'round them slumb'rously:

Shores begirt by purple hazes,
Varying with pale, mellowéd beams,
Whose dim curtains shroud the mazes,
Wandering through the realm of dreams;
Shores, where Silence woos Devotion,
Action faints, and Echo dies;
And each Peace-entranced emotion
Feeds on quiet mysteries?

If there be! oh! guardian Master!
Genius of my life and fate,
Bear me from the world's disaster,
Through that Kingdom's voiceless gate:
Let me lie beneath its willows,
On the fragrant flowering strand,
Lulled to sleep by murmurous billows,
Faint with airs of Elfin-land:

Slumber, dim, with faintest dreamings,
Deep that knows no answering deep,
Unprofaned by phantom-seemings,
Which but leave the soul to weep:
Noiseless, timeless, half-forgetting,
May this sleep Elysian be,
While, yet heavenlier tides are setting
Inward from the roseate Sea.

Soft to mine, a voice is calling,
Sweet as music-winds at night,
Gently sighing, faintly falling
From some wondrous mystic height:
And it gives my heart assurance
Of the land I long to know,
Nerving to a fresh endurance
'Neath the present weight of wo:

"There's a realm thy footsteps nearing,
(Thus the voice to mine replies,)
Where the heavy heart's despairing
Gains its rest, and stops its sighs:
'Tis a realm imperial, stately,
Refuge of dethronéd years;
Calm as midnight towering greatly,
Through a moonlit mist of tears.

Though an Empire, freedom reigneth,
Kingly brow and subject-knee,
Each, with what to each pertaineth,
Slumbering in Equality:
'Tis a sleep, divorced from dreamings,
Deep that knows no answering deep,
Unprofaned by phantom-seemings,
Voiceless, wondrous, timeless sleep.

On its shores are weeping-willows,
Action faints, and Echo dies,
And the song of mystic billows
Lulls with opiate symphonies:
But beside this murmurous Ocean,
All who rest repose in sooth,
And no more the stilled emotion
Stirs to joy, or wakens ruth.

Thou *shalt* gain this blest dominion,
Thou *shalt* know this peaceful ground,
Shaded by Oblivion's pinion,
Startled by no mortal sound;
Noiseless, timeless, ALL-forgetting,
Shall thy sleep Elysian be,
While eternal-tides are setting
Inward from that mystic Sea."

9.

LINES.

*To the Bride of my friend, N. S. W., on the eve of her
Marriage and departure for Italy.*

Bright be thy life through coming time
As that beloved Italian clime
Where flowers e'er bloom in rosiest hues,
And sunlight decks the diamond dews
And, breathing round perpetual spring,
In beauty clothes each living thing!
And as with him thou fondly lovest
Through that fair clime thou dreaming rovest,
Look on the lovely Arve and Rhone,
And know their happy fate thine own:
The separate streams in liquid light,
Mingling their currents in their fight,
United flow—and joyous glide
One gentle, rosy, radiant tide,
Till, lost in Leman's Lake of Love—
Like spirits bright in bliss above—
At golden morn, or starlit even,
A crystal mirror hold to Heaven!

Richmond, Nov. 17, 1852.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.*

This is a fiction—professedly a fiction; but, unlike other works of the same type, its purpose is not amusement, but proselytism. The romance was formerly employed to divert the leisure, recreate the fancy, and quicken the sympathies of successive generations, changing its complexion and enlarging the compass of its aims with the expanding tastes of different periods; but never forgetting that its main object was to kindle and purify the imagination, while fanning into a livelier flame the slumbering charities of the human heart. But, in these late and evil days, the novel, notwithstanding these earlier associations, has descended from its graceful and airy home, and assumed to itself a more vulgar mission, incompatible with its essence and alien to its original design. Engaging in the coarse conflicts of life, and mingling in the fumes and gross odours of political or polemical dissension, it has stained and tainted the robe of ideal purity with which it was of old adorned. Instead of remaining the ever welcome companion of an idle hour, which turned to profit by its sweet alchemy the loose moments devoted to intellectual reverie, it has entered upon a sterner career, and one which requires us to question the visitant before admitting it to our confidence or listening to its tale. Now-a-days, it frequently assumes both the stole of the philosopher and the cassock of the priest, and exhibits strange contrasts between its face and figure, and the garb in which they are enveloped. Sometimes, though rarely, we discover the fairy features of our former favorite under the new disguise, and are only amused by the quaint antics and grotesque *diablerie* which spring from the uncongenial union: but more commonly the airy phantom which flitted before our earlier fancy, is transmuted into an aged and haggard crone, who wears the mask, pads her shrivelled limbs, and clothes herself in a deceptive garb, that she may steal more securely into our unsuspecting favor, mumble her incantations before we recognise them as the song of Canidia, and distil into our ears the venom of her tongue, before any apprehension is awakened. In the one case we may imagine that we have before us Omphale in the arms of Hercules; in the other, it is the drunken *Lais*, proud of the conquests of her youth and beauty, and garnishing the silly tattle of her age with the shreds and patches she has preserved from her ancient association with

Aristippus. The one may still be a Venus, though bedecked with the casque and plumes of Minerva: the other is the veriest drab who ever pretended to sense or virtue, to modesty or religion.

The wide dissimilarity between these two classes of romancing missionaries renders it important for us to be on our guard, and should suggest the prudence of questioning at the threshold, these new votaries of fiction, that we may know whence they come, and to what end they visit us. We may tolerate the coquettish airs of the one; we must repel the disgusting and depraved seductions of the other. If they descend upon us like the angel visits of former dreams, bearing balm upon their wings, and bringing consolation in the afflictions or trials of life, by enlarging the range of our sympathies, and revealing to our eyes the pettiness of our own sorrows, murmurs, complaints, and difficulties, in comparison with the vast array of deeper agonies, more arduous struggles, and darker fortunes numbered amongst the possible and probable contingencies of human life,—then, as in the days when they were still untainted with suspicion, let us bid them welcome, and receive or endure the philosophy which but little befits them, for the sake of the inspiration, the hope, or the resignation which they instil. But, if the emblems of fiction are assumed but to delude, if the stole which they wear is the robe of the Cynic, or their hood the cowl of the fanatic; if their mission is to produce discontent, to be the heralds of disorder and dissension, then, though their song be as sweet as the Syren's, and their skin as sleek and slimy and glistening as that of the serpent which tempted Eve, let us bid them *avaunt!* and repel them from our intimacy and from our dwellings, which their presence would contaminate. But, in either case, let us examine their nature before we extend to them our greetings, or reject them with disgust.

We have examined the production of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which we purpose to review, and we discover it to belong to the latter class, and to be one of the most reprehensible specimens of the tribe. We own that we approach the criticism of the work with peculiar sensations of both reluctance and repugnance. We take no pleasure in the contact with either folly or vice; and we are unwilling to handle the scandalous libel in the manner in which it deserves to be treated, in consideration of its being the effusion of one of that sex, whose natural position entitles them to all forbearance and courtesy, and which, in all ordinary cases, should be shielded even from just severity, by that protecting mantle which the name and thought of woman cast over even the erring and offending members

* Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Ninety-fifth Hundred. Boston. John P. Jewett & Company. Cleveland, Ohio: Jewett, Proctor and Worthington. 1852. 2 vols. 12mo.

of the sex. But higher interests are involved: the rule that every one bearing the name and appearance of a lady, should receive the delicate gallantry and considerate tenderness which are due to a lady, is not absolutely without exception. If she deliberately steps beyond the hallowed precincts—the enchanted circle—which encompass her as with the halo of divinity, she has wantonly forfeited her privilege of immunity as she has irretrievably lost our regard, and the harshness which she may provoke is invited by her own folly and impropriety. We cannot accord to the termagant virago or the foul-mouthed hag the same deference that is rightfully due to the maiden purity of untainted innocence. Still, though the exception undoubtedly exists, and we might, without indecorum, consider that all claims to forbearance had been lost by Mrs. Stowe, we shall not avail ourselves of the full benefit of her forfeiture. We cannot take the critical lash into our hands with the same callous indifference, or with the same stern determination of venting our just indignation, that we might have done, had the penalty been required for 'the lords of creation.' We will endeavor, then, as far as possible, to forget Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the individuality of her authorship, and will strive to concentrate our attention and our reprehension on her book, venturing only an aside at parting—a quotation from a work which it would be infamy to cite in connection with any other lady's name than her own:

Ciel, que je hais ces créatures fières,
Soldats en jupe, hommes chevaliers !
Du sexe mâle affectant la valeur,
Sans posséder les agréments du nôtre,
A tous les deux prétendant faire honneur,
Et qui ne sont ni de l'un ni de l'autre.

With this, we dismiss Mrs. Stowe: and we claim credit for our forbearance in thus resisting the temptation to castigate the improprieties of a woman, who has abandoned the elevated sphere appropriate to her sex, and descended into the arena of civil dissension and political warfare—to say no more—where the gladiators contend naked and *à l'outrance*.

We have said that Uncle Tom's Cabin is a fiction. It is a fiction throughout; a fiction in form; a fiction in its facts; a fiction in its representations and coloring; a fiction in its statements; a fiction in its sentiments, a fiction in its morals, a fiction in its religion; a fiction in its inferences; a fiction equally with regard to the subjects it is designed to expound, and with respect to the manner of their exposition. It is a fiction, not for the sake of more effectually communicating truth; but for the purpose of more effectually disseminating a slander. It is a fictitious or fanciful representation for the sake of producing

fictitious or false impressions. Fiction is its form and falsehood is its end. When Aristotle assigned to poetry the precedence over history for its superior efficacy in instructing, refining, and ennobling mankind: when Bacon re-echoed the praise, and eulogised the works of the imagination, as seeking, by the universality and congeniality of ideal truth, to correct and elevate the warped and imperfect examples of virtue furnished in human action, they certainly never anticipated that the realm of fiction would be degraded into the domain of falsehood, or that fiction would cease to be the means of inculcating truth for the sake of substituting itself as the ultimate aim in the place of truth. By the beneficent Providence of God, the mind of man has been so constituted that, amid all the frailties and illusions, the follies and the errors of fallen humanity, it can still conceive of virtue more endearing and undeviating, of justice more unwavering, of fortitude more constant and patient; and of charities more diffusive and ennobling than the trials, and difficulties, and obstacles of actual existence will permit to be exhibited. Fancy, as if lighted up by the radiance of the sun which gilded the landscapes of Eden, can revert to the imagined possibilities of a higher, a holier, and a nobler existence, and recalling, as it were, the reminiscences of the days of purity and innocence, can strengthen our hearts and elevate our feelings, to resist the seductions of evil; when, without such aid, the imperishable relic of a better condition—we might too easily yield to the vanities, the vices, and the temptations of life. But the magic wand is broken—the priceless treasure lost—when, instead of limiting the play of the imagination to its legitimate employment, we turn it to unholy uses. Nay, it is degraded and stripped of its power of transmitting this baser life of ours into the semblance of a golden age, when we suffer its potency to be turned to opposite ends, and to be applied not to the revival of the latent image of ideal excellence, but to the dirty sorcery of party purposes and fanatical aims. The rod of Aaron, which blossomed in the desert, drew down day by day celestial food from heaven, and educed from the riven rock the living waters, to quench the deadly thirst of the Israelites, was the same wand which brought the plagues of flies and frogs and locusts, famine and pestilence and death, over the populous valleys of the prolific Nile. So it is with fancy: the fiction, which is the hand-maiden of truth, may refresh our fainting spirits in the wilderness of life: the fiction, which ends in fiction and is the slave of falsehood, will spread a fatal blight where all was salubrious, and happy and prosperous before.

In Uncle Tom's Cabin, the vice of this depraved

application of fiction and its desolating consequences, may be readily detected. Every fact is distorted, every incident discolored, in order to awaken rancorous hatred and malignant jealousies between the citizens of the same republic, the fellow countrymen whose interests and happiness are linked with the perpetuity of a common union, and with the prosperity of a common government. With the hope of expediting or achieving the attainment of a fanatical, and in great measure, merely speculative idea, of substituting the real thralldom of free labor for the imaginary hardships of slavery—the hydra of dissension is evoked by the diabolical spells of falsehood, misrepresentation, and conscious sophistry. What censure shall we pass upon a book, calculated, if not designed, to produce such a result? What condemnation upon an effort to revive all the evils of civil discord—to resuscitate all the dangers of disunion—allayed with such difficulty, and but recently lulled into partial quiescence by the efforts of the sages and the patriotic forbearance of the States of the Confederacy? What language shall we employ when such a scheme is presented, as the *beau idéal* of sublimated virtue, under the deceptive form of literary amusement, and is seriously offered as the recreation of our intellectual leisure?

We have neither the time nor the inclination to run methodically through the labyrinths of misrepresentation which constitute the details of this romance. It has obtained an unhappy notoriety, which would render the task as profitless as it would be ungrateful. The copy before us purports to belong to the ninety-fifth thousand already published in America; and we see that upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand have been issued in England. How rapid the circulation of error! how slow the progress of truth! how easy the propagation of falsehood; how arduous the dissemination of its antidote! When in the course of a few short months, a quarter of a million of the readers of the English tongue manifest their readiness to welcome and their anxiety to believe a lie, it is useless for the injured party to disprove the false statement, as his disclaimers will be drowned by the clamors of the aggregated fanatics. The circumstances of the time; the distempered atmosphere of public sentiment, both at the North and beyond the Atlantic; the mawkish sensibilities and the imbecile ignorance of many within our own borders; the recent and still active agitation of the Slave-question in Congress and in the Presidential canvass; the frenzy of fanaticism and the fever of political intrigue, have all conspired to give a popularity and currency to the work at this particular moment, which its ability does not justify,

and its purposes should forbid. Still, from whatever cause its multitudinous dispersion may arise, this of itself assures us both of the virulence of the venom and of the aptitude of the public mind both at the North and in England, to catch the contagion, and welcome the contamination. Hence, the necessity on the part of all those interested in the rights, the prosperity, the happiness and the integrity of the South, to accord to it a notice far beyond what its intrinsic merits or even vices might claim. But, as a bold, sweeping, unmitigated accusation against the Southern States, it cannot be suffered to pass entirely without challenge, nor can it be permitted to circulate without reprobation and repudiation. The consciousness of right, the dignity of our position, the knowledge of the inefficacy of our disclaimers, might prescribe unruffled contempt and unbroken silence, as the true mode of meeting the bald slanders and the forged accusations of mere fiction: but the purpose of the fiction—the intention of the libel—is recognized, welcomed and applauded by myriads; and the numbers which swell the battalions of our adversaries render them dangerous, however contemptible the component units may be.

But, though we condescend to give more attention to Uncle Tom's Cabin than we think such a work or such an attack entitled to on its own score, we will not prolong our disagreeable duty so far as to follow it through all the mazes of its misrepresentation—through all the loathsome labyrinths of imaginary cruelty and crime, in which its prurient fancy loves to roam. So far as a false statement can be rectified by positive denial,—so far as misrepresentation can be corrected by direct, abundant, unquestionable proof of the error, this service has been already adequately rendered by the newspapers and periodical literature of the South. We have intimated our belief, that both the negation and the refutation are useless, for our adversaries are as deaf and as poisonous too, as the blind adder. But this service has already been fully rendered. It would, then, be a work of supererogation to repeat the profitless labor, to trace the separate threads of delusion which enter into the tissue of deception, and to exhibit the false dyes and the tangles of fiction which aid in the composition of the web. It would seem almost a hopeless waste of time to show how the truth which has been so scantily employed, has been prostituted to base uses, and made to minister to the general falsehood; how human sympathies have been operated on to encourage and sanctify most unholy practices: how every commandment of the decalogue and all the precepts of the Gospel have been violated in order to extend the sanctification of the higher-law, to every crime de-

nounced and condemned by laws, human and divine. Unfortunately for the cause of the South, the evidence for or against her, is neither weighed nor regarded: the defence is rejected without consideration, and all slanders are cordially received, not because they are known or proved to be true, but because they are wished to be so; and harmonise with pre-conceived and malicious prejudices. We have not the ear of the court; our witnesses are distrusted and discredited, and in most cases, they are not even granted a hearing; but the case is presumed to be against us, and by a summary process a verdict of guilty is rendered, without any regard to the real merits of the cause, but in compliance with the fanatical complicity of the jurors. Why is this? and what is the court before which we are required to plead?

Assuredly, there is no necessity to convince the slave owners, or the residents in the Southern States, that the condition of society, the *status* of the slave, the incidents and accidents of slavery, the practices or even the rights of masters, are exhibited in a false light, and are falsely stated in Uncle Tom's Cabin; and that, by whatever jugglery or sorcery the result is obtained, the picture, with all its ostensible desire of truthful delineation, is distorted and discolored, and presents at one time a caricature, at another a total misrepresentation of things amongst us. It is not to Southern men that it is necessary to address any argument on a topic like this. They are already aware of the grossness of the slander by their own observation and experience. No, the tribunal to which our defence must be addressed, is the public sentiment of the North and of Europe. In both latitudes, the case is already prejudged and decided against us; in both, popular ignorance and popular fanaticism, and a servile press have predetermined the question. The special circumstances of the condition of society in both have led to the complete extinguishment of slavery, *eo nomine*; and what was dictated by pecuniary interest, and achieved by folly or accident, is believed to furnish the immutable canon for the action of all communities, and to constitute the valid criterion of a higher law, which shall promise all the blessings of redemption to those who vilify and malign their fellows for following the example of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the curses of damnation to those who are the innocent victims of the abuse. The ignorant and unreflecting outcry of those whose social condition is infinitely below that of our slaves, is eagerly caught up by the myriad serfs of the dominant cottonocracy; is re-echoed from all points of the horizon; and is believed to be the language of truth because it is the clamor of a multitude. A better class stim-

ulates and repeats the defamation, because their interests are supposed to accord with the perpetuation of ignorance and the propagation of delusion on this subject; and because it is a cheap expenditure of philanthropy to melt in sentimental sorrow over remote and imaginary evils, while neglecting the ever present ills and pressing afflictions in their own vicinage. Such a tone of sentiment among both the educated and the illiterate classes in those communities where literature is a trade and the mercenary principles of Grub street constitute the morality of all intellectual avocations, generates a literary atmosphere which is fatal to the dissemination of unpopular truths, and which gives singular vitality and longevity to error, by pandering to the popular desire for its circulation and confirmation. In this manner, we may understand both the cause of the thousands of copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which have been sold at the North and in England, and also the extreme difficulty, not to say absolute impossibility, of securing a dispassionate hearing for our defence, or of introducing the antidote where the poison has spread. There is no obduracy so impracticable—no deafness so incurable—as that Pharisaical self-sanctification and half-conscious hypocrisy, which gilds its own deliberate delusions with the false colors of an extravagant morality, and denounces all dissent from its own fanatical prejudices, as callous vice and irremediable sin. The whole phalanx of Abolition literature, in all its phases and degrees, is fully imbued with this self-righteous spirit; and its influence, under all forms—in fiction and in song—in sermon and in essay—in political harangue as in newspaper twaddle—is completely turned against us: and an aggregation of hostile tendencies is brought to bear upon us so as to deny to our complaints, our recriminations, or our apologies, either consideration or respect. The potency of literature, in this age of the world, when it embraces all manifestations of public or individual thought and feeling, and permeates, in streams, more or less diluted, all classes of society, can scarcely be misapprehended. But the illiberal, unjust, and unwise course of Southern communities, has deprived them of the aid of this potent protection, by excluding themselves and their views almost entirely from the domain of literature. The Southern population have checked and chilled all manifestations of literary aptitudes at the South; they have discouraged by blighting indifference, the efforts of such literary genius as they may have nurtured: they have underrated and disregarded all productions of Southern intellect; and now, when all the batteries of the literary republic are turned against them, and the torrent of literary censure threatens to unite with other agencies to overwhelm them, it is in

vain that they cry in their dire necessity, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." The voice of a home-born literature, which would have been efficient in their defence, is almost unheard, and, if uttered, is scarcely noticed beyond Mason and Dixon's line, because the Southern people have steadily refused to it that encouragement, both in the shape of material support and public favor, which is essential to its healthy development and assured existence, and which is imperatively required to give it respectability and influence abroad. Thus are we to explain the reason why the arguments and expositions of Southern sentiment on the subject of slavery, pass so entirely unheeded—why both its expostulations and denials are wholly disregarded, and its grave discussions contemptuously scorned and rejected without a moment's consideration.

What Southern author has not occasion for bitter complaints of the neglect, injustice, and illiberality of the Southern communities for which he has lived and written? What Southern work has been introduced to public favor by the cordial co-operation of Southern men, or the steady approbation of the Southern people? What Southern periodical, established for the development of Southern intellect, for the defence of Southern institutions, for the creation of a Southern literature, has not languished for want of adequate encouragement, come to a premature end for want of respectable support, or lingered on with a frail and fainting existence, having ever on its tongue and in its heart the humiliating confession that the South, for which it labored and to which it ministered, was indifferent to its fate? The fact that some few Southern works have attained distinction, that a few Southern periodicals have been able to protract a feeble and uncertain life through all trials and difficulties, reveals rather the native energy of the Southern mind, the spontaneous vitality of Southern intellect, than furnishes any disproof or palliation of the folly, the illiberality, the injustice, or the mole-eyed and narrow-minded sagacity of the Southern States.

It is a natural and inevitable consequence of this silly and fatal indifference to the high claims of a native and domestic literature, that the South is now left at the mercy of every witting and scribbler who panders to immediate profit or passing popularity, by harping on a string in unison with the prevailing fanaticism. It is a necessary result of the same long continued imprudence, that no defence can be heard, no refutation of vile slander regarded in the courts of literature, which comes from a land whose literary claims have been disparaged and crushed by its own blind recklessness and meanness. In Uncle Tom's Cabin, there is certainly neither ex-

traordinary genius nor remarkable strength: the attack is unquestionably a weak one: there is only that semblance of genius which springs from intense fanaticism and an earnest purpose; and that plausibility which is due to concentrated energy and a narrow one-sided exposition of human afflictions: yet, though so slight be the merits of the book, the only criticism in reply which could pretend to any general efficiency in arresting the current of the virtual slander—and then by no means an adequate one—must be sought beyond the Atlantic, and gathered from the columns of the London Times. The South has benumbed the hearts and palsied the arms of her natural and willing defenders: she has dismantled her towers, and suppressed her fortresses of all efficient garrison, and she is now exposed, unarmed and unprotected, to all the treacherous stratagems and pitiless malice of her inveterate and interested enemies. She has invited and merited her own fate: she has wooed the slander which she is almost powerless to repel: she has offered a premium to vituperation and imposed a grave penalty on every attempt to redress the indignity to which she has subjected her citizens.

It is not without distinct and deliberate purpose, that we have thus unveiled the secret causes of that contempt for the feelings, the interests, the rights, and the views of the South; which is indicated by the sudden and unprecedented success of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and also of that impossibility of obtaining an equal hearing in reply, which renders it as ungrateful and useless, as the task of exposing its perversions and misrepresentations is humiliating and disgusting. We will not repeat the unwelcome and unprofitable labor. The only true defence of the South against this attack, and the swarms of similar insults and indignities which its success and the prevalent fanaticism will generate, is to create and cherish a true Southern literature, whose spontaneous action will repel and refute such accusations, and command a respectful consideration wherever intellect is honored, or truth even dimly sought. Let the South honestly and cordially sustain her own periodicals, and her own writers, and such productions will cease to alarm or annoy her, or if they should attempt to fret her, they will be brushed aside without effort, and without producing even momentary injury. Let her fail to do this, and no one can complain if she is slandered, without contradiction and maligned without defence.

The mis-statements of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have already, as we have said, been frequently exposed, but the refutation has been entirely disregarded in those quarters where alone the disproof of its mis-representations could be re-

quired. But, if for these and other reasons, we will not so far degrade ourselves as to retrace the beaten track, what remains for a Southern writer to do? Absolute silence is liable to misconception, and the just indignation which so malignant an outrage would merit, might be traduced as blind rage at the detection of guilt. He is, therefore, compelled, by the untoward circumstances of the case, to speak, although convinced that, by so doing, he concedes much of the dignity of his cause to the evasive vituperation of its enemies. He may, however, enter his solemn protest against the reception of an impeachment, supported by testimony, which has been steadily and uniformly denied and disproved. He will do this, not with the hope of arresting the course of the slanderers, but for the sake of bearing testimony to the innocence of the South, and the wanton guilt of her accusers, and of preventing her from becoming a party to her own defamation, by the silence which might be construed as assent. He may then strike out a new line of argument, which, by waiving the points apparently in dispute, may, perhaps, conciliate attention, and discuss the real issue in a manner less calculated to excite or revive the habitual prejudices.

Something of this sort we will endeavor to do. We will concede for the nonce, the general truth of the facts alleged, and will maintain that, notwithstanding this concession, the culpability of the work, its fallacy and its falsehood remain the same. In the one case, the false conclusions are erected upon the basis of false assertions; in the other, we overlook the untruth of the statements, and find that they are deliberately employed for the insinuation of untrue and calumnious impressions. We will suppose, then, that such enormities as are recounted in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, do occur at the South: that George Harris and Eliza his wife, with that seraphic little mulatto, their child, have, in truth, their prototypes among our slaves, and that the brutal treatment of the former by his owner, might find its parallel in actual life. We will endeavor to imagine the reality of the murder of Prue, and the probability of the virtues, misfortunes and martyrdom of Uncle Tom—and, still heavier tax upon our credulity, we will suppose the angelical mission of that shrewish Yankee maiden, Miss Ophelia, for the conversion of hopeless niggers, and the redemption of Ebo, to have been a fact:—and, yet, notwithstanding all this, and it is tough, indeed, to swallow, we will maintain the doctrines of the book to be most pernicious, the representation given to be most erroneous, the impression designed to be produced to be most criminal and false, and the iniquity of the scandalous production to be entitled to unmitigated censure

and reprobation. We will not even limit our concession so far as might be requisite to bring the delineation within any reasonable approximation of the truth: we will not insist that the incidents conceded must be regarded as exceptional cases; for it is perceived in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that to admit them to be exceptions, would be to change, entirely, the character of the argument, and destroy its validity. How acute is the perverse instinct of deliberate wrong: how sagacious the ingenuity of premeditated error? We will concede all the facts stated in the work: all that we will not concede, is the significance attributed to them, and their relevancy for the purpose for which they are employed. And, having granted all this, we still believe that we can offer an ample vindication of the South, and justify the severest censure of this inflammatory and seditious production.

We cannot, however, pass to what may be regarded as the argument of the work, without noting that the hero and heroine of the tale—the tawny Apollo and Venus, with the interesting yellow Cupid, on whom so large a portion of the plot is concentrated—belong exactly to that particular shade of tainted blood, when the laws of many of the Southern States, if not of all, would recognize them as free. George and Eliza Harris, as represented, have a larger proportion of white blood in their veins, than is compatible with the continuance of the servile condition. The jurisprudence of those very communities which are vilified for their imaginary mistreatment of this elegant pair, is not savage enough to retain them in bondage. It would only have been necessary for them to exhibit their radiant countenances, their soft, glossy hair, and curling ringlets, and prove the superabundance of their Caucasian blood in any of our courts of justice, to be assured of obtaining their free papers. If the work was intended for an exposition of the enormities incident to slavery, and for a protestation in favor of the injured and down-trodden African race, is it not a singular dishonesty of procedure to assume as types of this class, those who are rather degraded specimens of the white blood, than in any sense, representatives of the African, and who do not, legitimately, by the laws of the South, belong to the class intended to be redeemed by the exhibition of their sufferings, but more properly to the tribe of the alleged oppressors. Into such inconsistencies is malice betrayed, when it aims at producing false impressions, and is utterly unscrupulous in the employment of any means which seem calculated to heighten the false effect desired.

But leaving this exceedingly vulnerable characteristic of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the argument of the work—for there is an argument even in

successive dramatic pictures designed to produce a given effect, as well as in successive syllogisms designed to establish a special conclusion:—the argument of the work is, in plain and precise terms, that any organization of society—any social institution, which can by possibility result in such instances of individual misery, or generate such examples of individual cruelty as are exhibited in this fiction, must be criminal in itself, a violation of all the laws of Nature and of God, and ought to be universally condemned, and consequently immediately abolished. Unhappily, in all the replies to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which have hitherto been attempted under the form of corresponding fiction, usually, we are sorry to say, by weak and incompetent persons, it has not been recognized with sufficient distinctness that the whole strength of the attack, as the whole gist of the argument, lies in this thesis. The formal rejoinders have consequently been directed to the wrong point: the real question has been mistaken; and the formal issue never joined. This explains the insufficiency of such counter representations as Aunt Phillis's Cabin, and similar apologies; and also that sense of insufficiency which they have not failed to produce. It is no valid refutation of the offensive fiction that slavery may be shown to present at times—no matter how frequently—a very different phase. This point was already guarded:—nay, it was already conceded in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and such a mode of replication consequently mistakes the subject of debate, and is entirely without force because directed against a point already surrendered. It may be doubted, indeed, whether an assault on a solemn interest, moral or social, conveyed under the garb of fiction, can ever be satisfactorily answered under a similar form. If it could be, it would be too trivial to be worthy of such an elaborate defence. If it be sufficiently important to demand a thorough reply, it is degrading to the serious character of the subject, it is trifling with the earnest and grave import of the question, to dress it up in the gewgaws and tawdry finery of a mere counter-irritant. Moreover, a reply in this shape too commonly necessitates such an adherence to the dramatic procedure and to the progression of sentiment adopted by the original work, that it places the replicant in a secondary position, and exhibits him in the false light of a mere imitator and plagiarist, by way of opposition, thus obviously yielding the vantage ground to the offender. If, however, the reply must be couched in the same form as the attack, the true picture to be delineated is not a mere representation of a real or imaginary state of beatitude enjoyed by fictitious slaves, but should be the portraiture of graver miseries, worse afflictions, and more horrible crimes fa-

milliar to the denizens of our Northern Cities; and incident to the condition of those societies where the much lauded white labor prevails. But the main cause of failure in the replies which have been attempted, and whose inefficacy has been injurious to the interests of the South, has unquestionably been that the real thesis of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whence most of its dangers, its pernicious sophistry, and its wicked delusion proceed, has not been recognized with adequate clearness, and has not been refuted in a suitable manner. It is this thesis which we propose to examine.

The true and sufficient reply to this proposition is a very brief one. It is simply this, that the position is absolutely fatal to all human society—to all social organization, civilized or savage, whatever. It strikes at the very essence and existence of all community among men, it lays bare and roots up all the foundations of law, order and government. It is the very evangel of insubordination, sedition, and anarchy, and is promulgated in support of a cause worthy of the total ruin which it is calculated to produce. Pandemonium itself would be a paradise compared with what all society would become, if this apparently simple and plausible position were tenable, and action were accordingly regulated by it. Ate herself, hot from hell, could not produce more mischievous or incurable disorder than this little thesis, on which the whole insinuated argument of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is founded, if this dogma were once generally or cordially received. In all periods of history—under all forms of government—under all the shifting phases of the social condition of man, instances of misery and barbarity equal to any depicted in this atrocious fiction, have been of constant recurrence, and, whatever changes may hereafter take place, unless the nature of man be also changed, they must continually recur until the very end of time. In thousands of instances, of almost daily occurrence, the affliction or the crime has sprung as directly from existing laws, manners, and institutions, as in the examples erroneously charged to the score of slavery in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But in all of them the real causes have been the innate frailties of humanity, the play of fortuitous circumstances, the native wickedness of particular individuals, and the inability of human wisdom or legislation to repress crime without incidentally ministering to occasional vices. If there be any latent truth in the dogma enforced by the nefarious calumnies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it furnishes a stronger argument against all other departments of social organization than it does against slavery, as the records of our courts of justice and the inmates of our penitentiaries would testify. There is no felon who might not divest himself of his load of

guilt, and extricate his neck from the halter, if such an argument was entitled to one moment's weight or consideration. In the complicated web of trials, difficulties and temptations, with which Providence in its wisdom has thought proper to intertwine the threads of human existence, an unbroken career of happiness or prosperity is not to be found. Every heart has its own sorrows,—every condition as every class its own perils and afflictions, and every individual his own bitter calamities to bewail. The very aptitude of this life for that state of probation which it was designed to be, depends upon the alternation and juxtaposition of weakness and virtue, of joy and misery, of gratifications and trials, of blessings and misfortunes, of adversity and prosperity. These varying shadows of our earthly career are due partly to the accidents by which we are surrounded, partly to the temper and conduct of our own hearts, but more than all to the concurrent or conflicting action of the members of the community among which our lot has been cast. The virtues of our neighbors may aid or encourage us, but their vices or their crimes may crush our hopes, ruin our fortunes, and entail irretrievable woe on our children as well as on ourselves. From this discord of fate it is our stern duty to educe the elements of our own career: beset with temptations, menaced by vicious intrigue, cheered by high examples or consoling counsel, but ever at the mercy of fortune, we must pursue our rough journey through the thorny paths of a world of trial. We cannot invent an Elysium or reclaim a Paradise: we can only turn to the utmost possible good the diverse conditions which encompass us around on all sides. It is only the insane hope of a frivolous and dreamy philanthropy to expect or wish that this order and variety of sublunary changes should be altered; as it is only the malignant hate of a splotic and frenzied fanaticism which would venture to charge upon a particular institution, as its peculiar and characteristic vice, the common incidents of humanity in all times and under all its phases.

It is no distinctive feature of the servile condition that individual members of the class should suffer most poignantly in consequence of the crimes, the sins, the follies, or the thoughtlessness of others;—that children should be torn from their parents, husbands separated from their wives, and fathers rudely snatched away from their families. The same results, with concomitant infamy, are daily produced by the operation of all penal laws, and the same anguish and distress are thereby inflicted upon the helpless and innocent, yet such laws remain and must remain upon our statute books for the security and conservation of any social organization at all. The

ordinary play of human interests, of human duties, of human necessities, and even of human ambition—unnoticed and commonplace as it may be conceived to be, produces scenes more terrible and agony more poignant and heart-rending than any attributed to slavery in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The temptations of worldly advancement, the hopes of temporary success, the lures of pecuniary gain, in every civilized or barbarous community throughout the world—in the deserts of Sahara as amid the snows of Greenland—in the streets of Boston and Lowell as in those of London, Manchester, and Paris, may and do exhibit a longer register of sadder results than even a treacherous imagination, or fiction on the hunt for falsehood has been able to rake up from the fraudulent annals of slavery in the present work. There is scarcely one revolution of a wheel in a Northern or European cotton-mill, which does not, in its immediate or remote effects, entail more misery on the poor and the suffering than all the incidents of servile misery gathered in the present work from the most suspicious and disreputable sources. The annual balance sheet of a Northern millionaire symbolizes infinitely greater agony and distress in the labouring or destitute classes than even the foul martyrdom of Uncle Tom. Are the laws of debtor and creditor—and the processes by which gain is squeezed from the life-blood of the indigent, more gentle;—or the hard, grasping, demoniac avarice of a yankee trader more merciful than the atrocious heart of that fiendish yankee, Simon Legree? Was the famine in Ireland productive of no calamities which might furnish a parallel to the scenes in Uncle Tom's Cabin? We would hazard even the assertion that the Australian emigration from Great Britain, and the Californian migration in our country—both impelled by the mere hope of sudden and extraordinary gains, have been attended with crimes and vices, sorrows, calamities and distresses far surpassing the imaginary ills of the slaves whose fictitious woes are so hypocritically bemoaned. But such are the incidents of life, and we would neither denounce nor revolutionize society, because such consequences were inseparable from its continuance.

It should be observed that the whole tenor of this pathetic tale derives most of its significance and colouring from a distorted representation or a false conception of the sentiments and feelings of the slave. It presupposes an identity of sensibilities between the races of the free and the negroes, whose cause it pretends to advocate. It takes advantage of this presumption, so unsuspectingly credited where slavery is unknown, to arouse sympathies for what might be grievous misery to the white man, but is none to the dif-

ferently tempered black. Every man adapts himself and his feelings more or less to the circumstances of his condition: without this wise provision of nature life would be intolerable to most of us. Every race in like manner becomes habituated to the peculiar accidents of its particular class; even the Paria may be happy. Thus what would be insupportable to one race, or one order of society, constitutes no portion of the wretchedness of another. The joys and the sorrows of the slave are in harmony with his position, and are entirely dissimilar from what would make the happiness, or misery, of another class. It is therefore an entire fallacy, or a criminal perversion of truth, according to the motive of the writer, to attempt to test all situations by the same inflexible rules, and to bring to the judgment of the justice of slavery the prejudices and opinions which have been formed when all the characteristics of slavery are not known but imagined.

The proposition, then, which may be regarded as embodying the peculiar essence of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is a palpable fallacy, and inconsistent with all social organization. Granting, therefore, all that could be asked by our adversaries, it fails to furnish any proof whatever of either the iniquity or the enormity of slavery. If it was capable of proving any thing at all, it would prove a great deal too much. It would demonstrate that all order, law, government, society was a flagrant and unjustifiable violation of the rights, and mockery of the feelings of man and ought to be abated as a public nuisance. The hand of Ishmael would thus be raised against every man, and every man's hand against him. To this result, indeed, both the doctrines and practices of the higher-law agitators at the North, and as set forth in this portentous book of sin, unquestionably tend: and such a conclusion might naturally be anticipated from their sanctimonious professions. The fundamental position, then, of these dangerous and dirty little volumes is a deadly blow to all the interests and duties of humanity, and is utterly impotent to show any inherent vice in the institution of slavery which does not also appertain to all other institutions whatever. But we will not be content to rest here: we will go a good bow-shot beyond this refutation, though under no necessity to do so: and we maintain that the distinguishing characteristic of slavery is its tendency to produce effects exactly opposite to those laid to its charge: to diminish the amount of individual misery in the servile classes: to mitigate and alleviate all the ordinary sorrows of life: to protect the slaves against want as well as against material and mental suffering: to prevent the separation and dispersion of families; and to shield them from the frauds, the crimes, and the casualties of others, whether masters or fellow-slaves,

in a more eminent degree than is attainable under any other organization of society, where slavery does not prevail. This is but a small portion of the peculiar advantages to the slaves themselves resulting from the institution of slavery, but these suffice for the present, and furnish a most overwhelming refutation of the philanthropic twaddle of this and similar publications.

Notwithstanding the furious and ill-omened outcry which has been made in recent years against the continuance of slavery, the communities where it prevails exhibit the only existing instance of a modern civilized society in which the interests of the labourer and the employer of labour are absolutely identical, and in which the reciprocal sympathies of both are assured. The consequence is that both interest and inclination, the desire of profit and the sense or sentiment of duty concur to render the slave-owner considerate and kind toward the slave. So general is the feeling, so habitual the consciousness of this intimate harmony of the interests and duties of both, that it has formed an efficient public sentiment at the South which brands with utter reprobation the slaveholder who is either negligent of his slaves or harsh in his treatment of them. It goes even further than this; it makes every man at the South the protector of the slave against injury by whomsoever offered, thus establishing an efficient and voluntary police, of which every one is a member, for the defence of the slave against either force, fraud, or outrage. Such habitual regard for the rights of a subordinate class generates in its members a kindness of feeling and a deference of bearing to the slave-holder in general, which no severity could produce and no rigor maintain. It is this intercommunion of good offices and good will, of interests and obligations, which renders the realities of slavery at the South so entirely different from what they are imagined to be by those who have no intimate familiarity with its operation. Hence, too, in great measure it is, that, except where inveterate idleness or vice compels a sale, or the changes of fortune, or the casualties of life, break up an establishment, families are rarely dispersed, but are held together without being liable to those never-ending separations which are of daily occurrence with the labouring or other classes elsewhere. Even where the misfortunes of the owner necessitate a sale, if the negroes enjoy a respectable character, there is every probability that they will never be removed from the district in which they have lived, but will either be bought with the place on which they have worked, be transferred *en masse* to some neighboring locality, or scattered about within easy distances of each other in the same vicinity.

It is true that the continued agitation of the

slavery question, and the nefarious practices of the abolitionists, which are so cordially eulogised in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, have in some degree modified the relations between master and slave in those frontier settlements which border on the Ohio river, and have rendered imperative a harsher intercourse and more rigid management, than prevails where the feelings and principles of the negroes are not tampered with by incendiary missionaries. This is but one of the melancholy fruits of that philanthropical fanaticism, which injures by every movement which it makes those whom it pretends so sympathetically to serve.

It is needless to repeat the evidence that the average condition of the slave at the South is infinitely superior, morally and materially, in all respects, to that of the labouring class under any other circumstances in any other part of the world. This has been done so frequently and efficiently before, that we need only refer to previous expositions of this point.

If then all the facts alleged in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and entering into the composition of the pitiful tale, be conceded, they furnish no evidence whatever against the propriety or expediency of slavery. But, if the facts be false, what might have been error and delusion in the former case, becomes deliberate fraud and malignant slander. If they were true, we might pity the ignorance which had suffered itself to be perverted to crime by its ill-disposed credulity. If they are false, we must execrate the infamous virulence which fanatically employs falsehoods to breed dissension. If they were true, but did not legitimately minister to the purpose for which they were introduced, we could not pardon the folly, the presumption, and the unchristian spirit, which used them to fan the flames of discord, and to stir up the embers of civil war. If they are false, the diabolical hate which presided over the composition of the work, and clothed itself in the tempting hues of tender charity and melting philanthropy, for the surer accomplishment of its infernal aims, stands revealed in all its naked deformity, seared with the brand of infamy, and blackened with the deep damnation of its guilt. It is Satan starting up from his disguise, in the monstrous proportions and with the fiendish visage of the prince of hell, at the presence of the angels of heaven, and the touch of the spear of truth. That the facts as stated and as intended to be received are false, we solemnly aver—and for the confirmation of this averment we confidently appeal to every resident in the South, who has dispassionately reflected upon his own experience and observation—whether he be slave-owner or not:—whether he be native, yankee immigrant, or foreigner. That the isolated statements may accidentally be true *sub modo*, we will

not utterly deny: the range of fiction is wide, but the miracles of reality far surpass it: but that they are true under the colouring with which they are depicted we do absolutely gainsay, and inferences insinuated with the impressions designed to be produced are utterly fallacious in themselves, and are generated by a criminal desire to propagate a slander.

We have so far endeavored to estimate this inflammatory publication with all possible sobriety and coolness: we have tempered our indignation as nearly as might be to philosophic impartiality: we have conceded all that is or could be asked in favor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and yet we find, that even if its facts were true, they would not support the inference which the work is designed to convey, much less justify the practices which it is intended to enforce. A libel is a libel still, notwithstanding the truth of its allegations, because it is calculated to disturb the peace of societies, and to destroy the harmony of any community. The ignorance of the libeller of the import or tendencies of his own language will remove neither the penalty nor the guilt, because the injury inflicted is not diminished thereby, and the public danger is not mitigated by the plea of folly. When, then, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* employs representations of Southern slavery, even if supposed to be true, which are calculated not merely to wound and outrage the feelings of Southerners, which would be comparatively a slight offence, but to pander to malignant prejudices, to disseminate throughout the Union dissensions and hostilities, and to circulate scandal abroad throughout the world, neither sincerity nor ignorance would afford any palliation for the rash, foolish, and criminal procedure. It is a caution frequently given to children, not to meddle with edge-tools, and if weak women or other persons of mature years but immature discretion, venture to engage in seditious pursuits, knowing the aim but ignorant of the character of the means, they must pay the penalty.

But, if truth be deliberately wrested to wrong: if facts are accurately stated for the sake of veiling with the semblance of truth doctrines known to be dangerous, and intended to generate social disorder and political ruin, the sin of treacherous hypocrisy is substituted for, or is added to the weakness of ignorant temerity. The vestments of an angel of light are thrown around the body of a fiend; the wolf has assumed the clothing of the sheep, that it may more successfully prey upon the innocent and delude the shepherd. Shall we exonerate *Uncle Tom's Cabin* from such deep-dyed hypocrisy? Almost every page shows that however it may revel in the altitudes of an ideal perfection, the practices inculcated and the cause espoused by it, are at variance with all law.

order, and government, with solemn oaths and established obligations, with the well-being of society, and with the perpetuity of the Union. Is either simplicity or fanaticism any excuse for that mole-eyed blindness, which fancies it sees afar off the duty of an organized crusade to conquer a disputed point of morals or social economy, and yet cannot behold the ever present obligation to perform these common duties of life which lie at the foundation of all social and political communion? Is it not either wilful hypocrisy or deliberate perversity, when a solitary crotchet of sentimental morality is conceived to transcend all the commandments of the decalogue, all the prescriptions of the Bible, and all the laws of man? Yet all this is done,—purposely, systematically, continually, and malignantly done in that immaculate encyclopædia of fictitious crimes—Uncle Tom's Cabin. The commandment inscribed by the finger of God on the tablets of stone which Moses bore to the Israelites as the everlasting will of Jehovah, burns in our eyes in characters of flame while perusing this intricate tissue of deception. **THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR.**

This, however, is by no means the sole violation of the Decalogue which is committed by the book, but it is the most prominent. Of the others we have scarcely the patience, and we have very little inclination to speak. Yet all the commandments relative to the duties of mankind to each other are frequently and systematically contravened, with the significant exception of that against adultery, which was not a very delicate prescription for a lady to handle, although she does assiduously endeavor to assert its habitual disregard in the South by slave-owners towards their female slaves. We will not disavow the existence of vice where it may be proved to exist, nor will we defend it under any circumstances, but if the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin had been as well read in the annals of prostitution in countries where slavery does not exist, or, supposing her to have the information, had she been as much disposed to reveal the facts that might be discovered on this head with regard to the virtuous practices of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, as she is ingenious in the imagination of fictitious seductions, and inclined to transmute a dirty fancy into an alleged truth, she might have found that there was neither any very great peculiarity nor any very remarkable excess in Southern practices in this respect.

The essence of murder according to the laws of all nations and the public sentiment of all periods lies in the taking, contrary to law, and with malice prepense, the life of a rational fellow-creature. Unless the definition be altered en-

tirely and the moral principles of mankind be changed, murder is distinctly prescribed and applauded both by the precept and example of this book.

There is one sin which is justly regarded as the most despicable and debasing in the catalogue of crimes—the sin of perjury. Yet this is deliberately commended by this new missionary of the higher law.

It has always been esteemed the duty of good men and the pride of patriots to obey the solemn laws and uphold the institutions of their country. The whole tenor of these would-be immaculate volumes is directed to the subversion of both.

The Bible is either blasphemously mocked by the infidel, or reverently received by the Christian: but here with professions of more than Christian sanctity, its doctrines are distorted or disavowed, and its ministers maligned.

It is easy for even sincere fanaticism to run ignorantly and precipitately into the practice or palliation of crime; but in this instance the fanaticism clothes itself with the raiment of a pretended impartiality, and feigns justice the better to effectuate iniquity. There is an obvious discord between the professions and the purposes, the sentimentalism and the precepts of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which can scarcely permit us to withhold from it the charge of deliberate hypocrisy.

We are surprised to see how small a portion of the topics of censure, to which the production is obnoxious, has yet been touched upon: to feel that after all we have already said, the mountain of its offences, its perversions, its fallacies, and its iniquities, still rises as vast as ever before us. We have not had the heart to speak of an erring woman as she deserved, though her misconduct admitted of no excuse, and provoked the keenest and most just reprobation. We have little inclination—and, if we had much, we have not the time, to proceed with our disgusting labor, to anatomize minutely volumes as full of poisonous vermin as of putrescence, and to speak in such language as the occasion would justify, though it might be forbidden by decorum and self-respect.

We dismiss Uncle Tom's Cabin with the conviction and declaration that every holier purpose of our nature is misguided, every charitable sympathy betrayed, every loftier sentiment polluted, every moral purpose wrenched to wrong, and every patriotic feeling outraged, by its criminal prostitution of the high functions of the imagination to the pernicious intrigues of sectional animosity, and to the petty calumnies of wilful slander.

CICERO'S CATO THE ELDER :

OR,

A TREATISE ON OLD AGE.

Translated by L. M. for his Father, aged 77.

Father TIME is not always a hard parent ; and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well : making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young, and in full vigor. With such people, the gray head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand, in giving them his blessing ; and every wrinkle, but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

[Barnaby Rudge.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter—
Frosty, but kindly.

[As You Like It. II. 3.

CICERO ON OLD AGE.

I.

[In a brief Preface, addressed to his friend T. Pomponius Atticus, Cicero says that he feigns the following discourse '*de senectute*,' to have been uttered by the elder Cato, (Cato the Censor,) in a conversation with two young men of great promise—Lælius and Scipio: the same Lælius, whose 'mild wisdom' is mentioned by Horace;* the same Scipio, who afterwards overthrew Carthage, and acquired the surname of Africanus the Younger. He was also called Æmilianus, after his grandfather, Paulus Æmilius, who fell in the disastrous rout at Cannæ.†

* '*Mitis sapientia Læli.*' Lat. 1., Lib. 2., v. 72.

† History scarcely presents a nobler character, or a more touching fate, than those of Paulus Æmilius the Elder. Forced into battle against his better judgment, by his rash and arrogant colleague, he did all that a leader or a soldier could, to avert defeat, and roll back the carnage. When Hannibal's might could no longer be resisted, and the shattered remains of the Legions, with Varro at their head, were flying in dismay towards Rome, Æmilius, covered with wounds, was seen, sitting upon a stone, in the very track of the pursuing enemy. Friends and servants passed without knowing him; disfigured and blood-stained as he was, and bowed down with anguish and despair. At length a young Patrician recognized him, alighted from his horse and entreated him to mount and save himself for the sake of Rome. But Æmilius steadfastly refused; and, notwithstanding the young man's

Cato is represented by Cicero as refuting the various imputations commonly thrown upon Old Age: *first*, that it withdraws us from the pursuits of active life; *secondly*, that it enfeebleth the body; *thirdly*, that it robs us of the pleasures of youth; and *fourthly*, that it is rendered melancholy by the near approach of Death. Cato's answer consists partly in denying that the alleged evils are peculiar to Old Age; and partly in proving, that even if peculiar to it, they do not necessarily make it unhappy.

Should Cato be thought to speak too learnedly or elegantly for his homespun character—Cicero suggests—it may be ascribed to his tincture of Grecian literature; to which, late in life, he devoted himself.

The supposed time of the conversation is about 148 or 149 years before Christ.]

PERSONS IN THE DIALOGUE.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO, the Censor, (aged nearly 84.)
CARUS LÆLIUS, } Young
PUBLIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS, the Younger, } men.

II.

Scipio.—Cato, Lælius and I habitually admire your consummate wisdom in all respects, but especially, your never seeming to be oppressed by Old Age: a burthen so unwelcome to most of the aged, that they declare it heavier than Mount Etna.

Cato.—My young friends, what you marvel at is very simple. Every age is burthensome to those who have no resources within for a good and happy life; but he, whose enjoyments are all of the soul, regards nothing as an evil, which Nature makes unavoidable. Foremost in this class, is Old Age. All wish to attain it; yet all, having

tears, obliged him to mount his horse again. Then rising up, he said—"Go, Lentulus, and tell Fabius Maximus, that Paulus Æmilius followed his injunctions to the last: but was overcome, first by Varro, and afterwards by Hannibal." Lentulus had not gone far, before he saw the aged consul surrounded and cut down by the Carthaginian cavalry—striking at them till he died. Well did he earn the tribute paid him in the undying strain of classic minstrelsy—

Regulam, et Scauros, *animæ que magna*
Prodigum Paullum, superante Pano,
Gratus insigni referam Camena.

[Hor. Od. 12, Lib. I.

The grateful muse with louder tone shall sing
The fate of Regulæ—the Scaurian race—
And Paulus, 'midst the waste of Cannæ's field
How greatly prodigal of life!

[Francis.

attained, disparage it: so fickle and perverse is folly. "It has stolen upon them," they say, "faster than they expected!" Who made them expect falsely? Does age creep faster upon youth than youth upon childhood? Besides, how would their load of years be less, at eight hundred, than at fourscore? A spent life, however long, can minister no soothing, no solace to dotage. If you admire my wisdom, then—and would that it were worthy of your esteem, or of my own surname!†—it consists merely in following and obeying as a deity, that best guide, NATURE. She would hardly have mismanaged the last act of Life's drama, like an awkward poet; after having disposed the other parts skillfully. But a closing scene there must be: a time to wither and fall like wild berries and the earth's fruits, in their ripening season. And this a wise man will bear meekly: for, to act otherwise—to struggle against Nature—what were it, but to war with Heaven, as the Giants did?

Lælius.—Well, Cato,—as Scipio and I hope, or at least wish to become old, you will do us a great favor by teaching us now, beforehand, how we may best bear the increasing weight of years?

Cato.—Willingly, *Lælius*: and particularly if, as you say, it will be agreeable to both of you.

Scipio.—Yes, if it will not incommode you,—since you have accomplished a long journey, which we too, are commencing, we desire a view of the region you have reached.

III.

Cato.—I will do my best. I have been present, when contemporaries of mine—for "birds of a feather flock together"—nay, when persons of consular dignity, C. Salinator and Spurius Albinus, complained of lost pleasures, without which, they deemed life a mere void; and of con-

*Cicero here may have had in his mind's eye the words of Plato, [*in Axiocho*—] λαθὼν ὑπαισθηθε το γηρας—"Old age, unseen, has stolen upon us." And Juvenal, [Sat. 9.] still more probably had this passage of Cicero in view, when he wrote those exquisite lines—

"Festinat enim decurrere velox.

Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, puellas
Pocimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus."

But is not Cicero wrong in saying (or making Cato say,) that old age creeps no faster upon youth than youth upon childhood? Certainly, to all human experience, it seems otherwise. Each successive year of life appears briefer than the preceding one. The flight of Time, like the movement of a body falling freely, gathers new velocity with every additional space it traverses.

†CATO, from *catus*, prudent.

temptuous treatment from those who had once used to court them: I thought they misplaced the blame. For, had it been chargeable to Old Age, the same ills would beset me, and other old people,—many of whom I have known wax old without a murmur—who were not sorry to be freed from the chains of appetite, and experienced no slights from their acquaintance. In truth, all such complainers should blame their own characters and not their years. Men of moderation, not peevish or ill-natured, find old age easy and peaceful: but a fretful, or a savage temper, makes every time of life unhappy.

Lælius.—This is all very true. Yet an objector may remark that, upon your age sits lightly, because of your wealth, dignity, and varied resources—a lot which few can enjoy.

Cato.—That undoubtedly is something, but by no means all: for, to Old Age is applicable what Themistocles answered, in some dispute with an inhabitant of Seriphos—who alleged that Themistocles had acquired glory by his country's greatness, not by his own: "Most true! I should never have been great had I been a Seriphian; nor would you, if you had been an Athenian." So, in extreme want, age is no trifle, even to the wise; and even amidst abundance, it is burthensome to the unwise. The old men's best panoply consists in virtuous qualities and virtuous habits. These, cherished through a long life, yield wondrous fruits; not only because they never fail us, even at the grave's brink—though that is no trivial recommendation—but because the consciousness of a well spent life, and of many good actions, is preëminently delightful.

IV.

In my youth, Qu. Fabius Maximus, who recaptured Tarentum, though quite aged, was no less dear to me than if he had been young as I: for he had a gravity softened by courtesy, and age had not changed his manners. Indeed, my devotion to him commenced when he was not very old, though advanced in life. At a great age, he waged war as actively as in youth; and his patience tamed the young exultation of Hannibal—as our friend Ennius finely sings:

"Sole chief, whose wise delays won victory back
Brooking a coward's name, that Rome might stand!
For this, shall higher glories grace thy fame."

By what masterly vigilance and address did he retake Tarentum! Salinator, who had lost the town and fled to the citadel, boastfully said to him in my hearing, "Fabius, I was the means of your recovering Tarentum." "Certainly," retorted Fabius, smiling, "for if you had not lost the place, I never should have recovered it."

Nor was he less great in civil affairs, than as a warrior. In his second consulship—Spurius Carvilius his colleague being a tame nonentity—he withstood, as long as possible, all the efforts of the demagogue tribune, C. Flaminius, to parcel out the Picenian and Gallic lands, against the Senate's will. And when augur, Fabius had the boldness to declare, that good auspices attended every enterprise which was undertaken for the public safety; and that the omens were always adverse to bad movements. In that great man I knew many illustrious traits; but none more admirable than his demeanor at the death of his son Marcus, who had been a consul of no small renown. His eulogy on that son is in all hands; and when we read it, how despicable seems every philosopher in the comparison! Nor was Fabius great only when abroad, and exposed to the public gaze. Within himself, and in domestic privacy, he was greater still. What diction! What sentiments! What knowledge of Antiquity! What skill in the laws of Augury! And, for a Roman, what literary attainments! His memory treasured up every thing: not our own history only, but wars between foreign nations. Greedily did I feast on his conversation; as if haunted by a presentiment, that on his death I should find no other teacher.

V.

And why do I say thus much of Fabius Maximus? Why, to shew you how absurd it is to call an Old Age like his, unhappy. All men, however, cannot be Scipios, or Maximuses, to recall their stormings of cities, their land and sea-battles, their campaigns and their triumphs. Yet, there is a mild and placid close, to a life that has been pure, tranquil and refined: a close, like Plato's—who died writing, in his 81st year: an old age like that of Isocrates, who tells us that he wrote his book entitled *Panathenæicus*, in his 94th year: and he lived five years afterwards. His master, Gorgias of Leontium, completed 107 years, never flagging in his studies or toils: and when asked how he could bear to live so long? he replied, 'I have no fault to find with Old Age.' A noble answer—and worthy of so wise a man! For silly people charge their vices and defects upon Old Age. But not so did Ennius, whom I spoke of just now, and who compares his own advanced life to that of a generous and successful race horse:

"The gallant courser then, victorious oft
In proud Olympic fields, worn down with years
Now covets calm repose."

The last years of Ennius, you may well remem-

ber. For the present consuls, Titus Flaminius and Marcus Acilius, were chosen in the 19th year after his death; which occurred in the consulship of Cæpio and Philip. I, that year, aged 65, advocated the Voconian Law* with sound lungs and a loud voice. Ennius, at three-score and twelve—for he attained that age—bore those two burthens, poverty and old age,—as if they were pleasures.

Attentive consideration discovers to me four pretexts, for supposing age to be unhappy:—1. That it withdraws us from the business of life. 2. That it enfeebles the body. 3. That it takes away nearly all our pleasures. 4. That it verges upon Death. Now let us see what justice there is in each of these allegations.

VI.

"Age draws us away from the business of life!" From what business?—from such as requires youth and strength? Are there, then, no employments for the old, which call only for mind, regardless of corporeal infirmity? Was Fabius Maximus an idler, then? Or was Lucius Paulus;† your father, Scipio, and my noble son's father-in-law? Were those other veterans, Fabricius, Curius, and Coruncanian,‡ idlers and droues, when they were saving the Commonwealth by their wisdom and their influence? Appius Claudius was old and blind also: yet he, when the Senate seemed inclined to peace and a league with the victorious Pyrrhus, boldly uttered, among other stern sentiments, that which Ennius repeats in the well known verse—

"What fatal error warps your staggering minds,
All nerv'd before with fortitude and wisdom!"

That speech of Appius is yet extant.¶ He delivered it 17 years after his second consulship,

* Voconian Law, [*Lex. Voconia*.] enacted that no one should take, by the will of a deceased man, more of the estate than went to his natural heirs. It was passed A. U. C., 584. Cooper's note to Justinian's Institutes, 515.

† Paulus Æmilius, who vanquished Persius, king of Macedon. He was the son of Æmilius mentioned in the note to Section I, who died at Cannæ.

‡ Coruncanian was (A. U. C. 474) consul along with Lavinus, who was defeated by Pyrrhus. Curius, surnamed Dentatus, was thrice consul. He finally defeated Pyrrhus, and drove him out of Italy. See more of him, Section XVI. It is of him Horace speaks—"incomptis Carum capillis Utilem bello."

¶ A commentator quotes the commencement of this celebrated speech, from Plutarch's life of Pyrrhus: "Hæberto I have regarded my blindness as a misfortune; but now Romans would to Heaven that I were deaf as well as blind; for then I should not have heard your shameful counsels and resolves, so ruinous to the glory of Rome!"

which was ten years after his first; and before this, he had been Censor. He must have been very old, therefore, in the war of Pyrrhus; as indeed, tradition represents him. Those, then, who say that old age has no share in the business of life, talk nonsense; like him who should affirm that a pilot has no hand in guiding a ship, because others climb the masts, run about the decks and bail the hold, while he sits calmly astern, holding the helm. True, he does not perform the offices of younger men; but he does what is far more important. Great affairs are managed not by corporeal strength or activity; but by prudence, weight of character and wisdom—which age, far from taking away, even increases. I have been soldier, military tribune, lieutenant-general and consul, in a variety of wars: do I seem to you idle and useless now, because I no longer command armies? I counsel the Senate what wars to wage, and how to wage them: I denounce hostilities in advance against Carthage, our inveterate foe, whom I shall ever dread until she be utterly destroyed.* May the God's reserve that glory for you, Scipio!—the glory of completing the unfinished exploit of your grandfather! This is the thirty-third year since his death: but all ages to come will cherish his memory. He died just before I became Censor, and nine years after my consulship, during which he was chosen consul the second time. Had he lived a century, would he have repined at being so old? He then practised no longer the bold sally, or the active leap, nor used the sword or javelin. His weapons were reason, wisdom and judgment; the possession of which by old men, (*Senes*,) caused our ancestors to term their chief council, the SENATE. The Lacedæmonians, like us, call their principal magistrates *SENES*, or old men. Look widely abroad—you will find the greatest states to have been overthrown by the young, and upheld or restored by the old: as in the play of Nævius the poet, it is asked and answered—

“Say how your mighty state so quickly fell?”

—“A swarm of upstart blockheads,—stripling babblers—Wrought the ruin.”

Rashness is ever a trait of youth; and prudence, of age.

—
VII.

But “the memory is impaired.” I believe so,

* It is well known, that long before the third and last Punic war, Cato harped incessantly upon the indispensable necessity to Rome, of destroying Carthage. He used to close every speech, no matter upon what subject, with an exclamation which has become proverbial—“*Delenda est Carthago!*”

if it be not exercised, or if the possessor is naturally dull. Themistocles at one time knew the name of every Athenian citizen. Think you, that when he grew old, he commonly greeted Aristides as “Lysimachus?” I not only know the present generation, but I knew their fathers and their grandfathers: nor do I fear any loss of memory by reading epitaphs;† for, in doing so, I regain my recollection of the dead. I never heard of an old man's forgetting where he had buried his treasure. He remembers everything that really interests him; who are his sureties—who his creditors, and who his debtors. Lawyers; Pontiffs; Augurs; Philosophers: what numberless details do they remember!

Old people retain their minds, if they only retain their industry and studious habits: and this truth holds good, not with the renowned and exalted alone, but in the calm of private life. Sophocles composed tragedies until extreme old age; and as he seemed in that pursuit to neglect his domestic affairs, his sons commenced a lawsuit, to have the control of his estate taken from him, as a dotard. At the trial, the old man read to the judges his latest tragedy, *Edipus Coloneus*, and asked them if that seemed the work of a dotard? The judges at once discharged him. Did age silence Homer, or Hesiod, or Simonides, or Stesichorus?‡—or Isocrates, or Gorgias, whom I mentioned, just now; or those princes of Philosophy, Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato, or Xenocrates, or Zeno, or Cleanthes, or the stoic Diogenes, whom you have seen at Rome? On the contrary, did not the devotion of each to his favorite pursuit, end only with life? Nay, leaving such divine themes of thought, I can mention rustic Romans of the Sabine region, (neighbors and friends of mine,) who personally superintend every important work on their farms—the sowing, the gathering, the housing. Indeed, this, in them, is no wonder: for not one of them is so old as not to reckon upon living a year, at least. Yet, some of their toils they know can never profit them.

“Trees they plant to shade and feed posterity,”

as one Statius says, in his “Young Comrades.” The farmer, however old when asked—“Whom he plants for?” answers unhesitatingly—“For the immortal gods, whose will it is, that what I received from my ancestors, I shall deliver to my successors.”

* It was a superstition among the Romans, that to read inscriptions upon tombs, weakened the memory. It prevailed also among the Jews, as appears by Buxtorf's “Religious Customs, &c., of the Jews.”—Barker.

† A vigorous and spirited poet of Himera, Sicily, 600 years B. C. He is commemorated by Horace, in Od. iv. 9. “Stesichorique graves Camænas.”

.VIII.

Cæcilius right truly says, of an old man looking forward to another life—"Age! if you have no other fault, you bring with you this very sufficient evil,—that he, who lives long, sees much that he would rather not see."

But he sees much also, that he likes: and youth, too, encounters many unwelcome things. Cæcilius has another more censurable remark—"I deem the greatest unhappiness of age to be, that it feels itself odious to the young." *Odious!* Agreeable, rather. For as old persons of good sense are charmed, and feel their burthen of age lightened by the respect and kindness of well disposed young people,—so youth delights in the precepts of Age, guiding to habits of virtue. Methinks, for example, I am as agreeable to you, as you are to me. Besides, you perceive that old age is not only exempt from sloth and languor, but is even busy and energetic: always doing or planning some work, suitable to the tenor of its past life. Need I tell you, that the aged still learn? Thus, we see Solon glorying in his verses, and declaring that he grew old amid daily accessions of knowledge! Thus I, too, near my life's close, have studied Greek; drinking it in, with all the eagerness of my long-felt thirst, to become familiar with the models you now hear me citing. And when I heard that Socrates played on the lute, I wished to do so too; for the ancients learned instrumental music. Certainly, in the language I have labored with success.

IX.

Nor do I now covet the strength of a young man—for *weakness* was another imputation upon old age—any more than in youth I craved the power of a bull or an elephant. What powers we have we should use, and do our best in every undertaking.

What can be more contemptible than the words of Milo, the Crotonian, who, in his latter years, looking at some champions engaged in the race, is said to have gazed at his own limbs and exclaimed with tears—"These are lifeless now!" It was you, driveller, and not your limbs, that were worthless. They, and your huge frame, not your real worth, made you famous. No such whining ever fell from Spurius Ælius, nor from Titus Coruncanius, of old; nor from Publius Crassus, in our day: men whose words were laws to their countrymen, and whose intellects remained clear till their latest breath. A mere orator, I am afraid, may wane

with age, since his talent is not one of pure mind, but of lungs and bodily strength. Yet, I know not how, the thrilling voice electrifies still, in advanced years. I have not lost it; and you see how aged I am. The old man's discourse is easy, quiet and graceful; often winning him an audience by its mild and polished eloquence. And if he cannot himself exemplify that charm, he can teach it to a Scipio and a Lælius.

And what is more delightful than age surrounded by studious and affectionate youth? We cannot deny that the old are vigorous enough to inform and guide the young—to train them in every branch of duty: and is there a nobler task? To me, Cneius and Publius Scipio, and your grandsires, Lucius Æmilius and P. Africanus, ever seemed blest in having a throng of noble youths around them: nor can any real master of usefulness and excellence be deemed unblest, however much his sinews may have withered. Indeed, decay proceeds far oftener from the vices of youth, than from mere old Age; for early lewdness and intemperance, hand over to age a broken down frame. In the discourse which, according to Xenophon, the great Cyrus uttered when extremely old and about to die, he declares that his last years were no more feeble than his youth had been. I remember that in my boyhood, Lucius Metellus (first a Consul, and then for 22 years High Priest,) enjoyed such vigor in the close of life, as left him no need or wish for youth. I need not speak of myself, though it would be like an old man, and quite allowable to do so.

X.

Do you not see in Homer, how frequently Nestor tells of his own exploits? He was then at thrice the usual length of human life; and, in thus telling the truth of himself, he incurred no charge of boastfulness, or of garrulity,—since, as the Poet observes, "words sweeter than honey flowed from his tongue." This captivating strain of eloquence called not for bodily strength: yet, the Grecian General-in-chief, wishes often for ten such as Nestor; never, for ten like Ajax. He doubted not, that if he had ten Nestors, Troy would quickly fall.

But to myself again: I am now in my eighty-fourth year. Would that I could make the boast of Cyrus! This, however, I can say, that although less vigorous now than when I was a soldier or a questor in the Punic war, or consul in Spain, or Military Tribune four years afterwards at Thermopylæ, under Acilius Glabrio,—still, as you perceive, Time has not entirely crushed or unnerved me. The Senate, the Forum,

my friends, clients and guests, call not in vain for my exertions. I never believed in that ancient and much lauded saying: "Be old soon, if you would be old long." On the contrary: I would rather be old for a shorter time, than be old prematurely. Accordingly, no person ever yet desired an interview with me, which I did not grant him. True, I am not so strong as either of you; but neither have you the powers of T. Pontius, the Centurion; yet, is he your superior? Whoever has a reasonable portion of strength, and exerts it to the best advantage, will feel no great need of more. Milo is said to have walked the race course at Olympia, carrying a live bull on his shoulders. Which would you rather have, strength like his, or a genius like that of Pythagoras? Employ the boon of bodily vigor well while it remains; when it is gone, do not bewail it, unless, indeed, young men should crave boyhood, and the middle-aged should covet youth. Life has a fixed course—Nature, a single and a plain path, to each period its own reasonable character is allotted; so that weakness in childhood, impetuosity in youth, a grave demeanor in settled manhood, and a mellow ripeness in old age, are perfectly natural, and ought to be regularly seen in their due succession. No doubt, Scipio, you know the habits of your grandfather's friend, Massinissa, who is now ninety years old. When he sets out to journey on foot, he never will mount a horse; nor when on horseback, will he dismount. No rain, no degree of cold, can make him cover his head: his body is of the most perfect firmness;* so that he still discharges in person, all his kingly duties. Exercise and temperance, therefore, can preserve some of one's original vigor, even in old age.

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XI.

And have the aged no strength? It is not required of them. By law and usage, they are exempt from all duties that cannot be performed without it; and so far from being called on to do more than we can, we are not obliged to do even so much. It seems, however, that many old people are so infirm, as to be entirely incapable of discharging any duty whatsoever! But this is a defect of ill health, generally—not of age alone. How feeble was that son of P. Africanus, who adopted you! How puny, or rather how totally wanting, was his health! He would otherwise have been a second luminary in the Roman sky; for, to his father's greatness of mind, he joined

far greater learning. What wonder, then, if the aged are sometimes weak, when even the young cannot help being so? Old age, my young friends, must be resisted, and its failings remedied by constant exertion. Yes, we must struggle against it, as against a disease. We must pay strict attention to health—take moderate, but sufficient exercise—and use just so much food and drink as to recruit, and not overpower or impair our energies. Nor is the body alone to be relieved, but the mind and spirits much more. For age suffocates these, as the want of oil extinguishes a lamp. And while the body sinks under its lengthened toils, the mental faculties are refreshed by exercise. Cæcilius, when he mentions the 'dotards of comedy,' means the credulous, besotted and depraved, who have the vices not of mere old age, but of a slothful, spiritless, drowsy old age. As wantonness and lechery belong more to young men than to old, yet not to all the young, but only to the profligate,—so, that species of senile imbecility termed dotage, marks the silly, but not all the old. Appius Claudius, when aged and blind, ruled four sturdy sons and five daughters, with his immense household and numerous dependents: keeping his mind on the stretch, like a bent bow, and never languidly sinking beneath the burthen of time. He maintained not merely influence, but absolute sovereignty, over his family. His servants regarded him with awe, his children with reverence, and all with affection. The good usage and discipline of the olden time prevailed in his house. So dignified and respectable is age, when properly on its guard—when it becomingly maintains its own rights, and yields to no undue influence—when, to the last breath, it preserves its due authority. I like a young man who has some traits of age, and an old man with some characteristics of youth. Such a one may be corporeally aged—but mentally, never.

As to my own pursuits, my seventh book of *Origins** is now on hand; I collect memorials and remains of antiquity; I write out and retouch my speeches in the great causes wherein I have been an advocate;† compose tracts on the civil,

* Cato wrote seven books of *Antiquities*, or, as he entitled them, "*De Originibus*." Two of them related to the foundation of the cities of Italy; the other five to the history of Rome—particularly of the first and second Punic wars. He wrote, also, a treatise on military discipline, [*De Re Militari*,] and one upon country affairs, or Agriculture, [*De Re Rustica*,] besides more than 150 orations. His treatise, *De Re Rustica*, is the only one of his works that remains entire: of the rest, we have only fragments.—*Note to Langhorne's Plutarch: Life of Cato, vol. II., p. 333.*

† He was very eminent as an orator and advocate. His eloquence gained him so much influence and authority, that he was commonly called the Roman Demosthenes.—*Plut. Life of Cato, vol. II., p. 309.*

* *Siccitatem* is the word here translated *firmness*. For Gesner [*Lat. Thesaurus*] says, that "*dryness*" [*siccitus*] "in man's body, is an attribute of strength and vigor."

pontifical and augural laws; I dabble a good deal in Grecian literature;* and, like the Pythagoreans, to improve my memory, I revolve in mind every evening, what I have said, heard and done, that day. These are my intellectual exercises.—the gymnasia of my mind. Toiling in these pursuits, I have little need of bodily strength; I enjoy and serve my friends; I repair frequently to the Senate, and there offer thoughts long and deeply pondered,—sustaining them with mental, not corporeal power. Even if I could not do all these things, I could amuse myself on my couch, meditating them: but the hardy, temperate course of my life, enables me to do them. One who lives continually amid such studies and employments, does not perceive when old age creeps upon him; so gradually and insensibly does he wax old. He does not perish at once; but calmly dies away, through mere length of time.

XII.

Next comes the third imputation upon age; that it is devoid of pleasures. Glorious boon of years—if they do, indeed, free us from youth's besetting snare? My young friends, let me tell you a frequent saying of the renowned Archytas of Tarentum: which was repeated to me there when I was young, attending upon Fabius Maximus. Archytas used to say, that of all Nature's gifts to men, Pleasure was the most baneful; since, for its enjoyment, craving appetites were recklessly and unrestrainedly aroused; and thence came treasons, foreign conspiracies, and the overthrow of nations. In short, he held that the lust of pleasure incited to every crime, and impelled men to all profligacy: that to INTELLECT, Heaven's noblest boon to man, nothing is so fatal as pleasure, and that under the sway of Lust, or in the realm of Voluptuousness, Temperance can have no place—Virtue no home. To render this more clear, he used to say: "Imagine a man to be enjoying the most exquisite and exciting corporeal pleasure of which human faculties are capable. None can doubt that while this enjoyment continued, he could attend to nothing intellectual—could follow out no train of reasoning, or of thought." Hence Archytas concluded, that Pleasure is the most baleful of mischiefs; since if it were but sufficiently great and sufficiently prolonged, it would extinguish the light of Mind.

Nearchus, our Tarentine host, a steady friend of Rome, said he had heard from his forefathers,

*Cato learned Greek very late; yet he improved his eloquence somewhat by the study of Thucydides, but by Demosthenes very greatly.—*II. Plutarch, p. 367.*

that Archytas expressed these sentiments to C. Pontius, the Samnite—father to that Pontius, who vanquished our Consuls, Spurius Posthumus and Titus Veturius, at the Caudine Forks; and that Plato, the Athenian, was present at the conversation. In fact, Plato did visit Tarentum in the consulship of L. Camillus and Appius Claudius.

What think you, is my aim in quoting this language of Archytas? It is to show you, that if reason and wisdom cannot make us despise pleasure, we owe much gratitude to age for disinclining us to that which we ought to shun. Sensuality, the foe of Reason, clogs thought, dims the mental sight, and is utterly alien to Virtue. I reluctantly expelled the valiant Titus Flamininus' brother Lucius, from the Senate,* seven years after his consulship; but I deemed it necessary to set a mark upon licentiousness: for Lucius, when Consul in Gaul, had been persuaded by a mistress during a debauch, to behead a prisoner, who stood convicted of some great crime. Under the consulship of his brother Titus, (my predecessor,) Lucius escaped justice; but I, and Flaccus, my colleague, could not overlook a profligacy so atrocious and abandoned—uniting disgrace to the state, with personal infamy.

XIII.

From old men, who declared that they, when boys, had so heard from the aged, I have learned that Caius Fabricius, was accustomed to marvel greatly at a saying quoted in his presence, during his embassy to king Pyrrhus, by Cineas the Thessalian, from a professor of wisdom, at Athens, to the effect that—"Whatever we do, should have a view to pleasure." Manius Curius and Titus Coruncanius, on hearing this, wished that Pyrrhus and the Samnites might imbibe the doctrine, since it would be easy to subdue them, if they would abandon themselves to sensuality.† Curius was contemporary with Publius Decius, who, in his fourth consulate, had devoted himself for the republic five years before Curius was consul. Fabricius and Coruncanius too, had known Decius; and, as well from that heroic deed of his, as from the tenor of their own lives, must have seen and felt that there is a something

*The Censor had power to degrade and expel Senators or Knights, for vice or crime.

†By the laws of Rome at that time, capital punishment of a citizen was not permitted.

‡When some person once praised sensuality in the hearing of Antiochus, the first Cynic philosopher, he replied, "I pray God that the children of my enemies may have enough of it!"—*Diog. Laert. in Vita Antisth. - Fœnelon, Abrégé de la vie des Philosophes. 130.*

intrinsically noble and glorious, to be coveted for its own sake; a something which the truly exalted mind, contemning sensual pleasure, ever loves and pursues.

But why do I say thus much of sensuality? Because, so far from its being a reproach to Age, that it has no hankering for pleasures,—'tis its very greatest and crowning praise. Is it destitute of banquets, loaded tables and oft filled cups? Neither, then, is it troubled with drunkenness, indigestion and broken slumbers. But if some concession to Pleasure is indispensable—indeed, we cannot well resist her blandishments, she being, as Plato divinely remarks, the *bait of Vice*, that takes men as on a hook—Old Age may highly enjoy temperate repasts, though not excessive feasting. In my boyhood, I frequently saw, returning from evening entertainments the aged Caius Duilius, the son of that Marcus Duilius, who first vanquished the Carthaginians at sea. Caius used often to amuse himself with torches and music, in which no private man had before indulged: such latitude did his great name accord to him.

But why speak of others? I return to myself: In the first place, I have always had club-companions. Clubs were founded in my quæstorship, when the Mysteries of Cybele had been received from Crete.* With those friends, it was my custom to banquet moderately: yet still, there was a glow suited to that brisker period of my life. As time glided on, my whole character grew more gentle and sober. I measured the delight of our entertainments less by the sensual joys, than by the kindly intercourse they occasioned. Justly did our ancestors call the festive assemblage of friends, *convivium*; since it involved a *communio* of life, or *living together*: a better name than that given by the Greeks, who call it a *comotation*, and sometimes a *supping* together: as if they valued most, the grossest and least worthy part of such meetings.

XIV.

The charms of conversation make me delight in well-timed feasting parties, not only with my contemporaries—of whom few remain—but with persons of your age,—and especially with you. Thanks to Old Age! for having heightened my love of such intercourse, and taken away my appetite for meat and drink! If any one likes those grosser joys, however—for I mean not to declare uncompromising war upon Pleasure, of which perhaps a certain degree is natural and proper—even for those joys, methinks Age is not

without a zest. I delight, also, in those organized banquets, with masters presiding—as practised by our ancestors, in the pleasant discourse that prevails after the ancient fashion, while we drink; and in the cups themselves (as in Xenophon's *Symposium*) so nice, and all covered with dew—cooled in summer and warmed in winter. These pleasures I court among the Sabines, and I daily make one at some party of my neighbors, which we prolong, in various talk, till the latest possible hour of night.

"But," says a caviller, "pleasures have not that delicious, tickling joy, to the aged." Very true; but neither do the aged long for them; and the want of a thing is never painful, if you indulge no craving for it. When Sophocles, late in life, was asked if he gave the reins to love? he wisely replied, "The gods have ordered it better for me: I have made a glad escape from that passion, as from a harsh and furious master." To those who nurse a fondness for such joys, the want of them is irksome and torturing; but, to the satisfied and contented, the want is pleasant—er than the fruition—if, indeed, any one can be said to *want* what he does not desire. I maintain that, not to desire is more agreeable than to enjoy.* But grant that the spring-time of life relishes those pleasures more exquisitely. It first enjoys trifles, and then things which Old Age never craves, if it has them not. As, at the Theatre, the spectators in front are most entertained by Turpio Ambivius,† yet, the hindmost, also, are much amused, so Youth, eyeing Pleasure more closely, perhaps enjoys her more; but Age, too, finds enjoyment in a distant and rational contemplation of her charms. And how precious the satisfaction of living one's own master; no longer bound to the service of ambition, strife or hatred, or lust, or appetite of any kind! Surely, a tranquil old age, cheered and supported by a well-stored and an active mind, is among the happiest of conditions! We used to see Caius Gallus (your father's friend, Scipio,) well nigh perish in his eagerness to measure the earth and sky. How often did day overtake him in a task begun at night-fall! How often did night, when he had commenced at the dawn! How he delighted to warn us long before hand, of the sun's and moon's eclipses! Need I mention those who excelled in lighter, yet still refined and subtle pursuits? How Nævius rejoiced in his

* Goldsmith differs—

"If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd."

Traveller.

* From Ida, in Crete.

† A famous comedian.—*Tac. Oral.*

*Punic War!** Plautus in his *Clown*† and his *Cheat*!‡ And I have seen old Livius,§ who wrote a play and had it acted in the consulate of Cato and Tuditanus, six years before I was born, and he then lived till I was grown up. I need not mention the priesthood of P. Licinius Crassus and his devotion to the Civil Law; nor P. Scipio, who was made chief Pontiff within these few days. All these men we have seen, old as they are, eagerly thirsting for knowledge. Marcus Cethegus, called by Ennius the *marrow of Persuasion*—with what earnest zeal did we behold him train himself in speaking! Now what are the delights of banqueting, or of light amusements, or of loose women, compared with those noble pleasures?

Such are the pursuits of Literature. They wax useful and pleasant with the growing genius of their well-trained and wise votaries, agreeably to that just saying of Solon quoted before: 'Old age comes on with daily accessions of knowledge.' Of all pleasures, none can surpass those of the intellect.

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XV.

I come now to the enjoyments of agriculture, to me, unspeakably charming. Never dulled or clogged by Age, these joys appear to me almost identified with a life of wisdom. For they rest upon and grow out of the EARTH; who never rebels against man, nor fails to return him, with usury, whatever she has received at his hands. Yet, it is not so much her fruitfulness that pleases me, as her power and wonderful nature. Taking the scattered seed into her soft and submissive bosom, she there confines it when harrowed in. Then, the moisture and her embrace having made it warm, she expands it, and draws forth its unfolding verdure. The green shoot, braced and upheld by fibrous roots, gradually increases, springs up into a pointed stalk, and, attaining its full size, is cased in sheaths; whence presently emerging, it shows the ear, regularly formed, and defended by a palisade of spikes against the beaks of little birds.

I will not dwell upon the setting, the growth, and the shooting of vines. My enjoyment of such things is absolutely boundless: you may judge, then, of the soothing pleasure they afford to my declining years. To pass over the wou-

drous vital energy of whatever springs from the ground—producing mighty trunks and branches from a tiny fig-seed, grape-stone, or the minutest germs of other fruits and trees—are not the results of *slips, plantings, twigs, live-roots* and *layers* enough to fill every contemplative mind with admiration? The vine, naturally so frail, and requiring support to keep it from the ground, embraces with its fingerlike tendrils, whatever prop it finds; and gliding in many a fitful vagary, is only restrained by the pruner's knife, from branching forth too luxuriantly in every direction. Early in Spring, the spared stocks have a *bud*, at each joint whence the twig proceeds. From this bud comes the grape, slowly appearing. Enlarged by the sun's heat, and by sap from the earth, it is at first very bitter to the taste; but ripening, it becomes sweet; and, in its vesture of leaves, enjoys a tempered warmth, while it is shielded from the burning rays. Can fruit be more luscious or more beautiful? Not its uses alone, but (as I said before) its cultivation and the study of its nature are pleasures to me; the props in orderly rows—the top-fastenings—the tying and training of the vines—the making *layers* of twigs—the pruning—the grafting! I need not enlarge on irrigation—on ditching or draining—or on repeated hoeings around the vines—which augment so vastly the ground's productiveness; nor on the benefit of manuring, since I have treated of that in my work on Farming, [*De Re Rustica*.] On this last point, the knowing Hesiod says not a word, though he wrote upon agriculture. But Homer, who I believe was many ages earlier,* represents Laertes as soothing his grief at his son's long absence, by tilling and *manuring* the ground.†

Nor are field-crops, meadows, groves and vineyards, the only gladdeners of rural life; so, too, are orchards and gardens, cattle-raising, the workings of bees and the endless variety of flowers. And besides the amusement of planting, there is *grafting*, than which, nothing is more curious in the whole art of husbandry.

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XVI.

I might enumerate many other pleasures in agriculture; but methinks I have already been tedious on the subject. You will pardon me, how-

* Nævius was a very ancient poet of Campania, older than Ennius. He seems to have been popular, and often quoted in the time of Horace.—*Epist.* II. 1.

†† Two Comedies of Plautus.

‡ Livius Andronicus, the oldest of Roman Poets.

* Homer and Hesiod are called *contemporaries* by the accurate Gillies.—*Hist. of Greece*, ch. 2, p. 16. And Herodotus, in his history which he read at the Olympic games, in the year 444 before Christ, says, "Homer and Hesiod lived about 400 years ago; not more."—*Note to Gillies' Greece*, p. 60, ch. 6. University Ed'n.

† See the interview of Ulysses with his father.—*Odys.* B. 24, vol. 2, p. 191.

ever, at once, because I am far-gone in love for that pursuit, and because Old Age—that I may concede it to be not wholly faultless—is by nature somewhat garrulous. That was the pursuit to which Manius Curius, [Dentatus,] after triumphing over the Sabines, the Samnites, and king Pyrrhus, devoted the last period of his life. When I behold the farm-house of Curius, which stands near my own, I cannot sufficiently admire the moderation of the man, or the steadfast integrity of that age. The Samnites, bringing him a large sum of gold as he sat by his cottage fire, were sternly repelled: “I glory,” said he, “not in the possession of gold, but in ruling its possessors.” Could so noble a spirit fail to make age pleasing? But, not to leave my subject, I return to husbandmen.

Among them have been senators—aye, and aged Senators. L. Quinctius Cincinnatus was ploughing when he received the annunciation that he was chosen Dictator: and, by his mandate, in that office, his general of cavalry Servilius Ahala, slew Spurius Mælius, for attempting to usurp regal power. Curius, too, and other seniors, were in like manner summoned from their farms to the Senate Chamber: whence the summoners were called *viatores*, or pursuivants. Was their old age, then, to be pitied—beguiled and delighted as it was, with tilling the ground? For my part, I doubt if any old age can be happier, whether we regard the good which results—since agriculture benefits all mankind—or the pleasures I have recounted, and the exuberance of whatsoever tends either to nourish man, or to honor the Gods. And, as some persons love these physical enjoyments, I may, by conceding them, make my peace with sensual pleasure. A skilful and industrious farmer's wine and oil-closet, his larder, and all his homestead, are richly stored. Pork, lamb, kid, poultry; milk, cheese and honey, all abound. A garden, the farmers themselves term a second course of dainties. Then hunting and fowling, an employment for leisure hours, make all these viands more savory. Need I expatiate on the verdure of meadows, the symmetry of tree-rows, or the beauty of vineyards and olive groves? No; I must cut my panegyric short. Nothing can be richer for use, or comelier to the eye, than a well-managed farm: and its attractions, far from being impaired, are rendered more exquisite and more alluring, by old age. For where else can the aged more pleasantly enjoy the sunshine or the fireside, or be more healthfully cooled by water or by shade? The young, then, are welcome to their arms and horses, their club and ball, their running and swimming. Let them only leave to us old people, out of so many sports, our four sided and six-sided dice; nay, if they choose, not even

these: without any of them, Old Age can still be happy.

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XVII.

Xenophon's writings are greatly to be prized, on many accounts. I pray you, continue to read them diligently. In his treatise entitled *The Economist*, [*Oeconomicus*—*Οικονομικός*,] on the art of preserving one's patrimony, how he showers praises upon agriculture! And, to show that in his eyes nothing was more princely than Husbandry, he there introduces Socrates, telling Critobulus, that when the great Lysander of Lacedæmon visited Sardis, with presents from the Allies to Cyrus the Younger, king of Persia, then towering in glory and power, no less than in mind, Cyrus, amongst other marks of civility and kindness to his guest, showed him a tract of ground carefully enclosed and skilfully planted. Lysander, after admiring the stateliness of the trees, all arranged by rows in *quincunxes*, the soil thoroughly tilled and cleared, and the flowers breathing fragrant odours, declared himself enraptured with the taste, skill and industry, of the person who had planned and directed the work. “It was I,” said Cyrus, “who arranged it all: the planning, the rows are all mine; even many of the trees, my own hands planted.” Lysander, eyeing the purple robes of Cyrus, his Persian ornaments of gems and gold, and the magnificence of his whole person, said: “Justly are you called happy; uniting as you do, wealth and power, with virtuous energy!”

Now, this happiness the aged may always enjoy. Age is no hindrance to our retaining various pursuits, but especially agriculture, till the very close of life. We are told that M. Valerius Corvus, prolonged his mortal career tilling the ground, until his hundredth year. Between his first and sixth consulates, there were forty-six years; honors, with him, filling as much of life as is usually thought to precede old age. And his last period was happier than the middle one, because it was less toilsome, and more influential. The very crest, the diadem of Age, is influence—weight of character. How much of it had Lucius Cæcilius Metellus! and how much had Atilius Calatinus, on whom was pronounced that unrivalled eulogy: “Countless nations agree, that he was the foremost man of all his country!” The well known line is carved upon his tomb. Just is his influence in whose praises all tongues unite! What a man was Publius Crassus, the late chief pontiff; and Marcus Lepidus, who succeeded him! Why speak of Paulus Æmilius, or Scipio Africanus? Or of Fabius Maximus, whom I have so often mentioned!

Authority dwelt, not only in their uttered opinions, but in each one's very nod. Age, especially when crowned with honors, has an influence more to be valued, than all Youth's pleasures of sense.

XVIII.

Recollect, however, that all my encomiums on Old Age, apply only to that Old Age, whose foundations were laid in youth. Hence it is a truth, (as I said once, with universal approval,) that it is a wretched age, which needs an advocate to defend it. Neither gray hairs nor wrinkles, can acquire influence, in a moment; it is the final fruit of a whole life well spent.

Even marks of respect that seem trivial and common-place, are, nevertheless, gratifying: such as being courteously saluted, sought for, consulted, given way to, offered a seat, attended abroad, and escorted home; tokens punctiliously observed among us, and in all other civilized communities. Lysander (whom I spoke of before) was wont to say, that Lacedæmon was the most becoming abode of Age; for that nowhere was it so honored; nowhere did it receive such tributes. Nay, there is a tradition, that in Athens, at a play, a very old man having entered the crowded Theatre, his countrymen would not give him a place; but when he approached the Lacedæmonian Ambassadors, who sat together in a space assigned them, they all rose at once, and admitted him to a seat among them. The whole assembly hereupon giving them rounds of applause, one of the number said: "The Athenians know what is right, but will not practise it.*"

In our College of Augurs, are many good regulations; but among the best is this: that the oldest always takes the lead in voting. Nor are the seniors preferred only to those who have surpassed them in the enjoyment of honor; but even to those actually invested with power.

And what corporeal pleasures are comparable to the advantages of high authority and influence? those who have used these noble advantages worthily, methinks have played out the drama of life, without failing, like unskilful performers, in the last act.

"But old people are restless, peevish, passionate and hard to please; nay, it may be said, covetous, also." I answer, these faults are chargeable to the individual's character—not to his age. Peevishness in him, however, and those other frailties, have some excuse; not a perfect, but yet an admissible one: he fancies himself de-

spised, mocked at, contemptuously treated: besides, to a sore and fragile body, every touch is painful. But to good principles and kindly feelings, everything is agreeable. This is daily seen in real life; and is exemplified on the stage, by those brothers in the *Adelphi*.† How churlish the one, how kind and gentle the other! Such is human nature: for every life, any more than all wine, is not soured by age. In old people, I like a well tempered seriousness; but harshness, never. As to covetousness in the aged, I am unable to comprehend it. For, can there be a greater absurdity, than to lay in more and more travelling provision, as less and less of our journey remains?

XIX.

There is yet a fourth alleged cause of vexation and disquiet to my present time of life: The near approach of Death.

Certainly, Death cannot be very far from Old Age. But pitiable, indeed, is the man, who in a long life, has failed to discover that Death is a despicable foe! For, evidently, if it annihilates the soul, we need not fear it: and, if it makes us immortal, it is a blessing to be coveted. No third alternative can be found. Then what have I to fear, if, after death, I am to be either happy or not unhappy?

But who is so foolish, however young, as to deem it certain that he will live, even through the present day? Indeed, Youth has many more chances of death, than Age has. The young take disease more readily; are more severely ill; and are cured with more pain. Thus few attain old age. If mankind generally attained it, they would live better and more wisely: for reason, understanding and wisdom, are in the old, without whom no community could subsist.

But I return to the subject of impending death. Should this be charged upon age, when you see that it is shared so equally by youth? In my noble son, and, Scipio, in your brothers who seemed so plainly marked out for the highest dignities, I saw, and keenly felt, that death is common to every age. "But the young man hopes what the old cannot: to live a great while." Then he hopes foolishly. For it is the height of folly to take doubt for certainty, and falsehood for truth. I grant the old man has no room for hope; but his condition is, on that very account, better than the young man's, since what the latter only hopes for, the old has already attained. The one wishes to live long, the other has actually done so. Yet, gracious Heaven! How

* The common version of the remark is, "The Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedæmonians practise it." And the old man is commonly made to utter it.

† One of the Comedies of Terence.

transitory, at most, is human life ! Grant it the extremest length. Let us count upon the age of the Tartessian king, Argauthonius, who (it is written) reigned at Cadiz eighty-five years, and lived one hundred and twenty : still, no duration can be termed long, which has a close. For, when the close comes, all the past has vanished, leaving only the treasured fruits of prudence, and the remembrance of good actions. Hours, days, months, years fleet away, never to return : while the future is veiled from our view. Every man must be contented with his allotted space of life : for, as a player needs not act entirely through the piece in order to please, provided the particular part he plays be approved ; so a wise man needs not live through the very last scene. A short life is long enough for the practice of honesty and useful virtue. If yours has been lengthened out, you have no more right to grieve than farmers have for the flight of Spring, or the coming of Summer and Autumn. Spring time is the type of youth, promising future fruits : the seasons that follow, are designed for mowing and gathering in the harvests. Now, the fruit, or harvest of age, is the memory, and the abundance of good actions and virtuous qualities.

All things are good, that accord with Nature : and what is more accordant with Nature, than for old men to die ? The young experience the same fate in despite of Nature : so that their death is like the smothering of a flame by a volume of water ; while the aged resemble an exhausted fire, going out spontaneously, without an effort. As green apples require force to pluck them from the tree, but if ripe and mellow, they fall of themselves ; so life, torn rudely from the young, drops away from the old, through mere ripeness. An end so pleasing to me, that in coming near to Death, I seem like a mariner in sight of land and just entering the haven, after a long, wearisome voyage.

XX.

All periods of life have their determinate close, except Old Age. But age lives on, and lives well, so long as it continues able to discharge the duties of its particular station, and to despise Death. Hence it is, sometimes more buoyant and stout-hearted than youth. This was the meaning of Solon's answer to the Tyrant Pisistratus, who demanded, 'On what hope he reposed, in braving him so audaciously ?' "I rely upon my Age," said Solon.

Life ends best, when, with the mind and all the faculties unimpaired, Nature herself undoes the work she has reared. As the builder of a house or ship most easily demolishes it, so Na-

ture, man's maker, puts the best close to his being. Recent workmanship is taken to pieces with difficulty, old, with ease.

The aged, then, have no cause, either to clasp their brief remnant of life with fondness, or to renounce it with levity. Pythagoras bids us not desert our sentry-post of existence, without orders from our General ; that is, God. The wise Solon, somewhere says, that he does not wish his death to occasion any wailing or grief among his friends. Yet, no doubt, he wished for their love. Ennius, I think, has better said,

"Let no vain tears bedew my funeral urn,
Nor kindred o'er my silent ashes mourn."

He justly thinks that Death, which wins us immortality, is no subject for sorrow. A dying man may have some consciousness of pain, though for a short time, especially if he is old. But after death, he has either pleasing sensations or none whatever.

From early youth, we should habituate ourselves to be fearless of death. Without this, no man can preserve his tranquillity. For die he inevitably must ; perhaps on this very day : and how, possibly, can he maintain a calm and steady mind, who is every hour trembling at the prospect of instant death ? A long discussion of this point is needless, when we recollect Lucius Brutus, who fell in freeing his country ; the two Decii, who spurred on their steeds to a voluntary death ; Marcus Atilius Regulus, self-surrendered to torture, rather than violate his faith plighted to an enemy ; the two Scipios resolved, even with their own lifeless bodies, to stop the progress of the Carthaginians ; your grandfather, Lucius Paulus Æmilius, who paid with his life for his colleague's rashness in the foul rout at Cannæ ; Marcus Claudius Marcellus, whose remains a most cruel foe honored with burial-rites ; and when we recollect, above all, the whole Legions of Rome that have marched with courage and alacrity to battle-fields, whence they counted upon no return. And should the aged and wise fear, what beardless and unlettered clowns have despised ?

It seems to me that the exhaustion of amusements and occupations must create a satiety of life. Boyhood has its favorite pursuits ; are they coveted by young men ? Youth also has its employments ; are these at all essential to that steady time of life, termed the *middle age* ? This last, too, has its tastes ; does old age covet them ? Finally, extreme age has some propensities and pursuits, which end at last, as those of each former stage had done ; and then, satiety of life brings on the full, ripe season of death.

XXI.

I see no reason why I should not fearlessly utter to you my thoughts and feelings about death; which, to my view, appears more and more agreeable, as I draw nearer to it. Those dear friends of mine, your illustrious fathers, yet live, as I believe; enjoying that existence, which alone deserves the name of Life. For, while engaged in this corporeal frame, we are burthened with inevitable and toilsome duties and functions: the soul is thrust down from its high home in Heaven, and buried, as it were, in earth: a place utterly unsuited to its divine, unperishing nature. But Providence has infused souls into human bodies, that there might exist beings to guard and till the earth, who, at the same time, contemplating the order of Heaven, might copy it in the plan, and in the even tenor of their own lives. Nor has reason or argument alone brought me to this belief; but the glorious example and weighty authority of the Princes of Philosophy also, have convinced me. I used to hear that Pythagoras and his followers, almost fellow-countrymen of ours, (and, indeed, formerly called the Italian Philosophers,) entertained no doubt that we had spirits extracted from the Divine, Universal Mind. I was firmly persuaded, too, of the doctrine which Socrates unfolded on the last day of his life, touching the Soul's immortality. He, who was pronounced by Apollo's oracle, the wisest of men. I need not multiply words. I am thoroughly convinced, from the speed of the Mind, from its boundless memory of the past and forecast of the future; from its innumerable turns of skill; its wide range of knowledge, and its multiform ingenuity, that the nature, comprising such faculties, cannot be mortal. And from the Mind's unceasing movement, without any extraneous spring of action—for it is purely self-moving—I infer that its motion will be endless; since it never can part from itself. Again: from the Mind's being uncompounded—having no admixture of aught unlike itself—I conclude it to be indivisible; and if so, it cannot perish. Finally, I deem it a strong proof of man's knowing many things before he is born; that boys, in prosecuting difficult studies, seize upon countless ideas, with a quickness which shows that those ideas are not then for the first time perceived, but are rather recalled to memory.

These are Plato's opinions.

XXII.

According to Xenophon, the Elder Cyrus, when about to die, spoke as follows:

"Think not, my dearest sons, that when I am gone hence, I shall cease to exist. During my stay here my soul has never been visible to you; yet, from my actions, you knew that it was in this body. Doubt not that it still exists, though you will not see it. The glory of great men would survive them but a little while, if their minds achieved nothing to make us preserve their memories. Never could I believe that the soul lives while in this perishing frame, but dies on escaping from it; nor that it becomes insensible when released from the senseless corpse. On the contrary, I hold that being freed from all mixture with the body—being a pure and perfect essence—the soul then becomes divinely wise; and, after its human parts have mouldered in death, sees other objects afar, and thoroughly sees whether each particle flies away. For all things return to the place whence they sprung. The soul alone is inviolable, whether present or departing.

"You perceive that nothing so much resembles death as sleep does. Now, the souls of people asleep, most clearly proclaim their own divine nature; for, unfettered then, and ranging at large, they give many foreshadowings of the future. Hence we may infer that they will be, when released entirely from the shackles of flesh.

"If all this is true, then cherish the memory of me, as immortal. But if my soul is to perish with my body—still, adoring the Gods who preserve and rule this beautiful Universe—hold me in pious and inviolate remembrance."

Thus spoke the dying Cyrus.

XXIII.

Let us now look nearer to ourselves. No man will convince me, Scipio, that your father Paulus Æmilius, or your grandsires Paulus and Africanus, or the father,* or the uncle† of Africanus, or the many illustrious men who might so easily be named, ever could have attempted their memorable deeds, had they not seen that Posterity was theirs. To boast a little of myself, as old men are wont, think you that I would have encountered such mighty toils, night and day, in peace and in war, had my fame been destined to the limits of my own life? Would it not have been far better to pass my time in ease and tranquillity, without labor or strife? But my spirit, indescritably lifting itself up, looked steadily for-

*The father of the Elder Africanus was Publius Scipio, who commanded in Spain when Hannibal's brother, Asdrubal, invaded it, early in the 2d Punic War.

†Cneius Scipio, brother of Publius.

ward to Posterity; as if sure of a long life hereafter. In truth, if our souls were not immortal, every good man's heart would not pant, as it does for an immortality of renown. Is there no significance in the fact, that each wisest man dies most contentedly—each silliest, most reluctantly? Think you not, that the spirit whose ken is widest and farthest, sees itself bound to a better existence; and that the duller spirit fails to see this? I am transported at the thought of beholding your fathers, whom I so cherished and loved, nor am I eager to see those only, whom I have personally known, but those also, of whom I have heard, and read, and written. When I set out thither, none shall hold me back; or boil me over again, like Pelias.* Nay, were some god to grant me the privilege of returning to childhood, and puling again in the cradle, I would positively refuse; and not consent, after having run my race, to be recalled from the goal to the starting place. For what solid pleasures does life contain? How full is it not, rather, of trouble! But grant that it has pleasures; they cloy, or else they are shortlived and unsatisfying. Not that I mean to complain of life, as many have done who pass for wise: I am not sorry to have lived, since my life has been such, that methinks I was not born in vain. No; I leave this stage of being as an inn, not as a home: for nature has given it for our transient accommodation; not as our dwelling place.

Glorious day, when I shall fly from this scene of confusion and disgust, to that Heavenly assemblage of spirits! For I shall go, not only to the worthies I spoke of just now, but to my own Cato,† the good and the pious; who should have incurred my ashes, instead of my rendering that sad duty to him. Yet, his spirit, still regarding me with constant love, has gone to those realms whither he knew that I should soon follow. To outward view, I bore my loss of him with fortitude. Not that I failed to grieve; but I consoled myself with the thought, that our parting would be only for a brief season.

For these reasons, Scipio,—for you said that you and Lælius had often marvelled at the fact—Old Age sits lightly upon me; and, far from being oppressive, is even agreeable.

If I mistake, in supposing the human soul immortal, it is a pleasing error, and one which I would not have wrested from me in this life. But if, as certain Minute Philosophers think, I

* Pelias was a king of Thessaly, uncle to Jason: and, when very old, was cut into pieces and boiled by his own daughters, under the delusive hope inspired by Jason's wife, Medea, that she would thereby restore his youth.

† Meaning his son Marcus, mentioned in section XIX.

shall be insensible after death; then I need not fear their ridicule for my error, since they also will be dead. Even if we are not to be immortal, still it is desirable that man should have his own time for annihilation. For Nature has her limit to life, as to all other things; and Age is the finishing of life, as of a play, of which we ought to avoid both weariness and satiety.

This is what I had to say of Old Age. May you attain it,—so as to prove, by your own experience, the truth of my testimony!

THE LADY GERALDINE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

"Oh, wherefore is thy cheek so pale, and dimmed those eyes of thine?
And wherefore droop thy pearly lids, sweet Lady Geraldine?

Thou that wert mild as summer-waves that ripple on the shore—

Thou that wert as gay as summer flowers, when light winds swept them o'er?"

Still lowly bowed the graceful head and drooped the fringed lid,

And heavily on either lash the tear-drop hung unbid;
And sadder grew the pensive brow, and paler grew the cheek,

And though the lips essayed a smile no answer might they speak.

And thoughtfully the Baron gazed upon the lowly face,
And the mein that was so cold before, now wore a softer grace:

"I'll charm away this pensive mood—I'll win a smile of thine,—

I'll tell to thee a tale of love, sweet Lady Geraldine.

"There was a Knight,—I need not tell his name or his degree—

He loved a lady, proud, I ween, and beautiful as thee;
And long he sought to win a smile in tournament and hall,

But she had other loves than he, and smiled upon them all.

"He dreamed of her by night, and he mused on her by day,

But ever from his pleading gaze she coldly turned away:
He knew he might not win that heart—a heart as proud as thine."

"Faint heart ne'er won a lady fair," said Lady Geraldine.

"He saw her smile on all—and cold she was to him alone—

He might not win a gentle glance, nor e'en a kindly tone;—

No love might warm that careless heart,—a heart as cold as thine—"

"He might not know the lady's heart," said Lady Geraldine.

"The Knight went forth, and sought renown on distant battle field,
And dented was his iron helm, and cloven was his shield;
But in the thickest of the fray, his sword was seen to shine,
And still the name upon his lips, was "Lady Geraldine."

"Then in the flush of victory he sought that lady proud—
They told him that her heart and hand were to another vowed—

Oh, better had he perished on the fields of Palestine!—" Oh, better had he told his love," said Lady Geraldine.

Then earnestly the Baron gazed upon the blushing cheek,
And read the sweet confession there, the lips might never speak.

"Oh, he hath told his love—then say, what answer shall be mine?

Oh, tell me that thou lovest me, sweet Lady Geraldine!"

A smile is on the trembling lip—a tear within the eye—
The yielding of the lily hand was all that made reply;—
But happier of fair and brave, upon the Castled Rhine,
Are the Baron and his beauteous bride, the Lady Geraldine!

Richmond.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama.

(Not found in Pickett's History.)

How the Times served the Virginians. Virginians in a new Country. The Rise, Decline and Fall of the Rag Empire.

The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling, indulged or not in respect to the pride, vanity and boasting, according to the character of the native: but, with a Virginian, it is a passion. It inheres in him even as the flavor of a York river oyster in that bivalve, and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity can destroy it. It is a part of the Virginia character—just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster—"which cannot, save by annihilating, die." It is no use talking about it—the thing may be right, or wrong:—like Falstaff's victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for: it is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the soil, and has so matted over it, and so *fibred* through it, as to have become a part of it; at least there is no telling which is the grass and which the soil; and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you can't root out the grass.

Patriotism with a Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se*: he loves her for herself and for himself—because *she* is Virginia and—every thing else beside. He loves

to talk about her: out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him; not in the entirety always—but the little spot he came from is Virginia—as Swedenborg says the smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it. "*Calum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the old Home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River "low grounds;" if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of the Valley. Richmond is the centre of attraction, the *depot* of all that is grand, great, good and glorious. "It is the Kentucky of a place," which the preacher described Heaven to be to the Kentucky congregation.

Those who came many years ago from the borough towns, especially from the vicinity of Williamsburg, exceed, in attachment to their birth-place, if possible, the *émigrés* from the metropolis. It is refreshing in these coarser-monger times, to hear them speak of it:—they remember it when the old burg was the seat of fashion, taste, refinement, hospitality, wealth, wit, and all social graces: when genius threw its spell over the public assemblages and illumined the halls of justice, and when beauty brightened the social hour with her unmatched and matchless brilliancy.

Then the spirited and gifted youths of the College of old William and Mary, some of them just giving out the first scintillations of the genius that afterwards shone refulgent in the forum and the Senate, added to the attractions of a society gay, cultivated and refined beyond all example—even in the Old Dominion. A hallowed charm seems to rest upon the venerable city, clothing its very dilapidation in a drapery of romance and of serene and classic interest: as if all the sweet and softened splendor which invests the "Midsummer Night's Dream" were poured in a flood of mellow and poetic radiance over the now quiet and half "deserted village." There is something in the shadow from the old college walls, cast by the moon upon the grass and sleeping on the sward, that throws a like shadow soft, sad and melancholy upon the heart of the returning pilgrim who saunters out to view again, by moon light, his old *Alma Mater*—the nursing mother of such a list and such a line of statesmen and heroes.

There is nothing presumptuously froward in this Virginiaism. The Virginian does not make broad his phylacteries and crow over the poor

Carolinian and Tennesseian. He does not reproach him with his misfortune of birth-place. No, he thinks the affliction is enough without the triumph. The franchise of having been born in Virginia, and the prerogative founded thereon, are too patent of honor and distinction to be arrogantly pretended. The bare mention is enough. He finds occasion to let the fact be known and then the fact is fully able to protect and take care of itself. Like a ducal title, there is no need of saying more than to name it: modesty then is a becoming and expected virtue: forbearance to boast is true dignity.

The Virginian is a magnanimous man. He never throws up to a Yankee the fact of his birth-place. He feels on the subject as a man of delicacy feels in alluding to a rope in the presence of a person, one of whose brothers "stood upon nothing and kicked at the U. S.," or to a female indiscretion, where there had been scandal concerning the family. So far do they carry this refinement, that I have known one of my countrymen, on occasion of a Bostonian owning where he was born, generously protest that he had never heard of it before. As if honest confession half obliterated the shame of the fact. Yet he does not lack the grace to acknowledge worth or merit in another, wherever the native place of that other: for it is a common thing to hear them say of a neighbor, "he is a clever fellow, *though he did come from New Jersey or even Connecticut.*"

In politics the Virginian is learned much beyond what is written—for they have heard a great deal of speaking on that prolific subject, especially by one or two Randolphs and any number of Barbour's. They read the same papers here they read in Virginia—the *Richmond Enquirer* and the *Richmond Whig*. The democrat stoutly asseverates a fact, and gives the *Enquirer* as his authority with an air that means to say, *that settles it*: while the whig quoted Hampden Pleasants with the same confidence. But the faculty of personalizing every thing which the exceeding social turn of a Virginian gives him, rarely allowed a reference to the paper *eo nomine*; but made him refer to the editor: as "Ritchie said" so and so, or "Hampden Pleasants said" this or that. When two of opposite politics got together, it was amusing, if you had nothing else to do that day, to hear the discussion. I never know a debate that did not start *ab urbe condita*. They not only went back to first principles, but also to first times; nor did I ever hear a discussion in which old John Adams and Thomas Jefferson did not figure—as if an interminable dispute had been going on for so many generations between those disputatious personages: as if the quarrel had begun before time, but was not to end with it. But the strangest part of it to me was, that

the dispute seemed to be going on without poor Adams' having any defence or champion; and never waxed hotter than when both parties agreed in denouncing the man of Braintree as the worst of public sinners and the vilest of political heretics. They both agreed on one thing and that was to refer the matter to the Resolutions of 1798-99; which said Resolutions, like Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," arbitrating between Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, seemed so impartial that they agreed with both parties on every occasion.

Nor do I recollect of hearing any question debated that did not resolve itself into a question of constitution—strict construction, &c.,—the constitution being a thing of that curious virtue that its chief excellency consisted in not allowing the government to do any thing; or in being a regular prize fighter that knocked all laws and legislators into a cocked hat, except those of the objector's party.

Frequent reference was reciprocally made to "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," to black cockades, blue lights, Essex junctos, the Reign of Terror, and some other mystic entities—but who or what these monsters were, I never could distinctly learn; and was surprised, on looking into the history of the country, to find that, by some strange oversight, no allusion was made to them.

Great is the Virginian's reverence of great men, that is to say, of great Virginians. This reverence is not Unitarian. He is a Polytheist. He believes in a multitude of Virginia Gods. As the Romans of every province and village had their tutelary or other divinities, besides having divers national gods, so the Virginian of every county has his great man, the like of whom cannot be found in the new country he has exiled himself to. This sentiment of veneration for talent, especially for speaking talent,—this amiable propensity to lionize men, is not peculiar to any class of Virginians among us: it abides in all. I was amused to hear "old Culpeper," as we call him, (by nick-name derived from the county he came from,) declaiming in favor of the Union. "What, gentlemen," said the old man, with a sonorous swell—"what, burst up this glorious Union! and who, if *this* Union is torn up, could write another. No body except Henry Clay and J— S. B.— of Culpeper—and may be they wouldn't—and what then would you do for another?"

The greatest compliment a Virginian can ever pay to a speaker, is to say that he reminds him of a Col. Broadhorn or a Capt. Smith, who represented some royal-named county some forty years or less in the Virginia House of Delegates; and of whom, the auditor, of course, has heard, as he made several speeches in the capitol at Richmond. But the force of the compliment is

somewhat broken, by a long narrative, in which the personal reminiscences of the speaker go back to sundry sketches of the Virginia statesman's efforts, and recapitulations of his sayings, interspersed *par parenthèse*, with many valuable notes illustrative of his pedigree and performances; the whole of which, given with great historical fidelity of detail, leaves nothing to be wished for except the point, or rather, two points, the gist and the period.

It is not to be denied that Virginia is the land of orators, heroes and statesmen; and that, directly or indirectly, she has exerted an influence upon the national councils nearly as great as all the rest of the States combined. It is wonderful that a State of its size and population should have turned out such an unprecedented quantum of talent, and of talent as various in kind as prodigious in amount. She has reason to be proud, and the other States, so largely in her debt, (for from Cape May to Puget's Sound she has colonized the other States and the territories with her surplus talent,) ought to allow her the harmless privilege of a little bragging. In the showy talent of oratory has she especially shone. To accomplish her in this art, the State has been turned into a debating society, and while she has been *talking* for the benefit of the nation, as she thought, the other, and, by nature, less favored States, have been *doing* for their own. Consequently, what she has gained in reputation, she has lost in wealth and *material aids*. Certainly the Virginia character has been less distinguished for its practical than its ornamental traits, and for its business qualities than for its speculative temper. *Cui bono* and utilitarianism, at least until latterly, were not favorite or congenial enquiries and subjects of attention to the Virginia politician. What the Virginian was upon his native soil, that he was abroad: indeed, it may be said that the *amor patriæ*, strengthened by absence, made him more of a conservative abroad than he would have been if he had staid at home; for most of them here would not, had they been consulted, have changed either of the old Constitutions.

It is far, however, from my purpose to treat of such themes. I only glance at them to show their influence on the character as it was developed on a new theatre.

Eminently social and hospitable, kind, humane and generous is a Virginian, at home or abroad. They are so by nature and habit. These qualities and their exercise develop and strengthen other virtues. By reason of these social traits, they necessarily become well-mannered, honorable, spirited, and careful of reputation, desirous of pleasing, and skilled in the accomplishments which please. Their insular position and sparse

population, mostly rural, and easy but not affluent fortunes kept them from the artificial refinements and the strong temptations which corrupt so much of the society of the old world and some portions of the new. There was no character more attractive than that of a young Virginian, fifteen years ago, of intelligence, of good family, education and breeding.

It was of the instinct of a Virginian to seek society: he belongs to the gregarious, not to the solitary division of animals; and society can only be kept up by grub and gab—something to eat, and, if not something to talk about, talk. Accordingly they came accomplished already in the knowledge and the talent for these important duties.

A Virginian could always get up a good dinner. He could also do his share—a full hand's work—in disposing of one after it was got up. The qualifications for hostmanship were signal—the old Udaller himself, assisted by Claud Halleo, could not do up the thing in better style, or with a heartier relish, or a more cordial hospitality. In *petite* manners—the little attentions of the table, the filling up of the chinks of the conversation with small fugitive observations, the supplying the hooks and eyes that kept the discourse together, the genial good humor, which, like that of the family of the good Vicar, made up in laughter what was wanting in wit—in these, and in the science of getting up and in getting through a picnic, or chowder party, or fish fry, the Virginian, like Eclipse, was first, and there was no second. Great was he too at mixing an apple toddy, or mint julep, where ice could be got for love or money; and not deficient, by any means, when it came to his turn to do honor to his own fabrics. It was in this department that he not only shone, but outshone, not merely all others, but himself. Here he was at home indeed. His elocution, his matter, his learning, his education, were of the first order. He could discourse of every thing around him with an accuracy and a fulness which would have put Coleridge's or Mrs. Ellis's table talk to the blush. Every dish was a text, horticulture, hunting, poultry, fishing—(Isaac Walton or Daniel Webster would have been charmed and instructed to hear him discourse piscatory-wise,)—a slight divergence in favor of fox-chasing and a detour towards a horse-race now and then, and continual parentheses of recommendation of particular dishes or glasses—Oh! I tell you if ever there was an interesting man it was he. Others might be agreeable, but he was fascinating, irresistible, not-to-be-done-without.

In the fulness of time the new era had set in—the era of the second great experiment of independence: the experiment, namely, of credit

without capital, and enterprise without honesty. The Age of Brass had succeeded the Arcadian period when men got rich by saving a part of their earnings, and lived at their own cost and in ignorance of the new plan of making fortunes on the profits of what they owed. A new theory, not found in the works on political economy, was broached. It was found out that the prejudice in favor of the metals, (brass excluded,) was an absurd superstition; and that, in reality, any thing else, which the parties, interested in giving it currency, chose, might serve as a representative of value and medium for exchange of property; and as gold and silver had served for a great number of years as representatives, the republican doctrine of rotation in office required they should give way. Accordingly it was decided that Rags, a very familiar character, and very popular and easy of access, should take their place. Rags belonged to the school of progress. He was representative of the then Young America. His administration was not tame. It was very spirited. It was based on the Bonapartist idea of keeping the imagination of the people excited. The leading fiscal idea of his system was to democratize capital, and to make, for all purposes of trade, credit and enjoyment of wealth, the man that had no money a little richer, if any thing, than the man that had a million. The principle of success and basis of operation, though inexplicable in the hurry of the time, is plain enough now: it was faith. Let the public believe that a smutted rag is money, it is money: in other words, it was a sort of financial biology, which made, at night, the thing conjured for, the thing that was seen, so far as the patient was concerned, while the fit was on him—except that now a man does not do his trading when under the mesmeric influence: in the *Flush Times* he did.

This country was just settling up. Marvelous accounts had gone forth of the fertility of its virgin lands; and the productions of the soil were commanding a price remunerating slave labor as it had never been remunerated before. Emigrants came flocking in from all quarters of the Union, especially from the slave-holding States. The new country seemed to be a reservoir, and every road leading to it a vagrant stream of enterprise and adventure. Money, or what passed for money, was the only cheap thing to be had. Every cross-road and every avocation presented an opening—through which a fortune was seen by the adventurer in near perspective. Credit was a thing of course. To refuse it—if the thing was ever done—were an insult for which a bowie-knife were not a too summary or exemplary a means of redress. The State banks were issuing their bills by the sheet, like a patent steam printing-press its issues; and

no other showing was asked of the applicant for the loan than an authentication of his great distress for money. Finance, even in its most exclusive quarter, had thus already got, in this wonderful revolution, to work upon the principles of the charity hospital. If an overseer grew tired of supervising a plantation and felt a call to the mercantile life, even if he omitted the compendious method of buying out a merchant wholesale, stock, house and good will, and laying down, at once, his bull-whip for the yard-stick—all he had to do was to go on to New York, and present himself in Pearl Street with a letter avouching his citizenship, and a clean shirt, and he was regularly given a through ticket to speedy bankruptcy.

Under this stimulating process prices rose like smoke. Lots in obscure villages were held at city prices; lands, bought at the minimum cost of government, were sold at from thirty to forty dollars per acre, and considered dirt cheap at that. In short, the country had got to be a full ante-type of California, in all except the gold. Society was wholly unorganized: there was no restraining public opinion: the law was well nigh powerless—and religion scarcely was heard of except as furnishing the oaths and *technics* of profanity. The world saw a fair experiment of what it would have been, if the fiat had never been pronounced which decreed subsistence as the price of labor.

Money, got without work, by those unaccustomed to it, turned the heads of its possessors, and they spent it with a recklessness like that with which they gained it. The pursuits of industry neglected, riot and coarse debauchery filled up the vacant hours. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together;" and the eagles that flocked to the south-west, were of the same sort as the *black eagles* the Duke of Saxe Weimar saw on his celebrated journey to the Natural Bridge. "The cankers of a long peace and a calm world,"—there were no Mexican wars and Filibuster expeditions in those days—gathered in the villages and cities by scores.

Even the little boys caught the taint of the general infection of morals: and I know one of them—Jim Ellett by name—to give a man ten dollars to hold him up to bet at the table of a faro-bank. James was a fast youth; and I sincerely hope he may not fulfil his early promise, and some day be assisted up still higher.

The groceries—*vulgice*—doggeries, were in full blast in those days, no village having less than a half-dozen all busy all the time: gaming and horse racing were polite and well patronised amusements. I knew of a Judge to adjourn two courts, (or court twice,) to attend a horse race

at which he officiated judicially and ministerially, and with more appropriateness than in the judicial chair. Occasionally the scene was diversified by a murder or two, which though perpetrated from behind a corner, or behind the back of the deceased, whenever the accused chose to stand his trial, was always found to be committed in self-defence, securing the homicide an honorable acquittal at the hands of his peers.

The old rulers of business and the calculations of prudence were alike disregarded, and profligacy, in all the departments of the *crimen falsi*, held riotous carnival. Larceny grew not only respectable, but genteel, and ruffled it in all the pomp of purple and fine linen. Swindling was raised to the dignity of the fine arts. Felony came forth from its covert, put on more seemly habiliments and took its seat with unabashed front in the upper places of the synagogue. Before the first circles of the patrons of this brilliant and dashing villainy, blunt honesty felt as abashed as poor Halbert Glendinning by the courtly refinement and supercilious airs of Sir Pierce Shafton.

Public office represented, by its incumbents, the state of public morals with some approach to accuracy. Out of sixty-six receivers of public money in the new States, sixty-two were discovered to be defaulters; and the agent, sent to look into the affairs of a peccant office-holder in the south-west, reported him minus some tens of thousands, but advised the government to retain him, for a reason one of *Æsop's fables* illustrates: the agent ingeniously surmising that the appointee succeeding would do his stealing without any regard to the proficiency already made by his predecessor; while the present incumbent would probably consider, in mercy to the treasury, that he *had* done something of the pious duty of providing for his household.

There was no petit larceny: there was all the difference between stealing by the small and the "operations" manipulated, that there is between a single assassination and an hundred thousand men killed in an opium war. The placeman robbed with the gorgeous magnificence of a Governor-General of Bengal.

The man of straw, not worth the buttons on his shirt, with a sublime audacity, bought lands and negroes, and provided times and terms of payment which a Wall street capitalist would have to re-cast his arrangements to meet.

Oh, Paul Clifford and Augustus Tomlinson, philosophers of the road, practical and theoretical! if ye had lived to see those times, how great an improvement on your ruder scheme of distribution would these gentle arts have seemed; arts whereby, without risk, or loss of character, or the vulgar barbarism of personal violence, the

same beneficial results flowed, with no greater injury to the superstitious of moral education!

With the change of times and the imagination of wealth easily acquired came a change in the thoughts and habits of the people. "Old times were changed—old manners gone." Visions of affluence, such as crowded Doctor Samuel Johnson's mind, when advertising a sale of Thrall's Brewery, and casting a soft sheep's eye towards Thrall's widow, thronged upon the popular fancy. Avarice and hope joined partnership. It was strange how the reptile parts of humanity, as at a faro table, warmed into life beneath their heat. The *cacoethes accrescendi* became epidemic. It seized upon the universal community. The pulpits even were not safe from its insidious invasion. What men anxiously desire they willingly believe; and all believed a good time was coming—nay, had come.

"Commerce was king"—and Rags, Tag and Bobtail his cabinet council. Rags was treasurer. Banks, chartered on a specie basis, did a very flourishing business on the promissory notes of the individual stockholders ingeniously substituted in lieu of cash. They issued ten for one, *the one* being fictitious. They generously loaned all the directors could not use themselves, and were not choice whether Bardolph was endorser for Falstaff, or Falstaff borrowed on his own proper credit, or the funds advanced him by Shallow. The stampede towards the golden temple became general: the delusion prevailed far and wide that this thing was not a burlesque on commerce and finance. Even the directors of the banks began to have their doubts whether the intended swindle was not a failure. Like Lord Clive, when reproached for extortion to the extent of some millions in Bengal, they exclaimed, after the bubble burst, "When they thought of what they had got, and what they might have got, they were astounded at their own moderation."

The old capitalists for a while stood out. With the Tory conservatism of cash in hand, worked for, they could not reconcile their old notions to the new regime. They looked for the thing's ending, and then their time. But the stampede still kept on. Paper fortunes still multiplied—houses and lands changed hands—real estate seasawed up as morals went down the other end of the plank—men of straw, corpulent with bank bills, strutted past them on 'Change. They began, too, to think there might be something in this new thing. Peeping cautiously, like hedgehogs out of their holes, they saw the stream of wealth and adventurers passing by—then, looking carefully around, they inched themselves half way out—then, sallying forth and snatching up a morsel, ran back; until, at last, grown more bold, they ran out too with their hoarded store,

in full chase with the other unclean beasts of adventure. They never got back again. Jonah's gourd withered one night, and next morning the vermin that had nestled under its broad shade were left unprotected, a prey to the swift retribution that came upon them. They were left naked, or only clothed themselves with cursing, (the specie circulation of the banks,) as with a garment. To drop the figure: Shylock himself couldn't live in those times, so reversed was every thing. Shaving paper and loaning money at a usury of fifty per cent., was for the first time since the Jews left Jerusalem, a breaking business to the operator.

The condition of society may be imagined:—vulgarity—ignorance—fussy and arrogant pretension—unmitigated rowdiness—bullying insolence, if they did not rule the hour, seemed to wield unchecked dominion. The workings of these choice spirits were patent upon the face of society; and the modest, unobtrusive, retiring men of worth and character, (for there were many, perhaps a large majority of such,) were almost lost sight of in the hurly-burly of those strange and shifting scenes.

Even in the professions were the same characteristics visible. Men dropped down into their places as from the clouds. No body knew who or what they were, except as they claimed, or as a surface view of their characters indicated. Instead of taking to the highway and magnanimously calling upon the wayfarer to stand and deliver, or to the fashionable larceny of credit without prospect or design of paying, some unscrupulous horse-doctor would set up his sign as "Physician and Surgeon," and draw his lancet on you, or fire at random a box of his pills into your bowels, with a vague chance of hitting some disease unknown to him, but with a better prospect of killing the patient, whom or whose administrator he charged some ten dollars a trial for his workmanship.

A superannuated justice or constable in one of the old States was metamorphosed into a lawyer; and though he knew not the distinction between a *fee tail* and a *female*, would undertake to construe, off-hand, a will involving all the subtleties of *uses and trusts*.

But this state of things could not last forever: society cannot always stand on its head with its heels in the air.

The Jupiter Tonans of the White House saw the monster of a free credit prowling about like a beast of apocalyptic vision, and marked him for his prey. Gathering all his bolts in his sinewy grasp, and standing back on his heels, and waving his wiry arm, he let them all fly hard and swift upon all the hydra's heads. Then came a crash as "if the ribs of Nature broke," and a

scattering like the bursting of a thousand magazines, and a smell of brimstone as if Pandemonium had opened a window next to earth for ventilation—and all was silent. The beast never stirred in his tracks. To get down from the clouds to level ground, the Specie Circular was issued without warning, and the splendid lie of a false credit burst into fragments. It came in the midst of the dance and the frolic—as Tam O' Shanter came to disturb the infernal glee of the warlocks and to disperse the rioters. Its effect was like that of a general creditor's bill in the chancery court, and a marshalling of all the assets of the trades-people. Gen. Jackson was no fairy; but he did some very pretty fairy work, in converting the bank bills back again into rags and oak leaves. Men worth a million were insolvent for two millions: promising young cities marched back again into the wilderness. The ambitious town plat was re-annexed to the plantation, like a country girl taken home from the city. The frolic was ended, and what head-aches and feverish limbs the next morning! The retreat from Moscow was performed over again, and "Devil take the hindmost" was the tune to which the soldiers of fortune marched. The only question was as to the means of escape and the nearest and best route to Texas. The sheriff was as busy as a militia adjutant on review day; and the lawyers were mere wreckers earning salvage. Where are ye now my ruffling gallants? Where now the braw clothes and watch chains and rings and fine horses? Alas! for ye—they are glimmering among the things that were—the wonder of an hour! They live only in memory, as unsubstantial as the promissory notes ye gave for them. When it came to be tested, the whole matter was found to be hollow and fallacious. Like a sum cyphered out through a long column, the first figure an error, the whole and all the parts were wrong throughout the entire calculation.

Such is a charcoal sketch of the interesting region—now inferior to none in resources and the character of its population—during the *FLUSH TIMES*; a period constituting an episode in the commercial history of the world—the reign of humbug and wholesale insanity, just overthrown in time to save the whole country from ruin. But while it lasted, many of our countrymen came into the South-West in time to get "a benefit." The *auri sacra fames* is a catching disease. Many Virginians had lived too fast for their fortunes, and naturally desired to recuperate: many others, with a competency, longed for wealth; and others again, with wealth, yearned—the common frailty—for still more. Perhaps some friend or relative, who had come out, wrote back flattering accounts of the El Dorado, and fired with

dissatisfaction those who were doing well enough at home, by the report of his real or imagined success; for who that ever moved off was not "doing well" in the new country, himself or friends being chroniclers?

Superior to most of the settlers in elegance of manners and general intelligence, it was the weakness of the Virginian to imagine he was superior too in the essential art of being able to hold his hand and make his way in a new country, and especially *such* a country, and at *such* a time. What a mistake that was! The times were out of joint. It was hard to say whether it were more dangerous to stand still or to move. If the emigrant stood still, he was consumed, by no slow degrees, by expenses: if he moved, ten to one he went off in a galloping consumption by a ruinous investment. Expenses then—necessary articles about three times as high, and extra articles still more extra-priced—were a different thing in the new country from what they were in the old. In the old country, a jolly Virginian, starting the business of free living on a capital of a plantation and fifty or sixty negroes, might reasonably calculate, if no ill luck befel him, by the aid of a usurer and the occasional sale of a negro or two, to hold out without declared insolvency, until a green old age. His estate melted, like an estate in chancery, under the gradual thaw of expenses; but in this fast country, it went by the sheer cost of living—some *poker* losses included—like the fortune of the confectioner in California, who failed for \$100,000 in the six months keeping of a candy-shop. But all the habits of his life, his taste, his associations, his education—every thing—the trustiness of his disposition—his want of business qualifications—his sanguine temper—all that was Virginian in him, made him the prey, if not of imposture, at least of unfortunate speculations. Where the keenest jockey often was bit, what chance had *he*? About the same that the verdant Moses had with the venerable old gentleman, his father's friend, at the Fair, when he traded the Vicar's pony for the green spectacles. But how could he believe it? how *could* he believe that that stuttering, grammarless Georgian, who had never heard of the resolutions of '98, could beat him in a land trade? "Have no money dealings with my father," said the friendly Martha to Lord Nigel, "for, idiot though he seems, he will make an ass of thee." What a pity some monitor, equally wise and equally successful with old Trapbois' daughter, had not been at the elbow of every Virginian! "Twad frae monie a blunder free'd him—an foolish notion."

If he made a bad bargain, how could he expect to get rid of it? He knew nothing of the elaborate machinery of ingenious chicane,—such

as feigning bankruptcy—fraudulent conveyances—making over to his wife—running property—and had never heard of such tricks of trade as sending out coffins to the graveyard with negroes inside, carried off by sudden spells of imaginary disease, to be "resurrected," in due time, grinning, on the banks of the Brazos.

The new philosophy, too, commended itself to his speculative temper. He readily caught at the idea of a new spirit of the age having set in, which rejected the laws of Poor Richard as being as much out of date as his almanacs. He was already, by the great rise of property, compared to his condition under the old-time prices, rich; and what were a few thousands of debt, which two or three crops would pay off, compared to the value of his estate? (He never thought that the value of property might come down, while the debt was a fixed fact.) He lived freely, for it was a liberal time, and liberal fashions were in vogue, and it was not for a Virginian to be behind others in hospitality and liberality. He requested credit and security, and, of course, had to stand security in return. When the crash came, and no "accommodations" could be had, except in a few instances, and in those on the most ruinous terms, he fell an easy victim. They broke by neighborhoods. They usually endorsed for each other, and when one fell—like the child's play of putting bricks on end at equal distances, and dropping the first in the line against the second, which fell against the third, and so on to the last—all fell; each got broke as security, and yet few or none were able to pay their own debts! So powerless of protection were they in those times, that the witty H. G. used to say they reminded him of an oyster, both shells torn off, lying on the beach, with the sea-gulls screaming over him; the only question being, *which* should "gobble him up."

There was one consolation—if the Virginian involved himself like a fool, he suffered himself to be sold out like a gentleman. When his card-house of visionary projects came tumbling about his ears, the next question was, the one Webster plagiarised—"Where am I to go?" Those who had fathers, uncles, aunts, or other like dernier resorts in Virginia, limped back, with feathers moulted and crestfallen, to the old stamping ground, carrying the returned Californian's fortune of \$10,000—six bits in money, and the balance in experience. Those who were in the condition of the prodigal, (barring the father, the calf—the fatted one I mean—and the fiddle,) had to turn their accomplishments to account; and many of them having lost all by eating and drinking, sought the retributive justice from meat and drink, which might, at least, support them in poverty. Accordingly, they kept tavern, and

made a barter of hospitality, a business, the only disagreeable part of which was receiving the money, and the only one I know of for which a man can eat and drink himself into qualification. And while I confess I never knew a Virginian, out of the State, to keep a bad tavern, I never knew one to draw a solvent breath from the time he opened house, until death or the sheriff closed it.

Others again got to be, not exactly overseers, but some nameless thing, the duties of which were nearly analogous, for some more fortunate Virginian, who had escaped the wreck, and who had got his former boon companion to live with him on board, or other wages, in some such relation that the friend was not often found at table at the dinings given to the neighbors, and had got to be called Mr. Flournoy instead of Bob, and slept in an out house in the yard, and only read the *Enquirer* of nights and Sundays.

Some of the younger scions that had been transplanted early, and stripped of their foliage at a tender age, had been turned into birches for the corrective discipline of youth. Yes; many, who had received academical or collegiate educations, disregarding the allurements of the highway—turning from the gala-day exercise of ditching—scorning the effeminate relaxation of splitting rails—heroically led the Forlorn Hope of the battle of life, the corps of pedagogues of country schools—*academies*, I beg pardon for not saying; for, under the Virginia economy, every cross-road log-cabin, where boys were flogged from B-a-k-e-r to Constantinople, grew into the dignity of a sort of runt college; and the teacher vainly endeavored to hide the meanness of the calling beneath the sonorous *sobriquet* of Professor. "Were there no wars?" Had *all* the oysters been opened? Where was the regular army? Could not interest procure service as a deck-hand on a steamboat? Did not stagedriver, with a contract for running at night, through the prairies in mid-winter, want help, at board wages and sweet lying in the loft, when off duty, thrown in? What right had the Dutch Jews to monopolize *all* the peddling? "To such vile uses may we come at last, Horatio." The subject grows melancholy. I had a friend on whom this catastrophe descended. Tom Edmundson was a buck of the first head—gay, witty, dashing, vain, proud, handsome and volatile, and, withal, a dandy and lady's man to the last intent in particular. He had graduated at the University, and had just settled with his guardian and received his patrimony of ten thousand dollars in money. Being a young gentleman of enterprise, he sought the alluring fields of South-Western adventure, and found them in this State. Before he well knew the condition of his exchequer, he had

made a permanent investment of one-half of his fortune in cigars, Champagne, trinkets, huggies, horses, and current expenses, including some small losses at poker, which game he patronised merely for amusement; and found that it diverted him a good deal, but diverted his cash much more. He invested the balance, on private information kindly given him, in "*Choctaw Floats*;" a most lucrative investment, it would have turned out, but for the facts: 1. That the Indians never had any title; 2. The white men who kindly interposed to act as guardians for the Indians did not have the Indian title; and 3dly. The land, left subject to entry, if the "*Floats*" had been good, was not worth entering. "These imperfections off its head," I know of no fancy stock I would prefer to a "*Choctaw Float*." "Brief, brave and glorious" was "Tom's young career." When Thomas found, as he did shortly, that he had bought \$5,000 worth of moonshine, and had no title to it, he honestly informed his landlord of the state of his "*fiscality*," and that worthy kindly consented to take a new buggy, at half-price, in payment of the old balance. The horse, a nick-tailed trotter, Tom had raffled off; but omitting to require cash, the process of collection resulted in his getting the price of one chance—the winner of the horse magnanimously paying his subscription. The rest either had gambling offsets, or else were not prepared just at any one particular, given moment, to pay up, though always ready, generally and in a general way.

Unlike his namesake, Tom and his landlady were not—for a sufficient reason—very gracious; and so, the only common bond, Tom's money, being gone, Tom received "notice to quit" in regular form.

In the burly burly of the times, I had lost sight of Tom for a considerable period. One day, as I was travelling over the hills in Greene, by a cross-road, leading me near a country mill, I stopped to get water at a spring at the bottom of a hill. Clambering up the hill, after remounting, on the other side, the summit of it brought me to a view, through the bushes, of a log country school-house, the door being wide open, and who did I see but Tom Edmundson, dressed as fine as ever, sitting back in an arm-chair, one thumb in his waistcoat armhole, the other hand brandishing a long switch, or rather pole. As I approached a little nearer, I heard him speak out: "Sir—Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, was the author of the Declaration of Independence—mind that. I thought every body knew that—even the Georgians." Just then he saw me coming through the bushes and entering the path that led by the door. Suddenly he broke from the chair of state, and the door was slammed to,

and I heard some one of the boys, as I passed the door, say—"Tell him he can't come in—the master's sick." This was the last I ever saw of Tom. I understand he afterwards moved to Louisiana, where he married a rich French widow, having first, however, to fight a duel with one of her sons, whose opposition could not be appeased, until some such expiatory sacrifice to the manes of his worthy father was attempted: which failing, he made rather a *lame* apology for his zealous indiscretion—the poor fellow could make no other—for Tom had unfortunately fixed him for visiting his mother on crutches the balance of his life.

One thing I will say for the Virginians—I never knew one of them, under any pressure, extemporize a profession. The sentiment of reverence for the mysteries of medicine and law was too large for a deliberate quackery; as to the pulpit, a man might as well do his starving without the hypocrisy.

But others were not so nice. I have known them to rush, when the wolf was after them, from the counting-house or the plantation, into a doctor's shop or a law office, as if those places were the sanctuaries from the avenger:—some pretending to be doctors that did not know a liver from a gizzard, administering medicine by the guess, without knowing enough of pharmacy to tell whether the stuff exhibited in the big-bellied blue, red and green bottles at the show-windows of the apothecaries' shops, was given by the drop or the half-pint.

Divers others left, but what became of them, I never knew any more than they knew what becomes of the sora after frost.

Many were the instances of suffering; of pitiable misfortune, involving and crushing whole families; of pride abased; of honorable sensibilities wounded; of the provision for old age destroyed; of the hopes of manhood overcast; of independence dissipated, and the poor victim, without help, or hope, or sympathy, forced to petty shifts for a bare subsistence, and a ground-scurf for what, in happier days, he threw away. But there were too many examples of this sort for the expenditure of a useless compassion; just as the surgeon after a battle grows case-hardened, from an excess of objects of pity.

My memory, however, fixes itself on one honored exception, the noblest of the noble, the heat of the good. Old Major Willis Wormley had come in long before the *new era*. He belonged to the old school of Virginians. Nothing could have torn him from the Virginia he loved, as Jacopi Focari, Venice, but the marrying of his eldest daughter, Mary, to a gentleman of Alabama. The Major was something between, or made of about equal parts, of Uncle Toby and

Mr. Pickwick, with a slight flavor of Mr. Micawber. He was the soul of kindness, disinterestedness and hospitality. Love to every thing that had life in it, burned like a flame in his large and benignant soul; it flowed over in his countenance and glowed through every feature, and moved every muscle in the frame it animated. The Major lived freely, was rather corpulent, and had not a lean thing on his plantations: the negroes; the dogs; the horses; the cattle; the very chickens, wore an air of corpulent complacency, and bustled about with a good-humored rotundity. There was more laughing, singing and whistling at "Holywood," than would have set up a dozen Irish fairs. The Major's wife had, from a long life of affection, and the practice of the same pursuits, and the indulgence of the same feelings and tastes, got so much like him, that she seemed a feminine and modest edition of himself. Four daughters were all that remained in the family—two had been married off—and they had no son. The girls ranged from sixteen to twenty-two, fine, hearty, whole-souled, wholesome, cheerful lasses, with constitutions to last, and a flow of spiritlike mountain springs—not beauties, but good house-wife girls, whose open countenances, and neat fingers, and rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and frank and cordial manners, made them, at home, abroad, on horse-back or on foot, at the piano or discoursing on the old English books, or Washington Irving's sketch book, a favorite in the family ever since it was written, as entertaining and as well calculated to fix solid impressions on the heart, as any four girls in the country. The only difficulty was, they were so much alike, that you were put to fault which to fall in love with. They were all good house-wives, or women, rather. But Mrs. W., or Aunt W., as we called her, was as far ahead of any other woman in that way, as could be found this side of the Virginia border. If there was anything good in the culinary line that she couldn't make, I should like to know it. The Major lived on the main stage road, and if any decently dressed man ever passed the house after sundown, he escaped by sheer accident. The house was greatly visited. The Major knew every body, and every body knew the Major. The stage coach couldn't stop long; but in the hot summer days, about noon, as the driver tooted his horn at the top of the red hill, two negro boys stood opposite the door, with trays of the finest fruit, and a pitcher of cider for the refreshment of the wayfarers. The Major himself being on the look-out, with his hand over his eyes, bowing—as he only could bow—vaguely into the coach, and looking wistfully, to find among the passengers, an acquaintance whom he could prevail upon to get out and stay a week

with him. There wasn't a poor neighbor to whom the Major had not been as good as an insurer, without premium, for his stock, or for his crop; and from the way he rendered the service, you would think he was the party obliged—as he was.

This is not, in any country I have ever been in, a money-making business; and the Major, though he always made good crops, must have broke at it long ago, but for the fortunate death of a few Aunts, after whom the girls were named, who, paying their several debts of nature, left the Major the means to pay his less serious but still weighty obligations.

The major—for a wonder, being a Virginian—had no partizan politics. He could not have. His heart could not hold any thing that implied a warfare upon the thoughts or feelings of others. He voted all the time for his friend, that is, the candidate living nearest to him, regretting, generally, that he did not have another vote for the other man.

It would have done a Camanche Indian's heart good to see all the family together—grandchildren and all—of a winter evening, with a guest or two, to excite sociability a little—not company enough to embarrass the manifestations of affection. Such a concordance—as if all hearts were attuned to the same feeling—the old lady knitting in the corner—the old man smoking his pipe opposite—both of their fine faces radiating in the pauses of the laugh, the jest, or the caress, the infinite satisfaction within.

It was enough to convert an Abolitionist to see the old Major when he came home from a long journey of two days to the county town: the negroes running in a string to the buggy; this one to hold the horse, that one to help the old man out, and the others to inquire how he was; and, to observe the benignity with which—the kissing of the girls and the old lady hardly over—he distributed a piece of calico here, a plug of tobacco there, or a card of *town* ginger-bread to the little snow-balls, that grinned around him: what was given being but a small part of the gift, divested of the kind, cheerful, rollicking way the old fellow had of giving it.

The Major had given out his autograph, (as had almost every body else,) as endorser on three several bills of exchange, of even tenor and date, and all maturing at or about the same time. His friend's friend failed to pay as he or his firm agreed, the friend himself did no better, and the Major, before he knew anything at all of his danger, found a writ served upon him, and was told by his friend that he was dead broke, and all he could give him was his sympathy: the which, the Major as gratefully received as if it was a legal tender and would pay the debt. The Ma-

jor's friends advised him he could get clear of it: that notice of protest not having been sent to the Major's post office, released him: but the Major wouldn't hear of such a defence: he said *his* understanding was that he was to pay the debt if his friend didn't; and to slip out of it by a quibble, was little better than pleading the gambling act. Besides, what would the lawyers say? And what would be said by his old friends in Virginia, when it reached their ears that he had plead want of notice, to get clear of a debt, when every body knew it was the same thing as if he had got notice. And if this defence were good at law, it would not be in equity; and if they took it into chancery, it mattered not what became of the case, the property would all go, and he never could expect to see the last of it. No, no; he would pay it, and had as well set about it at once.

The rumor of the Major's condition spread far and wide. It reached old N. D., "an angel," whom the Major had "entertained," and one of the few that ever travelled that road. He came, post haste, to see into the affair; saw the creditor; made him, upon threat of defence, agree to take half of the amount, and discharge the Major; advanced the money, and took the Major's negroes,—except the house-servants,—and put them on his Mississippi plantation to work out the debt.

The Major's heart pained him at the thought of the negroes going off: he couldn't witness it; though he consoled himself with the idea of the discipline and exercise being good for the health of sundry of them who had contracted sedentary diseases.

The Major turned his house into a tavern—that is, changed its name—put up a sign, and three weeks afterwards, you couldn't have told that anything had happened. The family were as happy as ever—the Major never having put on airs of arrogance in prosperity, felt no humiliation in adversity: the girls were as cheerful, as bustling and as light-hearted as ever, and seemed to think of the duties of hostesses as mere bagatelles, to enliven the time. The old Major was as profuse of anecdotes as ever, and never grew tired of telling the same ones to every new guest; and yet, the Major's anecdotes were all of Virginia growth, and not one of them under the legal age of 21. If the Major had worked his negroes as he had those anecdotes, he would have been able to pay off the bills of exchange without any difficulty.

The old lady and the girls laughed at the anecdotes, though they must have heard them at least a thousand times, and knew them by heart; for the Major told them without the variations: and the other friends of the Major laughed too:

indeed, with such an air of thorough benevolence, and in such a truly social spirit did the old fellow proceed "the tale to unfold," that a Cassius like rascal that wouldn't laugh, whether he saw anything to laugh at or not, ought to have been sent to the Penitentiary for life—half of the time to be spent in solitary confinement.

Editor's Table.

We find in a recent number of "To-Day," a very excellent literary journal of Boston, some judicious remarks on the forthcoming monthly Magazine of Mr. Putnam, in the course of which occurs the following passage.

"In the next place, the magazine should be free from any exhibition of sectional or local feelings. Such prejudices in literary matters are particularly out of place. We think, that, for some reasons, the city of New York is the best place for the publication of an American magazine. But it should be distinctly kept in mind, that it really is an American magazine, and not a New York magazine. James Fenimore Cooper used to insist that the people of New York, with reasons enough for an honest pride in their city, were proud of the wrong things. New York is not, and cannot be, to this country, what London is to the British empire. We feel sure that the really patriotic inhabitants of that city rejoice with us, that no such absolute centralization of opinion can take place here. It is one of the best features of our institutions, that no man, in any part of the country, feels himself, as a provincial, of less weight than the citizen of a metropolis. Now, while this is so, it is simply absurd for the people in any one city to talk of their "Broadway," of their theatres, of their concerts, of opinions and phases of life among them, as if these gave the law to the country, and regulated the feelings of the people. It is absurd for a journal in one place to adopt a systematic disparagement of the authors of another place, as if they were as such inferior. Excellence in literature is absolute; and any attempts to measure it by a local standard are founded in error. We hope, that, whoever may be entrusted with the conduct of this new American magazine will have really a whole American heart, and will not allow its pages to be disfigured by any of those local prejudices which have heretofore almost invariably characterized journals of literary pretensions emanating from the city of New York."

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that in every word of this we heartily concur, and yet for the life of us, we could not read the paragraph without a smile. The fact is so well known that it need hardly be stated, that of all places on this globe of ours, Boston is *par excellence* the very home of literary prejudices. For years past, a *coterie* of very amiable and highly cultivated gentlemen, living within cry of Harvard Uni-

versity, have been engaged in the innocent occupation of puffing each other, every three months, in the North American Review, varying the monotony of these pleasant labours with an occasional "snub" of the literary pretensions of some other less-enlightened quarter of the country, and at stated intervals meeting together to eat good dinners and "with one voice about the space of two hours" to cry out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," mighty and learned is this Boston of our building, what other city shall attain unto the glory thereof? It has been a favorite theory with them that pure English could not possibly be written by any other than a Harvard man, and so much were they possessed of the notion (a Yankee notion) of their literary supremacy, that they modestly styled their city "the Athens of America." Mr. Webster once used the phrase in the presence of John Randolph. "Very possibly it may be the American Athens," said the orator of Roanoke, "but it has never been my good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians."

In venturing these remarks, we know we offend against the feelings of some who do not recognize the right of such "outside barbarians" as ourselves, to be heard in the Court of Literature at all, and who consider our rude way of expressing our opinions, in

*A tongue not learned by Isis
Nor studied by the Cam,*

quite as barbarous as the jargon poor Hood heard in the Rotterdam market-place. Nevertheless, we speak out, and snap our fingers at the learned Thebans who sit in banco at Boston, determined, as long as the court is held there, to stand *in contumaciam* and ask no favors.

We are not insensible of the high literary claims that Boston possesses, and no journal has been more prompt than the Messenger to applaud the noble services of the Prescotts and Everetts and Ticknors, (whose fame belongs to the country) to the cause of Letters. It is proper, also, for us to declare that, so far as we have remarked the course of "To Day," that journal has been free from narrow and local prejudices. But it seemed to us so funny to read a lecture against exclusiveness by a Bostonian, that we could not help making a note of it. We shall next expect to hear of Tom Hyer inveighing against "Cruelty to Animals," or Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe laying down the law of Love to One's Neighbour.

—
Bayard Taylor, on his way back from his African pilgrimage, thus writes from Florence, con-

cerning the Statue of Henry Clay designed for this City—

"HART, the sculptor, is engaged on his statue of Henry Clay, and some busts. He has a number of orders, and his studio wears a busy look. The statue of Clay, which he has been commissioned by the ladies of Virginia to execute, pleased me by its thorough simplicity. It represents the great Statesman in the act of addressing an assembly; the position is natural and graceful, and the face earnest and animated. It cannot fail to be a most successful work. Mr. HART has invented a very beautiful instrument for "pointing" busts and figures in the marble, whereby a piece of sculpture can be completed in half the time formerly requisite. He has even gone so far as to point a bust from the living head. The effect of this invention will be, to enable the sculptor to get his idea out of the rough block in half the time and with half the labor heretofore required."

And of Galt, a young Virginia Sculptor of great promise, he says

"GALT the sculptor, has just completed a Bacchante, which strikes me as a work of unusual merit. It is a lovely, laughing female head, crowned with vine leaves—not riotous nor bacchanalian in the degraded modern sense, but beaming, joyous, and breathing of the delight of pure physical existence."

Apropos of this, there is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Historical Society, in the Athenæum building, an exquisite bust of *Psyche*, from the chisel of this gentleman. The face is perfectly Grecian, its expression purely intellectual and the execution of the whole in the highest degree pleasing. We unite with the editors of the Richmond Enquirer, in a feeling of pride that so beautiful a work of art has been wrought by a native and citizen of Virginia.

We believe it was Dr. Johnson who said he liked a good hater. Upon the principle of having all things approach as nearly as possible to perfection, we like a good grumbler. And if the following letter does not show that we have found one, we will agree to every thing that the writer alleges. We give it entire, with the exception of its date and signature.

"MR. JNO. R. THOMPSON:

"Please send me the July No. of the Messenger, as I have not as yet received it. And I would say—I, in all humility, venture the opinion, that you would benefit your work much, by stirring up your writers. The useful matter your Messenger contains, is not deep and thrilling enough; nor seldom does it contain that which is very interesting—nor is the general tenor of its style, sufficiently chaste and ornamental. Any book written throughout in a plain, matter-of-fact style, soon grows tedious, and finally disgusting.

"Yours with respect."

Pleasant correspondent that! Mark the quiet and friendly manner in which he informs us that

we are neither deep nor thrilling nor interesting nor chaste nor ornamental, and observe with how charming a suavity he intimates that we are likely soon to become tedious and disgusting. It is excellent grumbling, indeed. Why Dogberry himself did not state the offences of his two culprits more succinctly—

"D. Pedro.—Officers, what offence have these men committed?

Dogb.—Marry, Sir; they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixthly and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves."

We thank our correspondent and querulous subscriber for his kind suggestions and the commendable style in which he has expressed them, and call upon our contributors to be straightway more lively and entertaining and instructive and ornate in their articles than they have ever been before.

Some months ago, we saw, in the "Gossip" of the Southern Literary Gazette, this item—

"The following is a modern rendering of a pretty epigram from the Italian—

"When you were born, those who stood by
Smiled glad, while you were crying,
So live that all around shall cry
And you may smile, when dying."

We marked the epigram with a "query" at the time of reading it, and have since discovered its origin. It is not from the Italian, but from the *Persian*, and was thus rendered by Sir William Jones—

On parent knee, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd,
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Pleas'd thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

To those curious persons who make collections of queer advertisements, we commend this, from the Richmond Dispatch—

"More Men's Wives in Scarlet muslin, just received and for sale by
NASH & WOODHOUSE."

To such as had not heard of Mr. Thackeray's book, the original of the above must have been somewhat of a puzzle.

We are indebted to the gifted lady editor of the "Southern Ladies' Book,"—Miss L. Virginia Smith—for the first number of that monthly publication. Miss Smith is associated with Wm. T. Leonard, Esq., of New Orleans, in the edi-

torial management of the work, which we trust will soon find its way to every Southern household. The table of contents embraces an agreeable variety of original and selected articles in prose and verse—the greater portion of the poetry being from Miss Smith's own pen. The Southern Ladies' Book will always be welcomed by us the more cordially for such graceful and touching utterances of the Western Muse.

In a speech delivered at Faneuil Hall, within a year past, Mr. Webster introduced this quotation—

Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations,
Ye solid men of Boston, make no long orations.

Much inquiry was made, at the time, as to the paternity of the lines, and we believe the point was never settled. They occur in an "American Song," contained in a volume which we can scarcely think ever came under Mr. Webster's observation—The *Lyra Urbanica* of Captain Charles Morris, late of the Life Guards of His Majesty George IV. Captain Morris wrote very happy and witty verses, and was one of those "good fellows" who lent a charm to the society of Carlton House in the palmy days of its splendor. The Song itself, which has less merit than most of the Captain's effusions, referred to a well-known anecdote of the younger Pitt, during his Premiership. One day, the Prime Minister went to dine with Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, who lived in the neighborhood of London. He was accompanied by Chancellor Thurlow and Henry Dundas, and returning, after several bottles a piece, the trio galloped through the turnpike gate at Wimbledon without stopping to pay the toll. The gate-keeper, rushing out, fired at them with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, and they made a narrow escape with their lives. The song is supposed to be sung by a Yankee Captain to his Boston friends in narration of the blunderbuss affair, which he had heard on one of his transatlantic voyages. The moral, reserved for the last verse, is thus expressed—

Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations,
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown,
And never lose your way, like the loggerheads of London.

It was not long before this satirical *jeu d'esprit* was in every body's mouth, and it was even quoted by Burke and Sheridan, in Pitt's presence in the House of Commons. One night Burke, in allusion to Sheridan's intemperate habits, introduced the first two lines of the above, but not with accuracy, reciting them as Mr. Webster did,

more than fifty years afterwards. Sheridan, who was never off his guard, observed in reply that the injunction against long drinkings and speakings was not the only moral precept in that system of ethics alluded to. He would remind the gentleman of another passage—

He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended,
Good luck! in such company how his morals must be mended.

Daddy Jenky was Jenkinson and Trimmer Hal was Harry Dundas, and the quotation was significant of some overtures made, about that time, by Burke to the ministry.

The fact that Mr. Webster spoke the lines about the "Solid Men of Boston" just as Mr. Burke did, and that neither of them was true to the text, would indicate that the great American orator, who was an intense student of the great English orator but never a large reader of frivolous poetry, borrowed this very felicitous couplet from Mr. Burke's speeches, without having ever seen the *Lyra Urbanica* at all.

Notices of New Works.

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, Esq. Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Written by himself. By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harper & Brothers. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

This book is not so much a novel as a history, and it is not merely a history of Colonel Henry Esmond, as its name implies, but of the age of Queen Anne, executed in a manner the most charming and picturesque. We do not recollect to have read anywhere, the grand narrative of Ramillies and Blenheim, in language so noble and perspicuous. The professed historians of that remarkable age, have not succeeded in setting before us in so vivid a light, its characters and events, and it may be doubted if Marlborough's greatness in the field which the muse of Addison embalmed in undying verse, has ever been so justly appreciated by his admirers, as by our gallant Colonel, who could pourtray also the darker traits of his nature. As for the circle of wits and statesmen in which Colonel Henry Esmond moved, we certainly never hoped to be brought so near it, nor had we supposed it possible that the dry bones of Dick Steele and Dean Swift, my lord Bolingbroke and "the famous Mr. Joseph Addison," could have been tricked out in periwig and small clothes, and made to live and talk over again for our benefit, so naturally as they do in these pages. Steele, as introduced here, is glorious. The rollicking dragoon, the Latin scholar translating a suspicious MS. for his less erudite captain, the kind hearted friend, the careless spendthrift, and the hen-pecked husband, in each and all of these phases of character, he appears to the life. He jostles against us after his third bowl of punch, we recognise his laugh at the mess-table, and we seem distinctly to overhear that maudlin conversation with Mrs. Steele, in which he reminds her that there is a "distinction officer the res

roob," who will catch every word of her curtain Lecture, if she carries it on so loudly. Of Steele as a literary man, we have, too, occasional glimpses. The allusion to his first work—The Christian Hero—points finely the antithesis he exhibited of a moralist on paper and a profligate in practice, and recalls the line of the Latin poet—*Video meliora Proboque, deteriora sequor*—which seems to have been written by Steele himself in the person of Ovid. As a historical portraiture, the figure which the Pretender cuts in Colonel Esmond's narrative has, perhaps, never been exceeded, while the imaginary explanation of how his own folly lost him the crown of England, evinces in the author a rare power in the highest range of art. All the accessories to these pictures—the scenery, the costumes, the habitudes—are in the best keeping, and in our judgment, place Mr. Thackeray at the very head of that class of novelists of which Sir Walter Scott is considered the Coryphæus. Macaulay has said that, whoever would know King James must look for one half of his character in Hume and the other half in the Fortunes of Nigel. We borrow the form of expression, and declare that he who wishes to make himself acquainted with the age of Queen Anne, must find one half in Macaulay's History of England, and the other half in Thackeray's History of Colonel Esmond.

It is interesting to observe everywhere in this novel, skilfully as it is done, the author's individuality, and to detect, under the quaint masquerade of the English Colonel, the sharp but good-humored countenance of that Knight of the Free Lance, who has knocked over the booths of our modern Vanity Fair, and punched on the heads the Snobs of the Nineteenth Century. Esmond is Thackeray still. All the little satiric touches—such as the quiet fling at the painted old Viscountess, when, on seeing Esmond in his uniform, she said red had always been the color worn by the Esmonds, that she wore it all her life in her cheeks, and the passage where Frank, the real dependent promises his assistance through life to Harry the real Marquis—and all the deeper and keener stabs of satire, from the democratic prolegomena to the last scene presented us in the life of Mistress Beatrix, are characteristic of the hand that stuck a bodkin through Major Pendennis and transfixed Becky Sharp. Into that far away region of shapes and shadows, back to which we look with feelings of superstitious awe and unreasoning admiration, the satirist has gone with his stinging wit, his strong, practical sense and his generous hatred of shams, (and his human affections too,) and stripped from the grand old humbugs that reign there, the robes which so long have shrouded their deformities, while he has not been reluctant to acknowledge and display such graces of the heart as he has discovered in his journeying.

Of the fictitious portion of the work, we think very highly, though by many, it will be considered inferior to either of his other novels—Vanity Fair and Pendennis. We must give a brief outline of the love story, if only for the purpose of introducing with greater effect, one or two extracts. The hero, then, Henry Esmond, finds himself at an early age in a great castle with a lord and lady, the painted Viscountess, who suddenly disappear for political reasons, (the lord being soon after killed at the battle of the Boyne,) leaving their little charge in the family mansion, which is presently taken possession of by another lord and his lady—Lord and Lady Castlewood, under whose protection Esmond grows up. Esmond's position is an equivocal one, as he is thought to be an illegitimate child, and he therefore feels the deepest gratitude for the kindness with which he is treated by both his superiors. The boy, on reaching years of discretion, develops an intellect much beyond that of lord or lady, and thereby he acquires a decided influence over the household. My lord

respects him, and my lady adores him. An adoration far more absorbing and constant however, she cherishes for her husband, until by habitual cruelty and neglect and beastly intoxication, he degrades the idol below the reverence of the worshipper. As my lord's image is withdrawn from the heart of my lady, Esmond's, unconsciously to her, takes its place. The youth, meanwhile, has fallen in love with Beatrix, the daughter, who, with her brother Frank, has been under his instruction. Lord Castlewood is soon slain in a duel, and this tragical event revives in the widow all the idolatrous attachment of her younger days. Towards Esmond, she constantly evinces an affection as touching and sacred as that of a mother. But the sad vixen Beatrix can not be persuaded to smile on the young tutor, and he very sensibly determines to conquer love by absence, and goes off to the wars where he is shortly joined by Frank, who has assumed his father's title of Lord Castlewood. Esmond soon discovers the proofs of his mother's marriage and papers entitling him to the estate and rank of his young pupil—the facts he had previously learned from the former lord when dying from the wound received in the duel—but these proofs and papers he suppresses, unwilling to dash the worldly prosperity of his noble benefactors. Young Frank, therefore wears the title, and Lady Castlewood inhabits the mansion, nor does Esmond ever enlighten them on the subject of his rights. Returning from Marlborough's victories with the eclat of triumph, he is again fired with *la belle passion* for Beatrix, who, as lady of honor to Queen Anne, has been jilting barons, earls and marquises, and has become hetrothed to a Duke. Beatrix, brilliant coquette and thorough woman of the world, laughs at him. But the Duke is killed, and Beatrix seems cured of her levity by sorrow, and we begin to have hopes of Esmond, when the licentious Pretender comes in to compass the fall of that radiant maiden. With Beatrix's dishonor passes away the blind devotion of Esmond. His heart-strings had all along been twined around the lovely and excellent Lady Castlewood, but little older than himself, and that affection, half filial as it was, now changes into the sentiment of manly love. And the book closes with the assurance given the reader, that having emigrated to Virginia after the scenes therein described, he had enjoyed many years of the purest domestic happiness, on the banks of the Potomac, as the husband of his first charmer's mother.

The character of Lady Rachel Castlewood, is one of the noblest in fiction. Amelia Sedley, the ladies declared to be a fool, and with Helen Pendennis they were by no means satisfied. Mr. Thackeray, they said, was a woman-hater, and abused the sex. Oh, most exquisite *amende*—my lady Rachel, where have we found a more loveable creature than thou art! Thy very weaknesses endear thee to us as setting forth thy humanity. What a self-sacrifice was that, when, thy lord killed, and thy children only too wilful, thou repressed thy rising affection for Esmond and bade Beatrix make him happy!

And now for an extract. Read this and see how touchingly our satirist can describe the wreck of a love. It refers to the estrangement between Rachel and her first lord—

"'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life and grew weary, and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family-devotees pursue him, and sighs

for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependents would have him sit for ever, while they adore him, and ply him with flowers and hymns and incense and flattery;—so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the high-flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it—and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray: and, in a word, if he had a loving wife, had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy: then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings not the more pleasant, because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us—and so she looks into her heart, and lo! *vacua sedes et inania arcana*. And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows! They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'my dear' and 'my love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griefs and pleasures are over.

"You shouldn't say that papa is not fond of mamma," said the boy, at this confession. 'Mamma never said so; and mamma forbade you to say it, Miss Beatrix.'

"'Twas this, no doubt, that accounts for the sadness in Lady Castlewood's eyes, and the plaintive vibrations of her voice. Who does not know of eyes, lighted by love once, where the flame shines no more? of lamps extinguished, once properly trimmed and tended? Every man has such in his house. Such mementos make our splendidest chambers look blank and sad; such faces seen in a day cast a gloom upon our sunshine. So oaths mutually sworn, and invocations of heaven, and priestly ceremonies, and fond belief, and love, so fond and faithful, that it never doubted but that it should live forever, are all of no avail (toward making love eternal: it dies, in spite of the bans and the priest; and I have often thought there should be a visitation of the sick for it; and a funeral service and an extreme unction, and an *abi in pace*. It has its course, like all mortal things—its beginning, progress and decay. It buds and it blooms out into sunshine, and it withers and ends. Strephon and Chloe languish apart; join in a rapture; and presently you hear that Chloe is crying, and Strephon has broken his crook across her back. Can you mend it so as to show no marks of rupture? Not all the priests of Hymen, not all the incantations to the gods can make it whole!"

Here is a bit of sprightliness to relieve the pathos of what has just been given. It is the interview between Esmond and Beatrix, after his first return from the wars, and before the beauty had entered the Queen's service—

"This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House: in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping chambers: and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix—

the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

"Esmond had left a child, and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the play-house after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty—that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes, were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest love song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot, as it planted itself on the ground, was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

"So she came, holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

"She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," says my lord, still laughing. 'O, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain!' She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

"Stop," she said, 'I am grown too big! Welcome, cousin Henry!' and she made him an arch courtesy, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

"*N'est ce pas?*" says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

"Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, wrapt in admiration of the *filia pulchrior*.

"Right foot forward, toe turned out, so: now drop the courtesy, and show the red stockings, 'Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on,' cries my lord.

"Hush, you stupid child!" says Miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said: 'Oh, Harry, we're so, so glad you're come!'"

What a tableau have we here, made up of mother and daughter—my Lady in love with Esmond and Esmond in love with Beatrix—

"Who was it taught you to dance, Cousin Beatrix?" says the Colonel.

"She laughed out the air of a minuet, and swept a low courtesy, coming up to the recover with the prettiest little foot in the world pointed out. Her mother came in as

she was in this attitude; my lady had been in her closet having taken poor Frank's conversion in a very serious way; the madcap girl ran up to her mother, put her arms round her waist, kissed her, tried to make her dance, and said: 'Don't be silly, you kind little mamma, and cry about Frank turning Papist. What a figure he must be with a white sheet and a candle walking in a procession bare-foot!' And she kicked off her little slippers (the wonderfulest little shoes with wonderful tall red heels, Esmond pounced upon one as it fell close beside him,) and she put on the drollest little *moue*, and marched up and down the room holding Esmond's cane by way of taper. Serious as her mood was, Lady Castlewood could not refrain from laughing; and as for Esmond he looked on with that delight with which the sight of this fair creature always inspired him; never had he seen any woman so arch, so brilliant and so beautiful.

"Having finished her march, she put out her foot for her slipper. The Colonel knelt down: 'If you will be Pope I will turn papist,' says he; and her holiness gave him gracious leave to kiss the little stockinged foot before he put the slipper on.

"Mamma's feet began to pat on the floor during this operation, and Beatrice, whose bright eyes nothing escaped, saw that little mark of impatience. She ran up and embraced her mother, with her usual cry of, 'O you silly little mamma: your feet are quite as pretty as mine,' says she: 'they are, cousin, though she hides 'em: but the shoemaker will tell you that he makes for both off the same last.'

"'You are taller than I am, dearest,' says her mother, blushing over her whole sweet face—'and—and it is your hand, my dear, and not your foot he wants you to give him, and she said it with a hysteric laugh, that had more of tears than laughter in it; laying her head on her daughter's fair shoulder, and hiding it there. They made a very pretty picture together, and looked like a pair of sisters—the sweet simple matron seeming younger than her years, and her daughter, if not elder, yet somehow, from a commanding manner and grace which she possessed above most women, her mother's superior and protectress."

We could go on giving extracts from the story, with great satisfaction to ourselves, for many pages, had we space for them, and we wish very much we could squeeze all of those sketches in Indian ink, of Swift and Marlborough and Oxford and Bolingbroke, which illustrate the political and historical portion of the work.

We can give but one—that of Marlborough—in which the great captain appears somewhat differently from the newly dead Wellington as lamented in the columns of the English journals—

"Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshiped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalin, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewn corpses around about him—he was always bold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's

officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half penny with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest of our nature.

"His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him as the first captain of the world, and such faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay the chiefs whom he used and injured—for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier it might be, or a jeweled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the god-like in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoe-black, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repeat, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you, whenever he saw occasion. But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible."

We must here dismiss Mr. Thackeray for this present, hoping that he may long live to write novels as full of manly reason and ennobling sentiment as the "History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the service of her majesty, Queen Anne."

WITCHCRAFT: *A Tragedy in Five Acts.* By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. London: David Bogue. 1852.

Whatever may be said of the recent efforts of America in other walks of literature, it cannot be denied that our play-wrights have achieved very great success. The tragedies of Boker has given him an enviable fame on both sides of the Atlantic as a dramatist, and have been enacted, as the bills say, "to enthusiastic audiences" in London and Liverpool, as well as in New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Simms' "Norman Maurice," first published in this magazine, has gone through several editions, and fixed the author's reputation at the same high mark as a writer for the stage as it had previously been as a poet and novelist. The neat little publication now under our eye, establishes the claims of another author—Mr. Cornelius Mathews—to the honors of dramatic composition. "Witchcraft" is a powerfully written tragedy, deriving its

effect from the delineation of human passions in an age of deep excitement and tragic incident. The early history of Massachusetts is invested with a haze which is in the highest degree favorable to the purposes of the imaginative author, and Hawthorne has availed himself finely of this adventitious interest in that weird production—*The Scarlet Letter*. Mr. Mathews betrays a like perception of the peculiar fitness of such an atmosphere for the characters of romance, in selecting the period of the witch-mania for the time of his tragedy. The plot of the story turns on the filial devotion of the hero, Gideon Bodish, to his mother, who is burned as a witch, and the struggle between this sentiment and his love for Susanna Prache, who is induced to testify against the accused by the wily suggestions of a rival of Gideon—one Jarvis Dane. Jarvis causes Susanna to believe that if the mother could be torn from the son, his affections would centre without abatement upon herself, and upon her evidence, the sacrifice is decreed. The son, however, cleaves to the mother, even in martyrdom, and dies branding the murderers with their guilt. The action of the piece is very spirited and the dialogue sinks and swells with the occasion, rising at times to nervous and impassioned poetry, and always relieved from baldness by the quaint phraseology of the age which Mr. Mathews has most happily caught. Altogether ignorant, as we profess ourselves to be, of stage effect, our opinion as to the adaptation of this tragedy for performance is worth nothing, and yet we feel confident that passages of it, well sustained on the boards, would be highly successful, while the fiery energy of Gideon, expressed in the bold language placed in his mouth, could not fail to communicate itself to the listener. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this drama, which has not yet appeared in an American edition.

Messrs E. H. Butler & Co. of Philadelphia, have issued some magnificent volumes for the holidays, which will vie for exquisite typography and elegant illustration, with the finest books of the London publishers. "The Lays of Ancient Rome" is really a gem in its way. The work is a faithful copy of the splendid edition of the Longmans, and, having compared the two, we do not hesitate to say that the American volume is in no respect inferior to the English. One additional attraction it has in the spirited steel engraving of the author. The designs are mostly from the antique, and are in beautiful harmony with the subject matter. Mr. Macaulay's numerous admirers will rejoice to procure so rich an edition of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," in which poems the author's wealth of imagery and pomp of diction are, perhaps, as wonderfully displayed as in any other of his writings.

The Lyrics of the Heart and other Poems, By Alaric A. Watts, is the title of another sumptuous gift-book from the same press. No large collection of the sweet effusions of this graceful poet, has ever before been published in America, and the value of the present one is enhanced by the numerous engravings which it contains.

As a thing for presentation, no work in the English language will continue to find favor with all classes, longer than the *Melodies* of Tommy Moore. Messrs. Butler & Co. have therefore exhibited excellent taste in bringing out a new edition of these famous lyrics. Upon them alone the fame of the author might securely rest. In the humble cottage and the luxurious boudoir their musical lapses have been sung for years by the fairest maidens of two great nations, and orators have quoted their fiery sentiments of patriotism in parliament and congress whenever the cause of Freedom has been assailed.

In the *Records of Woman*, *Songs of the Affection*, &c.,

&c., by Mrs. Hemans, the admirers of that lady will find a volume worthy, in point of style and finish, of its contents. For ourselves, never having intensely affected Mrs. Hemans' poetry, we like the "Records of Woman" less than either of the other publications of Messrs. Butler & Co. which we have mentioned. That she possessed a poetic sensibility and a very happy versification is undeniable, but we think these gifts might have employed more agreeably than in letting the English people know, in every number of the New Monthly Magazine, how supremely miserable was the poetess. That her sorrow was melodious did not furnish a sufficient reason for running it into stereotypes for the public. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hemans wrote some enchanting verses, which may be found, royally printed, prettily embellished and bravely bound up in the volume before us.

Friendship's Offering, an annual of long standing, came to us with the foregoing volumes. It is made up of pleasant reading from various authors, English and American. All who like mezzotint illustrations, will find it to their taste as a holiday gewgaw.

A. Morris, 97 Main Street, has the Christmas publications of Messrs. Butler & Co. for sale.

THE GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS: Illustrated by Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 200 Broadway. 1853. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

This is one of the old-fashioned "annuals"—that exceedingly trifling class of books to which our grandmothers—peace be with them!—took with so much fervor. Gilt, morocco, gold edges and "steel engravings:"—that is pretty much all which the most careful research will find in the present "Gift." We hope such gifts will go out of fashion:—that the young gentlemen now growing up will refrain from buying them, and that the young ladies will refuse peremptorily to receive them. When a splendidly bound volume is laid upon our table, we instinctively resolve not to investigate the literary portion, and only look at it a second time when the engravings are original and good. In the case of "the Gift," we are sorry to say this is not the case. Burns wanders here with his Highland lassie beside that gigantic wheat-field, as of old—those young gentlemen gather around the damsel playing the guitar as in former years: the affectionate matron bids her warrior farewell as in the ancient days:—thus the engravings are not new. The literary portion of the work is chiefly of English origin—but not on that account good. "Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley" writes some bad verses—very bad: *ex. gr.*

"In pale hours of evening often, thoughts grow calm and feelings soften;

Memory's reign beginneth then:

Spirit stars then 'gin their shining with those proud ones that are living

Yon cerulean, mystic Plain!"

Mr. Bacon, the publisher in "Pendennis," complains that the nobility don't write well—that even the "Hedgingcourt" of Popjoy "fell dead." If this is a specimen, we agree with Bacon. But why should we have taken the pains to caution the public against this *deja vu* in books' clothing. It will be bought for its glitter like many other things; and after all, if people will buy "annuals," they may as well purchase "The Gift." It is nearly as good as the rest of its species.

THE HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS, *Comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches.* Illustrated by Nineteen Fine Engravings on Steel, &c., &c. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853. [For sale by A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Who does not think, upon turning over the leaves of this delightful volume, how much better is such a testimonial to the country's intellect, than that showy tribute to female vanity—The Book of Home Beauty—and how much worthier of the soft incense of praise are the authors of a great nation than the belles of a great city? We therefore deem Mr. Putnam's 'crack book' of the present season, entitled to far higher consideration than that of the last season. In republican America, where no Court Circle exists—giving laws to provincial society—no "earthly paradise of Ormolu," into which the million would stake their lives to be admitted—we do not care to read of the graces and accomplishments of any aristocratic set of beauties, but what man or woman who has been charmed by the Sketch Book into a feeling of personal regard for its author, or has learned to know Kennedy in Swallow Barn, or acquired from the Twice Told Tales an interest in anything relating to Hawthorne, will not be delighted with the *ana* given in "The Homes of American Authors"?

The Sketches contained in the volume are written with ease and elegance. "The Howadji" makes himself known here in his picturesque, Tennysonian sentences;—we recognize elsewhere in the book the finished and thoughtful manner of Tuckerman;—Griswold contributes to it a paper marked with his characteristic excellence, and Bryant gracefully appears in the description of the woodland haunt of his brother poet—William Gilmore Simms. We are disappointed in not finding in the work portraits of Simms and Kennedy, no satisfactory presentments of their fine faces having ever been given to the public. There are, however, very exquisite steel engravings of Irving, Cooper and Everett, and scattered throughout the entire work are numerous tinted illustrations on wood, and facsimiles of manuscripts. These latter seem to us singularly unfortunate as specimens of the author's autographs. Few men, who ever learned to sign their names, have written more legibly and beautifully than Mr. Everett or Mr. Kennedy—the latter's handwriting we consider the very perfection of caligraphy—yet from the facsimiles in this volume, both these gentlemen would appear to have acquired the art of penmanship on Dogberry's plan who told us that "to write and read comes by nature." Surely the engraver must have picked out the worst leaf in the "Oration at Niblo's" and "Horse Shoe Robinson" for copying.

Altogether, we think "The Homes of American Authors" one of the pleasantest and prettiest books it has been our good fortune to meet with for many a day.

KATHAY: *A Cruise in the China Seas.* By W. HASTINGS MACAULAY. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1852.

We see no good reason why this volume should have been published,—as it contains nothing new, and relates to a cruise which was singularly devoid of interest—unless it be to show that American midshipmen are taught, among other things, to write the English language with sufficient correctness. Mr. Macaulay certainly is not a suggestive writer, and the only praise we could give him would be of a negative character—that he has not filled his book with mere nonsense nor deviated from the pro-

priety of a gentleman in his style. But if "a cruise to the China Seas" is productive of no more excitement to others than it was to Mr. Macaulay, we say with the author of Locksley Hall—

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, OF SAINTES, *His labors and discoveries of Art and Science, with an Outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, &c.* By HENRY MORLEY. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, was an enthusiastic potter of the Sixteenth Century, who from the business of glass-painting in early life, turned his attention to the ancient art of pottery, and occasionally wrote books, which still survive with some of his vases, to rescue his name from oblivion. Mr. Morley's volumes, however, are likely to perpetuate the memory of Palissy far more certainly than his writings, which were of no supereminent merit, or his porcelain which will one day or other be cracked; just as the autobiography of Cellini will last longer than the most exquisite of his gold or silver images. The work has attracted a large share of attention in England, for its curious details of art three hundred years ago, and is likely to be popular in this country, in the beautiful reprint of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY: *With the Original Narratives of Marquette, Membri, Hennepin and Anastase Douay.* By JOHN GILMARTY SHEA. Redfield, Clinton Hall. New York. 1852. [From J. W. Randolph, 121, Main Street.

Mr. Shea is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of historical literature, for this timely and valuable contribution, to that branch of learning. By diligent research among the records of the past, and careful investigation of original manuscripts he has been enabled to present a full and satisfactory account of the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley such as has never before appeared. The life of Marquette, one of the first explorers of that region, and the narratives of the missionaries in La Salle's expedition which are given in the volume, are alone worthy of attentive consideration. The book is handsomely printed and contains facsimiles of Marquette's map and some of the documents relating to the period of the exploration.

SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE: *Embracing the best Speeches entire of the Most Eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last two Centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D. Professor in Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 947. [From A. Morris, 97 Main Street.

A voluminous and promising title-page, every word of which the reader will find fulfilled in the book itself. The speeches given are the very best that have been made in England from the time of Charles I. to the present day, and given without abridgment. The Biographical Sketches are quite full and satisfactory, and show the hand of the careful and accomplished scholar in their preparation.

Among them is a paper on the illustrious unknown Junius—prefacing some extracts from his celebrated Letters which, though never spoken, are properly included by Professor Goodrich among the best specimens of British Eloquence. Considered as a whole, this book is deserving of great favor with the public, and will no doubt meet with it.



THE BOOK OF THE HEART; OR LOVE'S EMBLEMS.
Illustrated by Thirty-three Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1853.
[From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

The publishers have succeeded well in what they have here undertaken—in 'getting up' a pretty volume for Christmas centre-table service. The engravings are certainly very fine, and there are twice as many of them as we usually see in the annuals and holiday publications. The binding of the copy before us is full morocco, richly gilt, embossed with tasteful designs. The letter press is well enough in its way, but has a look as if it had been 'done' by some clever hand with especial reference to the plates, and for the purpose of bringing them all into use. Any body who wishes to make a handsome present to "somebody," cannot do better than to purchase "The Book of the Heart, or *Love's Emblems*."

FRANK FREEMAN'S BARBER SHOP: A Tale. By REV. BARNARD HALL, D. D. Illustrated by Rush B. Hall. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1852. [From Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.]

We mean so disrespect to the author of this volume, and no irreverence to the dignity he bears, when we say that if we were called on to give the meaning of D. D. after his name, we should write it 'devilish dull,'—for we have not been punished with the perusal of a stupider piece of trash in a twelve-month. There is neither sense nor wit in its three hundred and forty-one pages, and we would advise the Rev. Mr. Hall in future, to confine himself to the pulpit where he may perhaps figure very respectfully. The illustrations are good and give us better scenes than can be gathered from the text.

KNICK-KNACKS, from an Editor's Table. By L. Gaylord Clark. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

Who is not familiar with the pathos, the humor, drollery, wit, fun, and feeling of every kind; "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," which the Editor of the Knickerbocker has from time to time served upon his table, for the edification and enjoyment of his readers? The fragments of these feasts are here gathered together: but they are no broken victuals—they form a banquet of rich variety, where the epicure may please his fastidious taste by selection, or the gourmand may indulge his catholic appetite without limit. We confess that we belong to the latter class; for, beginning with that beautiful and touching "Gossip about Children," we read straight on for some 200 pages; recognizing by the way many old acquaintances, that we were glad to meet again. From among the *facetiae*, we must find room for one reminiscence of JARVIS the painter, whose *bonhomie* and convivial talent are freshly remembered in our city.

"A mercurial yet misanthropic Frenchman, who, to 'save himself from himself,' used often to call upon Jar-

vis, had an 'Old Master,' a wretched daub, whose greatest merit was its obscurity. Being ignorant of the hoax which had been played upon him in its purchase, he set a great value upon it, and invited Jarvis to come to his room and examine it. Jarvis did so: and to prevent giving its possessor pain, he avoided the expression of an opinion 'upon the merits,' but advised the owner to have it cleaned; it being 'so dirty that one might easily mistake it for a very ordinary painting.' Some four or five days afterward the Frenchman called upon the painter; and, the moment he entered his apartment, he exclaimed: 'Ah! Monsieur JARVES, I 'ave some'sing to tell you! My graënd picture is des-roy!' no wors a d—n any more! I get ze man to clean him; ver' good; he wash him all out wis ze turpentine! Ah! if I could only catch him! I would kick him *plenty*!' 'Heavens,' exclaimed Jarvis, 'can it be possible that that great picture is *spoiled*? You must have been in a towering passion, when it came home in that condition.' 'No, no, Monsieur,' replied the Frenchman, in a lachrymose, pitiful tone; 'I am not strong man to be angry—I was *sick*!'"

We commend this little volume to the public. Every man will find something in it to like, if he can "read priar" at all. For the solace of a dull or weary hour, when one desires to be soothed with sad thoughts, or enlivened with merry ones, we know no better prescription than a few pages of "Old Knick."

PICTURES FROM ST. PETERSBURG. By Edward Jermann. Translated from the Original German, by Frederick Hardman. New York: G. P. Putnam and Co., 10 Park Place. 1852.

This is an entertaining account of travel in the dominions of his Imperial Highness, the Czar, written in a spirit of seeming impartiality, and presenting much useful information of Russian manners and customs. If Herr Jermann speaks truthfully, the great Bear is not after all as untractable or terrible a beast as he has been represented. If he sends off, now and then, a score of amiable and educated subjects to the mines of Siberia, he looks carefully to the moral and physical necessities of those left at home. And while a ukase confiscating private property occasionally beggars some unlucky fellow, who has been handling his pen with too little caution (like children playing with edge-tools,) every means is employed by the Emperor to elevate the general condition of his great nation. According to the following, however, we should think the order of nobility in Russia but a better sort of slavery—

"Although the Russian, great or small, lofty or humble, is before his Czar (like we other mortals before God), neither more nor less than nothing, yet these nonentities have a political classification, and are duly divided into nobles, burghers, and peasants. The nobles are free, that is to say, as free as any one can be in Russia; the noblest cannot marry according to his heart's choice, if that choice does not chime in with the Czar's good pleasure; or, if he desires to go to Italy, and the Czar strikes out the word 'Naples' on his passport, and inserts 'Tobolek,' the horses, against their master's will, gallop eastward instead of south-west—such is the instinct of Russian horses. Or if by chance he desires to serve in the cavalry of the guard, and the Czar sends him aboard a sloop of war, he sails upon the ocean instead of riding on horse-back, and does so without a word of objection or complaint, because it is the Master's will. Such things happen very rarely; but they *may* happen; and when they *do*, they happen *de jure* as well as *de facto*, for the Czar's will is the Russian's law."



